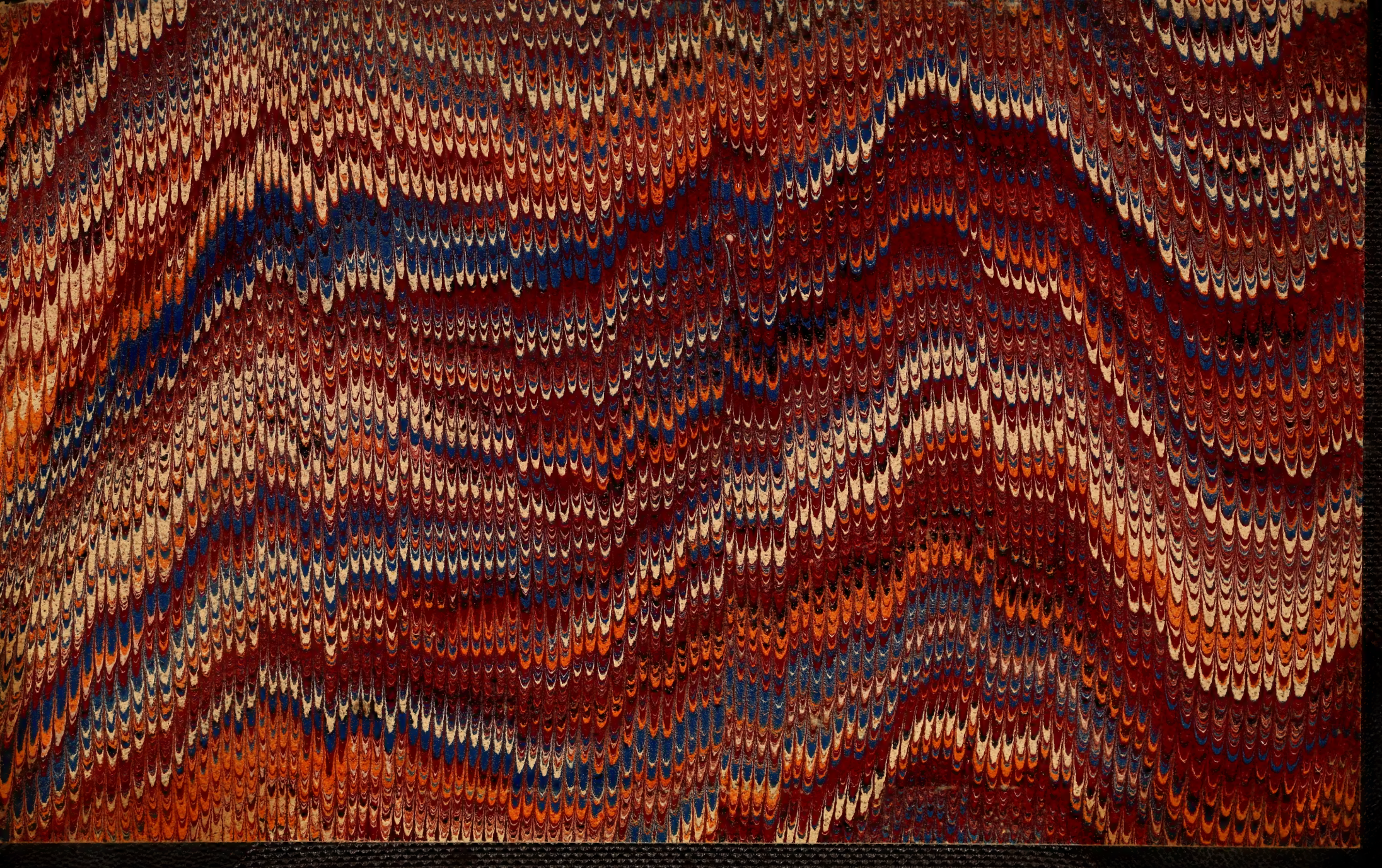


L 1 C

1 7 5

PERIODICAL

President Buchanan's Book. p. 38

Lincoln. pp. 63, 128, 190, 319, 384, 446, 448.
pp. 574, 575, 766, 768.

Preston King. p. 127.

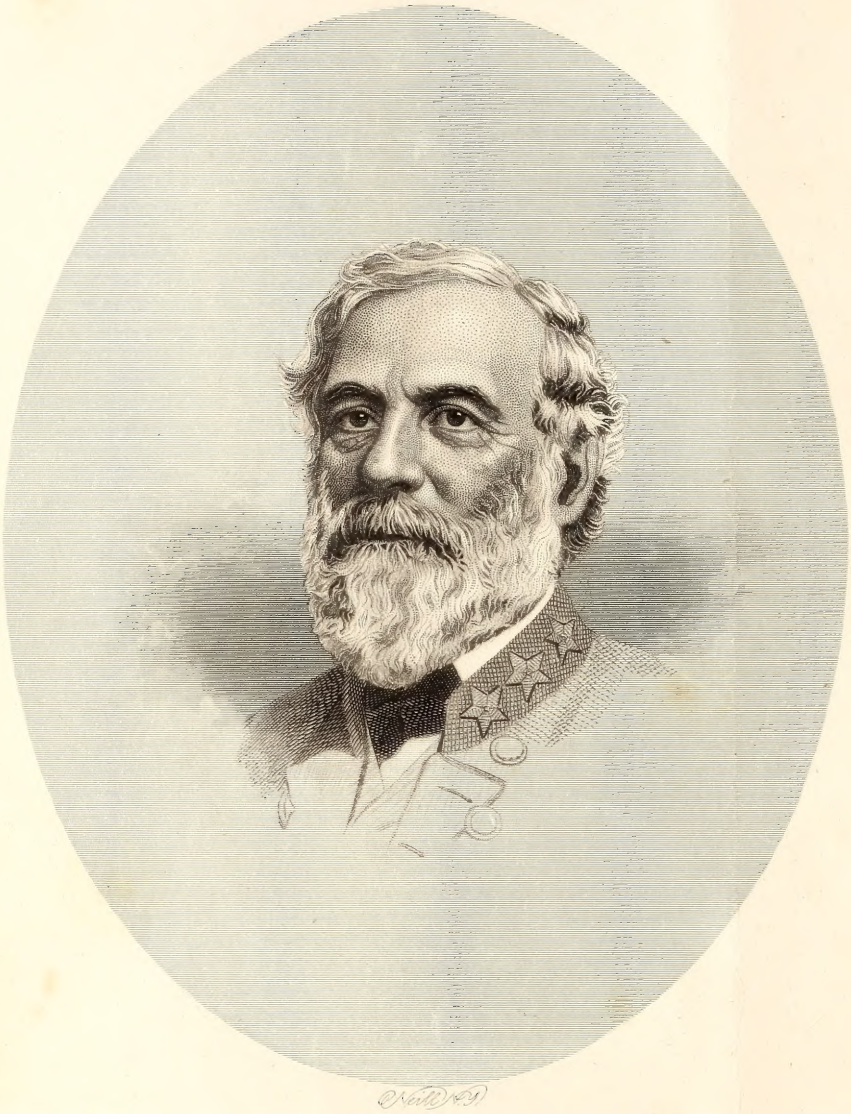
Benton. p. 191.

J. Wilkes Booth. p. 383. p. 640.

Jefferson Davis in prison. p. 509.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
State of Indiana through the Indiana State Library

http://www.archive.org/details/oldguardmonthlyjv4burr



GEN. R. E. LEE.

THE

OLD GUARD,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE POLITICAL PRINCIPLES OF

1776 AND 1787.

C. CHAUNCEY BURR, EDITOR.

VOLUME IV, 1866.

NEW YORK:
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO., 162 NASSAU ST.
PHILADELPHIA: J. TRENWITH. CINCINNATI: W. H. KELLER. CHICAGO: J. R. WALSH
ST. LOUIS: GEO. J. JONES. BALTIMORE: H. TAYLOR & CO. RICHMOND:
COLE & TURNER. CHARLESTON, S. C.: H. P. RUGG. N. ORLEANS:
BLELOCK & CO. SAN FRANCISCO: WHITE & BAUER.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

A

PAGE.

A National "Evil" that is a National Blessing 15
Age of Minstrelsy 112
As I Read It. By the Author of "Shooting an Angel." 412
Ape-like Tribes of Men 557
A Chapter of Anecdotes 757

B

Bertha Seely, the Heroine of the Old Dominion, 90, 146, 199, 270, 329, 395, 459 523, 587, 651, 718
Beauregard, Gen. G. T., Sketch of 251
By the Sea 295

C

Childhood in France and England 27
Cry of the old Democracy—Letter from "Brick" Pomeroy 568

D

Demagogism as an Element of Government 641

E

Excellence of Impudence 31
Ex-President Buchanan's Book 38
Editor's Table, 61, 125, 190, 253, 317, 381 445, 509, 573, 637, 703, 765
"Elements of the Art of Poetry." 672
Early, Lieut.-Gen., Sketch of 760

F

Fifteen Years of Emancipation. By Thos. Carlyle 239, 308, 372

G

General Sherman in Raleigh 226
General Sherman's Officers among the Ladies of Raleigh 302, 348
General Cass 623

H

How the World treats its Thinkers 33
Hampton, Gen. Wade, Sketch of 441
How the Democratic Party fell to pieces .. 449

I

PAGE.

Incidents of the War 117
Influence of Climate 163

J

Jackson, Lieut. Gen., Sketch of 121
Johnston, Gen. Jos. E 186

L

Lee, Gen. R. E., Sketch of 56
Lord Palmerston and his Policy in our American Conflict 65
Lucan's Pharsalia 129
Liberty in Ancient Commonwealths 245
Longstreet, Lieut.-Gen. James, Sketch of. 377

M

Moral Epidemics 288
Miss Trent and N——'s Diary 538

N

Notices of New Books, 58, 189, 315, 379, 442 702
Now and Then 747

O

Obituary of a Southern Home 437

P

Pen Pictures of Puritanism, 8, 83, 169, 344
Poe and Coleridge 25
Political History of W. H. Seward 212
Pernicious Literature 312
Political and Financial Lessons of the Revolution in France in 1848 321
Poe and his Biographer, Griswold 353
Polk, Gen. Leonidas, Sketch of 507
Price, Gen. Stirling, Sketch of 572

R

Review of President Johnson's Position .. 75
Results of the War 104
Restoration of Self-government in the South 423
Results of Emancipation in Peru 505
Reminiscences of the Son of Napoleon 667

S

PAGE.
Science of Public Opinion..... 1
Some Facts about "Southern Aggression" 21
Shooting an Angel..... 46
Some Points to come up on the Trial of Mr. Davis.....135
Stonewall Jackson as Sentinel.....168
State Sovereignty Not Dead.....257
Spoils. By a Receiver....433, 496, 621, 743
Steele's Domestic Life.....439
Secession Discussed.....513
Smith, Gen. Gustavus W., Sketch of....634
Stonewall Jackson's Star.....697

T

The Uncle from America.....176
Tyranny of the Tudors.....183
The Federal Union a Compact.....194
The Irrepressible Conflict.....232
The Problems of the Nineteenth Century.364
The Doctrine of the OLD GUARD endorsed by leading Republicans.....385
The Manifoldness of Ancient Literature as compared with our own.....429
PAGE.
The Death of Gen. Turner Ashby.....473
The South expects every Woman to do her Duty.....479
The Huguenot Maiden; or, "'76" and "'66".....500, 548
The Voters' Test Oath in Missouri.....565
The Resolutions of '98 still the Creed of the Democracy.....570
The Philadelphia Convention.....577
The Young Girl, the Bachelor, and the Philosopher.....609
The Lost Cause.....630
The History of a Woman.....682
The English-Irish and Puritans' Unions..705
The Negro in America.....727
The Southerner's Dream.....734

U

Uncivilized Warfare.....408

W

Wendell, Phillips, the Plagiarist.....484

Z

Zulu-Land..... 53

POETRY.

Epigrams from the Greek..... 7
Duchommar and Morna..... 13
To Seward and Stanton..... 29
What the Shadow said to the Dreamer... 36
The Crime of War..... 37
Farewell..... 45
Life's Morn..... 52
To Daniel S. Dickinson..... 74
Pompey the Fiddler..... 88
She Hath Fallen.....110
Gen. Robert E. Lee.....111
Tribute to a Hero.....116
The Snow.....120
The Organ.....144
Shut Out from the Tree of Life.....162
Sea Weed.....173
Lines on Gen. Turner Ashby.....182
Signs of Angels.....211
The Camp Fire.....269
Dear Memories.....301
The Penitent Mother.....307
A Call for Democracy.....328
The Inn-keeper's Daughter.....343
Maude.....347
Life's Day.....352
The Rear-guard of the Army.....358
Lenora. (From the German.).....359
The War Goes On.....393
Dream of Sunset.....411
Love and Fame.....457
The March of the Spoiler.....492
Antigone.....493
A Hymn to Anarchy.....508
Epigrams on a Fine Woman, and on a Dancing Party of Negroes and Abolitionists.....531
Song of the People.....555
Dream Visits, and a Moorish Ballad.....556
Aunt Amy's Plaint.....563
Translations from Anacreon.....564
Morning.....602
Midsummer Forest Lunch. A scene in Florida. A Poem by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.....603
Star Smiling.....608
A Confederate Note.....620
A Tribute to the Beast.....627
Lines from Ovid.....629
In a Cause that they thought Right.....666
The Lady's Blush.....671
From the German of Redwitz.....678
Harmony of Nature.....679
Song for Virginia.....696
Lines from Perseus.....722
Lines from Horace.....722
Voices of Solitude.....723
Conquered, Love it Still.....726
Lines from Virgil.....733
The Belle of the Ball Room.....752
The Statue of Liberty of the Capitol.....764

STEEL PLATE PORTRAITS.

Gen. R. E. Lee..... 1
Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson..... 65
Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.....129
Gen. G. T. Beauregard.....193
Gen. R. S. Ewell.....257
Gen. James Longstreet.....321
Gen. Wade Hampton.....385
Gen. Leonidas Polk.....449
Gen. Sterling Price.....513
Gen. Gustavus W. Smith.....577
Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.....641
Gen. A. P. Hill.....705

THE OLD GUARD,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—JANUARY, 1866.—No. I.

THE SCIENCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The results of the late State elections have not disappointed us; and they have not, thank God, discouraged us; because we could not hope for any other fruit to grow from the planting of the last four years. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. With here and there a lonely exception, all the organs of public opinion have been either openly promulgating pernicious errors, or restrained from publishing the truth by the various sorts of intimidation practiced by the new-born despotism. What has a country to hope for where three-quarters of the public press is the advocate of wrong, and the other quarter is silenced by the pressure of policy or fear? With what reason do we look for a correction of public opinion, when the organs of opinion are all wrong or silent? We are told, in "Cato's Letters," that "the judgment of the people is generally sound where not misled." History, we think, attests as much. There is no doubt that mankind would be in the interest of truth and liberty were it not for external delusion, or external force. Take away terror, and no man will fail to assert his liberty. Take away imposture, and men will never be dupes, nor bigots. Wherever the people are in the wrong, they are so through mistake. When they come to know the truth they are quite sure to correct their faults, and to visit upon their deceivers the just reward for the cheats put upon them. But this is not the case with the *leaders* of parties, who are, almost always, in the wrong through ambition, or avarice; and continue so through malice, or revenge. A man named Gerard Hamilton, a great scamp, wrote a book some years ago on "Parliamentary Logic," in which he seriously gave this advice to politicians; "If your cause be bad, call in aid slander; if an opponent is powerful, he must be made obnoxious; if helpless, contemptible." This has been the whole *ethics* of the party in power in this country for the last four or five years. This, and not argument, not truth, has been the sole weapon of their success. It has been the basis

of scoundrelly success in all ages of the world. It has been the way to manufacture a base public opinion in all time; and until shaken by the loudest thunders of truth, a base public opinion has been just as effectual, in holding the multitude, as the most just and enlightened public opinion. Demetrius, the silversmith, cried aloud, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and straightway his fellow craftsmen raised an uproar against the Apostles without difficulty. The great body of the Ephesians were perfectly ready to be damned that Demetrius and his party might continue to make silver shrines for the moon. St. Paul was twice beaten with rods, and once stoned by similar worthies, acting upon the spur of public opinion. When the Apostles had healed the lame man who was laid daily at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, all the people, as a first impulse, ran together unto them; but they remained wondering under Solomon's Porch, and no one of all the crowd joined the Apostles, because of the restraint of public opinion. Of all the ten lepers whom Christ cleansed in Samaria, but one had the courage to remain to thank him. When Christ drove the buyers and sellers—the shoddy speculators and contractors, we suppose they were—out of the Temple, no man dared to praise him openly, because of the public opinion which set so strong against his name. When he drove legions of devils out of the country of the Gadarenes, instead of daring to thank him, they besought him to depart from their coast, because of the public opinion that condemned the name of Christ. The insane cry of the multitude has too often been the same. "Not this man, but Barrabas." Crucify the Saviour, but free the robber. That is what public opinion is worth when based on falsehood and injustice. We have had a fearful example of this kind of public opinion in this country ever since the appalling hour that witnessed the disgusting advent of Abraham Lincoln, riding on a rail into the White House. That event was not only a disgrace to the name of America—it was a *calamity*. It started a tide of demoralization and shamelessness which has flooded the whole land with wrecks of everything that statesmen and men of honor had held dear in this country. It gave birth to a public opinion which would have been a public scandal at any previous period of our history. Principles of government held sacred from the very dawn of the Revolution were ignored. The Constitution was discarded. The very name of *liberty* was laughed at and despised, and just men were dragged into dungeons under the idiotic charge of having "*sympathies!*" Opinions, that gave birth to the republic, were punished as a crime. Common thieves were clad in the livery of the great embodiment of rail-splitting statesmanship, and dubbed *Provost Marshals*. The moral and social sinks of society were ransacked to find fitting tools for both the civil and military administration. Brawling pimps and loafers were appointed to the seats of judges, and drunken generals, who were by profession butchers and bar tenders, were erected into military tribunals for the administration of civil justice. Good God! was there ever on earth such a spectacle before? Did ever public opinion start so low, and reign with such furious despotism before? The editor of this magazine

was threatened with more devils than the Son of Man drove out of the country of the Gadarenes, because he dared to protest against this ruthless reign of *Plutocracy!* The populace seemed inspired with the senselessness of an idiot, and the fury of demons. Manhood appeared to have fled from every breast. Those who had not sold themselves through avarice, or lust of power, were cringing beneath the lash of a demonized public opinion, that spared no one principle that was held sacred by the founders of the republic. The hour was indeed dark, almost hopeless. Hopeless, certainly, except to the few brave and patriotic men who had the sagacity to see, and the courage to denounce, the universal apostacy from principle and civilization. Men who still believed right, and who heartily abhorred the abominations of Lincoln's administration, drew us into corners and by-places, and whispered the impolicy of trying to keep the old banner of Constitutional Liberty flying in such a tempest; but we never for a moment doubted the justice of the Almighty God, nor that, at last, a terrible retribution would fall upon those who had stirred up the unnatural strife between these sovereign and equal sister States. We never doubted the lessons of history, which attest that no such gigantic usurpation and wrong ever yet went unpunished. All the way along the track of time, from the days of Cataline to the still more abhorred days of Seward, are strewn the wrecks and miscarriages of the cunningest schemes of usurpation and tyranny. Among a brave and intellectual people, liberty is sure to whip tyranny in the end. Of forty-three Roman emperors, who ruled from the usurpation of Julius Cæsar to the death of Constantius Chlorus, *twenty-eight* died a violent death.

The truth of God is, that there is no peace, and no safety, to those who attempt to rule by usurpation and oppression, except where the people are utterly void of intelligence and manhood. For a time, public opinion may support the grossest wrong and despotism; but that *time* will always be *short*, in proportion to the degree of popular intelligence, and the general love of liberty. We may start all our conjectures from this general proposition, viz.: *that no people, who have ever known what liberty is, can long be oppressed.* Nor can a *public opinion*, which is not a growth out of the moral and intellectual habits of a people, be of long duration. That public opinion which is born of excitement, or which is created by the artificial appliances of fanaticism, is only like a passing tempest. Its very violence shows that it is rather a *fever* than a fixed habit of the popular mind. It is not, indeed, *opinion* at all, for that implies *thought* and *judgment*; but it is only a *public passion.* The shallower it is, the fiercer will it rage.

So, above all the clouds and storms of these five wretched years of "Republican" rule, the man of sagacity, the believer in the divinity of liberty, could see the sun-light resting upon the tops of the mountains. It was only a time when the dogs were having their day. That day is not yet passed, but it is passing. In every western State, the late elections have shown a vitality of conservative principle which the radical pestilence has tried is vain to infect. In New Jersey, where there has been, apparently, a radical gain,

there has been really no such gain. There has been no revolution of public opinion in that State. Through all the solid conservative counties of the interior, the Democratic majorities have been kept up to just about the old figure. The Republican gains are confined almost entirely to two counties adjacent to the city of New York, in which is a very large floating population, and where a change of five or six thousand votes was effected by the power of money alone. The Republicans have gained in that State just what they have *bought*, and nothing more. They have bought so many base votes, but they could not buy *opinion*—they could not buy *belief* in their abominable schemes. The very rascals whose votes they have purchased, heartily despise them and their doctrines.

In the State of New York there has been no contest involving the strength of Democratic principles. There has been a deserved defeat of a foolish, Republicanized faction of speculators, contractors, and chronic bolters from Democracy. Twenty thousand true Democrats of the State did not go to the polls at all, and thirty thousand more went under protest and mortification. In Connecticut, in the late vote on the amendment of the State Constitution, the Republicans honestly and boldly avowed their sentiments, and the Democracy squarely met and defeated them, by a majority of over six thousand. In no State, except Connecticut, has there been a fair trial between Democracy and Black Republicanism. In every other State the Republicans cunningly sought to hide their real designs under the false covering of loyalty and the *Union;* while the Democratic party, deluded by the shallow idea of policy, has shunned the real points at issue between Democracy and Black Republicanism. This dodging policy on the part of the Democracy is as unwise as it is cowardly. The truth is, that a majority of Democratic newspapers have, for four or five years, been assisting the Black Republicans in the business of educating the people in falsehood, and in keeping up a public opinion which is the scandal of liberty and self-government. The only wonder is, that so vast a number have kept the political faith of their fathers, and still adhere so firmly to the principles of self-government and Democratic liberty. All that is wanting now, for the complete overthrow and extinguishment of the most infamous negro Republican revolution, is the numerous circulation of documents and newspapers of correct political principles. That is the only real remedy for our nation's woes.

This revolution was brought about, in the first place, by the numerous circulation of documents and newspapers. So far as it had any foundation in public opinion, it was the result of innumerable public lectures, and legions of pamphlets and newspapers. In 1834, the organ of the Abolitionists, entitled *Human Rights*, said: "'Be the consequences what they may,' say the slaveholders, 'we will not give up our property.' *Then you must take the consequences.*" In 1835, the *Emancipator* declared: "Slavery must be abolished, if not by the *fear* of the sword, then *by the sword itself.*" That was the real starting-point of this bloody revolution. These fanatics were then laughed at, or looked upon as beneath contempt, by all except the few hun-

dred of their own party. But they went to printing documents. In 1836 there were *two hundred and fifty* publications advocating these infamous principles. The *Emancipator* of the date of July, 1836, gives the following exhibit of documents circulated the previous month:

Human Rights	50,000 copies.
A. S. Record	50,000 "
Emancipator	50,000 "
Slave's Friend	25,000 "
Total	175,000 "

Which was *two millions one hundred thousand* annually, of these incendiary documents. Societies were formed in every county of the northern States, for the circulation of these murderous pamphlets, in which all slaveholders were denounced as "robbers," "pirates," "tyrants," and "scoundrels who ought to die in agonies." And besides these Satanic publications, the Anti-Slavery Society, in 1837, advertised the following articles for sale:

"Picture of a slave in chains, with a negro's complaint, in poetry. By John G. Whittier."

"Anti-Slavery handkerchiefs, ornamented with four cuts, and extracts from the *Slave's Friend*, printed with indelible ink. Price, 50 cents per dozen."

"Plaster images of a slave in chains. Price, single, 50 cents."

This was the beginning of the abominable revolution which culminated in the late bloody conflict—a conflict which does not end with the destruction of the domestic institutions of the southern States, but proposes to keep on until it has thrown down the last pillar of self-government, and planted a massive, centralized, despotic government upon the ruins of that noble edifice that was built by our fathers. But who so base as to propose to yield to this infamous design? Who so cowardly as to give up, while life lasts, the free government which we inherited for ourselves and our children? This is the time for *work*, and not for ignoble rest, or for cowardly yielding to the stealthy despotism! "*Up and at them!*" should be the watchword on all our banners. Print! print! print! circulate! organize societies! Establish a system of lectures all over the land! Go to work like men who know the right and dare the right maintain, instead of ingloriously crouching beneath the despicable arm of illegal power! The way to effectually throttle this despotism is to assail it at all points, through the press and by numerous pamphlets and public lectures. But we must *assail;* not timidly and doubtingly content ourselves by parrying the blows of the enemy. We must *attack!* Literally, in this instance, carry the war into *Africa*—not only *into* Africa, but *through* Africa. Never was there such a field for the arousing of public opinion and public indignation, before; for the Black Republican party is not only, like Achilles, vulnerable in its heel, but in every part of its body. Wherever you touch it, you hit a spot of sedition and treason. It is a political and social *ulcer*, which will cringe, and shiver, and ache at every blow laid on by the hand of simple truth. It has no defence but to lie—no covert but deception—no strength but in the irresolution or cowardice of its opposers! Its crimes, fairly held up to view, will make mankind shudder.

The parliament of Paris maintained that there were crimes which the king could not pardon, such as any great

mischief or indignity to the state. Gracious heavens! what treatment is due to a deliberate opinion, declared and urged, that a state may be destroyed, all its laws annulled, and all men in it made miserable serfs, whenever the chief of a party thinks fit? Can there be a greater crime, a greater indication of malice against the public, or a higher evil intended or avowed? Think of the freedom, the prosperity, and general happiness which prevailed in this country before this *negro-equalizing* party came into power; and then draw a picture of the despotism, anarchy, bad neighborhood, and social savagery which now everywhere prevail! Think of all this, and then say what punishment is due to the men who have wrought all this mischief! Were all God's vials of wrath poured out upon their naked heads at once, would the punishment be too great for their enormous crimes? Hark! there is not a spot in all the land where you do not hear the orphan's cry and the widow's wail. It is all the work of this accursed party, which set out thirty years ago with the bloody declaration that "Slavery must be abolished, if not by the *fear* of the sword, then *by the sword itself.*" It began in a newspaper war upon property and upon the Constitution, and has ended in the slaughter of a million of innocent men! And the Abolition assassins plainly tell us that the work of death is not yet finished. In a late number of the *Tribune*, Horace Greeley, one of the chief architects of this African temple of slaughter, declares that

"The war was for an *idea*, and that which was fought for for four years, with such results, will not be abandoned because of the contumacy of parties and sections. . . . The North will never give up (*i. e.* negro suffrage). . . . . The struggle will never cease till we are a free people (*i. e.*, negroes the equals of white men), though generations shall go to their graves, even bloody graves, before the end is gained."

Similar infamous declarations may be quoted from late editorials and speeches of nearly all the leaders of that party. Do we need any further proof that they do not intend the country shall have rest from the havoc of war and revolution, except it be in shame and subjugation—except it be in the overthrow of the sovereignty and freedom of all these States? Do we need anything more to awaken public opinion to even the wildest pitch of alarm and horror? It took these desperadoes thirty years to work up their *negro-equalizing revolution* to its bloody culmination. But it will not take us *thirty months* to raise a storm of public indignation over their heads, which will cause them to wish the mountains would fall upon them and hide them from the fierce wrath of the people whom they have deceived and wronged—decieved as to the *right* of the war, and wronged as to *its objects!* Let every Democratic paper in the country boldly begin to tell the simple but terrible truth from this day—to tell it without stint and without mercy to the culprits; let every Democrat begin to tell the whole truth, and to defend his rights like a man, at all times and in every place; let Democratic societies be formed for the circulation of papers and documents; let lecturers go out to lay before the people the fair and unvarnished record of this party's crimes; and it will not be thirty months before the leaders of the gory sedition will be seen cowering

and crouching beneath the public indignation, like the doomed at the blast of the trumpet of the judgment-day. The *thunders* are all in our hands, if we will but throw them. But we must throw *thunder*, and not doubtful echoes and apologetic whispers. We must call men and their principles by the right names. The men who sowed the seeds of hatred between the North and the South are here in our midst. The men who are really guilty of all the blood which has been shed live here. Here are the men who have made all these widows and orphans, and drawn the pall of death and desolation over the land. They are here. They are still the ministers of hate and sedition. Let them be pointed at—let them be hissed at. Create a public opinion that shall exclaim, whenever they appear in the streets, "*There goes an assassin of liberty!*" It is the easiest thing to do, if we will; not a pleasant thing, certainly. But, O my countrymen! it is the only way to save, for yourselves and your children, the institutions of self-government and liberty which were baptized in the blood of our fathers! You have nearly lost all by four years of temporising folly. Give but one year to God, to your country, and liberty, and all will be well!

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK.

ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

No colors, laid by pencil on,
  Can match her eye, her skin, her hair!
Who paints the splendor of the sun,
  May paint the beauty of the fair.

ANOTHER.

If youth and beauty fade, my dear,
  Impart them wisely, whilst you may,
If still they last, why should you fear
  To give what none can *give away?*

ON TIMOCRITUS.

An hero, bold in war, has found his grave;
But Mars the coward spares, and smites the brave.

PEN PICTURES OF PURITANISM.

CHAPTER I.

To trace the rise and fall of isms, to portray the follies and atrocities of fanaticism, is not possible within the limits of a magazine article: nevertheless, to rescue from oblivion the ignoble deeds of the English radicals in the times of the Charleses and the Cromwells, and to show the parallel between them and those of their lineal descendants, the present radicals of Massachusetts, we produce this brief historical essay. We shall discard the myths and fancies of fabulists and romancers, and confine ourself strictly to truth, pure, naked, and undefiled.

Soon after the religious revolution in Germany, called the Reformation, by those who from their infancy have been taught to hate the See of Rome, and all its rites and observances, there sprouted up in England, from the lowest of its mixed population, a noxious sect of errorists, commonly called Puritans, because they claimed to be the only saints of the Lord, and that in their precious persons was deposited all the purity of piety and principle extant. The ravages of this disease of the mind were confined, almost exclusively, to the offspring of the drunkards, thieves, robbers, and pirates of Jutland, Angland, and Saxony, who had, some centuries before, unprovokedly invaded the island of Britain, and robbed the inoffensive inhabitants thereof of their lands and possessions: these same invaders being lineal descendants of the Goths and Vandals of antiquity The better classes of the English people were not tainted with the disease.

Disregarding all ecclesiastical authority, and following the flickering light of their own illumined will, as the only guide to truth and holiness, they withdrew from the Church of England, and organized as independent pietists. The early German reformers held that Sunday should be observed as it always had been in the Christian church, as a day of ease and recreation; but our holy, clarified, doubly-refined, Simon-pure reformers reformed, taught that that blessed day of rest ought to be kept as the ancient Jews are supposed to have kept their Sabbath. So sanctimonious were they, that they strove to enforce a cessation of nature's laws on Sunday. Master Barnaby, in his Tour, gives an apt illustration of their austere shallowness, which has been immortalized by some great painter:

> To Barnaby came I, O profane one!
> Where I saw a puritane —— one,
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

They walked abroad in solemn quiet, and with upturned eyes, neither talking with, nor like, men of this world. They bestowed upon their unbaptized young ones the strangest and most uncouth names that ever were imagined by the wildest Bedlamite. Such names as the following became as common

among those swinish clodpoles as John Smith and Betty Brown had been: Praise-God-Barebones Splutterbottom, Wrestle-with-the-Lord Cantall, Seek-the kingdom-continually Dunderhead, Zeal-of-the-land-busy Smith, and so forth, and so on.

Not only were they too holy to belong to any church then existing, but they were too wise, as well as too holy, to submit to any mere earthly government; and therefore they renounced allegiance to their sovereign, and became, *de facto*, heretics and rebels; having discovered the HIGHER LAW of their own immaculate will, their own distempered heads. A few of those pietistic reformers, unable to bear up against the awful sinfulness of their more sensible neighbors, who lived very much as respectable people ever have lived, fled from England for their own good—and for England's. They pitched their tents in Holland, and sojourned there for a few years; but as the Hollanders proved to be as unfriendly to their unsocial habits and seditious theories as the better classes of Englishmen had been, they heroically embarked on board the Mayflower at Delft-Haven, and sailed for the far-off shores of wilderness America, greatly to their own joy—and the Dutchmen's. After a long and tedious voyage, their little vessel made land, on a cold, bleak December day, at a place which they named Plymouth, because of its fancied geographical or topographical resemblance to the town of that name in England, whence came some of our pious Pilgrims; which place, indeed, it was as like as is a hawk to a handsaw. On a barren rock they landed, and there they planted the poisonous vine of Puritanism, the prolific source of all our woes, religious and political, past, present, and future That rock has become more famous than the renowned Blarney-stone near Cork, and is more piously licked by the whiners, the canters, the *reformers*, and seditious disorganizers who resort thither, as to their Mecca, than ever was the celebrated cap-stone of the castle aforenamed.

Meantime, as fanaticism, like many foul diseases of the body, is both contagious and infectious, that nasty malady of the mind, Puritanism, spread all over England, till at length the entire rabblement was more or less under its evil influence. It at once assumed a political complexion, as fanaticism always does. Calculating demagogues, disappointed place-hunters, and ambitious upstarts, joined the new party, as such men in all countries always do, using the particular phase of fanaticism for the time rampant, as an engine for their own aggrandizement. The most profligate wretches and villains assumed the garb and air of Puritans, under the name of Roundheads and Independents, to compass their own selfish ends.

The English Presbyterians, a more conservative body of Christians, occupying ground midway between the radical Puritans on one side, and the Church of England on the other, as the latter-named stood between the Presbyterians on one hand, and the Roman Catholics on the other, joined the new political movement, and for a while gave it shape and direction; but were soon made subservient to Puritanism, as all conservatives who coalesce with radicals ultimately lose their conservatism and respectability in the mire of radicalism.

The then reigning monarch of England was more obstinate and less wise than he ought to have been; and that obstinacy and lack of prudence, joined to the inefficient management of his partizans, gave an easy victory to the powerful conglomeration of factions opposed to him; and at length poor Charles, more unfortunate than guilty, was beheaded; and an able and aspiring usurper, that unscrupulous demagogue and most consummate hypocrite, Cromwell, clumsily ascended the throne of his victim.

While the sun of England's respectability was thus eclipsed by the murky *fog-fungi* of Puritanism, the brutish carnival of radicalism progressed; and by the lurid gleams of the fires of its own kindling, were the inherent deformities of political religion made patent to the world. Thousands of the wisest and best of the clergy were driven from their homes by the satanic laws of the radical Puritans; and their wives and daughters were insulted by vulgar rabbles of radical beer tipplers. Churches and chapels were desecrated, and their beautiful shrines and costly adornments destroyed by those ruthless descendants of the Goths and Vandals, as wantonly as swine break into and destroy a cornfield. Tombstones were demolished; monumental inscriptions defaced; and even oaks and elms that had for ages shaded the walks of the grave and the good, were hewn down for mere spite. Sculpture and painting shared the same fate, and the ancient classics were prohibited by these pietistic bigots, because they favored not Puritanism. Christmas-Day was blotted from the calendar, and so were all the other days of feasting and fasting that had been observed by all Christians since the ascendency of Christianity. Plays and amusements of all kinds were forbidden; and all the people were commanded to grunt and groan, after the manner of the canting Puritans, while true religion, whether Jewish or Christian, was banished from the land. Scoundrels, with souls of the most grovelling type, and hearts of the blackest dye, filled positions of honor and of trust; and they wreaked their vengeance and rancorous spite upon their innocent superiors. Pre-eminent among these loyal Puritans were such wretches as Oates and Dangerfield, who swore away mens' lives and estates as remorselessly as ever assassin plunged the dagger, or highwayman took a purse. The most foolish fables against all Christian sects, except Puritans, were invented and circulated by these villains, to incite the hatred of the multitude. Many of the most excellent and innocent people of the realm were, by suborned witnesses, packed juries, and mock trials by special commissions, convicted of crimes never committed, and executed to appease the insane wrath of the holy Puritans. Great numbers were executed merely because they were suspected of not being loyal to Puritanism; thousands fled from the kingdom to escape the brutality of the ruffianly radicals; and estates without number were confiscated for the benefit of those holy hyenas, on the same principle that the pirate robs on the high seas.

Sillily supposing that the wealth of the conservatives was the cause of their superiority, the radicals adopted for their motto the advice of the celebrated Cyprian sage: "*Put money in thy purse,*" with the conscientious

Quaker's addendum, "*honestly if thou canst, but put money in thy purse.*" Avarice and covetousness were ordained virtues, as if to be rich were the chief end of man, the be-all and end-all of his existence.

At length Cromwell died, and his not over-witted son, Richard, reigned in his stead. But now the epidemic had its run; the pendulum began to swing back to the starting-point. Men were becoming sober, and were forced to reflect upon the stupendous follies and crimes of the times. Thoughtful men sighed for a restoration of the old order of things. The Presbyterians, who had been seduced and cajoled to play second-fiddle to the Puritans, joined the English churchmen and Roman Catholics, and they, conjointly, placed Charles the Second on the throne. Then came retribution More than retributive justice was meted out to the Puritan leaders. The great Apostles of radicalism, Oates and Dangerfield, were punished with the most terrible severity. The putrid carcass of Cromwell was dragged from its grave, and hung up by the neck for a long time, to be gazed at and pelted by vengeful enemies—the most loathsome and disgusting spectacle that can be imagined; and then it was beheaded, and the rotten remains were consigned to —what filthy receptacle is not known.

The persecution that had murdered so many conservatives, and ruined thousands more, was returned with more than liberal interest. Some of the most obnoxious of the radicals were executed; the legitimate estates of others were confiscated, while those they had greedily taken possession of were restored to the rightful owners; and great numbers sought refuge in foreign lands. Many of these exiles fled to Massachusetts, the general asylum for Puritanic hypocrites, superloyal Roundheads, bigots, and seditious mischief-makers. Before this, many of the most respectable gentlemen of England had emigrated to Virginia, to escape the besotted fury of the Puritans; among them, the ancestors of the father of our country, Washington.

Puritanism and hatred are convertible terms. Hate something, the Puritan must; and this hatred is always directed against some endowment or attainment denied to or unattainable by itself. No sooner had the Puritans secured a footing on the bleak and rocky coast of Massachusetts, than they fulminated the most furious foolscap edicts against Roman Catholics, though there were none of that creed within hundreds of miles of them. Holidays and saint's days were prohibited, as well as the great festival of all true Christians—Christmas-day; but the wiser ones, knowing the yearnings of the human heart for set days of recreation and enjoyment, conceived the plan of consecrating an illegitimate shadow of Christmas; and hence was ordained an annual carnival for gluttons, naming it Thanksgiving-day, sacred to sectarians, who, for that one day, gormandized on fat turkeys and plump pullets, sweet cider and pumpkin-pies.

Church edifices were to be no more for ever; but *meeting-houses*, shaped not unlike barns, were erected in the place thereof, in which the faithful grunted and groaned to their heart's content, and wherein was preached political hatred instead of religious love. Church organs were forbidden, and the bass-viol and violin were anathema-

tized ; while nasal-twanged psalmody was the only music, sacred or secular, tolerated by the sanctified saints of the Puritanic Utopia.

It being as natural for Puritans to hate as it is for curs to snarl, and having no enemies at hand, they turned, like a certain class of loathsome reptiles, and bit themselves. The Baptists, one of the most respectable of all the dissenting sects, but not quite so pure in bigotry as the Simon-Pures of Mayflower blood, were driven into the wilderness, and compelled to trust in Providence, against the wiles of the heretofore inoffensive Indians, rendered merciless by the inhuman treatment of the Puritan invaders. Quakers, the most quiet, industrious, and unobtrusive of all the sects tinctured with Puritanism, were burnt at the stake. Poor old women, who could not conscientiously subscribe to all the follies of the Puritans, were declared to be witches, and were hanged outright. Such Episcopalians as had found their way into the colony, were fined, whipped, imprisoned, and banished, for no other reason than that they loved to read the prayer-book and worship God according to the rites of their fathers ; and were, withal, gentlemen.

Never, never, in the history of the world, did bigotry, intolerance and persecution reign so supreme as in Massachusetts. The modern literateurs and scribblers of that State, ashamed of the barbarities and lunacies of their ancestors, attempt, by iteration and reiteration, to make their readers believe that their forefathers fled to that land of bigots to escape persecution at home. That is not true, only in a very limited sense. Many of the first settlers of Massachusetts fled thither to escape the vengeance of those they had persecuted, when, by a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances, they had succeeded in overturning the government of England. True, some of the emigrants from their old homes may not have been the very same who had persecuted the gentlemen of England ; and, therefore, so far as they were concerned, their expatriation may have looked like persecution. But, as to the ism itself, the exilement of the Puritans was but an act of retributive justice.

Meanwhile, non-Puritanic colonists and adventurers from various places had settled on the blessed soil—stolen and robbed by the piratical pilgrims from the simple Indians—and, by the force of example, had somewhat tamed down the savage ferocity of the bigoted majority The middle and southern colonies were settled by far different and much better classes of colonists than those who first landed at Plymouth.

When the revolution broke out, the seditious colony of Massachusetts was far more obnoxious to the rule-or-ruin party of the mother country than were the southern colonies. Nevertheless, the generous-hearted southrons gallantly stepped forth to aid their not ever-loved cousins of psalm-singing and Quaker-burning proclivities. Southern blood and mind shine conspicuous on every page of the history of that unequaled struggle. But for them, Massachusetts would have been a dependency of England to this day. It is a standing boast of the partisans of Massachusetts, that that colony furnished more soldiers for Washington's armies than did any other colony. This is not true, as to men for the war, though it

is true that there were more enlistments from that colony than from any other. Three-months enlistments prevailed in that colony during the first stages of the war; and Washington, in his public letters, complained bitterly of their uselessness. By these letters it appears that recruits were sent to camp for instruction; and by the time they were assigned to regiments, their term of service expired, and away they went. Met half-way home by high bounties, they re-enlisted, and, before they were fit to take the field, were again discharged; so that the same men and boys enlisted over, and over, and over again, thus adding to the roll without increasing the army. The men who enlisted for during the war were principally from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. The regiments of the line from those colonies were relied upon by Washington in most of the battles and skirmishes of the revolution. The men of those colonies achieved our independence, aided, as they were, by many from all the other colonies.

(To be continued.)

DUCHOMMAR AND MORNA.

The following fragment is a specimen of the ancient poetry of the Highlands of Scotland, (translated from the Gælic, or Esse language,) which prevailed in that wild country at a period long before the Christian era. The great antiquity of the fragment is proved by the fact that its diction differs widely from the style of such poems in the same language written three or four centuries ago. The versification of the original is simple, very smooth and beautiful, and always without rhyme—though the cadence and the length of the line is varied so as to suit the sense:

DUCHOMMAR.*

Morna, thou fairest of women
Daughter of Cormac-Cairbre,
Why in the circle of stones, in the cave of the rock alone?
The stream murmurth hoarsely,
The blast groaneth in the aged tree;
The lake is troubled before thee.
Dark are the clouds of the sky.
But thou art like snow on the heath,
Thy hair like a thin cloud of gold on the top of Cromleach.
Thy breast like two smooth rocks on the hill,
Which is seen from the stream of Brannain.
Thy arms, as two white pillars in the hall of Fingal.

* The signification of the names in this fragment are, *Duchommar*, a black, well-shaped man. *Marine*, or *Morna*, a woman beloved by all. *Cormac Cairbre*, an unequalled and rough warrior. *Cromleach*, a crowded hill. *Mugruch*, a truly gloomy man. *Tarman*, thunder. *Moinie*, soft temper and person.

MORNA.

Whence the son of Mugruch, Duchommar, the most gloomy of men,
Dark are thy brows of terror.
Red thy yellow eyes.
Does Garve appear on the sea?
What of the foe, Duchommar?

DUCHOMMAR.

From the hill I return, O, Morna,
From the hill of the flying deer.
Three have I slain with my bow, three with my panting dogs.
Daughter of Cormac-Cairbre, I love theee as my soul.
I have slain a deer for thee.
High was his branchy head, and fleet his feet of wind.

MORNA.

Gloomy son of Mugruch, Duchomma, I love thee not:
Hard is thy heart of rock; dark thy terrible brow;
But Cadmor, the son of Tarman, thou art the love of Morna!
Thou art like a sunbeam on the hill,
In the day of the gloomy storm.
Sawest thou the son of Tarman, lovely on the hill of the chase?
Here the daughter of Cormac-Cairbre awaiteth the coming of Cadmor.

DUCHOMMAR.

And long shall Morna wait;
His blood s on my sword.
I met him by the mossy stone, by the oak of the noisy stream.
He fought; but I slew him,
His blood is on my sword.
High on the hill I will raise his tomb, daughter of Cormac-Cairbra.
But love thou the son of Mugruch; his arm is strong as a storm.

MORNA.

And is the son of Tarman fallen?
The youth with the breast of snow;
The first of the chase of the hill;
The foe of the sons of the ocean!
Duchommar, that art gloomy indeed; cruel is thy arm to me.
But give me that sword, son of Mugruch;
I love the blood of Cadmor.

[*He gives her the sword, with which she instantly stabs him.*]

DUCHOMMAR.

Daughter of Cormac-Cairbre, thou hast pierced Duchommar!
The sword is cold in my breast;
And thou hast killed the son of Mugruch.
Give me to Moinie the maid;
For much she loved Duchommar.
My tomb she will raise on the hill;
The hunter shall see it and praise me.

A NATIONAL "EVIL" THAT IS A NATIONAL BLESSING.

It sometimes happens that men, remarkable for their vigor and activity, become the victims of their own perverted imagination, or that of their friends, and fancy themselves afflicted with some mysterious disease, which, if not exterminated from their system, is sure to end in death, and falling into the hands of empyrics, it does indeed terminate fatally; but if young, and especially strong and vigorous, they survive all these ficticious terrors, *specifics*, and quack doctors, and live to laugh, or it may be to weep, at their great folly. The usual form of these cases is thus: some old woman, perhaps acquainted with his grandmother, tells the unlucky subject that there is a fatal taint in the constitution of the family, and though he is now so strong and vigorous, he must do something to get rid of the evil; indeed his very strength and vigor are quoted as proof of the lurkiug disease, and though he may resist calling in the doctors, the terrors of the imagination have, to a certain extent, produced derangement, if not actual disease. He loses his appetite, his sleep is fitful and uncertain, and day by day feels his strength departing, and unless that monstrous evil in his system can be got rid of, all kinds of visions dire are conjured up by his diseased imagination. Calling in the respectable family physician at last, the latter strives to console him with the prospect of getting rid of the "evil" by a careful regulation of his habits rather than any active treatment, and assures him that his constitution is such a superb affair that he has every hope of its final triumph over the lurking devil, transmitted, with her other effects, by his worthy old grandmother—for even the family doctor is under the spell of the constitutional taint, and if he knows better, dare not bluntly dispute it, for he fears discharge, and the employment of younger rivals. And this precise thing happens, the family and friends have no faith in the doctor that only gives advice, and hopes everything from time, and a noble constitution, and therefore at a certain stage of things, dismiss him, and call in the more vigorous and pretentious practitioner, who, with the utmost confidence in his own skill, and certain remedies that never fail in similar cases, takes charge of the patient. For a time he is admirable, the family and friends regard him as a veritable "little giant' in medical skill, and the whole neighborhood rings with his fame, and a great many people really believe that though he cannot hope to remove the "evil," for it is so embedded in the constitution that that would destroy the life of the patient altogether, yet that he will so neutralize or "compromise" the matter that it will be as good as cured forever. But unfortunately, real disease has now commenced, for the potent specifics of the confident doctor, unlike the imaginary, are real *causes* of disease, and thus it happens that the original terrors, accompanied with the actual disease generated by the doctor's specifics, the case becomes

alarming, and the friends of the patient are ready to accept the most dangerous adventurer who promises a cure. Then is the time for the empyric, the field is all his own if he plays high, and indeed the more utterly reckless and irrational his promises, the more certain he is of gaining the confidence of the patient and his friends. Let him assert that the "regulars" would absolutely kill the patient within a certain number of days, unless the "evil" in his constitution is "abolished," and that he is the only man on the face of the earth that can do it, and "save the life of the patient," and the family and friends, and neighbors surrender at discretion, and give him *carte blanch* to accomplish his great work. Of course the fellow is a knave, a reckless and unscrupulous knave; but probably his ignorance is even greater than his knavery, for he has no knowledge whatever of the patient's constitution, or anybody else's constitution, and the chances are that he will rapidly finish him, unless, indeed, it proves to be one of those remarkable cases where the original vigor of the man carries him through these desperate chances, and he finally outlives them all; or some sensible friend has sufficient influence over him at the last to induce him to kick aside the quack, and indeed to abandon the doctors altogether, and convincing him that he never had any disease whatever, he finds that all his terrors and sufferings have resulted from the absurd notion started by the old woman, that he had an evil in his system, when in truth his constitution was perfect. Something like this happens every day, and all about us in individual life, and as masses of men or nations are made up of individuals, the diseases of nations, moral and physical, are merely expansions of those of the indivi-dnal man. The notion of a "national evil"—that there was a disease lurking in the American system, is as old as the national existence, and such has been the persistent and wide-spread effort to propagate this absurd idea, that there are few indeed, perhaps none, who have not believed it. It is only within the past ten or fifteen years that there has been any doubt either of the existence of this supposititious evil, or of its specific character. All said, "we have slavery—slavery is an evil, and therefore the nation is burdened with this disease, which the older politicians thought we would outgrow in time, if left alone," which another class of politicians sought to compromise, and finally which another has attempted to "abolish" and exterminate from the American system altogether, and it remains to be seen whether they will be permitted to destroy the national prosperity, and perhaps very existence, in their lunatic pursuit of this imaginary disease, or whether the country will recover its reason and find that it never had any evil in its system. In examining this matter, it will be admitted by all that there is no question in dispute as regards either the form or the substance of our political system. True, it is held by large masses of men that the Federal Government has no moral or constitutional right to enact a protective tariff for the special benefit of eastern manufacturers, or to grant bounties to men engaged in cod-fishing, or to regulate the currency, or to engage in internal improvements that shall benefit certain localities, and the exact boundaries of

power between an individual State and the federated States, has always been somewhat shadowy and uncertain. But any and all of these things may be left, as they have been left, to be adjusted and determined by the popular will, acting through the media of great political parties, and therefore though at times resulting in great political excitement, there was nothing, and is nothing to endanger the peace of the country, or to obstruct its progress or prosperity. There being nothing, then, either in the form or the principles of our system that is obstructive or injurious, what is the suppositious "evil" that has been so long and persistently taught the country? Why it is "slavery," it is said; but of the thirty millions of American people in 1860, there was no slave or slavery, not one man, woman, or child in all this broad land that had not perfect, all-abounding, overflowing liberty; that is, every one of them had exactly the same rights, and the same chances, so far as the law was concerned, that every body else had, and the entire citizenship, the whole American people, in a word, the nation, was without speck or blemish, and overflowing with vigorous and perfect health. But we have also a subordinate race in our midst, four millions of negroes, or child people, natural minors, whom Providence has entrusted to our care and guidance, and it is these that are said to be slaves, and to constitute an evil in our system. It is not a question of bringing them here, nor of their presence here, but of their *condition* that is in dispute, or that is assumed to constitute the evil that the nation labors under, or has labored under so long. It is assumed that they should have the same liberty and be placed in the same condition as the white people, and their being denied this and kept in a separate and subordinate condition, is the suppositious evil in question. Of course Europeans who assume, and their northern dupes and tools who accept their assumptions, do not pretend to know what is best or what is worst for the negro in the South; for it would be even more absurd than impudent in them to propose any modification of the condition of beings they were necessarily ignorant of, if they admitted them as *naturally* different from the white people; but it is on the assumption that they are *black* Caucasians, or people with the same nature as themselves, and their present "degradation" the result of time, wrong, slavery, &c., that they demand for them the same condition, and denied which they are slaves, and the nation, with this huge slavery is burdened with such a terrible evil in its system. It is not, then, either their presence in our midst, or any special feature of their condition, but that condition alone that constitutes the evil; they are assumed to be naturally entitled to the same condition under the law as the white people, and denied this, and kept in a different condition, the nation commits a great sin, and suffers from a great evil. Let us see, then, what are the facts and what the truth in the premises, in regard to this separate condition, or this imaginary slavery.

First of all, it was Mr. Jefferson and the Virginians who gave utterance to that grand and immortal truth that "all (white) men were created equal," and *therefore* were naturally entitled

to the same rights. This, as an abstraction, is as old as the race itself, but this was the first time in history when it was proposed to make it the fundamental principle of a political system, and what is even more remarkable, it was the descendants of English cavaliers, and if there be such a thing as Norman blood, the legitimate heirs of the old Norman chivalry that embodied that immortal truth in the Declaration of Independence.

That the descendants of the followers of William of Normandy, and of those that rode with Rupert, and charged so gallantly, though disastrously, at Naseby, should become the authors and champions of Democracy, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary revolution of principles in the annals of mankind, and there must be some corresponding cause for it, for all history, and indeed all human affairs are made up of *causes* and *consequences*.

It was "slavery"—the existence in their midst of a *natural* substratum for society to rest on. What were the accidental and factitious things of human origin, in contrast with this mighty landmark of nature? What were the petty distinctions of human vanity, wealth, education, family, social prestige, in contrast with this natural distinction of race? What, in short, were human inventions, when compared with this handiwork of the Almighty Creator? All our ideas are the results of comparison; and when the descendants of the cavaliers found themselves face to face with this mighty *fact* of race, it reacted on their minds, and gave them that clear conception of the great *natural equality* of their own race that has ever since made Virginia the and of American statesmanship, and Virginians the natural leaders and legitimate champions of American Democracy. New England fought bravely for Independence in 1776, but Virginia fought for new principles and a grander civilization than the world had yet seen.

The grand American idea embodied in the Declaration of Independence, would, no doubt, in time, have become the basis of American civilization, as, indeed, it must, in the not far distant future, become that of Europe, for it is natural. But no intelligent or thoughtful mind will question the assertion, that *the presence of a natural substrata of society—of this child-race in Virginia and the middle States—this imaginary slavery, was the cause of the Declaration of* 1776, *and of its successful vindication.* The colonies—especially the eastern—were so entirely dominated by the habits, the moral forces, and customs of the Old World, that only this great, original *Americanism*—this so-called slavery—gathered about it antagonistic forces strong enough, even at that early day, to win the victory, and to crush Europeanism on this continent. But Britishism or Europeanism, though formally overthrown in 1776, and in 1788, the Constitution of the Federated States embodied the great ideas and immortal truths that underlie American civilization, the former still lived among us in almost Protean forms, and has sought to gain possession of power and restore itself. All the efforts of Hamilton and Adams—of the Federalists and opponents of the war of 1812—of that with Mexico—the sympathizers with the Indians of Florida, and all the efforts to create National Banks and protective tariffs, and the numerous schemes for plundering the

producing classes, are essentially the same Britishism or Europeanism yet among us, and striving to restore its lost ascendancy in America. It has had the wealth, the schools and colleges, the religion and socia linfluences of the northern States, from the beginning; but still was defeated and held in check by the statesmanship of the South, and the manly bearing and simple integrity of the so-called slaveholders. A southern planter, owning the services of a thousand negroes and ten thousand acres of land, wanted nothing from Government save its general protection, and, from necessity, became the champion of labor, and with a common interest with the humblest laborer in the land, was impelled to defend it against the encroachments of capital. A Seward or a Sumner, with a property of ten thousand dollars invested in bank and manufacturing stock, of course sought to render it as profitable as possible, and, therefore, supported National Banks and protective tariffs, that robbed the laboring classes of a certain portion of each day's toil. But a Wade Hampton or Andrew Jackson, whose property was invested in negro labor and land, resisted this robbery of labor, of course, for it plundered them equally with the northern farmers and mechanics, and the larger their wealth, the more imperatively it became their interest to defend the rights of labor.

If Mr. Calhoun had lived in Boston, and his property was invested in manufactures, of course, he would never have been a free-trader; or if Andrew Jackson had had his property invested in bank stock, can any one imagine that he would have vetoed a National Bank? It is labor, and labor alone, that finally pays all the taxes, and, therefore, while the Sewards, and Adamses, and Lincolns of the North have always sought to create national debts and increase the national expenditure, the Jeffersons, Jacksons, and Davises of the South have labored for cheap government and against national debts; for, as the representatives of labor, they, with the farmers and mechanics of the North, must pay the taxes the former would impose on the country. The great real evil of modern times is not kings or feudal aristocracies, but *national debts* and extravagant expenditure, through which the few hold the masses in more abject degradation in Europe, than they did by the sword in feudal times, and from which America was *alone* preserved by the so-called slaveholders of the South. We say *alone*, for though the immense majority in the North were instinctively hostile to the numerous schemes through which they were to be plundered by capital, the education, religion, and social influences were too potent to be resisted; and, were it not for the "slaveholders" of the South—the Jeffersons, Madisons, Calhouns, and Jacksons, who, with a common interest and a common cause, defended them against the Adamses, Hamiltons, and Sewards—it is absolutely certain that they could not have preserved Democratic institutions. But it is uot necessary to argue this simple and obvious truth. The entire political history of the country demonstrates it, and settles beyond all dispute, among those who examine it, that the so-called slaveholders of the South have *alone* preserved the fundamental principle of our system, and rendered Democratic institutions practi-

cally successful. *Here, then, are the real facts—the actual historical truths—that no one who understands the history of his country will venture to dispute: "Slavery"—this negro element, or this condition of the negro in the South—was the cause of the Declaration of* 1776, *and has been the cause, or main cause, of the perfect success of American institutions.*

It is not necessary to go into the commercial consideration, the cotton production, in a word, the production of these great staples that have whitened every sea with the canvass of American ships, that has built up New York and other Atlantic cities, that have enabled *New* to rival *Old* England in manufactures, and furnished cheap and graceful dresses for the toiling millions—the simple *fact* that "slavery" gave origin to the grand idea embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and the equally momentous *fact* that "slaveholders" have been the champions of that idea, and for eighty years rendered Democratic institutions gloriously successful, settles the matter beyond all possible doubt that this so-called slavery, this negro element, this natural basis of American society, is the greatest blessing that Providence ever conferred on mankind. Nor is it necessary to examine the matter from the stand-point of the negro, for even an Abolitionist will admit that his condition is vastly better than in his native Africa, and as the census demonstrates that "freedom" kills him, *that* is not a condition, nothing but a phase, or rather a disease, or process of extinction.

Such, then, is the truth, the *facts* and inductive *facts* of this suppositious evil, or fancied malady in the American system. But, alas! the political doctors thought otherwise, and after numerous *specifics*, Missouri Compromise, Nebraska, Lecompton, &c., the patient fell into the hands of the empyrics, who have undertaken to abolish the imaginary disease altogether, and have nearly destroyed the life of the hapless patient. They are still at work at their devilish incantations and African fetishism, and unless the country is aroused to the monstrous and awful truth that the disease is imaginary, and the quackery deadly, the country will be ruined beyond recovery. They propose to abolish the distinctions of race fashioned by the hand of God, and degrade the working classes to a level with negroes—a murder of millions of God's creatures as absolute as to "abolish" the heart or lungs of an individual, and every man who aids them, or even passively assents to their crimes, or that does not strive his utmost to warn the country against them, is responsible and a party to the greatest crime the world ever saw.

SOME FACTS ABOUT "SOUTHERN AGGRESSION."

We still read in the Republican papers, and hear in Republican speeches, the ten thousand-times-repeated story about the "aggressions of the South," and the "grasping spirit of slavery." While the "Republican" party was busy at the work of sectionalizing this country, these phrases were their chief stock in trade; and now they are still employed to justify the destruction which they have wrought. When asked to point out these southern aggressions—to put their finger upon the point *when*, and the place *where*—they are confounded, look foolish, or perhaps denounce you as a rebel and a traitor. So long have they accustomed themselves to the use of this slang, that their tongues fit to it like a swine's foot in the mud. Almost the only case of "southern aggression" they will venture to name is the fugitive slave law—that is, an act to render efficient and practical a clause of the Federal Constitution, is denounced as "*a southern aggression.*" The real truth is, that, so far from the south having evinced an aggressive or grasping spirit, she has been compelled, almost from the first hour after the adoption of the Constitution, to act on the defensive, against the domineering, meddlesome, and aggressive spirit of a portion of the northern States. At the conclusion of the Revolutionary war, the northern States had no territory for new States except Maine and Vermont; while the South owned the vast territory of the north-west and south-west, out of which so many great and populous States have been formed. Then the South was as rich in territory, and in all the means of extending herself and her institutions, as the North was poor and contracted in the resources of expansion. All the territory out of which the proud and flourishing States of the north-west were made, was the property of the South, and the local law of "slavery" in the parent State was over every inch of that territory until the South freely donated it to the United States, and, by special act, devoted it to freedom. But this, in the generous language of the Abolition party, is called "grasping" and "aggressive." Had the South firmly adhered to its absolute rights, it could have extended its power over all that vast region. At that time the commerce of the South was greater than that of the North; and, occupying a more favorable position, both as to soil and climate, she had every means of extending and perpetuating her power. Had she really been as grasping and aggressive upon the North then, as the North has since been upon her, she would have retained her preponderance and power over this country. Had she been grasping, or had she simply held on to her own, she would not be where she now lies, bleeding and plundered at the feet of the North—of that North which has received all its power, all its ability to butcher and to plunder, at the bountiful and unsuspecting hand of the South itself!

The next important step in the political history of our country was, the purchase of Louisiana from France; and a measure so necessary to our national prosperity, and which has contributed so unlimitedly to our wealth, was resolutely opposed by a portion of the North, because it would bring slave territory into the Union. Virginia had just voluntarily given all her vast north-western territory to the Union, and freely devoted it to non-slaveholding laws. But immediately upon this great and generous event, the North tried to prevent the purchase of this territory of Louisiana, though it was indispensable to our safety and prosperity, because it would add slave territory to the Union, or, as it was said, "increase the political strength of the South." Who was grasping then? Who was aggressive then? Who was generous and unsuspecting, and who grasping and suspicious, then?

By the old law of France, slavery existed in all that territory, and as this law was not repealed by the act of purchase, it was still slaveholding. Indeed the rights of the inhabitants were expressly guaranteed to them by the treaty; and the laws of the territory being slaveholding, the institution was guaranteed an perpetuated in all that country.

At the date of this purchase, in 1803, there were eight slaveholding and nine non-slaveholding States. Out of the territory then belonging to the United States, the slave States could add but two to their number, viz., Alabama and Mississippi; while the non-slaveholding States had five to be added, viz., Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Maine. When all these were admitted, the North would have fourteen States, and the South ten. The acquisition of Louisiana from France, and of Florida by treaty with Spain, gave the South twelve States, while the North had fourteen.

Such was the comparative strength of the North and the South when Missouri applied for admission into the Union. Maine had just been admitted, without objection on the part of the South, as a non-slaveholding State, which gave a majority of one State to the North at that date. But when Missouri asked admission as a slaveholding State, the North was all ablaze. New England, especially, was going out of the Union if Missouri was admitted. Which section was "grasping" then? Whence came "aggression then? At this date Abolitionism had not reared its black and venomous head. The baneful tide of fanaticism had not started. It was only preponderance of power the northern malcontents aimed at. Nor would the North permit Missouri to become a member of the Union until the South had yielded again to its exacting spirit, and given up its right in all the territory west of Missouri. While contending that such a restriction was a violation of the Constitution, the South yielded to it, nevertheless, for the sake of peace, and to quiet the fierce threats of disunion which came from the New England States.

Thus it was through the grasping spirit and the unconstitutional demands of the North, that what is known as the "Missouri Compromise" came into existence, and cut in the soil of the Union a geographical line between the North and the South. By this yielding on the part of the

South—this giving up of her own rights, to preserve the peace of the Union—the North gained territory for six new States, viz., Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington; while the South retained but two, viz, Missouri and Arkansas, with a chance for a third in the Indian territory.

It is the greatest misfortune that the South yielded the "Missouri Compromise" to the unjust, aggressive, and unconstitutional demand of the North, for it was that which inspired northern fanaticism, and northern lust of power, with the hope which has resulted in the ruin of our country.

Mr. Jefferson fully realised the fatal consequences of the sacrifices which the South then made to preserve the Union. In a letter to John Holmes, dated at Monticello, April 22, 1830, he said:

"I thank you, dear sir, for the copy you have been so kind as to send me, of the letter to your constituents on the Missouri question. It is a perfect justification to them. I had, for a long time, ceased to read newspapers, or to pay any attention to public affairs, confident they were in good hands, and content to be a passenger in our own bark to the shore from which I am not distant. But this momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened me, and filled me with terror. I considered it at once the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment; but this is a reprieve only, not final sentence. A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated, and every new irritation will make it deeper and deeper. . . . . I regret that I am now to die in the belief that the useless sacrifices of themselves by the generation of 1776, to acquire self-government and happiness for their country, is to be thrown away by the unwise and unworthy passions of their sons, and that my only consolation is to be that I shall not live to weep over it."

How fatally true was this prophecy! And the historian of this country's fall will justify these melancholy words of Jefferson, that it was the aggressive temper and unjust demands of the North which proved our ruin. Had the South always kept what belonged to her, and had she never yielded any portion of her rights to settle the angry growl of disunion from the North, this country would never occupy the disgraceful position it now does in the eyes of civilized mankind. It would have been infinitely better that New England should have left the Union, as she attempted to do in 1812, or as she threatened to do in 1820, and on several other occasions; for then the rest of the country would have reposed for ever in the arms of peace and prosperity.

The vast domain now covered by ten or twelve non-slaveholding States and territories once belonged to the South, and she was able to keep it; it was through an unsuspecting generosity that she gave it up. The populations of the very territory which was her gift to the Union have turned upon their mother, to carry over her bosom, with fire and sword, the meddlesome and intolerant spirit of New England. If the South had been "grasping"—if the spirit of "encroachment" had guided her councils, the North would never have had the preponderance of power to work the ruin it has. And nothing can now save the country from still further wreck, but the presence of the southern States in the Union, on the old basis of State sove-

reignty and equality. If New England is to have permanently the ways it has enjoyed for the last four years, there is an end to self-government and freedom in this land. We, a northern man, and New England born too, dare write these things, because they are true! We challenge denial! We throw upon our own section the eternal shame of this wrong—of this war against liberty and self-government, and challenge denial by an appeal to the record, if any man dare!

POE AND COLERIDGE.

It may not be exactly correct to compare Poe with Coleridge. Yet if we collate the circumstances, course of life, and progress of each, they will not be found unlike. Both men were born to trouble, as the sparks are to fly upward. Both absorbed learning in the best schools, and then fled from their studies in youth, to be wanderers in a Quixotic enterprise. In both, the poetic faculty was manifest in the Doric beauty of their early poems. Both combined imagination with the power of analysis. Both were hurried on by the velocity of thought too rapidly to tarry upon any work of the present. Both were able to conceive even more vividly than to execute. Both were wayward, improvident, and rather worried out their friends than made real enemies.

Both depended for their bread upon letters. Both started newspapers. Both "contributed to magazines." Both were taken into the keeping of rich men, and both were probably hurt by it. Both delivered lectures with more applause than profit. We remember well a lecture of Poe's on his own theme—Poetry and Poets. The audience was select—very, judging from the beggarly account of empty benches—and fit for judgment. As he ascended the rostrum, his high brow, pale, expressive face, tall stature, haughty step, and head proudly thrown back, impressed an idea of intellectual dignity and consciousness of power and his faultless elocution made good the promise.

Coleridge and Poe each wrote a poem called "The Raven," though differing in idea and structure. Both were married, and knew the "miseries of housekeeping." Both conversed with supermortal eloquence, speaking more and richer volumes than they ever wrote. But here the comparison ends; one died as he had lived, in clouds and excitement, the other passed to his eternal rest in the serene joy of a Christian.

EARLY POEMS.

In all poets of true genius, the *curiosa felicitas* of youthful composition is remarkable. The following little poem by Poe, written when a boy, has been justly thought to have a smack of ambrosia:

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me,
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfum'd sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore,
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah, Psyche! from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Compare this with Coleridge's early poem called

GENEVIEVE.

Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve,
In beauty's light you glide along,
Your eye is like the star of Eve,
And sweet your voice as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow,
Within your soul a voice there lives,
It bids you hear the tale of woe,
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
Fair as the bosom of a swan,
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve.

We know not to which to give the preference for melody and poetic sweetness. But we think the first presents the most pictures.

"ULALUME," AND "KUBLA-KHAN,"

The one by Poe, the other by Coleridge, are two poems which build up a magical effect that almost defies analysis. If we look at the words, the description, all is vague, incoherent, (in the latter a delirious raving) yet an indescribable awe comes over one, a feeling which we cannot shake off, an unearthly scenery, for obscurity is an essential element in sublimity.—"Ulalume" is a piece of perfect witchery, produced by words. The conjurer poet waves the wand of his enchantment, and by the mystic charm of those few verses (which can be repeated in little more time than the waving of a wand) solemn, lanthorn-like phantasmagoria, effects of light and shade, dreamy pictures, intoxication as if from a charmed chalice, something luxurious, we know not what, form a spell which works as the Arabian Nights do on the brain of a child, indeed, a whole world is created. Is not this the great art of a poet? He keeps hidden the means, the effect only is understood. What a verse is this:

And now as the night was *senescent*,
And *star-dials* pointed to morn—
And star-dials *hinted* of morn—
At the end of our path a *liquescent*
And *nebulous lustre* was born,
Out of which a *miraculous crescent*
Arose with a *duplicate horn*—
Astarte's bediamoned crescent,
Distinct with its *duplicate horn*.

We have marked the words in italics, in which, somehow or other, the witchery, the suggestiveness, of this verse lies; but *how* we cannot define; genius alone can bring the *materiel* together and as cunningly arrange it in such a poem as "Ulalume." Kubla-Khan, a poem which Coleridge dreamed at night, and wrote it out in the morning, up to a point at which he was interrupted, and could recall no more, is a piece of incoherency, and yet we know not what wonderful effect is produced. It is not the description—it is not the picture *in* the poem—but what is begotten in the *mind of the reader* out of the poem. It is not what is produced by the poet *on the page*, but what is suggested to *the fancy*. A cunning nonse often speaks the most solemn sense, as fools discourse in proverbs, and madmen talk wisdom:

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw.

It was an Abysinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice,
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry beware! beware!
His flashing eye, his floating hair,
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew has fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.

Poe's "Bells" will ring for ever on the ears of all true lovers of poetry. It is not a description of the effect produced by bells, it *is* the effect of bells. How steady and gradual is the acceleration "*From the tintinnabulation that so musically wells,*" to a discordant, harsh clamor, as if Quasimodo himself were in the belfry. Here, as in the lines of the Raven, is a new rhythm whose invention is due to the author. If Poe writes an English dactyl, it *is* a dactyl, exact as one in Latin or Greek, which tells the ear that it is composed of one long and two short feet, and so of his other feet.

Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells.
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells.
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells.
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels.

Yet the kind of pleasure derived from such writings is almost pain. They leave an impression after them not to be coveted. We read them eagerly, it is true, with that natural propensity which the mind has for horrors, suffering ourselves to be attracted as if on purpose to be repelled. How differently we rise from the clear, delightful sketches of Irving. The cheerful day streams upon his pictures, whose natural lights and shadows are daguerreotyped as without art from Reality and Truth. We go away refreshed and exhilarated from their perusal, as from the fountain of health. But Poe's scenes are laid in the night-watches, when fears are abroad; when visions pass before us, and darkness makes all our bones to quake. In poetry he conceived the main object to be to elevate the mind to a feeling of "*supernal beauty.*" Could he embody beauty in a cold, icy statue, he did not ask for a soul. In prose he only sought to produce an artistical effect. For this he marshals his phantasmagoria on the scene, making the solemn, stately processions move on, and letting fall his ghastly, unnatural lights, as the master of "the House of Usher" opened his lanthorn freely to the storm. And speaking of "the House of Usher," did that unique sketch stand alone, we should peruse it, and re-peruse it, and almost covet the solemn awe which it inspired. The cold, icy correctness of its stately narrative, the few entrances and exits of its personage, the scenery and accessories, and sudden fall of the curtain, leave one impressed with the idea that he has seen magic. There is a poem embosomed in the narrative which seems an appropriate conclusion of these few random thoughts upon Poe, which have come to us by our midnight fire-side. Once read it can never be forgotten:

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion,
Over fabric half so fair,

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time, long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through the luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well tuned law,
Round about a throne were sitting
(Porphyrogene,)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing,
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The praises of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate,)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim, remembered story,
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically,
To a discordant melody.
While like a rapid, ghastly river,
Through the palace door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more,

CHILDHOOD IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LOISNE.]

I will now speak of the immense dissimilitude of the systems of French and English education; and I must be permitted to dwell a little on this subject, which, in the eyes of legislators and statesmen, has ever held a great and legitimate influence over the destinies of nations.

In France the child is brought up, develops itself, grows, and studies under the eyes of its mother. If he walks, she watches him; if he speaks, she listens; if he weeps, she pities him; if he laughs, she laughs with him; if he plays, she joins him. His thoughts, emotions, tears, or smiles, joys or griefs, are all shared. The family is not numerous, hardly more than two or three brothers and sisters; but this little world live under the eye of the father and mother, and the anxious, active, foreseeing affection of the latter anticipates their wants and wishes.

In England there is nothing parallel. There you will not find tender intimacy and foresight of our domestic

hearths. Almost as soon as a child is born, it is confided to strange hands—a Frenchwoman or German takes care of it, and teaches it her own language. Later, it joins its numerous brothers and sisters, and plays and studies with them, under the care of a governess. Once a day, at lunch, the father and mother descend and mix with their children; and in these short moments, when the family is united, I do not know whether respect does not close their young mouths and restrain the rapture of their youthful hearts. The repast finished, the noisy recreation follows, animated and joyous, far from their parents, in separate apartments, under the cold and indifferent eye of the governess. There each child develops itself, not only physically but morally. What he thinks, wishes, or does, it is himself who thinks, has willed it, and has done it. In contact with his brothers and sisters, who have the same independence as himself, his character is formed, tractable and strengthened at the same time. He resolves, but learns what is far more difficult, he learns how to resolve. He learns also to depend on himself, and himself only. Thus from the cradle, there is nothing ideal, no holy and tender expansion of blind but sublime maternal love. No; but real life, noisy and animated, with already its difficulties and struggles; and with this independence, whereby the character and temper are thus strengthened, is a singular spirit of subordination. There is one child in the family who morally leads, who every where is first, and treated more respectfully, is habituated from an early age to consider himself as the future head of the family—this is the eldest son.

From the tenderest age the English children are accustomed to this hierarchy and social inequality. The eldest son will possess the fortune, honors, power, and title; what will become of the brothers and sisters? They hold their destinies in their own hands; they must some day earn an existence and create fortune. They know this; but they are not jealous, for the riches, honors, power, and title inherited by the eldest son do not give him the right to be idle or useless in society or to his country. He will receive a more solid and finished education than his brothers, he will go to the University, or he will travel to better prepare himself for the political part he will one day have to play, for he alone must support the illustrious name or title that has been borne by his father and his ancestors.

Thus the English child is prepared by his family life for his political position. He, from his education, acquires an instinctive feeling of his duties, and a spirit of independence and subordination. From his earliest infancy left to himself, his heart rarely expands to gentle emotions or tender filial feelings; but his character is formed, and as soon as he can speak he says—"I" wish it; "I" will do such a thing! He already has all the defects and qualities that will at a future day make him a citizen and an Englishman *

A French child, brought up near an attentive mother, prodigal of her cares

* Even the women, justly says M. Philarate Chasles, have a light and traveled step, a haughty and passionate soul capable of intrepid actions, of romantic virtues and faults, not of mystical or indolent languor.

and caresses, has neither this boldness, independence, nor pride. His character is like soft wax, which receives every impression, and retains none. The "I" you so often hear issue from the mouth of an English child, he never utters. But the heart, the imagination, and the mind develop beyond measure in contact with those paternal and maternal effusions, which everywhere surround him. He will astonish and startle you by the infinite delicacy of sentiment, and the charming and lively remarks of a mind that seems to have already lived. Plato believed in these innate ideas. It seemed to him that by degrees arose in their own souls recollections, thoughts, mystical raptures, born at our birth from a better world. The human soul appeared to him like the keys of an instrument, which in itself contains every harmony. The chords touched render sounds of celestial melody. They teach nothing to a child, they only awaken recollections in him. They voluntarily or involuntarily touch this Ælian harp, which will vibrate to the slightest breath of wind.

Well, the French child seems to wish to justify the dream of a great poet. Not that his character does not form itself. No; he has no wishes, he cannot have any because he cannot exercise them, being always alone, or almost so, in contact with his parents; but his soul is filled with an infinity of thoughts.

The maternal spirit overflows in his heart. His young imagination is extended and exalted by the conversation around him. It is strange during play, and while seeming to think least, a word, a phrase, is engraven on his mind, and awakens a world of ideas. Notice the gaze, what tenderness, but what aspirations! Even as the gaze of an English child is steady and assured, is that of a French child veiled and profound. *I will*, says the one—I dream and I love, says the other. And the day will come when both will keep the promise of their young years, and gloriously bear the fruit of their first education. For the life of youth will not modify the education of the domestic hearth in either the one or the other.

TO SEWARD AND STANTON.

Deluded knaves—enslavers of your kind!
All your ambitious dreams, too late, you'll find,
Must end in freedom's triumph, your dismay:
Your latter life shall be your *judgment day!*
When hate shall rush upon you like a flood,
Recounting all your deeds of crime and blood?
And hurl you, writhing, from the brink of fame,
Down to the steep gulf of everlasting shame!

THE EXCELLENCE OF IMPUDENCE.

Orators and men of wit have frequently amused themselves with maintaining paradoxes. Thus the great solemn Erasmus wrote a panegyric on *Folly*, and Montaigne eulogized *Ignorance*, which he calls "the softest pillow that man can lay his head upon." Cardan, in his "*Encomium Neronis*," makes some sort of defence of every vice known to mankind. Yet no one has done justice to *Impudence*, which is, we are constrained to say, the source of more worldly success than all the virtues put together. Did anybody ever know a modest poor man to become rich, except by some extraordinary accident or strange piece of good luck? Indeed, did anybody ever know a very modest man to make much headway in the world, in anything? On the other hand, who has not seen what strange and astonishing effects often spring from simple, naked, and uncompounded *impudence?* Aye, and without a respectable birth, without means, without principle, without even artifice or address, and without, indeed, anything but "the front of threefold brass!" Object not to folly, vice, or villainy, however black; for these are puny things in the glare and assurance of overpowering impudence. Osborn says, in his *Advice to a Son:* "Impudence is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all, being, for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments. As useful in a court as armor in a camp."

Cicero says that all that is wanting for vulgar success is, enough of *impudence.* How often have we seen it procure admission to the highest personages, and *no questions asked,* and to make a man's political fortune, where no modest merit could even render itself visible! The present time is, *par excellence,* the reign of impudence. It has flourished, more or less, in all countries; but never, in any land, had it such sway as in this country at the present hour. The streets of all our cities and villages are painfully crowded with it. It is generally of the military profession. Fellows that we knew a few years ago as butchers, barbers, bar-tenders, horsejockeys, pugilists, and keepers of dance-houses, now sweep by us on the sidewalk, with the airs of a Bashaw or grand Mogul, in the uniform of captains, colonels, and generals of the United States. If these ex-butchers, barbers, &c., do not crowd you off the sidewalk into the mud some rainy day, it is a piece of good manners on their part which you have no right to expect. Do you wish to know how these fellows came into such positions? Ask *impudence!* But here comes a nabob, with a splendid turnout, which could not have cost, horses, carriage, silver-mounted harness, and all, less than five thousand dollars, and you will recognize him as the former head porter of a hotel, or, perhaps, as the pork-packer and sausage-maker whom you used to patronize in other days. Now he *patronizes* you, if, indeed, he condescends to notice you at

all. He is now a *government contractor*, thanks to the persistence of impudence, and is worth *a million of dollars!* True, you know that every cent of his suddenly-acquired (is not *stolen* the word?) riches is in the enormous public debt, that must evermore grind the faces of the poor people of this country into the dust. But what of that? You dare to whisper the faintest word of complaint, and a shout of your "disloyalty" will go up from a thousand senseless throats, and will continue to split your ears until you will begin to wish that you had never been born! Impudence is the *monarch* of the street now, and modest merit and unpretending virtue are its *subjects*. Take care how you murmur; for "rebellion" is an awful thing! To be sure, these inflated ignoramuses do not exactly know the meaning of the word; but they comprehend the fact that you are not a supporter of the administration which is stripping the people naked to clothe *themselves* in purple and fine linen, and that is enough.

As this nabob, the ex-sausage-maker, is passing in his splendid equipage, let us make a brief inspection of his most gorgeous wife. She is clad in more colors than an Indian princess. The size of her finger joints, alas, will not permit her to wear rings, but for all that she is covered with diamonds and jewels from head to foot. You have a thought, but keep it to yourself, that the time will come when a hundred virtuous women will go nightly to their pallet of straw, without supper, to pay the interest on the fractional part of the public debt which has gone to deck the person of this foolish woman in such dazzling array. The same thought worries you in a variety of aspects. You cannot help thinking how many base and ignorant fellows, who were, but five years ago, crawling in the lowest slums of society, are now rolling and dashing along at the very top and radiance of fashion. The terrible conviction smites your heart and your brain, that all the wealth of this imprudent display was coined out of the blood and anguish of millions of honest people. Their bones lie bleaching upon a hundred battle-fields, and their widows and orphans are pining and shivering in a hundred thousand desolated homes, while these base speculators in their country's blood are reveling in the riches they have made out of the unnatural and infamous conflict.

A few evenings since, we were, for part of a night, at what is called a *fashionable party*. But, alas, what mockery! What a satire and libel upon what was once considered an assembly of *ladies and gentlemen!* In a company of seventy-two persons, there were not ten who, by their manners or acquirements, had the least claim to good breeding, or to even respectability of deportment. They were, nearly all, the outcomings of the war—not even from stations as elevated as the "grocerdom and grazierdom of Dumfries," so quaintly satirized by Carlyle. But there was such a display of costly silks, and laces, and diamonds, as we had never before witnessed, even among the very richest people of London and Paris, on the greatest state occasions. The Russian Court, one of the gayest and most licentious of all Europe, never equaled it in the transcendant costliness of female attire. One young Miss, not over thirteen years of age, was so loaded down with

laces and jewels, that her undeveloped form seemed to be actually in danger of giving way under the gaudy incumbrance. In any other place but New York, or in any other society but that of our *shoddyocracy*, the child would have been at home peacefully slumbering in her bed at that hour of the night. We shall not try to describe the grotesque attempts at refined manners, because they beggar all description. Imagine a *fishwoman*, with her hair dressed by the barber, her brawney person set off with all the dazzling dyes of India, and sprinkled as thick with diamonds as a barnyard with the sparkles of frost on a December morning, and you will have but a faint conception of the gorgeous emblazonry of these dames of *shoddy*. Imagine the same *fishwoman* attempting a graceful entrance into a tapestried parlor, or seating herself in a damask chair, vainly attempting to hide her immense hands and feet in the glare of the chandeliers, and you will approximate to some faint idea of the *genteel* manners of this "*fashionable*" party. A young man, who had evidently been reading some book on etiquette, where he was instructed that, on entering the parlor at a party, his first business was to pay his addresses to the lady of the house, but not imagining that the place of the said lady would be somewhere near the door of the parlor, for the purpose of receiving her guests, he rushed by her, and went tearing through the crowded room, exclaiming "Where is Mrs.——? Where is Mrs.——?" until at length he ran upon a young lady's white satin dress, tearing the skirt entirely from the waist, and throwing himself sprawling upon the floor. Without the least sign of embarrassment, this brilliant son of a millionaire contractor jumped up, saying he was "devilish sorry," but generously offering to pay the young lady for the damages. Never till this moment did we appreciate the excellence of *impudence*. Indeed, without the cohesive self-complacence of impudence, this assemblage of bediamoned clowns and ignoramuses could not have survived the first hour of its painful existence. Without impudence, *fashionable society*, as it is now constructed—on the greasy basis of *shoddy* and *petroleum*—would tumble to pieces every hour. But intelligence and good breeding pay an awful penalty for having encouraged a war which has brought such a raft of vulgarity and indecency to the surface. If you go to the opera and take the pains to secure desirable seats to hear the music, you are lucky if a family of this glittering *shoddyocracy* have not the seats exactly in front of you; who, as they have no ear for the opera, but came only to see and be seen, keep up a clatter and chattering from one end of the performance to the other. There is danger that you will be made profane enough to *curse their impudence!* But that will do no good—it is too late. Society has sold itself to this devil of shoddy and impudence It owns what goes by the name of *fashionable society*. It has a mortgage upon it. In vain do you seek to fly from it, for it is everywhere. There is no place but the grave where you can hide from its degrading presence. It seats itself in the most costly pews at church; it even gets into the pulpits, where the highest salaries are paid. It occupies

all the highest political stations in the land. The very *spawn* of impudence itself, a brainless, babbling *mule-thief*, has just been appointed *Minister Plenipotentiary* to a foreign court, to take the place of a respectable gentleman, relieved! O, this is the grand carnival of impudence—the latter day of its renown and glory! Whoever would be fashionable, let him despise virtue, mock at common sense, hate the truth, and go off shouting, at the top of his voice, "*Vive l' impudence.*"

HOW THE WORLD TREATS ITS THINKERS.

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and solar year,
Of Cæsar's head and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.

And this is about all the wealth which the greatest and most gifted natures have been allowed to enjoy in this lower world. In Æsop, a countryman remarks to a shell-fish which he is roasting, "O, ye cockles! being about to die, why do you sing?" Alas! if poets had refused to sing when being about to die, this world would be entirely destitute of songs. Even Æsop himself, one of the greatest teachers of mankind, was a "slave," and the only details of his personal history that have descended to us, are the names of the masters by whom he was owned. "Most wretched men," says Shelly,

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong."

In nothing have ages of great wealth shown more skill than in crushing men of genius. A great many poets, but no robbers, have been allowed to starve to death. The *Cumæns* wanted to starve Homer, but he was too ripe for that, and, as he informs us, his mighty spirit urged him, though his limbs were weak, to go to another people. Another proof of his having been exposed to Greek *Forians*, may be found in that pathetic speech of Ulysses', which he puts into the mouth of Themius, the bard: "I am able to sing to thee, as to a god; therefore do not be desirous to cut off my head." Homer was devoured by poetry and misfortune all his days, and pushed miserably through life, exclaiming all the way along, "To what a fate did father Jove give me as sport, when he nurtured me, an infant, on the knees of my venerated mother." The pictures of all the great teachers and philosophers of Greece, that of the divine Socrates among the rest, have come down to us *barefooted*. *Alciphron*, in his Third Letter on the Courtezans and Parasites of Greece, speaks of "Those fellows in the painted porch who go without shoes." But his *Courtezans and Parasites* are nowhere painted without shoes. *Aristophanes*, speaking of Socrates, and other great philosophers, says: "You mean the pallid-looking men who have no shoes on." *Theocritus* pictures a Py-

thagorean philosopher in the same manner. So *Amipsias*, a character of *Laertius*, says humorously, "the race of philosophers sprung up to the detriment of shoemakers." *Aristiphus* says to a shoemaker who reproved him for luxurious living, "you forget that I, who wear shoes, am of some use to your profession; direct your abuse to *Antisthenes*, the philosopher, who wears none." Thus did all the wits and rich vagabonds of Greece make merry of the poverty of the great teachers and philosophers of their day.

So, too, did Italy, of a later day, in *Rienzi*, *Tasso*, and Michael Angelo, show varying skill in crushing her men of genius, as if for the sake of the *perfume*. But *Dante* was its masterpiece of ruin. In the sweet, melancholy, and almost womanly affection of his youthful portrait on the wall of the Palazzo del Podesta, we may see what a fine element she had to work upon, while in the broken old countenance of the Duomo we may see how well it was worked upon, how thoroughly the dry winds of poverty and wrong wrecked him on the shores of condemnation and wrath. "If the King of the Universe were our friend, we should pray him for thy peace." What is there in all poetry more touching than these words of poor Francesca? Yet the idea which makes them so is Atheistic than otherwise, and it is recklessly applied by Dante, when he can so condemn her of Revenna, and yet admit the sensual Cunizza into paradise. On reading this and many more of Dante's Judgments, we think of Plutarch's inquiry as to whether he should like men to say there was no such man as Plutarch, or that there was one Plutarch who devoured his own children; and we recognize in Dante and in Swift, and many more, a ruin not the less real, because less inconvenient to that small morality, which, according to the French proverb, *est tanjours l'ennemie de la grande; i. e.*, "is always the enemy of the great," than that of such men as Alexander and Mirabeau, and a ruin that makes his writing sometimes read like the story of a ruined god, who had been cast down from heaven, and had taken, in his bitter hunger, to devouring women. With the cruel fate of Dante we are reminded of that of Robert Burns. Florence made Dante lacerate himself; but Scotland made Burns actually devour himself. "Behold," said the undaunted Scottish *Forians*, "an unripe man whom the Sultan has sent us, that we may see him offer up himself! By Allah! O man! art thou not ashamed to delay? It is for thy sins this punishment is laid upon thee. We shall aid thee." And they aided him accordingly, thus: Having allowed the boy to force his way unaided to giant unripe manhood, and so induced the poetic melancholy which follows long protracted, sore struggles, with obstruction, to the unrolling of life and development of character in the season of youth, they laid hold of him just as he was about to seek another shore, and changed him, as he himself remarked, from "a sixpenny private and a miserable soldier," into "a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched." We all know what Burns was then; a nobler victim had not been seen in Scotland, nor in Europe, since Wallace, betrayed and bound, had been borne across the Border. But men must have so much enjoyment, and when no suitable life or labor af-

fords it, it must be purchased at a sacrifice. The hunger for living must be satisfied somehow; one man eats his honesty, or sells his integrity for a living; another, his manly independence Coleridge eat up his poetic soul, finding it sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the memory. Southey and Wadsworth sacrificed such intellects as they had; and Burns sacrificed the lower ports of his nature, keeping his heart pure and his soul unspotted from the world. Every farmer in his neighborhood, and every passing traveler, had a share of his society, his toddy, and his jokes. Even his servants eat up his bread before it was baked, and drunk his ale before it was brewed; for Robert Burns was not a man to frown at time lost among the "rigs o' barley," or to make his farm profitable by pinching his laborers. So the thing went on until the unhappy giant, feeling his life miserably passing away, turned round in fierce wrath on a blind, careless fate, on all his tormentors, and like an Indian chief, proudly defiant in his death agonies, shouted the songs of his tribe, taunted his hereditary foes, and in such haunts as village alehouses, tore his own flesh, and maddened his brain, till, on a dark winter morning, he sunk down upon the snow; and after his lingering death, embittered by the want of five pounds, after the writhing fury and feeling soul had both gone forever, ten thousand Scotchmen wept at his burial, and the "awkward squad" fired over him, as it continues to do to this day. Nay, when he had been dead a hundred years, all Scotland, and indeed all the civilized world, celebrated his birth with joy and tears, and songs of immortal praise. When we think of his present fame we become unmindful of the fate that starved him to death. Happier, perhaps, had it been for Burns had he not been thrown by fate into those stony Scottish hills; but it was there the world needed him; there to reveal once more where the true beauty of life lay—how the daisy on the furrow, and the honest man on the moorside, were fulfilling great nature's plan.

The lives of these two great poets, Dante and Burns, serve to illustrate the fate of the highest order of genius in every age of the world. It may almost be said, without a metaphor, and without profanity, that *genius is not of this world.* Certainly it rarely ever receives its reward until it passes to another. When the great philosopher, Anaxagoras, lay on his deathbed, reduced to the last vestige of want, his former pupil, Pericles, came to relieve his necessities. "Ah! Pericles," said the dying man, "they who have occasion for lamps feed them with oil before the flame expires." But alas, the wisdom of this world takes better care of its *lamps* than of its thinkers and its poets! And yet what a sorry world would it be without its thinkers and poets? Then all men would have but one record—*he was born and he died!* Then there would be but one age for all ages, and that would be the prolonged period of monotonous, undistinguishable oblivion. The only life of the world is the being of its thinkers. As the flower on the mountain's side, and the crystal in the vein of the rock, may be more lovely and more perfect to us than the mountain itself, so the individual souls of genius may be, as it were, the flowers and highest perfection of the great

world-existence of which they are a part; while these souls again have their flower and highest perfection in the ideal life which they project beyond the confines of the real. The highest life known to us exists not in the ages of our past, not in the distant stars, which look so blue and beautiful, while probably they are full of wildly conflicting forces; but in our own imaginings and longing dreams, which can harmonize all antagonisms, and shadow forth a perfect world. Even so all men, so far as they have in them a principle above mere animal being, are somehow the possessors of inarticulate genius. They *feel*, but have no power to *express*. They bear somewhat the same relation to genius that the deaf and dumb do to the rest of society. Thus, those gifted natures who are unfitted for the selfish battle of life, and therefore fall in the matinal conflict, have their compensation. There is a pure joy, an exceeding sense of glory, which can raise and transfigure them above the sufferings of earth, enabling them to sing, with Apollo:

"I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature—to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong."

WHAT THE SHADOW SAID TO THE DREAMER.

Once within a chamber lonely, sat my shadow with me only,
Like a real and breathing Presence, there it was upon the wall;
And it seemed so very human, so much like a living woman,
That I thought perchance 'twould answer to my word or to my call;
So I said, "Pray tell me, Shadow, if thou hearest me at all,
Why thus outlined on the wall?"

Answer'd then the Shadow, turning, "When thy lamp is trimm'd and burning,
Only can I teach the lesson, thou should'st ever learn from me—
For, behold, if *light* thou banish, thy discerning sense doth vanish,
And thy wisdom scarce can teach thee, Shadows from Reality.
In the darkness, thou would'st vainly blunder on to find the key
Of my being's mystery."

Said I, "Shadow, thy revealing, seems like some faint echo, stealing
Over me, of spirit-voices heard within my soul before—
And it may be, in my scorning, I have let these words of warning,
Knock unheeded at the portals of my heart's unopened door;
Thou, the picture, dimly speaking of them, I will study o'er,
Thou must leave me never more."

"Over me thou hast all power," said the Shadow, "this thy dower,
I was born to do thy bidding, I can follow only thee;
I am thine while life is lasting, ceaselessly before thee casting

Types of all the good or evil thou canst ever learn from me;
But remember—just as thine is, so my onward path must be:
Take heed where thou leadest me!"

Then my taper, burning brightly, more colossal and unsightly
Grew that form so much like human, there upon my chamber wall,
And it stood up like a column, as it said, all slow and solemn,
"Wouldst thou question of my being, when o'er thee Death throws the pall,
And the last act of life's drama, closes by the curtain's fall;
Mortal! wouldst thou know it all?"

"I have heard what thou hast spoken—Be the silence all unbroken,
While once more, O Shadowy Presence! I may listen unto thee."
"When thy soul no longer clinging unto things of earth, is winging,"
Said the Shadow, "its flight upward, unto God's eternity;
When thy 'dust to dust' returneth, and the grave imprisons thee,
Then I perish—cease to be—

"I but follow to the portals—Spirit-land is for immortals,
There I may not dare to enter, where the feet of angels tread;
Where the springs of life are flowing—and the tree of Life is growing,
There I may not stand beside thee; when thy scroll is read,
On thy path must be no shadow: in thy soul no dread,
When thy doom is said."

Then I groaned aloud, and waking, lo! the early dawn was breaking,
I had been in dream-land roving, with my Shadow for a guide,
But at last the spell was broken; be those words the sign and token,
Of the words to which I listen'd, in that fairy world so wide—
And believe, as I do also, that perchance the truth may bide,
In the whispers of my guide.

THE CRIME OF WAR.

One murder makes a villain,
Millions, a hero. Power is privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctify the crime.
Ah! why will men forget that they are men?
Why delight in human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave;
Artificers of death! Still rulers dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts! nor let Thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S BOOK.*

After reading this book carefully through, we lay it down with the painful feeling that it should have been published three years or more ago. If anything could have an influence to correct the ignorance and insanity of northern opinion, it would seem that this volume would have done so. Nor are we able to appreciate the author's reasons for delaying its publication, which he tells us were "to avoid the possible imputation, unjust as it would have been, that any portion of it was intended to embarrass Mr. Lincoln's administration in the vigorous prosecution of pending hostilities." If those "pending hostilities" were prosecuted within the limits of the Constitution, and for a constitutional object, then there would certainly have been great merit in avoiding the least embarrassment to the administration. But, as the "vigorous prosecution" was aimed more at the Constitution itself, and at the organic form of the government, than anything else, every fact should have been made public, at the earliest hour, which could have forced the usurping administration to fall back within the lines of constitutional law. All the reckless energy of Mr. Lincoln's admniistration was directed in the channels of a fiery and bloody revolution—was designed to overthrow a government of *consent*, and establish one of *force* upon its ruins—to destroy the grand old Union of our fathers, based upon the sacred principles of self-government, and to bring, in its place, the Russian and Austrian principle of a massive, consolidated tyranny. The *Union* that survives Mr. Lincoln's administration is precisely the kind of union that exists between Austria and Hungary, or between Russia and Poland—a union that must be abhorred by all who are not in love with a pittiless and brutal despotism. The man who can hesitate in making his choice between even *secession and liberty* or *union and despotism*, has ceased to possess one spark of that vital flame of freedom which burned in the breasts of our revolutionary forefathers.

But this book of the ex-President's, though appearing so late, must be hailed as an indispensable contribution to the darkest period of American history. The great age of the author—carrying him almost to the portals of another world—and his well-known talent (for which he has, indeed, been distinguished throughout a long life,) for remarkable correctness in facts and details, will cause his book to be regarded hereafter as an *authority*, despite of all that partizan rage and malice can do against it. The work bears internal evidences that its author has been scrupulously cautious in the statement of facts, as if determined

* "Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. 1866.

to leave no spot justly assailable by the over-vigilant enemies to his fame.

The first *chapter* is taken up with a history of the rise and progress of the anti-slavery agitation; and, although so much has been written and published on this subject, some very important facts, in this criminal record, are here brought to light, which have not been noticed before. The fact that *secession* was of northern and not southern origin, is proved by an appeal to numerous facts and documents which the Republican leaders will not attempt to answer. Considerable space is also devoted to a history of the breaking up of the Charleston Democratic Convention, which resulted in the disastrous event of Mr. Lincoln's election, and which, like Adam's fall, *brought death into our land.* Mr. Buchanan says:

"This convention had no sooner assembled than a radical difference of opinion was exhibited among its members in regard to the status of slavery in the territories. The old Democratic portion, invoking the Dred Scott decision, held that slave property, under the Constitution, was entitled to the same protection therein with any other property; whilst the Douglas delegates, in opposition to this decision, maintained the power of a Territorial Legislature to impair or destroy this property, in its discretion."

A minute account of the progress of this unfortunate split is given, to the breaking up and adjournment of the convention to Baltimore. It is impossible to read this painful history without coming to the conclusion that the factious spirit which broke up the Democratic party was chargeable less to the South than the North. Such, we think, will be the impartial verdict of history. The truth is, that a great majority of the leaders of the northern Democracy had become *Van Burenized*, and, therefore, demoralized, with new and disturbing issues, which had never any place in the party in the days of its purity and renown.

But the most important portion of Mr. Buchanan's book is that which treats of facts and events which were immediately connected with the withdrawing of the southern States. His defence of his action in that trying moment, is of so complete a character that we predict that none of his enemies will dare to assail it, except with the terms of vague and general censure. After quoting a large share of his message to Congress on the secession of South Carolina, he adds:

"Then follows the opinion expressed in the message, that the Constitution has conferred no power on the Federal Government to coerce a *State* to remain in the Union. The following is the language: 'The question fairly stated is, Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to make war against a State.

"'After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress or to any other department of the Federal Government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the Constitution, that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress; and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not 'necessary and proper for carrying into execution' any of these powers. So far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the Convention which framed the Constitution.

"'It appears from the proceedings of that body that on the 31st May, 1787, the clause '*authorizing an exertion of the force of the whole against a delinquent State*,' came up

for consideration. Mr. Madison opposed it in a brief but powerful speech, from which I shall extract but a single sentence. He observed: 'The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it may be bound.' Upon his motion the clause was unanimously postponed, and was never, I believe, again presented. Soon afterwards, on the 8th June, 1787, when incidentally adverting to the subject, he said: 'Any government for the United States, formed on the supposed practicability of using force against the unconstitutional proceedings of the States, would prove as visionary and fallacious as the government of Congress,' evidently meaning the then existing Congress of the old Confederation.'

"The Republican party have severely but unjustly criticized this portion of the message, simply because they have not chosen to take the distinction between the power to make war against a State in its sovereign character, and the undoubted power to enforce the laws of Congress directly against individual citizens thereof within its limits. It was chiefly to establish this very distinction that the Federal Constitution was framed. The government of the old Confederation could act only by requisitions on the different States, and these, as we have seen, obeyed or disobeyed according to their own discretion. In case of disobedience, there was no resort but to actual force against them, which would at once have destroyed the Confederacy. To remove the necessity for such a dangerous alternative, the present Constitution, passing over the Governments of the States, conferred upon the Government of the United States the power to execute its own laws directly against their people. Thus all danger of collision between the Federal and State authorities was removed, and the indissoluble nature of the Federal Union established. The Republican party have, notwithstanding, construed the message to mean a denial by the President of the power to enforce the laws against the citizens of a State after secession, and even after actual rebellion. The whole tenor, not only of this message, but of the special message of the 8th January, 1861, contradicts and disproves this construction. Indeed, in the clause of the first, immediately preceding that relied upon, and whilst South Carolina was rapidly rushing to secession, he expressed his determination to execute the revenue laws whenever these should be resisted, and to defend the public property against all assaults. And in the special message, after South Carolina and other States had seceded, he reiterated this declaration, maintaining both his right and his duty to employ military force for this purpose. Having proved secession to be a mere nullity, he considered the States which had seceded to be still within the Union, and their people equally bound as they had been before to obey the laws.

"The Disunionists, unlike the Republicans, placed the correct construction upon both messages, and therefore denounced them in severe terms.

"The President was gratified to observe that Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, a few days after the date of the first message, placed this subject in its true light, and thereby exposed himself to similar denunciations. In his speech of 18th December, 1860 ('Congressional Globe,' p. 119,) he says: 'I do not believe the Federal Government has the power to coerce a State, for by the eleventh amendment of the Constitution of the United States it is expressly provided that you cannot even put one of the States of this Confederacy before one of the courts of the country as a party. As a State, the Federal Government has no power to coerce it; but it is a member of the compact to which it agreed in common with the other States, and this Government has the right to pass laws, and to enforce those laws upon individuals within the limits of each State. While the one proposition is clear, the other is equally so. This Government can, by the Constitution of the country, and by the laws enacted in conformity with the Constitution, operate upon individuals, and has the right and the power, not to coerce a State, but to enforce and execute the law upon individuals within the limits of a State.'

"Sound doctrine, and in conformity with that of the framers of the Constitution! Any other might, according to Mr. Madison, have been construed by the States in rebellion as

a dissolution of their connection with the other States, and recognized them as independent belligerents on equal terms with the United States. *Happily our civil war was undertaken and prosecuted in self-defence, not to coerce a State, but to enforce the execution of the laws within the States against individuals, and to suppress an unjust rebellion raised by a conspiracy among them against the Government of the United States.*"

We have italicized the last lines of this quotation, for the purpose of calling attention to the monstrous absurdity which they contain. We confess to our utter inability to comprehend how Mr. Buchanan could have allowed so strange a statement to escape from his pen, as that Mr. Lincoln's war was undertaken, "not to *coerce a State*, but to enforce the execution of the laws within the States, against individuals." What is *blockading a State*—destroying the *harbors of a State*—burning the *Capitol of a State*—seizing and imprisoning the *Legislature of a State*—what is all this, and a vast deal more of similar lawless deeds, but *coercing a State?* In what possible way could a State be *coerced*, that was not resorted to by Lincoln? It is the President's duty "to take care that the laws are faithfully executed;" but he has no right to resort to any means not provided in the Constitution, to execute the laws upon individuals. On this subject Chief Justice Story says:

"But we are not to understand that this clause confers on the President any new and substantial power to cause the laws to be faithfully executed, by any means which he shall see fit to adopt, although not prescribed by the Constitution or by act of Congress. That would be to clothe him with absolute despotic power over the lives, the property, and the rights of the whole people. A tyrannical President might, under a pretence of this sort, punish for a crime, without any trial by jury, or usurp the functions of other departments of the government."

This is precisely what Lincoln did, he made war upon the States, *as States;* and that condition of *war upon States* is kept up by his successor. The States, *as States*, have been *subjugated*—they are treated as *subjugated States*, and punished as such, for all of which there is not the least warrant in the Constitution, as Mr. Buchanan clearly enough shows; but the whole thing is an act of infamous and bloody usurpation and crime! Individuals disobeying the laws within the limits of a State, may be dealt with as the Constitution provides, and not otherwise. The President has received no authority in the Constitution to make war upon and destroy a State, in order to punish any number of its citizens. He can no more do this lawfully, than an officer may destroy or burn down a man's house to get possession of an absconding debtor. The statement that the war was not designed to coerce a State, is, therefore, wholly absurd, and unworthy of Mr. Buchanan.

This volume developes and demonstrates the sinister and criminal purposes of the Republican party in defeating the Crittenden propositions, and also in baffling the patriotic objects of the Peace Convention, in such a clear and forcible manner as must carry conviction to every fair-minded man.

It also deals a terrible blow at the shameless hypocrisy of the Republicans, in their eternally repeated charge that Mr. Buchanan did nothing to prevent the progress of secession. It proves, beyond dispute, that the Republicans of both houses of Congress were determined that he should do

nothing to arrest the "rebellion." If the lives of these Republicans depended upon their honesty, the following plain statement of facts would be their death warrant:

"We have already seen that Congress, throughout the entire session, refused to adopt any measures of compromise to prevent civil war, or to retain first the cotton or afterwards the border States within the Union. Failing to do this, and while witnessing the secession of one after another of the cotton States, the withdrawal of their Senators and Representatives, and the formation of their Confederacy, it was the imperative duty of Congress to furnish the President or his successor the means of repelling force by force, should this become necessary to preserve the Union. They, nevertheless, refused to perform this duty with as much pertinacity as they had manifested in repudiating all measures of compromise.

"1. At the meeting of Congress a Federal Judiciary had ceased to exist in South Carolina. The District Judge, the District Attorney, and the United States Marshal had resigned their offices. These ministers of justice had all deserted their posts before the act of secession, and the laws of the United States could no longer be enforced through their agency. We have already seen that the President, in his message, called the attention of Congress to this subject, but no attempt was made in either house to provide a remedy for the evil.

"2. Congress positively refused to pass a law conferring on the President authority to call forth the militia, or accept the services of volunteers, to suppress insurrections which might occur in any State against the Government of the United States. It may appear strange that this power had not long since been vested in the Executive. The act of February 28, 1795, the only law applicable to the subject, provides alone for calling forth the militia to suppress insurrections against State Governments, without making any similar provision for suppressing insurrections against the Government of the United States. If anything were required beyond a mere inspection of the act to render this clear, it may be found in the opinion of Attorney-General Black, of the 20th November, 1860. Indeed, it is a plain *casus omissus*. This palpable omission, which ought to have been instantly supplied, was suffered to continue until after the end of Mr. Buchanan's administration, when, on the 29th July, 1861, Congress conferred this necessary power on the President. The framers of the Act of 1795 either did not anticipate an insurrection within any State against the Federal Government, or if they did, they purposely abstained from providing for it. Even in regard to insurrections against a State Government, so jealous were they of any interference on the part of the Federal Government with the rights of the States, that they withheld from Congress the power to protect any State "against domestic violence," except "on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened)." Under the Act of 1795, therefore, the President is precluded from acting even upon his own personal and absolute knowledge of the existence of such an insurrection. Before he can call forth the militia for its suppression, he must first be applied to by the appropriate State authorities, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution."

While we concede that, in the above extract, Mr. Buchanan makes a perfectly successful vindication of himself against what the Republicans mean as their gravest charge to his detriment, we have still to find fault with his censure upon every Congress since the establishment of the Union, for having failed to pass a general act "to confer absolute authority on the President to call forth the militia, and accept the services of volunteers, to suppress insurrections against the United States, whenever and wherever they might occur."

It is evident to us that, had the framers of the Constitution designed that the President should possess any such powers, they would have been put in the instrument itself. That they are not in the Constitution, is proof

enough that it was never intended that the Executive should be clothed with such authority. Which State would have ratified the Constitution with such powers in the hands of the President? Not one. And the very fact stated by Mr. Buchanan, that no Congress ever ventured to clothe the Executive with such powers, is evidence enough that they are, by common consent, incompatible with the integrity and sovereignty of the State governments, which were the purposes sought in the establishment of "a more perfect Union" under the present Constitution. This matter was fully discussed in the Constitutional Convention, and a proposition was made to clothe the Federal authority with just such power as Mr. Buchanan here suggests, but it was unanimously rejected, *every State voting against it.* Had any Congress ventured to pass such an act, at any period before the present evil time of boundless usurpation and despotism, there is not, we think, the slightest doubt that it would have been pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Such a law would, indeed, bestow "absolute authority upon the President"—a thing that would be consistent neither with the nature of this government nor with the safety of the States.

The ex-President devotes some space in his volume to answering certain statements made by Gen. Scott in his report to Mr. Lincoln, and repeated in his letter published in the *National Intelligencer* of the 8th of November, 1862. These statements of Gen. Scott, made to damage Mr. Buchanan, have been the chief stock in the Republican trade of abuse against the ex-President; but they are, every one of them, here proved, beyond denial, to be sheer fabrications of the grossest character. Nothing can be of greater interest to the truth-loving portion of the public than the following facts presented by Mr. Buchanan:

"But the most remarkable instance of General Scott's want of memory remains to be exposed. This is not contained in his report to President Lincoln, but is to be found in his letter of the 8th November, 1862, to the *National Intelligencer*, in reply to that of ex-President Buchanan. Unable to controvert any of the material facts stated in this letter, the General deemed it wise to escape from his awkward position by repeating and endorsing the accusation against Secretary Floyd, in regard to what has been called 'the stolen arms,' although this had been condemned as unfounded more than eighteen months before, by the report of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives. This was that the Secretary, in order to furnish aid to the approaching rebellion, had frudulently sent public arms to the South for the use of the insurgents. This charge chimed in admirably with public prejudice at the moment. Although the Committee, after full investigation, had so long before as January, 1861, proved it to be unfounded, yet it has continued, notwithstanding, to be repeated and extensively credited up till the present moment. Numerous respectable citizen still believe that the Confederate States have been fighting us with cannon, rifles, and muskets thus treacherously placed in their possession. This delusion presents a striking illustration of the extent to which public prejudice may credit a falsehood not only without foundation, but against the clearest official evidence. Although the late President has not been implicated as an accessory to the alleged fraud, yet he has been charged with a want of vigilance in not detecting and defeating it.

"The pretext on which General Scott seized to introduce this new subject of controversy at so late a period, is far-fetched and awkward. Mr. Buchanan, whilst repelling the charge in the General's report to President Lincoln, that he had acted under the influence of Secretary Floyd in refusing to

garrison the southern fortifications, declares that 'all my Cabinet must bear me witness that I was the President myself, responsible for all the acts of the administration; and certain it is that during the last six months previous to the 29th December, 1860, the day on which he resigned his office, after my request, he exercised less influence in the administration than any other member of the Cabinet.' Whereupon the General, in order to weaken the force and impair the credibility of this declaration, makes the following insidious and sarcastic remarks: 'Now, notwithstanding this broad assumption of responsibility, I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Buchanan specially consented to the removal, by Secretary Floyd, of 115,000 extra muskets and rifles, with all their implements and ammunition, from northern repositories to southern arsenals, so that on the breaking out of the maturing rebellion, they might be found without cost, except to the United States, in the most convenient positions for distribution among the insurgents. So, too, of the one hundred and twenty or one hundred and forty pieces of heavy artillery, which the same Secretary ordered from Pittsburg to Ship Island, in Lake Borgne, and Galveston, Texas, for forts not yet erected. Accidentally learning, early in March, that under this *posthumous* order the shipment of these guns had commenced, I communicated the fact to Secretary Holt (acting for Secretary Cameron) just in time to defeat the robbery.' Whilst writing this paragraph, it would seem impossible that the General had ever read the report of the Committee on Military Affairs, and equally impossible that he, as Commanding General of the army, should have been ignorant of this important document, so essentially connected with his official duties.

"But to proceed to the report of the Committee, which effectually disproves the General's assertions. At the commencement of the session of 1860-'61, public rumor gave birth to this charge. It very justly and properly attracted the attention of the House of Representatives, and from its nature demanded a rigorous investigation. Accordingly, on the motion of Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, the House adopted a resolution instructing the committee 'to inquire and report to the House to whom and at what price the public arms, distributed since the 1st January, 1860, had been disposed of,' etc., etc. The investigation was deemed of such paramount importance that the House authorized the Committee not only to send for persons and papers, but also to report at any time in preference to all other business. From the nature of the charge it could not be difficult for the Committee to establish either its truth or its falsehood. Arms could not be removed from one armory or arsenal to another by Secretary Floyd, without the knowledge and active participation of the officers and attaches of the Ordnance Bureau. At its head was Colonel Craig, an officer as loyal and faithful as any who belonged to the army. It was through his agency alone that the arms could have been removed, and it is certain that had he known or suspected treachery on the part of the Secretary, he would instantly have communicated this to the President, in order that it might be defeated.

The Committee made their first report to the House on the 9th of January, 1861. With this they presented two tables (Nos. 2 and 3) communicated to them by Mr. Holt, then the Secretary of War, from the Ordnance Bureau, exhibiting 'the number and description of arms distributed since 1st January, 1860, in the States and Territories, and at what price.' Whoever shall examine table No. 2 will discover that the southern and southwestern States received much less in the aggregate instead of more than the quota of arms to which they were justly entitled under the law for arming the militia. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that neither Arkansas, Delaware, Kentucky, Louisiana, North Carolina, nor Texas received any portion of these arms, though they were army muskets of the very best quality. This arose simply from their own neglect, because the quota to which they were entitled would have been delivered to each of them on a simple application to the Ordnance Bureau. The whole number of muskets distributed among all the States, North and South, was just 8,423. Of these the southern and southwestern States received only 2,091, or less than one-fourth. Again, the whole number

of long range rifles of the army calibre distributed among all the States in the year 1860, was 1,728. Of these, six of the southern and southwestern States, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia received in the aggregate 758, and the remainder of these States did not receive any.

Thus it appears that the aggregate of rifles and muskets distributed in 1860 was 10,151, of which the southern and southwestern States received 2,849, or between one-third and one-fourth of the whole number. Such being the state of the facts, well might Mr. Stanton have observed in making this report, much to his credit for candor and fairness, that 'there are a good deal of rumors and speculations, and misapprehension as to the true state of facts in regard to this matter.' The report of the Committee and the opinion expressed by its chairman before the House, it might have been supposed, would satisfy General Scott that none of these muskets or rifles had been purloined by Secretary Floyd. But not so. The ex-President had stated in his letter to the 'National Intelligencer,' of November 7th, 1862, that 'the southern States received in 1860 less instead of more than the quota of arms to which they were entitled by law.' This statement was founded on the report of the Committee, which had now been brought fully to his notice. He, notwithstanding, still persisted in his error."

The above is only an example of many equally gross misstatements made by Gen. Scott, which are so thoroughly laid bare in this volume that neither the General nor his friends can take the first step to remove a most damaging judgment from his fair fame.

On the whole, this book will prove the bitterest pill the Republicen party has had to swallow since it came into power. It completely demolishes their grandest temple of lies, and will leave upon every honest man's mind who reads it the ineffaceable impression that the war was the result of a cunning conspiracy on the part of the Republican leaders in Congress. It, indeed, proves that the awful words thundered by Douglas at the pestilent traitors of the Senate—"*You want war!*" were fatally true.

The work is written with all that clearness and vigor of style for which Mr. Buchanan has long been distinguished among the ablest of the writers and statesmen of our country. It proves that, notwithstanding his great age, his mental eye is undimmed and his force unabated.

FAREWELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORIKE.

"Fare thee well!" The cruel smart
Of this word thou dost not know;
Tranquilly, and light of heart,
Did'st thou speak this word of woe.

"Fare thee well!" Oft and again
To myself this word I spoke;
And, in endless grief and pain,
With it my sad heart I broke.

SHOOTING AN ANGEL.

"Was stehst du so, und blickst erstaunt hinaus."—*Faust.*

It was evening when we reached Villeneuve. So beautiful a picture broke upon the gaze, that we paused in wonder and delight to contemplate it. The lake lay like some rare mellow painting in the tender embraces of the soft evening—reflecting the dark blue mountains of Savoy, with their pretty vine-covered villages; black, solemn Chillon, with its internal horrors: the stake, the stone-bed, the terrible trap-door; and the tiny island lifting its flower crowned head from the limpid, rosy waters. The gloomy castle reposed, like some ponderous, dark monster, upon its rocky bed, scowling upon the placid beauty around, with its dismal towers and stony turrets. Snow-capped Dent-du-Midi arose, like a majestic phantom, presenting a queenly, icy forehead, for the sun to kiss as he went down. The air was a tremulous sea of rosy light, enveloping, softening, hallowing, the charming picture. "This," said my guide Marx, leaning thoughtfully upon his rifle, "is the finest picture I have ever looked upon. Behold the mountains, the castle, and the lake; so grand, so dark, so placid; and then the luminous sky beyond, which is the good God's, whose handiwork all this is!" He lifted his cap from his head, and stood reverently uncovered in this sanctuary of nature, before the Great Architect. After a moment's silence he went on: "*Monsieur*, you have seen all; the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, that reache as though to touch heaven with its snowy finger. The glaciers of Grindelwald; the turbid Lutschine; the terrible avalanche; the rocky mountain heights; and now you look upon Lake Geneva. It is as good in this as in most other affairs of life; you have the best last. Do you see yonder a speck like a vessel lying upon the waters? It is a little island, and has three acacia trees, each presenting the charming appearance of a huge bouquet. When they were planted they were mere slips; but now they are beautiful trees. But that was a hundred years ago. *Mon Dieu!* a hundred years is a long time to look fresh and charming! That, you may depend, was the work of a woman. Her spirit, mayhap, haunts them, for she, poor thing, has been a ghost these many years. But *Monsieur*, it grows late. The shadows are getting up to the tops of the mountains finely. They have not time to wait, they are in such haste after the sun. Behold, it is only the uppermost peaks that are receiving his kisses now. They blush rarely! That is like a young damsel, *Monsieur*, is it not? One might say the lake is of molten, rose-colored glass; but the night will cover up its splendor. It is always so; darkness puts out the light in all our lives, from time to time, un-

til at last, well, it invites us to its narrow home underground, and we must go. And this reminds me of the history I began at the tower before the Canton Valais. Shall I proceed as we walk towards Montreux, *Monsieur?*" He replaced his cap, and swung his rifle lightly over his shoulder. He was the perfect type of a bold, lithe mountaineer; majestic, sinewy, hardy; wearing his sixty years with the easy and reckless grace of the youngest and bravest chamois-hunter of his Canton. He had been my guide through Switzerland, and to-morrow, at Montreux, we were to part company forever; he, to return to his home in the *Pays de Vand;* and I, to continue my travels with friends I had arranged to meet at Montreux. I felt real regret at the prospect of losing this hardy and courteous son of the Alps. The companionship had been pleasant and edifying. He was a civil, good fellow, and withal an agreeable verbal Traveler's Guide. As we walked along under the glowing evening sky, and listened to the merry sound of the bells, and the *jodel* from the mountain sides, and saw the grand, black Jura rise splendidly in the west, he began, in a deep, finely modulated bass voice, that harmonized richly with the music around and above us, to sing an Alpine melody in thoughtful snatches. "*Monsieur,*" he said, suddenly, in the midst of a verse, "I had forgotten my little story. The song reminds me. Pardon me, I shall proceed now. The old tower, black, broken, desolated, through which the wind sighs with the ominous voice of the *Fohn*, and which the lost spirits might be said to inhabit, was once a casket, for it contained a jewel. But let me begin at the beginning. Four of us went hunting: Arnold, Gascar, Francis, and I;" he stroked his gray beard seriously. "This was black then, for it is thirty years gone by that day. I fancy the golden-haired and beautiful Demetrius, who, 'truly looked like a demi-god,' and was the beloved of Lamia, must have been just such another wonder as was Gascar. A wonderful harmony discovered itself in the marvellous and god-like proportions of his lithe and rounded limbs, his beautiful features, and his noble and gracious disposition. But of one generation of men, Nature elected this one to distinguish, to glorify. To look upon him was a rare sight; to hear him speak was like listening to sweet music. Woe to the fresh, young heart into whose palpitating depths his rare eyes looked! For no maiden could meet their light and not love; and as for Gascar, why he, it would seem, was never to meet his enchantress. His step, his eye, his conscience, were not more free than his still, unruffled heart, as it lay in his breast awaiting the voice of its queen to startle it into love-life. He was a wonderful huntsman. It would sound like a wild, impossible legend, the tales I could relate of his power, his prowess. Failure for every one sometimes—for Gascar, never! One might have said, with terror, that he was in league with the Evil One, for his luck was miraculous. "Thou art lucky as Gascar;" "Hast Gascar touched thy rifle?" were the common salutations offered those who came in crowned with success. Far and near his fame spread. At every shooting festival he was victor; and in the games the bravest athlete among them could not find the courage to oppose him. This was not all. Fear-

lessly, safely, he scaled the mountain heights none other dare attempt. He was a man-chamois, for his light foo could find a resting-place in the insecure clefts of the rocky walls, whilst his steady eye searched the appalling countenance of the black abyss below, without quiver, and without fear. The hot chamois-blood he had drunk when a boy, to prevent dizziness, still ran in his veins ; for the yawning chasm, the black ravine, the rocky precipice, had not power to terrify him, who was as light as the wind that played with the black plume of his cap, and as immovable as the rock that held the supple, elastic, unerring tread of his sure foot. Indeed, *Monsieur*, I assure you this fellow was a wonderful creature. Let me hasten on with my story, for Montreux is near at hand now. The day of which I speak we had hunted long in luck. But what a wonderful chance came to Gascar ! His aim was false, his game unharmed. The devil possessed his rifle ; no girl with yellow hair and blue eyes, was ever more capricious or at fault ! Like a human thing, it betrayed, deceived, disappointed him, from the moment the sun saluted us upon the mountain-tops, until we stood beside the lake at eventide. There, little Francis, with his girl's face and pretty hands, crowed like a young chicken over his game. Arnold and I had rare good luck ; but Gascar ? For the first time in his life the evil hand was upon him : 'Ha !' he exclaimed, furiously dashing the hair from his angry brow, 'Is it so, indeed, that Satan hath bewitched my eye and arm ? Whence else can come this unfortunate chance ?'

"The veins swelled like cords beneath his clear skin ; his eyes flashed, and his lip quivered with the strength of his emotions and mortifications. 'Where have gone the life of my arm, the truth of my eye, and the worth of my good rifle ? Behold, friends—even thou, little Francis—I am a worthy subject for ridicule and jest.' He dropped his rifle disconsolately upon the grass, and threw himself at length beside it. The sun painted his cheek with a deeper crimson, and lit up the waves of his shining hair. The ghost of a tear, born of vexation, stood dimly within the blue depths of his gracious eyes. At his feet lay the lake, asleep in the arms of the evening ; swallows skimmed its calm bosom, and the sun kissed it with his golden lips. The firmament upreared like a dome of fire and purple, and the air, clear and fragrant, filled all space like a veil of spun and transparent gold. In the glowing west—that appeared like a tabernacle built of many-colored jewels, resting upon a foundation of pure amber—flashed the star of the evening, like a mighty diamond hung there by the hand of God.

"'See,' exclaimed Gascar, 'how beautiful the star is to-night. One might say it shines because it laughs at the discontent of Gascar !'

"'Come,' quoth Arnold testily, 'art thou for ever to claim the palm ? Is it not fair and just that others should prosper and be proud as well as thou? Tut, man ! thou hast lived too long in the regions of thy glory ! Thy prowess hath received a buffet of fate, and, to my mind, it is manlier to laugh her dirty work to scorn, than to let it fall into thy heart and stir up the dregs so. Arise, Achilles ! and dip thy heel in the Styx yonder.'

"He struck the other merrily upon

the shoulder, and began to sing the song I but now sang.

"I saluted Gascar solemnly; 'Wilt thou be a boy to-day, *mon brave*, and cry for the sun? Come, it is late.'

"'Ida stands to it, we discharge our rifles before we approach,' said Francis, firing obediently into the lake.

"'Ida is a tyrant,' quoth Arnold, 'but must needs be obeyed—a timid little wench that faints at the smell of powder. There!' He sent his bullet into the clear air, and stooped to shoulder his game.

"Gascar arose slowly. His ill-temper had vanished, leaving his face grave and sad, like one in profound thought. Lifting his unprofitable rifle to his shoulder, he prepared to send his charge into the air.

"'Hush!' suddenly exclaimed Francis, 'I hear something.'

"'Truly, you hear the croaking of the frogs.'

"'Truly, I hear not the croaking of the frogs, but a sound like sweet music afar off,' sturdily persisted Francis, listening eagerly.

"'Thou child!' said Gascar, smiling faintly, as his eyes skimmed the lake, and he sent his charge into the air.

"There was a sound as of jewels shivered—a mournful, strange, mysterious wail thrilled and agitated the still evening, and then, plash into the waters of the lake, with what seemed to be outstretched, misty wings, fell a heavy white object, fluttering and moaning piteously.

"'Oh, Christ! he has shot an angel!' shrieked Francis, falling upon his knees."

Max paused and looked into my eyes. His own were shining excitedly, and his lips shook visibly with emotion.

"*Monsieur*," he said softly, "he was a prophet, that little Francis!"

I laughed at his gravity. "Your story is a famous one. The earth offering no further triumphs to Gascar, he stands, not like a Peri, but like Nimrod, at the gates of Paradise, and bangs away *sans ceremonie*, at the celestial throng. *Vive!* the incomparable and victorious Gascar! *Apropos*, *mon ami*, what is a man to do with such remarkable game? For my part, I confess the idea confuses, the emergency is too much for me. Enlighten me."

He smiled gravely "Nevertheless, *Monsieur*, I assure you it is true. He *had* shot an angel."

"And yet we have Milton and Hamlet declaring—

> 'Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
> Seek not the praise of men,'

nor women either. But seriously, Max, proceed with your story; I am all interest and attention To return, Gascar *had* shot an angel."

"And there, far away, where neither the tumults of love nor of pain can reach, she sings the eternal hymn of praise—she of the golden hair, with wings white and silvery like the staubbach, an angel now, for ever, and for ever!"

He lifted his hand and pointed with a solemn and majestic gesture towards the blue, serene sky, out of which the rosy light had faded, and which was already receiving the tremulous white radiance of the moon, as she uprose in the east.

"*Monsieur*, we approach Montreux rapidly," said Max hastily, "I will give you the remaining faggots in a bundle. Thus: An old man, learned, and full of strange stories and performances, lived

once in the old tower, a solitary and melancholy person, to whom none dare speak, and of whom the little children were afraid. He wore a long black gown, and carried in his right hand a staff. His step was feeble, and his form bent; but in his deep-set eyes glowed a fire, so bright, so vivid, so intense, that one might say it was the light of an evil eye that looked upon you. He was a weak and terrible man. People shrank from him by instinct; and so alone, silent, undisturbed, he lived in the tower, and did his unhallowed and terrible work in secret. *Monsieur*, they said he was in league with the powers of darkness. After he had left his retreat, they found dreadful and unholy things there, and strange unlawful words and lines upon the walls of his cell. The wicked and dangerous spirits of the world seemed to be his familiars. Our priest, a wise and holy man, has said he was a pupil of Satan. Such words as these were traced here and there on the walls, papers, tables: *Flamel, Magistri, Zechial, Cassiodore.* Odd tools, and objects, that were called alembics, globes, compasses, beccals, skulls, cabalistic hieroglyphics, crucibles, and so on, were scattered everywhere. *Monsieur*, you smile over my learning. It is famous to remember words, but better to know meanings. My confessor understood the meaning of all these things; as for me, I am a simple mountaineer, and know only two things —those unholy words—and that he who wrote them was wise and damned. Away up high among the mists and birds, in the topmost cell of the tower, he had the only good and holy thing of his life hidden. It was his child, a beautiful and innocent young maiden, whose song could be heard sometimes in the depths of the night, as she complained, on the strings of her harp, to the Virgin of her desolate and solitary lot. Thus the stars, the vigilant and eternal sentinels of the good God, heard, from the black and lonely turrets of that gloomy tower, the prayers of that pure soul arise in supplication —as the cursed and lost mutterings of the magician in the cell far below, hovering over his unholy labors, appealed to the Prince of Darkness to help him complete his dread work. He was building a strange 'house,' that was to carry him on invisible wings to the stars. His sin and pride made the wish within him, and his cunning skill began to work it out. Night after night, without rest, he labored with Satan upon his design. A great round swinging thing, with cords, and network, and strange devices, by-and-by he brought to the top of the tower. Strong ropes held it as it made efforts to fly away, rolling from side to side in pain and anger at being confined so long to earth. Its sides shone like silver in the moonlight, and its ropes moaned like a suffering, imprisoned soul, in the gusts of the night wind. The little square basket that hung from it was filled with instruments and telescopes, a hamper of food, and two bottles of wine. It was just dawn when he completed his arrangements. Stealing like a thief into the cell of his sleeping child, he lifted her silently from her bed, and carried her to his "house." Softly, carefully, without awakening her, he laid her in the bottom of the basket, and seating himself beside her, he cut the ropes that held the terrible thing; and up, up, up, lightly as a bird and more swift than

the wind, it arose over the highest peak of the tower, the trees, the rocks, and soared away upon the wings of the wind, towards the stars. *Monsieur*, they never reached the stars, but wonderful things happened. The vengeance of God overtook him, and made him mad!—mad, miles above the earth, sailing in a sea of vapor and light, with the mountains, as one might say, for footstools, and the earth far away below, dim and distant, until it looked like a little picture, with its hills, and rivers, and trees, spread alongside of each other upon it. And the poor child? Cold and terror-stricken, frozen in body and heart, her shaking, sorrowful voice, at his wild and terrible command, chanted evil hymns to the spirits that hovered around them, and hurried their abode madly onward. 'Sing! sing to them, Marie!' was his cry, as he strained his eyes desperately into the blue space above. Strange, *Monsieur*, but the higher they went the further off seemed the sun and the sky, and by-and-by the sun began to sink. A thick vapor arose between them and the earth—above, below, on the right hand and on the left, nothing but the terrible, dense cloud, that by-and-by obscured all things. They were alone in the ocean of the air! That is a profound thought. The desolate sailing habitation, with its sullen old madman, and despairing young maiden! *Monsieur*, was it not terrible? She prayed for death. Once, she leaned over the side and looked down. We, of the mountains, have stood upon perilous heights, and seen the dark depths below, like hungry animals with open jaws awaiting their prey. But she—she saw the appalling distance recede—the depths moved and were alive. It was monstrous! She shut it wildly out, knelt desperately at his feet, and prayed that he would mercifully kill her. 'Sing! sing, Marie!' he cried out, grasping a knife; 'They are here, here about us, the spirits of the air! Behold how they urge us onward! Too fast!—my breath leaves me." He arose suddenly, and grasped the ropes that lod above. Quickly, like a chamois-hunter, he climbed, and stabbed the great swaying body, shrieking still, 'Sing! sing, Marie!' The voice fled mournfully out of her white lips, and her eyes lay closed like those of the dead. High above her those thin, weak hands trembled and shook feebly for one moment, and then—it is so horrible, *Monsieur*, it sickens to think of—he lost his hold and fell, down, down, down through the clear air like lightning—*dead* long before his body found its icy and everlasting resting-place in the glaciers of Grindelwald. The girl sang on. Stupefied with terror, she lay, unconscious of the dreadful catastrophe, awaiting the loud, wild voice to urge her on in the chant of death. She never heard it more! She felt a sudden jar—a whirling, dashing, sweeping, sinking sensation—and then dead, sudden darkness, like annihilation, fell upon her. The fiends conveyed her body back to earth, and, dropping it into the lake, sped away after the cursed abode, which tossed and rolled, now up, now down, madly, fantastically in mid-air, and, suddenly shooting furiously away, was lost forever to human view. *Monsieur*, the evil one claimed it. As for Marie, the blessed Lady gave her to Gascar. His bullet touched her white shoulder, and left no mark; the cold waters of the lake received her body, and upheld it until

the strong arms of Gascar embraced and protected it. The spirits of air, of wind, of water, of fire, were powerless to harm, to destroy. The Virgin protected and gave her to Gascar. Her story is a miracle!

"For weeks she lay like one dead. To behold Gascar kneeling, night and day, with his hand upon hers, and his voice interceding with the Virgin, was enough to make one say he was bewitched. He was simply in love! At last, *Monsieur*, his enchantress had come. This beautiful young maid had conquered him; and as she lay, as one might say, vibrating between life and death, we all saw that as she lived or died so would Gascar. This angel was his soul, and whither she went he must go also. She lived! When her little white feet, by-and-by, stepped tremulously from the bed to the floor, she walked at once into a new life. Gascar's arm supported her—Gascar's eye controlled her—Gascar's voice ruled her—in strength, in love, and in kindness. She became a woman. Their end was very matter-of-fact, *Monsieur*—they married."

"Thus ended the romance, and began the sweet reality of life. You said, I think, that she died?"

"Yes, *Monsieur;* they died after a while. But they were so happy! Children were born to them, a boy and girl. She, the little Marie, as beautiful as a dream, was married famously three years gone by. A noble lord saw and loved her; they went away far, far over the seas. But as for young Gascar, he loved our free mountain life, and would live here among us, he said, as his sire had. He is the boldest chamois-hunter of our Canton, and is my godson, *Monsieur*.

"Here we are at Montreux. The moon lights it finely. Behold, there away to the left, beyond the grove of trees, is the cemetery. To-morrow I will show you the graves of Gascar and his angel Marie. Flowers are always upon them. The young men and maidens place them there daily; and at the head of each stands a pure white cross, raised by the Count de V., Marie's husband."

BESION.

LIFE'S MORN.

Like him who, careless, dreams away
The golden morn of many a day;
So some, without a thought or tear,
Let life's bright morning disappear.

ZULU-LAND.

This is the name of a portion of South Africa, which lies to the north-east of Natal, and beyond the Fugeal River, stretching away to the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay. It is a land of flowers and sunny sky. Rev. Lewis Grout, a missionary who went from the State of Vermont to that country some years ago, describes his first impressions of Zulu-Land as follows :

"Coming from a land of civilization, and from a cold northern climate, new things are seen in this far-off land, and old things in a new light. You find men, animals, trees, flowers, grasses, differing from those of the country you have left, and see stars which are not to be seen in your northern home. You have the same sun, but on the north side of you, and more vertical than there. With this change of your position in relation to the sun—having it on the north at noon—there comes, of course, a change in all the seasons, the South African winter coming in June, July, and August. But a winter in Zulu-Land is not the same cold, sharp, shivery season which goes by that name in New England. Thus, while I write, at midday, the thermometer stands at sixty-eight degrees in the shade—just a pleasant temperature without any fire ; and yet the season corresponds to the northern Christmas. . . . . The prevailing wind in winter is from the west or northwest, morning and evening ; and from the east, south, or more commonly from the south-east, during the middle of the day. The prevailing winds for the summer season are from the north-east and south-west, bringing fair weather from the one quarter and foul from the other. The hot north wind, common in the early part of spring, is powerful, parching, and peculiar. It is a wide, sweeping wave of heated air, moving southward, from the burning plains of the interior, and hugging the earth as it goes, and blowing hard, *harder*, HARDEST, for from six to thirty-six hours, heating the earth, withering plants, warping timber, and testing alike the joints of tubs and tables, until, finally, its blow is blown out."

Of the great abundance of flowers in this country, the same author says : "Nor can you go out for an hour, any month of the whole year, without finding, here and there, a wild flower, most likely a profusion of them, on every side. In September and October, the spring of our African year, I have often traversed the open fields, where the ground was almost covered with flowers—so thickly, indeed, that scarce a step could be taken without treading some of them under foot. Nor would these be of one kind of color, but of varieties as yet past all attempts to number."

But our principal purpose, in this article, is to give some account of the Zulu tribe of men. There are many circumstances which go to show that these are not of pure and unadulterated African blood. There is, in their form, their hair, their eyes, face, and general mental characteristics, evidence that, at a very remote period of antiquity, they derived a current of their blood from some Asiatic source. Indeed, their ancient name, *Kafir*, *Caffer*, *or Caphar*, is derived from the Arabic language, and signified an *unbeliever*, *i. e.*, one who rejected the Mahomedan faith. It is a remarkable fact that

Herodotus speaks of two classes or groups of Ethiopians—one in Africa, the other in Asia; and he describes those of Asia as being black, but having straight hair, whereas the others, or those of Africa, had very curly hair.

Mr. Grout describes the Zulus as of "good stature, generally erect, but rather slender, especially the men. Their average height, however, is hardly equal to that of the English or Americans. Their frames are well developed; their limbs delicate, but well proportioned—a conformation to make them more agile than strong. Hence, one of these black men running on foot is a very good guide for a white man on horseback." Their color is described as varying in different individuals, from the redish copper-color to the jet black. The following is a picture of two Zulu men, from a photograph taken from life by the above-named missionary:

ZULU MEN.

He says: "Looking at the large mouth, thick lip, and flat nose of one, then at the small, well-formed, mouth, straight lip, and straight nose of another; on the one hand, at the woolly hair, and often on the other at the open face retiring chin, and square forehead, we see in them a varied configuration, that oscillates through all the extremes of the negro and the European type." This fact would seem to be sufficient to prove that the Zulu is not a pure negro. He is a shade higher, both in his physical and mental characteristics, than the negro, and may evidently claim to have derived a portion of his blood from some Asiatic source.

Among the Zulus, as in all African tribes, the drudgery of life falls upon the women. Almost all the duties of husbandry fall upon them. We give below a picture of two Zulu women:

ZULU WOMEN.

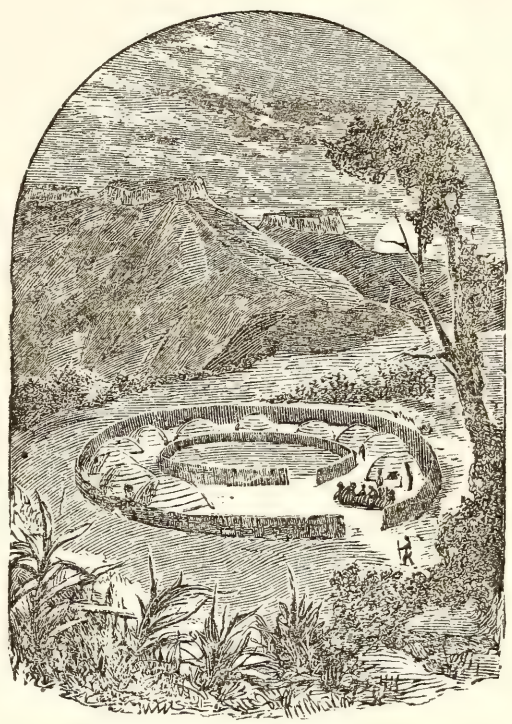
One is represented as playing on a musical instrument, called the *ugubu*,

formed of a calabash and bow. The other is engaged in grinding corn, which is first boiled and then ground, or more properly, mashed between two stones. Even among this most advanced tribe of Africans, the conveniences and comforts of civilization are wholly unknown. They are only just above the brute race in the skill of providing for their necessities. Our missionary desribes the Zulu-woman pantry as follows :

"There is the great pot, in which she cooks her maize or millet, standing upon a tripod of three rough stones, while the faggots blaze beneath and on every side. Here, too, she boils her vegetables, greens, pumpkins, or turnips. The potlid is just another pot of the same size inverted, fitted lip to lip one upon the other, its position secured and the apertures closed by the use of a little *ubulongwe* (*i. e.*, cow-dung,) from the cattle-fold, the same article with which she smears the floor of her house once a week, not to mention sundry other important uses to which the people are wont to put it ; though of its value as a fertilizer they have no idea."

The Zulus have no right to build a hut, or squat on any spot of ground, until they first procure a permit from their chief—indeed, the king owns all the land, and all the men and women too, as for that. Below we give a picture of a Zulu *kraal* or village, which consists of a circular enclosure constructed of stakes and wattles, within which are ranged the huts, built of a sort of framework of bushes, and covered with grass.

Our missionary author thus describes these Zulu tenements : "These huts, being hemispherical in form, and thatched with grass, look very much like so many hay-cocks, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. A single aperture at the lower side of the hut, arched at the top, only about eighteen inches wide, and two feet high, measuring from the earth up, serves for both door and windows."



ZULU VILLAGE.

And the life these wretched beings lead in these huts, in companionship with dogs, sheep, and calves, is purely an *animal* existence. They are simply sufficiently intellectual to be devoured by the most revolting superstitions—being governed by wizards, charms, or amulets of bark, weeds, and roots. They are all actually slaves. No one can marry, build him a hut, or do any other thing without the consent of the king. The happiest negro, in even the Zulu land, is a wretched being contrasted with the condition of the meanest "slave" in the southern States before he was cursed by the visitation of the Abolitionists.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The excellent likeness which we give of General Lee in this number of THE OLD GUARD, will, we are sure, be a source of gratification to our readers.* It is a remarkable fact that, even in the northern States, this foremost man of the military power of the so-called Rebellion is regarded with sentiments of respect by all, except a small number of the very basest and most fanatical of our population. It is the defere ce and admiration which human nature, under all circumstances, pays to a really splendid character. *Character* is something greater than talent—greater than the sword—for it survives, in the adoration of mankind, when the achievements of the sword are obliterated by the wear of time. After all, *character* is the test of real power in an individual.

"He was a man, take him all in all,"

is the highest praise a mortal can win or wear. We behold the triumph of *character* in the plaudits which the Roman people declared when they said, "The victorious cause might please the gods, but the vanquished cause pleased Cato." In the light of a truly great character, the vanquished cause often shines more conspicuously and more gloriously than the victorious. What is often called *failure*, is the greatest success in the way of fame. The assassination of the usurper, Cæsar, was a failure, so far as bringing back the lost liberties of the Roman people was concerned; but the undertaking was gilded with the splendor of Brutus' virtues, and it has ever since occupied one of the proudest points in the admiration of mankind. After the lapse of two thousand years, its glories are undimmed; and they will shine brighter and brighter as the ages pass away. The name of *Brutus* will be synonymous with *virtue* and *liberty*, as long as the memory of man survives.

"Rebel" is a word which, however mountainous in the imagination of ignorance and roguery, need have no terrors for a truly virtuous and patriotic man. The "rebel" of to-day is, oftener than otherwise, the greatest hero and the most splendid character of history; while the most "loyal" man of the hour, if his name survives long enough to get into history, is quite as apt to pass there as the meanest specimen of a wretch that ever sneaked through an inglorious existence. When the impartial historian comes to narrate the events of the last four years of American history, he will be confronted with the pregnant fact that what was called "rebellion" was led by such characters as Lee, and and Stephens, and Bishop Polk; while the other side was represented by a Ben. Butler, a Stanton, or a Milroy! The patriotism and virtue of General Robert E. Lee stand unquestioned to-

* We are indebted to C. B. Richardson, No. 540 Broadway, Publisher of "Southern Generals," for the excellent likeness of Gen. Lee, in the present number.

day by all parties whose reputation for intelligence and candor renders their opinion desirable. When the unhappy conflict began, General Lee bore a reputation that was untarnished by a single spot, and the following letters, one to Gen. Scott and the other to his sister, show that, in taking the step he did, he was moved by no motive that was not inspired by a sense of duty, and by the most earnest impulses of patriotism and virtue :

"ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"GENERAL—Since my interview with you on 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I, therefore, tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of the time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and almost cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me

"Save in defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me, most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE.

"*Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott,*
Commanding U. S. Army."

A copy of the preceding letter was enclosed in the following letter to a sister of the General, Mrs. A. M. :

"ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"MY DEAR SISTER—I am grieved at my inability to see you. . . . . I have been waiting for "a more convenient season," which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and *though I recognize no necessity for such a state of things*, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question *whether I would take part against my native State.* With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and save in defence of my native State, with a sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

"I know you will blame me, but you must think of me as kindly as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send a copy of my letter to Gen. Scott, which accompanied my resignation. I have no time for more.

" . . . May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

"R. E. LEE."

Of course it will be said that Gen Lee committed a fatal error in resolving to follow the fortunes of his State. But would it not have been astonishing if he had arrived at any other conclusion? He had been instructed by Jefferson, the Father of our Declaration of Independence, that "States can wholly withdraw their delegated powers." He had also been instructed by President Madison, the father of the Constitution, that "a delegated is not a surrendered power," and that "there is no power above that of a State to judge in the last resort," &c. This doctrine neither he, nor any body else, had ever heard called in question by any respectable statesman from the foundation of the government to the election of Lincoln. And more than this, he knew that Virginia had ratified the Constitution, and became a member of the Union, only on condition that she should have the right to resume her delegated powers whenever, in her opinion, it should become necessary for her own safety. More still, he knew that from time to

time, for more than a quarter of a century, various northern States had petitioned Congress for a dissolution of the Union, and that the New England States had several times taken steps to withdraw, "peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must." Under these circumstances, was there any depravity on the part of the judgment of Gen. Lee in the course he pursued? We dare answer this question in the negative. We dare go further, and say that we believe it will be the verdict of history that his act involved no crime, and was not in the least inconsistent with the loftiest patriotism, and the most illustrious virtue. We should despise ourself if we were wanting in the integrity and courage to thus plainly utter our honest opinions in relation to a public character whom we believe to be one of the foremost men, as well as one of the purest patriots of his age. And it is a question which impartial and inexorable history will have to settle, whether a success on his part would not have proved a benefit to his country, by preserving the grand principle of self-government and liberty which was established here by our fathers. The Union, as it was established by our fathers, was dear to General Lee, as it was to everybody in the land, except the *negro-equalizing* revolutionists now in power. The *were* and *are* the real foes to the Union. *They*, not men like Gen. Lee, are the traitors to the great American principle of government. And we have quite as little respect as patience for that by no means small number of northern journalists, who fully understand this question, who know that the obstructions to the lasting peace of this Union are even now, as they ever were, not in the South but in the North, and yet most culpably fail in rebuking that impudent, noisy, and senseless public *farrago*, which would regard men like Lee and Stephens as traitors, and men like Ben. Butler and Stanton as patriots. Shame! eternal shame! There is not a single leading statesman in the South, nor indeed a single southern man, who is not a believer in, and an admirer of, the *principles* of the Constitution and the Union; but there is not a single leader of the northern faction now in power who does not hate, and who is not laboring to overthrow, those principles! *Disunionism, i. e.*, enmity to the principles of the Union, is at this moment confined to the northern States. Here it scowls and sneers, and mumbles its infernal incantations in the face and eyes of honest patriotism, and there are not twenty editors to be found, in all the country, who have the pluck and manhood to strip the false covering from the foul and seditious monster. They venture to utter some timid, doubtful protests, but they leave the monstrous usurpation, the shameless fraud in the full possession of the field. When every Democratic editor will speak out his real thought, and say boldly and defiantly that he believes men like Gen. Robert E. Lee to be patriots, and men like Stanton and Seward to be seditionists and traitors, there will be more honest men in the land than there are now, and there will be a better hope for liberty—for our country's lasting peace and honor!

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

WHAT I SAW ON THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AND NORTH AMERICA, AND AT THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. By H. Willis Baxley, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865.

The author of this book was *Special Commissioner of the United States* in 1861-'62, to South America; and his official position gave him facilities for an extended observation, and for collecting the materials of this volume; which is really a work of merit, and of very great interest. Every subject he touches—and he touches every subject which could arrest the attention of a cultivated and scientific observer in the countries through which he was passing—is handled with candor and clearness truly refreshing at this period of general duplicity and partizan dogmatism. The intellectual, social, and religious character of the people, their political institutions, the natural scenery of the country, its standing temples and antique ruins, are all brought before the eye of the reader, as in a picture. The author is not only a close observer, but he is a profound thinker, and is, withal, gifted with sufficient imagination to enable him to clothe his ideas in a most engaging and captivating style. His observations on the effects of negro emancipation in the South American States are deserving of the attention and study of our countrymen at the present time. Here, as in the West India Islands, emancipation has brought ruin upon the poor negro, physically and morally. Dr. Baxley says: "His emancipation, by freeing him from the control of a master capable of regulating his actions for their mutual good, handed him over to the debasing mastery of his own passions, which by the universal testimony of the intelligent and candid citizens of those countries, are precipitating his extinction." Again, the author says: "From emancipation and social equality, the tendency is unavoidably to social level, mingling blood by hybridism in the direction of the preponderating element, and after a long endurement of punishment consequent upon the perpetration of crimes against the laws of organization, as decreed by the Creator, and ultimate extinction of the feebler race, a reparation of the outrage inflicted on nature, and a return to the original type."

When we look at these South American States as they were in other days, their wealth, prosperity, and political power, and contemplate them as they now are, wallowing in all the degradation of negro emancipation and hybridism, we cannot refrain from contemplating with horror the pestilent fanatics in our midst, who seem ambitious that North America shall repeat the same disgraceful *role* in the drama of civilization. Dr. Baxley gives a gloomy picture of the future of South America. He says: "From the existing stand-point, the eye of earnest desire cannot look beyond and behold a cheering promise of the future, so far as self-government and constitutional liberty rest for their solution, with the Pacific Republics of South America." The work is a large and elegantly gotten-up volume of 632 pages, copiously illustrated with wood engravings. It truly deserves a place in every gentleman's library.

THE DUTCH PILGRIM FATHERS, AND OTHER POEMS, HUMOROUS AND NOT HUMOROUS. By Edward Hopper. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

There are some books which, though not fit to be published, were properly enough written, if their production was pastime for their authors; but we cannot include this volume in the number, for we can conceive of no greater misuse of a man's leisure than the writing of such a volume. Such a labor could cultivate neither sense nor taste. The following verses, being a part of a song on a dead puppy, by the name of Spot, will, we think, satisfy our readers:

'No more thoult skip and prance about,
And sidelong slant thy long, slim snout,
And ask for bones with canine pout,
Poor little Spot!

Thou'lt bark and bite and drum the floor,
And scratch the fleas, and snarl no more,
For all thy flea-bites now are o'er,
Poor little Spot!

Ah, once thou *wast*, but now art not,
And much, I fear, will be forgot,
For thou art rotted to a dot,
Poor little Spot!"

Is it not enough to draw tears from a stone to think of the sublime period when this puppy "*wast*," rich in all the domestic prime of superabundant "fleas;" and of where he now lies, disarmed of the power to "scratch," and, alas! absolutely "rotted to a dot?" But this poetic and fragrant word, "rot," is a favorite of the author, for he gives it to us in still another verse:

"And art thou dead, poor little Spot?
Is this, alas! thy doleful lot,
To lie beneath the ground and rot?
Poor little Spot!"

We can hardly suppress a regret that this famous puppy's name had not been *Pink*, for then the author could have improved somewhat the favorite aroma of his poesy, thus:

And art thou dead, poor little Pink?
Thy lot, alas!—how hard to think—
To lie above the ground, and stink!
Poor little Pink!

And then, too, the poem might have served as an epitaph for our author's *muse* as well as for his *puppy!* The volume is elegantly gotten-up; which, for the sake of the publisher, we hope was done at the expense of the *poet*. But, bad as the volume is, it is not much worse than several other books of "poetry" which have appeared in this city within the last three years. We have several morbid young men among us, who think they are *poets*, because they are badly bitten with the *negrophobia*, or are otherwise unnaturally wretched and foolish.

"Zulu-Land; or Life among the Zulu-Kafirs of Natal and Zulu-Land, South Africa. With Map, and other Illustrations, largely from Original Photographs. By Rev. Lewis Grout, for fifteen years Missionary of the American Board in South Africa. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee."

This is, in some respects, one of the best of the many books which have appeared in England and America, on Africa. It is an unpretending, but straightforward narration of what passed under the author's own eye, during a period of fifteen years. Nor is the work destitute of considerable research and learning, derived from the most ancient efforts to introduce Christianity and civilization to Africa. It also appears from the title page of the work that the author has published a grammar of the Zulu language, and he has given in this book some specimens of the literature of that country, which will be found curious, if not instructive. The following is an example:

Ma i ze inkomo yetu, si ya yi biza;
Si ti, ma i ze, ma i zeke;
Ma i ze inknomo yetu, si ya yi biza.

Thus translated:

Our cow let her come, we are calling her;
We say, let her come, let her come, so let her come;
Let her come to me, then let her come;
Our cow let her come, we are calling her.

The work further contains a good deal of interesting, and not unimportant matter, in relation to the geography, geology, zoology, botany, &c., &c., of South Africa.

Erring, yet Noble. A Tale of and for Women. New York: John Bradburn, (late M. Doolady,) 49 Walker street.

Though it is not so stated, yet we judge the author of this book to be a woman. It is written like a woman, with an earnestness and sincerity of purpose which we might expect in a woman, writing upon such a subject. The object of the book is certainly one which ought to command the respect and sympathy of the good and generous of both sexes. There would seem to be no justice in the inexorable decree of society which condemns an unfortunate woman to eternal hopelessness, while it allows the author of her ruin to maintain, unimpaired, his place in the community. To point out and amplify this injustice is the object of this volume. The style is easy and flowing, and the plot sometimes sufficiently *sensational* to ensure popular favor. But we are at a loss to know what the author means by calling love "a *principle*." Better to call it a passion, sanctified by whatever truth and purity you please, but still a *passion*. And none the less beautiful and holy because a passion—directed and controlled by correct principles by all means, but nertheless in its essence and nature purely a *passion*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—An intelligent and patriotic mechanic writes us that some prominent Democrats of his neighborhood declare that State rights are destroyed, and it is useless to adhere to them any more. That, it strikes us, is precisely the language of a traitor to his country, or a coward. To say that State rights are permanently gone is to say that liberty is gone, is to say that there is an end of the government established by our fathers. To propose to acquiesce in this stupendous treason against the sovereignty of the States, is to go over to the Black Republican traitors at once, for that is the only real vital issue between the Democratic and Republican party. To propose to abandon the government of the States to the Austrian despotism of federal centralization is a crime against ourselves and our children. It is a cowardice which should make every man blush. The Democratic watchword must be *The Constitution!* That is the immortal charter of State rights. Let any man who will not stand by *that* go over to the Black Republican traitors at once, that the Democracy may be well weeded of its brambles. The man who proposes to hold on to the *Constitution*, and at the same time to relinquish *State sovereignty*, is a logical curiosity. He proposes to fight for a shadow—worse than that, for a *shadow* is the form of *substance;* but the idea of the Constitution without State sovereignty has not substance enough to throw a shadow. As to principle, as to a *precedent*, the war has really established nothing. A certain amount of *brute momentum* has overcome a lesser amount of resistance. But the *Constitution* still stands, with one party opposed to it, and another for it. The Democracy is for it, and although at the present moment in the minority, it by no means proposes to yield the sacred ground to the noisy foe. The anti-State rights, or old Federal party, was in a minority from the close of John Adams's administration in 1800, to the election of Lincoln. Indeed during all that period it lay buried; for the whig party was, as well as the Democracy, a State rights party. The party that just now rules this country came out of the tombs even after Lincoln's election, and, outdoing the devils in the ancient country of the Gadarenes, entered into *men* instead of *swine*, and drove them down the steep places into a sea of blood! But does a swinish majority dishearten us? Not if we are men!—not if we are patriots! We must fight this battle of liberty, if necessary, as long as we live; and if it is not settled before our deaths, let us bequeath the sacred struggle to our children, and to their children, as long as there is one brave and virtuous man left on the continent!

—The Hon. George Ticnor Curtis, a bosom friend of Daniel Webster, gives the following account of the last words that great man ever uttered on the subject of politics. It will be remembered that Webster died just before the end of the Pierce and Scott campaign:

"Calling me to his bedside by my Christian name, he said: 'The Whig candidate will not be elected. You love your country, and you think its welfare involved in Whig success. This has been so; but, let me warn you, as you love your country, to give no countenance to a sectional geographical party. The Whigs, after this election, will break up, and upon the ruins of our party a sectional party will arise. *The stability of the Union will hereafter depend upon the Democracy.*'"

These prophetic words were uttered only a few hours before the great statesman breathed his last. What Democrat does not feel his patriotism and his resolution kindle at these words, "*The stability of the Union will hereafter depend upon the Democracy?*" And although the Democracy has disgracefully failed for four years now, by supporting the inhuman war of that sectional party, yet

it is not too late for it to redeem its honor and save our country. It is a great and a ridiculous fallacy to suppose that the *Union is saved.* Is transplanting the Austrian government to these shores *saving the Union?* This present negroized and despotized piece of military machinery has not one single feature of the Union that was formed by our fathers. If it has, somebody can show it; and we challenge Mr. Seward, Mr. Sumner, nay, President Johnson himself, to show wherein the Union is restored. Point to a single fractional spot of *restoration!* There is a great deal of senseless shouting and bellowing about a *restored Union! Where?* Perhaps the *Tribune* or *Times* will attempt to show. But no; *bellowing* is a good deal easier than *showing.* Bellowing requires only wind, but showing calls for labor, for *proof.* If the Union is ever restored and preserved, it must be, as the dying Webster said, *the work of the Democracy.*

—When we think of the number of generals who ran for high civil stations at the late elections—and so far as we know, not one of them had the least claim to respectability as statesmen—we are reminded of Webster's speech at Boston after the nomination of General Scott for President, in which occurs this terrible sarcasm: "You all know, gentlemen, that it is not my fortune to be a successful military man. (Great applause.) I am nothing. (Laughter.) Nothing but a hard-working, pains-taking, drudging civilian, giving my life, and health, and strength, to the maintenance of the Constitution, and the upholding, to the best of my ability, under the providence of God, the liberties of my country." This is not exactly the tone of disappointment, but is rather the quiet sneer of contempt for a party which could totally ignore statesmanship in a nomination for the highest civil office, and place before the people for their votes a weak, conceited, foolish, blustering disciple of blood and gunpowder. We cannot suppress the thought that Webster is happily "gathered to his fathers, and spared the shame of being a spectator of this present degraded hour of the supreme rule of military impudence and shallowness.

—We are charged with bearing hard on the Republican party. We certainly intend to do so. That party has *borne hard* upon our country—so hard that it has crushed liberty out of it. There are no words in any language we are acquainted with that are hard enough to do full justice to the men who have wrought this ruin. We believe that there is no punishment either in this world or the next, which they do not deserve.

—The English papers are naturally horrified at the brutal conduct of the mob that witnessed the military murder of poor Wirz. But the fiends who disgraced that occasion with shouts were *Puritans*—they could have been no other. The English editors ought to remember what devils incarnate the Puritans were in their own land, where they originated. The Marquis of Montrose, for doubting the Puritan holiness, was condemned to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, afterwards to be quartered, and his limbs nailed up at the four gates of the four principal cities of Scotland. Whilst this horrible execution was going on, the Puritan clergy abused and mocked the victim, and bellowed about his eternal damnation. Puritanism is the same in America that it was in England.

—The Republican papers are quoting, with approval, the language of that most infamous wretch, Brownlow, to the effect that "the war closed two years too soon." Yes, certainly too soon for the villains who were either slaking their thirst for blood, or were making money out of the slaughter. These fiends are well described by Erskine, in a speech in the House of Commons, in 1792, as follows:

"There are wretches also without virtue, labor, or hazard, who are growing rich as their country is impoverished. They rejoice when obstinacy, ambition, or folly adds another year to slaughter and devastation, and laugh from behind their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure and cypher to cypher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or a tempest."

—A Democratic cotemporary thinks that Kilpatrick can do no harm as Minister to Chili. Perhaps not, if they keep a proper watch over their mules. We never heard of his being dangerous to anything but mules.

—A magazine editor says "it is now a fact generally conceded that a knowledge of the Greek or Latin languages is of very little use to the English scholar." Who, pray, agrees to that *fact?* The *fact* that out of 38,000 English words 15,000 are of Greek and Latin origin, goes somewhat against such a conclusion. The very word *fact*, which an editor uses, is from the Latin *facio*, which is the fountain of nearly 500 English words, as *fact*, *factor*, *fiat*, per*fect* ef*fect*, bene*factor*, male*factor*, manu*facture*, etc., etc., etc. The Greek word *logos* is the source of nearly 200 words in our language. The idea that an English scholar derives no help from a knowledge of these languages, is not, we think, a *fact* admitted by anybody who is a competent judge.

—When the negro-liberating army took possession of Baton-Rouge, in 1862, the commanding general, a Massachusetts man, stole from its pedestal, in the State House, a magnificent statue of Washington. It was shipped North, but no one appears to know of its whereabouts. It is probably stowed away in some shed in Massachusetts, if indeed it has not been broken to pieces, in keeping with the general vandalism that marked the path of the Massachusetts soldiers in the South.

—Wade said in the Senate, in 1863, that "when he heard a man in these times talk all the time about the Constitution, he suspected him of being a traitor." The old man was right. No one can be a friend to the Constitution without being an enemy to the Republican party.

—Some time ago an English gentleman, in a letter to the Manchester *Guardian*, declared that "from the hour he set foot in America, in 1863, he was ever dogged by Mr. Lincoln's spies." Better have said that he was *spied* by Lincoln's *dogs*. For there never was a set of men who better deserved to be called *dogs* than the paid spies of the War Department.

—The Puritans have held a pow-wow over the remains of Ulric Dahlgren, at Washington, at which Henry Ward Beecher delivered himself of a sermon most shamelessly eulogistic of the would-be assassin of Jefferson Davis. Our readers will remember that the papers found on the person of Dahlgren, which were published, proved beyond dispute that the object of the raid in which he lost his life was to assassinate Davis and burn the city of Richmond, with all its women and children. Dahlgren's mission was simply the *role of assassination* played by Booth, only it was not, like Booth's, a private affair, but was organized by the authorities at Washington, It may have been Stanton's, or Seward's, or Lincoln's idea, or all of them together, but the object was *assassination* and wholesale murder of innocent women and children. General Kilpatrick was a part of this *assassinating raid*, but on his path he discovered some Confederate cavalry, and so he "got off of the road by mistake;" a kind of mistake which he was sure to make whenever there was a real enemy before him. He would fight unarmed or undefended railroads, as bravely as Don Quixote did the windmills, but he had a peculiar genius for avoiding anything that had life, except *mules*.

—Wendell Phillips, in a speech in which he denounced nearly all the great names of American history, exclaimed, "Where now are the Jacksons, the Clays, the Jeffersons, and Websters?" Well, we trust they are in heaven, where they will never more be annoyed by your presence.

—A Republican editor of New Jersey says, "The editor of THE OLD GUARD still has the Constitution on the brain very badly." Yes, sir, and on the heart, too. We love the Constitution as heartily as you hate it; and we love our country as devotedly as you love negroes and the plunder of war. That is just the difference between us.

—In his debate with Douglas, Mr. Lincoln was driven to make this confession: "And although it is distasteful to me, I have sworn to support the Constitution."—Lincoln and Douglas Debate, page 128. Distasteful it was indeed to him and to all his party, but his oath to support it was not a straw in the way of his breaking it, whenever and wherever it imposed a bar to his lawless purposes. There are over sixty provisions of the Constitution which were violated by Lincoln. The instrument was awfully *distasteful* to him. It is so still to every soul in America who does not abhor the name of Lincoln.

—When the will of Daniel Webster wa

made public, about three months after the death of the great statesman, the New York *Evening Post*, edited by William Cullen Bryant and Park Godwin, celebrated the occasion by publishing the following

EPIGRAM,

On reading the will of a lately deceased Statesman.

"As if some beggar, hurled by death's writ,
From the old corner where he used to sit,
Should to his son bequeath the well-known hat,
That still the pence might rattle into that,
And make, as Gessler would have done 'erewhile,
The passing crowd still vassals of his tile."

Nothing can equal the stupidity of this performance except its malice. The *Post's* notice of the death of Webster was quite as scandalous as its epigram on his will. It respects as little the sanctity and solemnity of death as it does the amenities and decencies of life.

—Carlton has lately published a book, which purports to be written by Barnum, (but edited with a note from the "truly learned and ingenious" publisher,) called the "History of Humbugs," or some such title. We have not seen the book, but from newspaper reviews we learn that the two eminent scholars, *i. e.*, the author and the publisher, confess their inability to discover the origin of the word *Humbug*. It is a corruption of "*Hamburg*," and originated during the great war on the continent of Europe, when so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg, that at last, when any one wished to signify his disbelief of a report, he would say, "you got that from Hamburg," or "that is *Hamburg*, and finally it was corrupted to *humbug*, and became a common expression for a cheat or an imposture.

—The Richmond *Enquirer* seems not to believe in the possibility of bringing this government back to the principles of 1776 and 1787. That is precisely equal to saying that there is an end of free government in this country. It may be so, but we do not believe it. At any rate, we mean to be the last man that surrenders to such an idea. Nor do we work without faith. We already have one eye upon a cloud in the heavens which is growing bigger every hour, and which must some hour break with a terrible tempest. It will be the explosion of the *balloon currency* of the party in power. We grant that there is no hope for the principles of 1776 while the Republican party holds power—and we grant that they will hold power just as long as they can keep their worthless gamblers' *I. O. U's* afloat as *money*. But that they cannot do always. It is a *bubble* that must burst at last; and its collapse will be the destruction of the party that rode upon it. That time may be very near, or it may be farther off, but it must come; and then will come also the judgment day of the traitors to liberty, the negro-idolizing despots and fanatics, who are the real authors of all our woes! Our determination is to "trust in God and keep our powder dry" for that great and terrible day. Under God's provtdence it must come; and we hope that southern editors will not be found weak advocates of the only principles whicy can preserve liberty in this country; or at least if the President's "policy of reconstruction" does not permit a free press over one-half of the "Union," we hope no concessions may be made to the *principles* of the tyrants in power.

—The editor of the *Trenton Gazette* says, "Chauncey Burr cannot yet see the angel of liberty which has spread its wings over the black man as well as the white, which we see so plainly." There may be something in this; for there is an example in the Old Testament, in which an ass saw an angel some time before its master did.

—The *Herald*, reviewing Mr. Buchanan's book, confesses that he is right in affirming that the Constitution gives no power to the Federal Government to coerce a State to remain in the Union, but says "Mr. Buchanan lost sight of the *expansive* powers of the Constitution." That charge, we freely confess, cannot be made against Mr. Buchanan's successor, for he evidently regarded it as an old india-rubber shoe, which he pulled and twisted, and stretched, until it became so *expanded* that there was no substance left in it.

LT. GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

THE OLD GUARD,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—FEBRUARY, 1866.—No. II.

THE LATE LORD PALMERSTON AND HIS POLICY IN OUR AMERICAN CONFLICT.

In the death of Lord Palmerston England has lost her greatest statesman. With the *interim* of one or two brief periods, he was indeed the ruler of England—the power behind the throne greater than the throne—for nearly half a century. The record, good or ill, of such a man's career cannot be buried with him in the grave. For skill in diplomacy, in governing men, and controlling events, his career may well be a study, as it must be a wonder, to statesmen for all time. And it should be a lesson to the people, of the easy manner in which they are made to play the part of mere puppets in the hands of an adroit political leader.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, commenced his public career as Lord of the Admiralty in 1807 ; in 1809 he was made Secretary of War, which office he held until 1828, under what is called in England Tory administrations. He was what was deemed a devoted servant of the *Tory party*. But in 1830 he went over to the Whigs, who made him their permanent Secretary of Foreign Affairs, of which he ever after had the direct control, excepting from November, 1834, to April, 1835, and from 1841 to 1846, at a late period during Lord Derby's administration.

As a Tory he distinguished himself by speeches in favor of secrecy in the conduct of public matters, and he earned the commendations of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, by his defense of the treaty of Adrianople, 1829. Becoming possessed of the key of the Foreign Office, and thus getting into his hands the whole power of the Empire, he signalized himself by preventing the interference of France, Sweden, Austria, Turkey and Persia, for the independence of Poland, by compelling Persia to accept the dictum that the "interests of England and Russia were identical ;" and in 1834, by defending the treaty of *Unkiar Skelessi*, which his treaties of 1841 and 1856 approved and confirmed.

The patriotism of William IV., therefore, placed Lord Palmerston in the utmost embarrassment, as he had to

support Russia against the commands of his own master, and the death of the King afforded him the only possible extrication. After the King's death all was perfectly easy to him; he admitted the right of Russia to confiscate the property of English merchants trading to the coast of Circassia; he altered the Turkish treaty of commerce, so as to prevent the export of articles of Turkish produce; and the publication of the Russian dispatches was absolutely turned to the profit of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, by bringing into evidence the fact that the English nation was possessed of the knowledge of their designs, without venturing to counteract them. If we except our own Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, no statesman in the world has ever paid such obsequious court to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg as Lord Palmerston. We shall see that this astonishing subserviency to the interests of Russia extends through the whole official career of the English statesman. At the time of the disputed succession to the throne of Persia, Lord Palmerston wrote to St. Petersburg: "As the interests of England and Russia are the same, it would be well if they agreed on the choice of some one candidate." To the simple-minded Democrat of these late *United States*, it seems a little odd to witness the plots of English and Russian politicians as to who shall rule over the people of Persia. But we are now in the *happy* way of learning more of this kind of business of deciding how the people shall be governed. In the civil war that followed the event above referred to, England gave material aid, in troops and money, to the Russian nominee for the Persian throne. Lord Palmerston violated the law of nations and the law of England, by direct interference, to control by force of arms an independent nation in the choice of its ruler. He did so to place a Russian viceroy on the throne of Persia.

So with regard to the Polish insurrection in 1831. England had, by the treaty of Vienna, bound herself to maintain the Ploish Constitution. Lord Palmerston violated the public law by declaring that "the rights of the Czar (to destroy the Polish Constitution) were incontestible," and by his interference to prevent Turkey, Persia, Sweden, Austria, and France, from maintaining those rights which the three powers, together with England, had by solemn treaty contracted to guarantee. By these infractions of the laws of nations, he destroyed the barriers that Persia and Poland would have offered to the onward march of Russia.

So with regard to Circassia in 1837. In 1856, he again violated the public law by admitting the sovereign rights of Russia over the independent Caucasian tribes, which neither *de jure* nor *de facto* she was ever possessed of. Thus another barrier was assailed. The same with regard to Affghanistan in 1839. No declaration of war was made, and public law was violated by Palmerston that Russian prestige might be established beyond the Indus.

By a similar breach of public law in the blockade of the South American States, without a declaration of war, he extinguished their trade in raw produce, and gave the monopoly to Russia. Truly, in the death of Lord Palmerston, Russia has lost an ally which was worth more to her than many king-

doms. It was the practice of this great statesman to set himself above the law and above his sovereign, when it seemed good in his eyes. It is a strange fact that the English nation did not respond to the call of the Queen when she dismissed Palmerston for "taking important decisions with which she was not acquainted, and arbitrarily altering measures which she had agreed to." (Letter of the Queen read in the House of Commons, February 3, 1852.)

The Parliament of England admitted the principle of this minister, and for which the Queen once removed him from office, that it is right and proper for him to withhold all information, and indorsed his dogma, "that while negotiations are pending they are useless." "We are not called upon," said he, "to take this House into our councils in regard to what we are going to do." (Laughter.)

Those who admire the course and policy that guided the administration of Lord Palmerston, must be struck with profound admiration at the conduct of our American Secretary, Mr. Seward, under whose inspiration and counsel President Lincoln several times refused, when called upon by resolution of Congress, to enlighten the people on the most vital matters that concerned their honor at home and abroad. In imitation of Palmerston, our American officials have learned to regard themselves as the *masters* instead of the *servants* of the people; and the American Secretary has been as truculent and obsequious to France as Palmerston ever was to Russia. But the American Secretary may at last be convinced that it is a much easier thing to imitate Palmerston's obsequiousness than to command his genius for extricating himself and his country from the consequences sometimes attending such truculency.

It will be amusing even in this country to pass under review the judgments different public men of Great Britain have at various times expressed of the lately deceased nobleman.

The *London Times*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Morning Post*, at one time in plain words charged Lord Palmerston with high treason, and they every one supported him afterwards without making any retraction. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert accused him of making "an infamous, unjust, and iniquitous war," and afterwards sat in the same cabinet with him; having made no retraction. Sir James Graham voted that he had, by the sacrifice of the "Vixen," "caused to England the loss of honor, influence, and character." After that, Sir James sat in the cabinet with him, but made no retraction.

Lord Strafford, who brought that charge forward, has since served under him without making any retraction.

Mr. D'Israeli charged him with connivance with Russia during the late Crimean war, and expressed his fear that, by his means, "the honor of England would be tarnished, and her interests betrayed;" and Mr. D'Israeli has since, without any retraction, expressed himself "encouraged" by the speeches of the noble lord.

Mr. Roebuck charged him with "mischievous activity in perplexing and distracting our relations with the world at large," and afterwards supported him without a retraction.

The list of *gentes minores* who have

followed the same course is too large to enumerate. We may, however, particularize Mr. Danby Seymour, who continued to hold office under Lord Palmerston, whom he stated in a publication to have made over Denmark to the Czar ; and Mr. Chisholm Anstey accepted the post of Attorney-General in one of the colonies after having charged the Premier with high treason in the House of Commons.

But the climax of all was Lord John Russell, who, having read in the House of Commons the Queen's letter charging Lord Palmerston with placing himself above the crown, and with wilfully deceiving his sovereign in matters of state, afterwards sat in the same cabinet with him ; and now, on the death of the noble lord, accepts his relinquished portfolio with signs of applauding sorrow.

When Lord Palmerston was first made Prime Minister, in 1855, it was confidently expected by the people of England that he wonld re-establish the Polish Constitution. The present fate of Poland is a proof of how faithfully he kept his promise. Another great reform looked for from him was to put an end to the practice of secresy in the international relations, which had made his predecessor, Lord Aberdeen, so odious. He realized this expectation by impudently telling Parliament that "we are not called upon to take this House into our councils in regard to what we are going to do." And the pliant, submissive Parliament answered him with laughter ! A good-natured body of men, truly.

The truth is, that Lord Palmerston never caused to be realized any expectation which the friends of liberty reposed in him. The professed friend of liberalism, he was always the adroit and successful tool of despotism.— While making war against liberty in Portugal, he permitted the tyrants of Northwestern Europe to consummate their plans for the final ruin of Poland. According to the treaty of Vienna, to which we have alluded, Cracow was to remain "forever" a free and independent state. When, in 1846, it became known that the confiscators of Poland had completed the measure for annexing Cracow to Austria, Lord Palmerston manufactured a most lame and humble "protest," every line of which bade the tyrants to go ahead and finish their crime. Of course, Austria and Russia treated this meaningless "protest" as so much waste paper, and Palmerston, without another sign, permitted the extinction of the last light of Poland's ancient glory.

The year 1848 brought with it the Sicilian insurrection, the ferment throughout Italy, the French revolution, the popular risings and triumphs in Germany, and, finally, the war in Hungary. In the course of these tremendous events, Lord Palmerston contrived to manufacture for himself a certain amount of popularity among the people of England, who regarded him as the great defender of free institutions. It was a matter of convenience, perhaps of necessity, to the noble lord, to have that reputation at that time. His claims to that character will be best understood by an appeal to facts. He patronized the popular movements on the continent only so long as they were led by sham liberalists, who had for their object that blessed system of chicanery and humbug known as English liberalism. As long as it looked as though the Sicilians would achieve their

independence, he intrigued with them to accept the constitutional kingship of the Duke of Genoa. Mark his motive—"Looking merely to the interests of the king of Naples, it was desirable he should not have a republic established in his immediate neighborhood." Finding, however, that the projected monarchy was not popular with the Sicilian people, he abandoned them to their fate—to slaughter and subjugation.

Lord Palmerston favored the course of events in Rome as long as the Romans were content with *Palmerstonian liberalism;* but when they showed that they really meant liberty—when they abolished the temporal supremacy of the Pope and established a republic, he basely permitted the French and Austrian invasion and bombardment of Rome, and the restoration of that massive tyranny which has so long afflicted the fair land of Italy. Where Garibaldi had led the legions of liberty, he permitted foreign hordes to trample on an outraged people.

One of the most gallant struggles for national freedom that ever took place was the defense of Venice against the overwhelming power of Austria. When reaction was everywhere superceding revolution—when Rome had succumbed to the Gallic fratricides—when freedom was prostrated in Germany, and even Hungary had lowered her flag to the hordes of the Kaiser, and the Czar, even then reaping new courage from despair, the democrats of Venice still braved death and destruction in the holy effort to redeem, if they could not prevent, the fall of the re-born republic. In the hour of their agony the Venetians stretched forth their arms towards England, supplicating that professed love of freedom which the cunning but treacherous Palmerston had held up to the eyes of the people of the continent just long enough to tempt them to their destruction.

When public opinion in behalf of Hungary had so far gathered strength in England as to make its voice heard in Parliament, Lord Palmerston came forward and made a speech—a speech full of *sublime nothings*, including the clap-trap that "opinions are stronger than armies," a bit of fudge meant to tickle the ears and amuse the imaginations of the people; meanwhile, the despots made sure of their prey.

Under the guise of liberalism, Lord Palmerston was as much the enemy of all genuine freedom as our own Secretary Seward, under the cover of *conservatism*, is the real source of more than two-thirds of all the brutal radical despotism of Lincoln's forever-to-be-execrated administration. The real object of England, under the lead of Palmerston, in allowing to be crushed the last struggle for freedom on the continent of Europe, was disclosed in the following words of Lord John Russell: "The real question for us to consider was, whether the spectacle of a democratic republic set up in Sicily might not spread over the whole of Italy, and France and Italy might form united democratic republics." This is the key to all of England's treachery to the cause of struggling freedom among the nations This is the key to unlock the mysteries of her course in the late struggle in this country. We, here in the North, complain that England allowed the South belligerent rights, even while we were allowing them ourselves. It strikes us that all

our complaints of England are ungrateful. Those who are acquainted with the laws of nations know that she for a long time respected our mere paper blockade when she was under no obligation to do so. By the custom of nations she had a perfect right to accept the *de facto* government of the Confederacy to a place in the family of nations at any time during a period of at least two years. Had it been in accordance with a general policy to do so, she had precedents enough for her action even in the history of our own country. Why did she not do it? Not on account of any good will to us, for we played the part of a bully in our language towards her, as towards everybody else; but her action was undoubtedly dictated by a natural ill-will to the free principles of government on which our fathers erected this great confederacy. She was simply playing over again the *role* she played in the struggle for democratic liberty on the continent of Europe in 1848. Her leading statesmen saw, and her ablest journalists declared, that, in the conflict between the two sections here, the South was striving to maintain and preserve the great principle of *consent*—the *voluntary* principle—the principle of *self-government*, which, in the first place, tore these colonies from the grasp of England, and erected the once magnificent monument of freedom in the New World. The North was fighting to overthrow this grand principle of *consent* in government. We were, indeed, fighting to re-establish in America the *European principle*, which was banished from these shores by the glorious struggle of the Revolution. This fact was patent to all Europe; and while the *people* of Europe generally sympathized with the South, the *governments* supported the North. Such wily statesmen as Palmerston and Russell clearly foresaw that the success of the South would place the democratic principle of the right of people to govern themselves so far in the ascendant that the sun of American liberty would throw a new and stronger light on the wrinkled face of European monarchy. They saw that the tendency of the success of the North would be to subjugate labor to capital —to establish a tyranny of stock-jobbers—to wipe out the great democratic principle of self-government, and establish again, on this soil, the English principle that was overthrown by Washington and the patriots of the Revolution.

The question of the *union* of the States was really of far less importance, both to the people of this country and Europe, than the preservation of the whole *vital voluntary principle* on which the Union was based. Destroy the *principle*, and the form of the Union is simply a dead carcase, of no use to anybody, except as an arsenal of oppression and despotism. The *Union* that survives this conflict by our triumph, is precisely of the character of the *union* between England and Ireland—a *union* maintained by fraud, and force, and despotism—a union that is cemented by the blood and tears of Ireland!—a union without consent, without choice, without liberty!—such a union as can exist only between the oppressor and his victim! This state of things in America is most complimentary to the bloody despotisms of the Old World. It must be a source of peculiar gratification to the English noblemen of the school of the

late Lord Palmerston, and of Lord John Russell ; for never again can we complain of England's treatment of Ireland. We are, at this moment, exceeding even the despotism of England's rule in India. The results foreseen by Lord Palmerston, as the consequence of our triumph, have been fully realized. The noble lord lived just long enough to witness another crowning of his habitual sympathy with the cause of power and oppression. He treated the struggle for self-government in this country precisely as he did the same cause on the continent of Europe in 1848—with fair words, calculated to inspire hope, but which always failed in the hour of trial.

From his *debut* in Parliament in 1808, when he commenced by boldly defending the practice of secrecy, and contending that England had done right in bombarding Copenhagen when at peace with Denmark, his whole career was the exemplification of the success of a man who, not sharing the fallacies of his fellows, and not encumbered by any scruples, mastered the age and country to which he belonged by taking as the real principle of his action the formula which his antecessors merely accepted as a disguise.

His plausible and wordy *liberalism* was just such a piece of deception as Mr. Seward's *conservatism*—a guise for the most heartless inclination towards every variety of despotism that ever afflicted man. His uniform support of Russia was proof of that, even if we had not the evidence of his betrayal of liberty in the continental struggles of 1848. He seemed to be perpetually haunted with the prophecy of Napoleon, so terrible to monarchies, that "Before fifty years Europe will be Republican or Cossack." When thirty years had passed, this remarkable prophecy seemed about to be realized in the republicanizing of Europe, and no man did more to prevent it than Lord Palmerston. He was indeed the potent secret agent of Russia and Austria in producing the reaction that fastened with new clinchers the Cossack principle upon Europe. Cossackism, with varying lights and shades, rules over Europe to-day ; and, indeed, over the greater portion of the American continent. Napoleon's prophecy is more than fulfilled, for the sequel embraces America as well as Europe. *Cossackism* has been the government of the United States for more than four years ; and by the connivance of the American Secretary, he has strengthened this principle over the entire world.—Honest-minded Americans were amazed, three years ago, at the tremendous enthusiasm with which our cabinet received the mere accidental representatives of Cossack despotism in this country. So extravagant were the public demonstrations, and so shameless the social orgies given to them by the administration and its supporters, that the Cossacks must have returned to their frozen home with very damaging impressions in relation to the dignity of the American government, and the virtue of the American women.

Those demonstrations were not merely foolish—they were criminal, they were infamous. Well might these *Americo-Cossack orgies* astonish the unsuspecting masses of our population! But they did not surprise us, as our editorials at the time will bear evidence ; for we fully comprehended,

even then, that the administration had entirely adopted the Cossack principle of government, and was raising immense armies to do in the South precisely what Russia was doing at that moment in Poland. Vainly did we try to rouse our countrymen to a sense of the bloody crime which was Cossackizing America.

The moral sense, the Democratic sense, of the country was dead. Liberty was a *corpse* around which even Democrats danced by the light of the camp-fires of the eulogizers of Russian despotism! The fatal results of all this apathy, and of all this Democratic participation in the covert plan for Cossackizing the American continent, are now before us. Let those Democrats who aided the stupendous treason against liberty, contemplate the work they have done! The arrow of grief is in our heart, but the flush of shame is not on our cheek! Thank God, there is no stain of our country's blood upon our hands! History will never find our name in that brotherhood of *Cains* who must evermore hear the voice of their brothers' blood crying to them from the ground. Nor do we live without entire faith that the principle of Cossack despotism which has invaded this once free country will yet be driven back across the Atlantic. Nor is it impossible that it may not be one day driven from Europe. Its greatest juggler is no more. Palmerston is dead, though his imitator and worshipper in America still lives. Mr. Seward is a close imitator of Palmerston, so far as a demagogue and an adroit politician can imitate a great statesman. His studied secrecy in all his movements is after Palmerston. His universal practice of saying one thing to the public when he is really doing another, is after Palmerston. His fondness for fraud, and his disregard of oaths, treaties, and constitutional barriers, are after Palmerston. His almost childlike admiration of Russia, is entirely after Palmerston. His love of power, and his constant inclination to usurp it, is Palmerstonian. His plan of tricking and amusing the people with false expectations, is wonderfully Palmerstonian. In a word, Mr. Seward is a *Lilliputian Lord Palmerston.* But he is an old man, and has not many years more in which to plot against the American principles of government, and embroil his country in civil wars. Fortunately he will leave no man in America to fill his place. Men like Greeley, Sumner, Wade, Wilson, and Thad. Stevens, are as unscrupulous and malignant as he, but they are *outspoken,* and therefore not so dangerous. Their *impulsiveness* is an antidote to their poison. A political party managed wholly by them would not have far to run. Thurlow Weed, the twin political brother of Seward, is also, fortunately, an old man, and his long career of political corruption and crime must be almost ended. He will leave no man to fill his place in the business of tainting all the streams of American politics at their very fountains in the metropolis. Mr. Raymond, his echo, will be hushed when the master's voice is silent; and then may we not hope that, in the course of events, this fatal reign of Plutocracy is near its close? We believe it must end, not only here but in Europe, some day. It cannot be that the jugglery of tyrants shall last forever. It cannot be that the toiling millions of the human race shall be for-

ever rode and oppressed by the chicanery of "*government*"—a word which has become the shibboleth of every species of wrong and despotism! Government that is not made by the people, and sustained by their free choice, is a *usurpation*, which ought to be destroyed and wiped out everywhere. Government which oppresses instead of protecting the people, should be throttled by the strong arm of the people's power, and all the vile agents of tyranny should be swept away by the breath of popular wrath. We can hope for the reign of universal peace only by the reign of universal justice. We were never weak enough to even wish for peace on any other basis. Our cry to-day is, *War to the Cossacks everywhere!* War, eternal war, upon the Cossack principle of government, until there is no longer left a single tyrant's head breathing upon human shoulders! When we cease to utter this prayer, we will no more mention the name of Washington with respect, nor visit the battle-fields of the Revolution with pride! Then we will wipe out the figures of **1776** that adorn the title-page of this magazine, and commit to the flames every page we have ever written in praise of those great and brave men who sanctified that period by the immortal words: "*Give me liberty or give me death!*" But we have faith in the resuscitation of that UNION which was baptized in the life-streams of its founders, and in the complete triumph of the grand American principle of government over the newly-imported Cossack despotism!

"Fear not that tyrants shall rule forever,
Nor the haughty Cossack's despotic sway;
They stand on the brink of that mighty river,
Whose streams they have tainted with death:
And their swords and their scepters I floating see,
Like wrecks on the waves of eternity."

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DINGELSTEDT.

How o'er the stream, how through the wood,
The voice of nature sounds,
As when beneath the dome of God
The organ's peal resounds.

Sweet echo in the valley dwells,
And makes the mountain bright,
A hundred times her music swells,
And wings its distant flight.

But when in sadness I invite
Her answer's sweet salute,
Then in the vale, then on the height
Is echo ever mute.

When wakes no voice in Echo's shrine,
No answer greets the dell,
And not a heart responds to mine,
Not one loves me well.

TO DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

So you bent to the tempest, old leader of ours!
Or, baser, sold honor for money and place;
Shunned the thorns in your path for a by-way of flowers,
With no thrill in your bosom, no shame in your face;
Dropped a mantle—'twas pure ere a renegade wore it;
Left a flag rendered sacred by great men who bore it:
And what have you gained by it all, but disgrace?

From the mob you have had much of empty applause,
(Were your neck in the halter their shouts were the same,)
You have prospered in purse by betraying the cause—
(Does a mantle of greenbacks hide treason and shame?)
But the knaves whom you follow despise as they use you,
The mob that applauds will soon learn to abuse you,
And infamy cling to and darken your name.

To a man filled with honor, far richer than gold
Was the post that we gave you to lead us in fight;
And now that our trust you have bartered and sold,
Or, craven, succumbed to the pressure of Might,
Do you find it replaced by the money they brought you,
Or, has not experience (fool's teacher) yet taught you
That none is so poor as the traitor to Right?

There once was a time when we swore by your name,
When your voice could arouse to do and to dare;
Now, the idol we worshipped we give to the flame,
And the words that you utter are weak as the air.
Did you think we must fall if our leaders deserted?
Ah, man! it is true, as the sage has asserted,
That a cause can breed leaders enough and to spare.

And ours is a cause where the greatest may lead,
The bravest may fight for, the purest adore;
It is destined in spite of its foes to succeed,
And triumph in future, as often before;
And then, in the hour of its uttermost glory,
Your name that was once intertwined in its story,
Will stand on the roll of its worthies no more.

REVIEW OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S POSITION ON STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

In one respect President Johnson's first message to Congress is a source of some gratification, and that is its respectability as a State document. It is entirely free from the want of grammar, and from the great excess of vulgarity which characterized all of the late Mr. Lincoln's messages. Mr. Johnson certainly writes like a man of sense and a statesman; Mr. Lincoln wrote like a buffoon and a lunatic. His State papers will amuse and astonish the next generation. But our present purpose is to offer some strictures on that portion of the President's message which refers to the question of State sovereignty. The question is not argued at all; but it is stated, on grounds of entire opposition to Mr. Johnson's most honorable public record, and in a manner that we think does great injustice to his own intelligence and candor. He starts with the following general proposition:

"The Union of the United States of America was intended by its authors to last as long as the States themselves shall last. 'The Union shall be perpetual' are the words of the Confederation. 'To form a more perfect Union' by an ordinance of the people of the United States is the declared purpose of the Constitution."

The President must be aware that the declaration of the *perpetuity* of the Union did not mean that it should last any longer than the terms and conditions of the compact were faithfully kept by all the parties to it. It was far enough from implying that it should last in injustice, oppression and wrong. The first Colonial Union in this country was formed by "The United Colonies of New England," in 1648, and it was declared a "*Perpetual* League of Friendship and Amity." But this "perpetual Union" lasted only thirty years, when it was destroyed by the meddlesome, busy-body spirit of Massachusetts. In 1775 there was another Union formed, embracing all the colonies, of the following style and title:

"*Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union entered into by the Delegates of the several Colonies, &c., in General Congress met at Philadelphia, May 10th, 1775.*"

It was under this Union that Gen. Washington was appointed Commander-in Chief of the armies of the United States; for in the following year, by resolution of Congress, the name of "*States*" was substituted for that of "*Colonies.*" This "perpetual Union" lasted about three years, when it was dissolved, and a new Union formed, under the title of:

"*Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union entered into between the States,*" &c., each State being named as a party to the compact.

So here we have three *perpetual Unions* dissolved before the formation of our present Union was effected. In these cases the dissolution was complete, for it was entirely optional with each State whether it would join the succeeding Union or not. In this mes-

sage Mr. Johnson quotes the name of President Madison with profound respect; and he was very clear on the point in debate. While discussing this matter of the sovereignty of States, he said:

"A compact between independent sovereigns, founded on acts of legislative authority, can pretend to no higher validity than a league or treaty between the parties. It is an established doctrine on the subject of treaties, that all the articles are mutually conditions of each other; that a breach of any one article is a breach of the whole treaty; and that a breach committed by either of the parties absolves the others, and authorizes them, if they please, to pronounce the compact violated and void."

At a far later period Daniel Webster declared that "a compact broken on one part is broken on all," and proceeded to argue that if the North really refused to execute in good faith that clause of the Constitution which provides for the rendition of fugitive "slaves," the South would be absolved from its share of the compact of the Union. Mr. Johnson is aware that there was never a respectable statesman of any party, who occupied any other position on this subject, until after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. No statesman in America was clearer on this point than President Johnson himself in his proud senatorial record He then said:

"I tell our northern friends that the constitutional guarantees must be carried out; for the time may come, after we have exhausted all honorable and fair means, if this government still fails to execute the laws, and protect us in our rights, it will be at an end."

That was truly, nobly said. On no other condition did our fathers ever intend the Union should be *perpetual*. *Perpetuity* was based on the conditions of *fidelity*. Such, indeed, is the nature of all compacts. The moment that all the northern States passed laws to nullify the fugitive slave clause of the constitutional compact, the South was absolved from her share of it. Legally, and in justice, it was optional on her part whether she would continue to be bound by a compact which we had violated. The idea of a *perpetual Union* on the basis of plunder, injustice and despotism, of broken faith, and mousing interference in the domestic concerns of the States, never entered into the imaginations of the men who formed this Union. They could not, if they would, and they would not if they could, bind their posterity to the infamous and degrading condition of being held fast in the Union after the equality every State right which it was formed to protect had been sacrificed and overthrown. "Perpetual Union," then, means no longer than the terms of the compact are faithfully kept by all the parties to it.

The President further says, on this point:

"'The sovereignty of the States' is the language of the Confederacy, and not the language of the Constitution. The latter contains the emphatic words: 'The Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'"

This is utterly unworthy a statesman of Mr. Johnson's ability. It sounds a good deal more like Lincoln than Andrew Johnson. He does not venture to go so far as to roundly assert

that the States are not sovereign, for he knows very well that the sovereignty of the States was just as much a fact after the adoption of the present Constitution as before; and he knows that not a single State would have ratified the Constitution had it imagined that by so doing it would give up the smallest fraction of its sovereignty. Mr. Madison was very clear on this point when he declared that "a delegated is not a surrendered power." The States *delegated* a defined portion of their "sovereign powers" to the Federal Government, but they never *surrendered* anything. All the powers of the Federal Government are simply the *sovereign powers* of the States, held and exercised by the Federal Government, as the agent of these sovereignties, and for the general good of the "several States." Even as late as December 18th, 1860, Mr. Johnson declared in the Senate that

"The Federal Government possesses no sovereign power. All its powers are derivative and limited; and those that are not expressly granted are reserved to the States respectively. Congress has no sovereign power. All its powers are derived; it can exercise no single primitive original power."

This extract from Mr. Johnson's own language completely upsets and answers his late message on this point. He makes an unwarrantable use of the clause of the Constitution which declares that "the Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land." The kernel of this clause is in the words "*in pursuance thereof.*" No law of Congress that is not made *in pursuance of the Constitution*, or that is a violation of the Constitution, is the supreme law of the land. Alexander Hamilton was very clear on this subject, in his letter to the people of New York, written for the purpose of persuading them that the sovereignty of the State was not touched by the new Constitution·

"But it is said that the laws of the Union are to be the supreme law of the land. * * But it will not follow from this doctrine that acts of the larger society, (*i. e.*, the Federal Government,) which are not *pursuant* to its constitutional powers, but which are invasions of the residuary authorities of the smaller authorities, (*i. e.*, the States) will become the supreme law of the land. These will be merely acts of usurpation, and will deserve to be treated as such."

In the same connection Mr. Hamilton asserted the fact we have above stated, that the States would be no less sovereign after the adoption of the Constitution than before. He said: "The State governments, by their original constitutions, are invested with complete sovereignty." There was no proposition to give up this severeignty; the act of forming the Union was the highest assertion of the "sovereignty" of the States. They did not form the Union to get rid of, or to endanger their "sovereignty," but to get still stronger supports and protection of that sovereignty. The reason given for the new Constitution was, "to form a more perfect union, (not to destroy *union by consolidation.*) Consolidation would have been *oneness* of power; *union* implied *plurality.* And the object of this "more perfect union" was declared to be "to ensure domestic tranquility," and to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." And whenever the Union fails to accomplish this paramount ob-

ject of its establishment, by the faithlessness of parties to the compact, its rightful existence is ended. This was a free, voluntary union, a union of consent, and those madmen who want to live under any other kind of a union should decently quit this country and go to Russia or Austria, or England, where, in the treatment of the Poles, the Hungarians, and the Irish, they may find precisely the kind of union which suits them. The union our fathers made was really a *union*, was *voluntary*, and the attempt to change it to an *involuntary* basis is a stupendous treason and crime. The men who formed this Union believed that if ever the Federal Government usurped powers not delegated to it, the sovereign State could, in the language of Gen. Hamilton:

"Discover the danger at a distance, and possessing all the organs of civil power, they can at once adopt a regular plan of opposition, in which they can readily combine with each other in the different States, and unite their common forces for the protection of their common liberty. * * * being in a situation, through their State governments, to take measures for their own defense, with all the celerity, regularity, and system of independent nations."

This is the way the men who formed this Union defined the sovereignty of the States, and their right to resist the Federal Government with force of arms if it ventured to usurp powers not delegated in the Constitution. But while Hamilton admitted the right of a sovereign State to resist by force of arms a usurping Federal Administration, he denied that the Federal Government had any authority to coerce a State by arms. He said, "to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that ever was devised." He declared "it would be a nation at war with itself," and demanded to know—"Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself?—a government that can exist only by the sword?" President Johnson knows that such was the sentiment of every State in forming this Union. There was not an exception. A proposition to give the Federal Government power to coerce a State, had not the vote of a single State in the Convention. It was, indeed, spurned, kicked out of the Convention which formed the Constitution.

President Johnson is right in saying that "The Constitution contains ample resources for its own preservation"—Let him see to it that the Constitution is preserved, and he will have the thanks and admiration of every patriot in the land. But to do that he must boldly and determinedly veto every bill passed by this revolutionary Congress, in violation of the Constitution. Notice has already been given of more than a dozen such acts coming.

The President is also right in saying that the Constitution "Has power to enforce the laws, punish treason, and ensure domestic tranquility." But, whatever he may intend his readers shall infer, he does not venture to affirm that the attempt of a State to resume its delegated powers is an act of treason. If no State has given the Federal Government power to coerce it by arms, then its resistance of Federal arms cannot be an act of *treason* within the meaning of the Constitution. Nor can an individual who obeys the command of his State to re-

sist an unconstitutional invasion be deemed guilty of treason within the meaning of that instrument. And on this subject we want no better authority than Mr. Johnson; for in his great and patriotic speech, delivered in the United States Senate on the 18th of December, 1860, he said:

"I do not believe the Federal Government has the power to coerce a State; for by the 11th amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it is expressly provided that you cannot even put one of the States before one of the courts of the country as a party."

We venture to affirm that President Johnson will never attempt to answer his own reasoning on this subject. How, pray, if the Federal Government has not the power to "coerce a State," can parties be guilty of treason for protecting, or trying to protect their State from the illegal violence of a Federal Administration? How, for instance, can the State of Virginia be guilty of treason in view of the conditions on which she ratified the Constitution, viz: ? "That the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." John Marshall, afterwards the eminent Chief Justice, was a member of the convention of Virginia which ratified the Constitution; and, in answer to Patrick Henry, he said: "We are threatened with the loss of our liberties by the possible abuse of power, notwithstanding the maxim that *those who give may take away.* It is the people that can give the power and take it back. What shall restrain them? They are the masters who gave it, and of the servants who hold it." This was the language of the most eminent jurist we ever had in the United States, when persuading the people of the State of Virginia that by ratifying the Federal Constitution they would only delegate certain powers which they would have the right to "take back" whenever they should be used to their injury. Will President Johnson say that any State ratified the Constitution with any other idea? The Convention of New York ratified the Constitution only on the condition "That the power of the government may be re-assumed by the people (*i. e.*, of the State of New York) whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness." Rufus King, in the Convention of Massachusetts, while advocating the adoption of the Constitution, declared that there was "no method to compel delinquent States."

Said Chief Justice Marshall, in the Convention of Virginia—"The (Federal) Government is not supported by force but depending on the free will," *i. e.*, the free will of the people of Virginia, so far as that State was concerned. Charles Pendleton, who was President of the Virginia Convention, in answering Henry's question as to what the State of Virginia would do if the Federal Government should abuse her delegated powers, said: "Then we will assemble in convention, (*i. e.*, of Virginia) wholly recall our delegated powers, or reform them so as to prevent such abuse, and punish those servants (*i. e.*, Federal officers) who have perverted powers designed for our happiness to their own emolument."

James Iredell, one of the most eminent members of the Convention of South Carolina, while persuading the people of his State to ratify the Federal Constitution, and that their sove-

reignty would be safe in the Union, said: "That power which erected the government can destroy."

James Wilson, afterwards one of the Supreme Judges of the United States, in the Convention of Pennsylvania, while explaining the sovereignty of the States, and the limited powers of the Federal government, said:— "Those who ordain and establish, have the power, if they think proper, to repeal and annul." This was said to the people of Pennsylvania to persuade them that they lost no sovereignty by ratifying the Constitution.

Judge Parsons, afterwards the celebrated Chief Justice of Massachusetts, speaking of the Federal Government, said: "They are the servants of the people, vested with delegated powers; in this case, the people (*i. e.*, of Massachusetts,) divest themselves of nothing." And in debating the possibility of Federal usurpation, he said:— "If there should be usurpation, it will be upon *thirteen Legislatures*, completely organized, and having the means successfully to resist it." On the same occasion, Fisher Ames said: "The State Governments represent the wishes of the people, and will be the natural avengers of our violated rights." Alexander Hamilton declared in the Assembly of the State of New York: "Each State possesses in itself full powers of government, and can at once, in a regular and constitutional way, take measures for the preservation of its rights."

Roger Sherman wrote to John Adams, July 20, 1789. "I fully agree with you, sir, that it is optional with the people of a State to establish any form of Government they please," * * "and I am also of the opinion that they may alter their form of government when they please, any former act of theirs, however explicit, to the contrary notwithstanding."

Judge Ellsworth, of Connecticut, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, speaking of the Federal government, said: "It can only embrace objects of a general nature. I turn my eyes, therefore, for the preservation of my rights, to the State Governments. From these alone I can derive the greatest happiness I expect in this life. This happiness depends on their existence as much as a newborn infant on its mother for nourishment."

We could fill this magazine with quotations of this character. And this is the way the men felt and talked who formed and who ratified the Federal Constitution! Could they return to the earth now, how would they frown on their foolish, degenerate sons who are doing all they can to destroy and degrade the State Governments? If those men knew what they were about —if they were wise men and patriots —what is the name for the men who have the control of the Federal Government at the present time? We know that the great mass of the Republican party are profoundly ignorant of the nature of the government that was formed by our fathers. But President Johnson is not ignorant; and therefore it is impossible to give him credit for candor in the ground he would be understood as assuming in this Message. His very manner of treating the question is evidence to our minds that he does not believe in the justice and truth of his positions. He has been in his whole past life too clear on the sovereignty of the States

and the non-sovereignty of the Federal Government, to be really in the fog his message betrays on these subjects. And he handles all these points as though he were afraid of them—as though the whole thing were distasteful to him; in a word, as though he must make out some case to defend himself for the strange ground he has occupied, and the company he has been in for the last four or five years. We write thus without any disposition to find fault with President Johnson. On the other hand, we sincerely desire to see him standing up on such high constitutional and patriotic ground as will enable us to support him without dishonor.

It is painful to see a statesman of his ability, and once honored record, taxing his powers to patch up excuses and palliations for the monstrous seditions and treasons of the Republican party. It is a vain task. There is no tenable ground for him to stand upon between the open, proclaimed, and shameless revolution of the Republican leaders, and the patriotic, State sovereignty platform of the Constitution and the old Democratic party. He knows every plank in that platform to be *just*, and to be what the framers of this Union made the General Government. We cannot imagine that he really believes the States less sovereign since the adoption of the Constitution than they were before. As independent sovereign States they ratified the Constitution. The sovereignty of the States has been often affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. "They (the States) form a confederated government, yet the several States retain their individual sovereignties"—2 Pet., 590, 1; 10 Pet., 579; 12 Wh., 334. Again—"The powers retained by the States proceed not from the people of America, but from the *people of the several States*, and remain after the adoption of the Constitution what they were before."—4 Wh., 193.

The power of the States (affirmed in the Constitution) to alter and amend the Constitution, shows their *sovereignty* over the Federal Government itself. The Constitution and all the rights of the Federal Government are simply cessions of power by each sovereign State, to be exercised by the Federal Government as the agent of the several State sovereignties, during the pleasure of the sovereign masters of all, the States. The Constitution, therefore, is not a cession of *sovereignty*, but of *jurisdiction*—jurisdiction over certain specified general interests of the several States. No sovereignty was ceded, but the right to exercise certain specified powers for the common benefit of the several sovereignties, was delegated. Judge Baldwin, one of the ablest justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, says: "The Constitution is a cession of jurisdiction only, made by the people of a State." We have repeatedly shown, in the columns of this magazine, by arguments which no one has attempted to answer, that *sovereignty itself* can neither be surrendered nor delegated. In its very nature it is incommunicable and indivisible. It may commission its agents with whatever powers it pleases; but it cannot give away *itself*, any more than a man can give away his mind. Sovereignty is the mind, or the *general will* of a State; that is, the majority of the suffrages constitutes the *general will*, or *sovereignty* of the State. *Sovereignty* can no

more be divided—a portion given away and a portion retained—than a man's mind or will can be thus divided and scattered. It is *one and indivisible.* It is indestructible and untransferable. It was as much the property and right of these colonies before the Revolution as after, had it been their pleasure to assert it. It was the right and property of each State while sending its armies into the general struggle. It was the right and property of each State when, and after the first Confederation was formed in 1775—when, and after the second was formed in 1777—when, and after the third was formed in 1787; and will be the property and right of each State as long as time shall last.

President Johnson seems to think that the war has settled the question against State sovereignty. It settles only this—that State sovereignty has been, for the moment, orerthrown by an amount of brute force which it could not resist. But the States are none the less sovereign in their absolute rights; and the question is not *settled.* There never will be lasting peace, because there never can be liberty in this country until the sovereignties of the States again assert their divine powers, and punish the criminals who have beaten them down! In the same degree, and inch by inch, that State sovereignty has been repressed, despotism has taken its place; and if the present generation is coward or slave enough to submit to the galling yoke of *Cossackism,* the work of re-establishing liberty on the divine pedestal reared by our venerated fathers must be left to glorify the labors of another generation. But that time, sooner or later, will come. It is in the power of President Johnson to bring it about now. The choice is before him—to go down to history defending and saving the principles of government established by Washington and Jefferson, or in such company as Sumner, old John Brown, Stanton and Ben. Butler, who attempt to overthrow those principles. These two paths only are before him. There is no middle path. He must take the straight road of State sovereignty, and abandon all this unworthy befogging and evading the natural logic of that principle, or he must descend to eternity hand in hand with the most execrable class of men, of the Wilson, Wade and John Brown school of seditionists. The idea of taking half of the principles of these men, and half of the true theory of democratic liberty, is a load which no man can carry. He may as well burden himself with a back-load of fire and water.

FRAGMENT, FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

Go, love, invite the charming choir of Muses,
  Ye Muses, bring back love again!
And may your song, that life's sweet balm diffuses,
  Soothe away the sense of pain.

PEN PICTURES OF PURITANISM.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

When a more perfect union of the States was formed, Massachusetts was but a very small part of the whole; consequently, her evil influence was not felt in the remoter States, on the same principle that the filth of gutters and cess-pools emptied into one end of a pond, does not materially affect the sweet waters at the other end, nor even to roil the adjacent parts, far from the nasty deposit. Nevertheless, the existence of the foul sediment is shown when any commotion of the waters, or outward pressure, forced up the bubbles from the muddy bottom to the apparently clear surface above.

When, after the demise of Washington, two great parties sprang up, one favoring a strong government, with despotic tendencies, the other in favor of the largest liberty to the people, and the sovereignty of the States, the Massachusetts puritans sided with the Federalists, the strong government men, the semi-monarchists of those days, against the people and popular liberty. But the people triumphed; the Democrats took the helm and guided the ship of state, with but a brief interregnum or two, for sixty years. During that celebrated canvass which dethroned Federalism, the malignity of puritanism flamed out through its pulpits and presses, as fiercely as it did in the days of the roundheads of Cromwell, and the rumpers of his son. Jefferson, the leader of the Democrats, was denounced and villified from conventicle and rostrum, in the same bitter spirit that characterized the witch-hangers and Quaker-burners of pure Plymouth blood, and their fathers, and the envenomed rabblement that followed the lead of the devil-begotten Oates and Dangerfield.

The purchase of Louisiana, by Jefferson, aroused the irefulness of puritanism, because that addition to our territory lessened the chances of future puritan sway; but, still writhing unthe chastisement given it by Jefferson and his sturdy Democrats, it could only rear its snaky crest and hiss.

England claimed the right to overhaul our merchantmen on the high seas and search them for such seamen as were British-born subjects, notwithstanding they had renounced their allegiance, and become American citizens. This gave great umbrage to Massachusetts, and she clamored most lustily for redress. The people of the middle and southern States again gallantly came to her aid. But no sooner did she perceive that they were, in sober earnest, about to grapple with the haughty empress of the seas, than, *presto!* she changed her tune, and whined most piteously for the blessings and *gains* of peace; for a genuine puritan loves money as dearly as the drunkard loves rum. Every epithet of the Billingsgate vocabulary was applied to Mr. Madison and the

leading Democrats. The nasal-twanged tow-heads of all puritania were frightened into obedience by horrible bug-a-boo stories about James Madison, Felix Grundy and the devil.

After war was declared against Great Britain, Massachusetts took extreme State Rights ground. She not only would not let her militia march out of the State, in the service of the United States, then at war with the most powerful nation in the world, but she ordered such regiments as were actually in the field, within the State, not to obey orders from officers of the general government. Nevertheless, she knocked at the treasury for pay for soldiers who were not placed at the disposal of superior officers of the Federal army; but it was not till after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, when the hard-cider campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" turned up the puritan knaves of Massachusetts, that the *patriotic* State was reimbursed from the national treasury for her disbursements to her own soldiers for not obeying the laws of the United States, against whose authority they were arrayed.

It was during that war, and while the issue was yet doubtful, that the infamous secret Hartford Convention of semi-traitors from all the puritanic States was held. Three of the New England States sent delegates clothed with State authority; one refused to send; two members were appointed at unofficial county caucuses in the woods of New Hampshire; and one was subsequently "Belched forth from the bowels of the Green Mountains." It was said at the time, and generally believed by the non-puritanic people of those States, that so strong was the odor of that decaying body of ambergris traitors—so offensive was it in the nostrils of the clergy of Hartford, that on the first day of its session, not a clergyman of the city would pray for the cowardly malcontents; but finally, an old negro exhorter was found who offered up prayers for the safe delivery of the puritanic mole-hill. But, alas! the illegitimate bantling was still-born, for the half-fledged traitors had not courage enough to secede.

When that stern patriot, old Hickory Jackson, appeared on the stage of the Union, Massachusetts, in full armor, entered the lists against him; but so great was his popularity, and so just was his cause, that all the powers of puritanism could not prevail against him.

The acquisition of Texas brought out all the puritan tribes of priests, not only in New England, but those who had emigrated westward, and had become more or less formidable throughout the entire length of the northern belt, in which the poisonous theories of puritanism had taken root, from the seaboard to the Mississippi. All were indecently loud, and intemperately vehement against that popular and patriotic measure.

Next came the Mexican war, which brought us the golden fleece of California. That was opposed by the same religionists and politicians that had opposed the admission of Texas, and with a vigor, virulence and vindictiveness rarely equalled by any previous opposition of those holy people, and hardly outdone by the doughty puritan chieftains in the days of Praise-God-bare-bones and Wrestle-with-the-Lord.

Thus it will be seen that every step of our country to the greatness and glory of a first rate power, has been opposed by Massachusetts and most of her puritanic descendants elsewhere. The American name has become what it is in spite of puritanism, not because of it. That ism is an unseemly excrescence on the body politic; a foul blotch, a dirty patch on the fair face of our country.

And now Massachusetts and those States that have become tainted with her miserable and almost innumerable heresies, stand forth as the champions of negro suffrage.

Abolitionism first made its appearance, as a chronic distemper of the mind, among the ultra puritanic tribes of Massachusetts. This mental small pox was invariably more virulent with those of weak minds and unclean souls, than otherwise; just as we see in physical diseases, those who are in infirm health, and who are filthy in their habits, are the first victims of any prevailing epidemic. The people, unaware of danger, provided no quarantine precautions; and in a very few years, not only all the puritanic churches, but many called evangelical, throughout the length and breadth of the northern belt, from Massachusetts to the far West, and from Mason & Dixon's to the Canada line, were suffering from the ravages of that apparently incurable distemper; the same classes being invariably the first victims, those of small mental calibre and mean spirit, and always those whose blood or ideas came from Massachusetts.

It must be noted that, though a puritan is always an evangelical, yet an evangelical is not, necessarily, a puritan. The Presbyterians are all evangelical, but not all puritanic. They are divided into *Old School*, not puritanic, and *New School*, which is mainly composed of members of puritanic proclivities or antecedents, the greater part of them having been brought up in the churches called *Congregational*, each of which is independent of every other, and, having no general head, irregularities and heresies are continually creeping in; hence, the more respectable and far-seeing of their members embrace the first opportunity to go over to Presbyterianism. The New School churches were *excommunicated*, cut off from the main body, because of the proneness of so many of their members to radicalism. Without a single inch of exclusive theological or ecclesiastical ground to stand upon, they have thus far preserved an independent organization; but as during the long period of almost thirty years they have neither framed a new tenet, nor raised up a master mind to lead them—though abounding with preachers of great talents—it would seem to be inevitable that they must, ultimately, either return to the cold embraces of haughty, true-blue Presbyterianism, or be lost in the filth and slime of puritanism.

The conservative evangelicals occupy the same position between the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics on one side, and the puritans on the other, that the English Presbyterians in the days of Cromwell did between the English churchmen and Roman Catholics on one hand, and the puritan canters on the other.

The Old School Presbyterians have generally, heretofore, not been polluted with the black virus of abolitionism;

but latterly the radicals are using them for their own designing ends, just as the English puritans cats-pawed the English Presbyterians.

The American Episcopal church has thus far been unaffected by the poisonous malaria of puritanism, and it stands proudly defiant against the approaching storm of heresies, as the Eddystone lighthouse stands against the waves of the sea. It is true, indeed, that in what is called the low church party, there are a few priests and others, as Drs. Vinton and Tyng, somewhat infected; but they are chiefly those who lean towards Presbyterianism, as the New School Presbyterians lean towards puritanism.

The Roman Catholic church in the United States stands as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, or the rock of ages; the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Whatever may be the crude theories or effervescent emotions of some of its members, they cannot affect the church at large by the introduction of new tenets till after so great a lapse of time that it is impregnable against the wiles and passions of such shallow reformers as so abound among the puritans and the more ultra of the evangelicals.

The government of each of the first four New England colonies, was a sort of bastard theocracy; and Massachusetts yet retains the essence, though, because of the influx of non-puritans, and the nobler example of the other States, divested of that Praise-God-bare-bones type of polity. Ireland, Italy, and India, are the standing bugbears of the puritans; yet not one of those countries was ever so completely priest-ridden as are the people of Massachusetts to-day. In that paradise of puritans, the State obeys the Church, or rather no-church of puritanism, as implicitly as ever dog obeyed its master. Abolitionism having corrupted all the evangelical congregations of New England, and all the puritanic and ultra-evangelical bodies throughout the northern States, they being the only ones in which Massachusetts ideas prevail, those bodies became so many political organizations, doing yeoman service to the black, wooly-headed father of Abolitionism, the devil, who is the real father of puritanism.

Let any one look over the records of the consociations, associations, presbyteries, synods, assemblies, conventions, and so forth, of the before-mentioned religionists for some years past, and he will find that far more time has been devoted to the generating of hatred against the people of the southern States than has been consumed in fostering the personal piety of the flocks committed to their charge. In fact, while railing at the Catholics, very much as the wolf snarled at the lamb for muddying the water, they have grown to be a great political power; and they are now marshalling their forces under Massachusetts leadership, and aided by recruits from the Deists of England, the transcendentalists of Germany, and the atheists of France, to force negro suffrage upon our unhappy country. These political religionists are courted and smiled upon by a man who is not only a shallow financier, but a grovelling demagogue: one who has not only fastened upon our country the most worthless paper money system ever known, but has disgraced the temple of justice by trailing his judicial ermine through the mud and filth of *nigger* politics. As it

is the first time the American people have been made to blush for the degradation of the judiciary, it is most fervently hoped that it may be the last.

There are now, and from a very early period have been, in Massachusetts, able men who are and were, neither of puritanic blood nor faith; and, most certainly, as far as is the East from the West, from practicing puritanism. This class of men believe not in *white* equality, to say nothing of the black man; but they do favor classes and class-government: the high-born, that is, the rich, to rule; the low-born, that is, the poor, to be ruled. There are many other gifted and wealthy men who sympathize with the Massachusetts leaders: and many of those will act with these in the great struggle now commencing. The Federal party, which has changed its name after every disastrous defeat, as dexterously as the actor who plays several parts in the same performance changes his costume to suit each new character, has now stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. It has dubbed itself "Republican," and is aiming to do indirectly what it has failed to do directly: to overthrow universal white suffrage and popular sovereignty, by introducing negro suffrage and rabble sovereignty.

When the Abolition distemper had assumed a malignant type in the puritan congregations of Massachusetts, the strong-government-party, the whilom Federalists, knowing that the puritan pietists controlled that State, encouraged the spread of that nasty distemper; just as Cromwell, the hypocrite, encouraged the growth of English puritanism, to overthrow the institutions and government of his country. So effectually did they accomplish their purpose, that after a few years had glided by, the once noble Whig party became a reeking mass of Abolition corruption. The Democratic party, for a long time, stood as firm in the political world, as the Catholic, Episcopal, and Old School Presbyterian churches stood in the religious, against the encroaching filthiness of the times; but, at length, defeated candidates, ambitious politicians, and time-serving trimmers, men to whom revenge and present success, at no matter what sacrifice of principle, is sweeter than forbearance and future fame, created, by their unwise course, a permanent breach in the great Democraric party of popular liberty and State sovereignty; and the opposing party, of a thousand and one names, rode into power, just as the Cromwellian jacobins had done in the days of English humiliation. No sooner had it fairly taken the reigns of administration, than the horns and cloven hoofs of supposed-to-be defunct Federalism, became painfully visible; pendent from the rotten carcass of Abolitionism, which was animated by the fierce, implacable hatred of the most malignant type of puritanism. Hatreds that had for more than half a century been kept in check, under proper control, now burst forth like the flames of a long smothered fire, or the raging ferocity of a wild beast, escaping from the cage of civilization to its native lair in the jungles of savagery.

Lincoln, the man elected by the semi-monarchists and Abolitionists to occupy the chair once so gloriously filled by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Jackson, (perhaps could have been by Harrison,) and subse

quently by Johnson, was a man of small mind, of indifferent acquirements, and had but a modicum of even statecraft, to say nothing of more elevated statesmanship. The terrorism produced by the arbitrary, unlawful, and unwarrantable acts of the destructives of his party, whose plastic tool he became, and those brought about by the destructives of the Cromwellian era, may be any one who has had his eyes and ears open for the last few years, and has read the history of England during that dark period. But the two potentates were very dissimilar. Cromwell was a really great man: had an iron will: ruled his party and his country with rigor; but he was utterly unprincipled. Lincoln was not a great man: had a flexible, bull-hide will: was governed by circumstances, and misled by knowing knaves of his own party; but he was not so dishonest as his state advisers, and the parasites who wormed themselves into his confidence.

The further parallel of the two parties, lies in the near future: till the curtain shall be raised, the shifting scenes of the next act must be left to conjecture.

(*To be continued.*)

POMPEY, THE FIDDLER.

And so my black and shining fiddler,
You're sitting by yourself alone,
As still and quiet as a statue
By sculptor wrought from ebon stone.
You nothing know of this same riddle
Which puts all thinking men in pain;
So rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us "Money Musk" again.

There was a time, my dark musician,
When statesmen only ruled the land,
And men were spurned who strove to meddle
With things they could not understand.
The times have changed—there lies the riddle
Which many seek to solve in vain;
Then rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us "Money Musk" again.

There was a time when good men only
Could high positions hope to win,
When men of courtesy held office;
Now, Holt and Stanton both are in.
Are people dogs? That is a riddle
Which, Pompey, you cannot explain;
So rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And give us "Money Musk" again.

There was a time the Constitution
  Was held to be the law supreme ;
That men in power would trample on it
  We did not even dare to dream.
They do it, though; and that's a riddle
  That serves to rack the coolest brain ;
But rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
  And play us "Money Musk" again.

There was a time when by the ballot,
  And not by bayonets, rulers came ;
Who in those days would strive for honors,
  By force or fraud, would come to shame.
Cowards are tyrants. That's no riddle ;
  A statement only, true and plain ;
So rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
  And play us "Money Musk" again.

There was a time when law was potent,
  And tyrants by the land abhorred ;
Now shoulder-straps replace the ermine,
  And judges bow before the sword.
Has God—and that's a startling riddle—
  Sent civil war as Freedom s bane!
Bah! rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
  And play us "Money Musk" again.

There was a time when men would shudder
  At murder, whosoever killed ;
Then only by command of justice
  Were gallows raised and dungeons filled.
But now we have a pleasant riddle—
  Did Abel really murder Cain?
Augh! rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
  And play us "Money Musk" again.

A truce to this! Let's gild our fetters,
  And ease the galling chains with flowers ;
Drink, Helots, drink, to drown your sorrow,
  Then wile away with dance the hours.
Let freemen only solve the riddle,
  Which slaves can never render plain ;
Pomp! rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
  And play us "Money Musk" again.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

FRAGMENT FROM BION.

Beauty is woman's fairest good!
But that of man is fortitude.

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

INTRODUCTION.

To write a romance of a war so recent as that through which we have just passed, presents many difficulties to the novelist. The nearness of the events, the contiguity of the localities, the fact that the great mass of those who took part in its eventful scenes still live, of course afford great facilities for the elimination of truth, and the indisputable record of deeds and events ; but those circumstances greatly embarrass the author, for in the antiquity of events and indistinctness of locality lie the chief charms of romance. Again, he is extremely liable to give offence to many of both parties, when merely weaving into the narrative accompanying realities. But the author is proud to be a Southern man, and as such will not shrink from stating well-known historical facts, no matter how distasteful they may be to some, for he feels confident that the great American heart beats in unison with his own when he condemns deeds of which our posterity, North and South, shall be ashamed, or praises those of which they may be proud.

CHAPTER I.

Captain Randolph—The Federal Troopers.

The shades of night were fast closing in upon the vanishing rays of a spring day's sun of the year 1864, when a troop of Federal cavalry swept, with headlong speed, into the war-battered town of Bratton, Va., and without drawing rein charged through the principal street as if in swift pursuit of some rapidly flying foe, upon whose slaughter or capture something more momentous than usual depended.

The troop numbered more than a hundred splendidly equipped, stalwart men, and the precision and quickness of their discipline proved that their training in the "noble science of war" had been rigid, and accurately learned. They were come and gone almost in a moment, and the dust they made in entering had not settled to the ground ere the clatter of their horses' hoofs told that they were thundering on at the other end of the town.

The citizens of Bratton seemed to have been well warned of the approach of this body of Federals, for not a man, woman or child had been descried by the horsemen as they passed—every door was closed, every window in their route was darkened, either by shutter or curtain, as if a dread fear of some swift-coming tempest, bringing pestilence, ruin and death, had appalled the souls of the trembling citizens, and driven them in terror to the most secret coverts of their habitations And well might they fear ! The history of Bratton during the fearful struggle which has just closed, is one of woe and desolation, and the harsh treatment of her citizens by the Federal soldiery, whenever the fortune of war

left them defenceless, had taught them that little gentleness was to be hoped for when the "Union Army" held them in its crushing grasp. So, when, an hour before the rushing troop made their appearance, a Confederate scout had warned the town in the expressive phrase, "The Yankees are coming!" the war-bought experience of the citizens hurried them from the streets in great dismay.

But rapid as had been the passage of the troop, the face and form of the leader had been recognized by many, and all who knew him felt a shudder of added fear as their spying eyes fell upon his fierce front and powerful figure. He, too, knew well that hundreds of hidden eyes were peering at him as he dashed by on his strong war-horse, and though a sneer curled his bearded lip until the white teeth glittered beneath it, the habitual scowl of his scarred vissage grew deeper as he remembered how, the year before, a fair and tiny hand, thrust from one of those jealously closed shutters, had drawn trigger on him, and hurled his huge bulk bleeding and miserable from the saddle.

It was no pleasant reminiscence to the malignant mind of Major John Rasp, and with a muttered curse that sounded like a tiger's growl, he drove his sharp spurs brutally into the flanks of his horse, and nursed his wrath for some future moment, when time and opportunity might aid him in the ruthless wreaking of the vengeance he meditated. Perhaps had he known that the same fair and tiny hand, the velvety palm of a young and beautiful woman, was then grasping the same trusty weapon which had cost him so many groans in the hospital, and that but for the chance intervention of another, another leaden billet of rough welcome had greeted him, he would have spurred all the keener through the conquered streets of Bratton. But he believed her far away, within the shelter of the Confederate lines—for the time safe from his vindictive reach, but doomed eventually to fill the yearning measure of his thirsty revenge.

He and his troop had passed, for a marvel, leaving oft-sacked Bratton unmolested, and the dusk of evening had deepened into dark night, when the still concealed citizens, not daring to light their dwellings, but crouching in apprehension still, again heard the rush of coming horses and the clatter of stirrup and sabre.

This fresh uproar was caused by the return of Rasp and his troop, to quarter on the town, after an unsuccessful pursuit of the object that had led their course through the place.

It was impossible to trace to its source the intelligence which almost instantly spread throughout the place, but it became immediately known that Rasp had temporarily made his headquarters at Hubert's house, a kind of inn whose owner's sagacity, or luck, or something else, still kept up for the entertainment of man and beast.

To Hubert's House, therefore, let us resort, as every heart in Bratton bent thitherward, pulsating in an agony of tribulation for the events that the night, coupled with the presence of the redoubtable Major Rasp, might bring forth.

Hubert's House itself was once quite a pretentious edifice of wood, and had, for many years, served as a tavern; but the march of time and improvement had long since stripped the old

two-storied house of its former greatness, and long prior to the war had dwindled its fame to that of a common farmers' tavern. Once it had stood within the best quarter of the town, but the increase of buildings, the fancy of the citizens, the demands of business, and other potent causes, had so wrought, that the old tavern had been gradually left, not in the outskirts of the town, but upon the edge of gentility. Here it had fought manfully for a respectable existence in the scale of society, and as a hotel, not first-class nor yet vulgar, but a valuable medium between the almost aristocratic and decidedly common, until the whirlwind of civil war closed every other house of entertainment, and left it, "first and only hotel in town"—a monopoly of lucrative business well used by Mynheer Schampfer, the then landlord of its domains.

Mynheer Schampfer, a bull-headed but subtle-witted native of Strasburg, claiming a paternity half German and half French, had adroitly played his cards throughout the War of Secession, and, as he declared himself totally unable to comprehend American politics, and would have nothing to do with anything outside of his own affairs, he had succeeded in gaining the good will of both belligerents, much to his own satisfaction and that of all hungry and benighted travelers.

"De blue coat has him faults," Mynheer Schampfer was wont to remark to his spouse, who was more than suspected of leaning towards an independent South, "an' de grey coat has him faults too. Dat is one. De blue coat has him good, and gray coat has him good. Dat is two. To please dem both and make money—dat is my biznizz, and dat is dree, vich is much more as one or two—mind my eye."

Shrewdly manipulating the dough of politics in this style had enabled Mynheer Schampfer to make his bread, and, if report spoke truly, quite a pile of it. When the Confederate scout had warned the town of the approach of Federals, Mynheer had set all his household to making ready for their entertainment, and now, when the jaded troop halted before his dwelling, he swayed his great bulk backwards and forwards upon the wide piazza of the tavern, waiting for orders, for he was too cunning to take the initiative in those dangerous times.

The large bar-room was soon filled with the troopers, who, throwing off by tacit permission of their commander, the irksomeness of military restraint, lounged on chairs and benches, bemoaning the bad success they had had in that day's chase.

Their commander had seated himself at a table, and began to write, and just as he began a rap upon the back entrance to the house caught the quick ear of Schampfer, and for a moment drove the blood from his great puffy cheeks. It was well for him that the eyes of the commander were closely fixed upon the paper before him, or he would certainly have been called to a searching investigation of his confusion, and of its cause. For an instant the pallor of the burly landlord's face continued, seemingly as though his terror, sudden and great, had driven his blood to the very core of his heart. Then the ruddy tide surcharged every vein in his broad countenance almost to bursting. He gasped for breath, and clung to his bar-railing for support.

Again the mysterious rap sounded to the ear of the terrified landlord like a cannon's roar, and he wondered that every trooper did not start to his feet and draw every weapon for fight. And surely had they done so had they heard and recognized the rap; but as the landlord was somewhat remote from the part of the room in which the troopers clustered, and leaned against the back wall of the apartment, not many feet from the door upon which the rap had demanded admittance, he was alone in his knowledge. A quick glance over the large bar-room assured him of this welcome fact, and he slipped from the room with a noiseless agility almost miraculous on the part of one so huge in limb and stomach. It was a delightful sight to see him tip-toe his three hundred pounds of human flesh to the back-door of his inn, and then to see him almost bound with terror as the rap again sounded more impatiently than ever.

"Mein himmel!" thought Schampfer, "if Black Rasp should hear that! Vat toes te man want here! I vill see. But vait—I have locked not te door pehint minself."

Having secured the door which led into the bar-room, he cautiously gave admittance to his mysterious visitor, whose tall form towerred far above him as he entered swiftly, and glided by him into a passage, where he vanished.

"In te house, and not a word to tell me if he was him or somebody else. Tis is de madness. But I must find him pefore all will be lost what I have got."

Leaving the door the perplexed host stole after the stranger, groping his way in the dark, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the voice of Rasp sounded in his ear:

"Rascal! what are you doing? Why did you steal out of the bar-room? What treachery are you about? Do not try to cheat me, Dutchman!"

"I deny it," said Schampfer, quickly, as his frame quivered under the iron hand of the commander.

"You deny what?"

"Dat I am a Dutchman," replied Schampfer, who was collecting his wits. "I vos from—"

"Enough of that," said Rasp, as he dragged rather than led the landlord into the bar-room through the very door he had supposed he had securely locked. "Now stand there, where the light shines fair and square upon your greasy face. Now remember, Dutchman, that to lie to me is speedy death. Tell me why you stole away."

"I thought I heard some von at mine pack door, sir."

"Then why not go out boldly? Why try to lock the door after you?"

"I thought it best, Mynheer Major, as de boys will be boys, and mine wines and prandy is in dat room," replied Schampfer boldly.

The suspicious commander eyed every lineament of the broad, stolid face before him with a keen, piercing scrutiny, and had the landlord quivered in lip or eye-lid, the investigation would have searched deeper still; but he did not flinch or quake, though Rasp's angry eye glittered dangerously as his fingers crept about the handle of his repeater. Mynheer Schampfer had often borne the brunt of similar examinations, sometimes urged even to personal violence, from both Federals and Confederates, his massive features closely hiding all emotions

beneath their thick coating of superabundant fat.

"I pass it—I pass it," at length said the commander; "but remember that John Rasp is no fool to have wool pulled over his eyes. I know you to be one of those double-faced scoundrels who are "Union," or "Reb," as best suits the day. With that, so long as you do not play me traitor, I have little to do. But if I once catch you acting "Reb" while I am near, down goes your house, and up goes Phil. Schampfer. Say, there, St. Garter, have you posted the pickets?"

The officer addressed, a tall, slender young man, who, from having been an excellent dry goods clerk, had become a very poor soldier, replied in a tone which showed his habitual fear of his superior:

"Why, sir, as the rebs have no force within—"

"Curse you, sir," thundered Rasp, stamping fiercely, "how do you know that Mosby, or Forrester, or Randolph himself may not turn on us? Post the pickets at once, and—but what means that disturbance on the piazza?"

"A spy!" "A 'reb' in disguise!" "Lug him in!" "Cut him down!" "Shoot the d——d rebel!" and a multitude of similar expressions, yelled and bawled by a score of troopers on the piazza, directed Rasp's attention thither, and a few strides carried him to the spot where the tumult was greatest, and by the dancing light of the blazing lightwood torches he discovered the cause of the disturbance. A small-sized thin-faced man, clad in citizen's garb, was being roughly handled by the reckless cavalry men, while every effort made by the prisoner to speak was rendered abortive by the savage gripe of a trooper's hand on his throat.

"Loose that man, instantly!" and at the sound of their officer's voice the troopers fell back from their prey, leaving him to settle their accounts with Rasp, who started back as the man fixed his fiery eyes upon his, and made a quick gesture, as if tossing something from one hand to the other.

But before Rasp could speak, one of his troop called out:

"Major, he is a rebel spy. I have seen him often. When I was caged yonder, in Richmond, in the Libby, that same sleek, lawyer-looking rascal used to glide around hand-in-glove with old Winder. I know him—I'll swear to that nose and them eyes."

"Hang him! hang him!" shouted the troopers, as they began to press upon the stranger.

"Fall back! fall back!" said Rasp. "I know him well. He is as good a Union man as breathes. Give way there, you hounds! Do you suppose I do not know a spy when I see one? Give me your hand, Mr. Leighton—I am glad to meet you, and sorry, too, that my men have treated you so harshly."

"Leighton," muttered the trooper, who had so loudly sworn to the eyes and nose. "He may call himself Leighton now, but may I die in rebel lines if his name was not Herman in Richmond. But it's none of my business now, since the Major vouches for him." So muttering, he swung himself from the railing and mingled with his fellows.

The bright glare of the torches illuminated the group that still thronged

around the stranger, as Rasp clasped his hand in his own, and as they joined hands the stranger said :

"We had better talk of what I have to tell in a more private place than this, Major Rasp."

There was a calm superiority of intellect in his very enunciation which made itself respected even by the haughty cavalry-man, who seldom lowered his crest to the highest, and John Rasp, with a nod of sullen acquiescence, returned to the bar-room, followed by Leighton.

"Here, Dutchman, what's-your-name. Have you a private-room where this gentleman and I can converse? A room that tells no tales, you dog ?"

"Tare's te blue room," began the landlord, but Leighton shook his head, and remarked, in cold, almost whispering tones :

"The blue room has told tales, Mynheer Schampfer."

He merely glanced at the eyes of his host as he spoke, but Schampfer felt an electric shock of undefinable dread as he caught the steel-like glitter of those pale blue eyes, and murmured, "I knows notin' of tat, sir."

"Perhaps not," replied Leighton, not with a sneer, and yet the landlord felt ill at ease, for here was a man whom he felt that he could swear he had never seen before, and yet revealing a mysterious knowledge of one of his most private apartments.

"Vell, tare is te green room," continued he.

"Information once leaked from that room, Mynheer Schampfer, which cost the Union army several hundred of its best soldiers. Did you ever hear of Jeb. Stuart, the rebel general of cavalry ?"

Nothing in the world saved the host from a sudden and betraying start except his ponderous bulk, and an icy shiver began to creep through his veins. Who was this stranger? Whence did he come? What was his business there? Mynheer's conscience stung him sharply, not for sundry deeds of his own, for his theory and practice was entirely too prudent to lead him into secret correspondence with either party ; but Mynheer had a wife, and that wife had a will of her own, athwart whose political course he had never dared to openly cross. But Mynheer had ears and eyes, and employed them too well not to know that sundry important hints had been winged from his wife's bed-room, which had often culminated in sudden disaster to the cause of the Union.

"I think I have heard of Gen. Stuart," he replied, with a negligent air, "but what cares Phil. Schampfer for him? Ha ! Jeb. is a long way from this ! But ten tares te—let me see—tares te red room an' te yellow room, and te white room, te room overhead, te room—"

"None will do, Mynheer," remarked Leighton slowly, as he shook his head at each specification. "The rats in your house are rebel rats, Mynheer, and have established lines of spies from room to room."

"Ah, tare is te nailed room," said Mynheer suddenly.

"The nailed room—ah !" remarked Leighton, as if recalling its location, and slightly frowning as it sprung into his memory. "The door leading into it is nailed up."

"I opened it this morning. The first time it has been opened since—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Leigh-

ton, with an impatient gesture, the first that had broken his monotonous whispering tone. "Lead us thither."

"Mit ter pleasure, mit all ter pleasure," exclaimed the landlord, happy to be relieved of his mysterious presence, but quaking inwardly as he thought. "Gott in himmell! vat if tis man and Black Rasp meets te oter one?"

"See that you have a first-rate supper ready for us when we return. One moment, Mr. Leighton," said Rasp. "I have a few orders to give to these fellows."

"I need not caution prudence to you, Major," remarked Leighton, as the commander strode away, his heavy sword and huge spurs clanking at every step.

"And I vill get te lights since te niggers vill do notings ven te Yankees comes," muttered Schampfer, as he turned to a small closet containing a variety of articles in constant use.

The landlord's broad form completely hid the recess within the closet as he reached in his hand; and, as he fumbled among the candlesticks, &c., which it contained, he slid a pistol into his bosom with the thought that twice already that night had he expected an explosion of the mine upon which he daily trod; and, if he was to die, he should not die like a rat in a trap. Having effected his purpose, he turned his eyes towards his dangerons guests, and awaited their orders. Rasp was giving his commands to several inferior officers, among whom Schampfer recognized St. Garter, while Leighton remained leaning over the back of a chair near a window, with his eyes fixed upon the wall in deep thought.

He wore a slouched hat far down upon his brows, and the collar of his coat was much larger than the fashion, rising to his ears and burying half his side face. His small hands were gloved also, and a heavy white beard concealed all the lower part of his face, from the nose downward. His garments were somewhat old-fashioned in cut, and rather coarse in material, being of the much worn homespun then in almost universal use. Coarse and heavy shoes, plainly far too large for him, covered his feet, and there was a general air of weariness and decrepitude in his person and posture, easily remarked by the observant landlord, whose steady gaze was vainly striving to detect some point in form, feature or motion, that might recall to his remembrance a person who certainly was thoroughly acquainted with every room in Hubert's House, and probably knew some, at least, of its perilous secrets.

The landlord was unwieldy in person, but his brain was quick and vigilant at all times, especially then, when he reflected upon the inexplicable fact that Rasp had opened noiselessly a door which he was sure he had locked; that a dangerous guest had gained admittance to the upper part of his house, and he, Schampfer, not wholly informed as to the identity of that person; and lastly, that here was an entire stranger to him, who was as familiar with every apartment in his house as himself.

With his faculties thus bristled with alarm, the landlord suddenly recollected the remarks made by the doubting trooper on the meeting of Rasp and Leighton, and forthwith placed himself so as to command a fair view of the profile of the unknown.

Caution, taught by nature, but deepentwined in every fibre of his brain by the rude lessons given by that most

cruel and fratricidal war, never allowed him by look or gesture to betray a clue to any conclusion at which he might arrive, and therefore he did not change a muscle from its apparently apathetic repose as a dim suspicion of a strong resemblance between the stranger and some one whom he had seen years before, began to steal over his mind. He thought in German or French, as the humor suited him, and seldom in broken English, and his summing up of the evidence of memory ran thus:

"The nose, the family nose—it is very distinct, the likeness there; and the deepset eye too. But there lives but one of all that family unknown to me, and this is not that one. Now, if I did not know that the father was dead, I might think this man—but he is dead, and I saw him buried. I cannot recall this stranger to my mind, but something tells me I have seen him before. Very well; it is of no use to think of that now—something may solve it after a time. Let us wait and watch."

The stranger suddenly turned his thoughtful eyes from the wall and planted them upon those of the landlord, who, shrewd and vigilant, bowed and pointed to the candle he held, that the stranger should not suspect him of studying physiognomy.

Leighton bowed in return, and turned to the outer main door as Rasp, having just concluded his precautionary orders, left it and hastened to rejoin him.

"Now, then, Dutchman," said Rasp, in his sullen tone of command, as he drew his sabre forward, and placed his hand upon his pistol, "lead the way to—what-do-you-call it—the nailed room."

"Mit ter bleasure; mit all ter bleasure," said Schampfer. "But will your men let mine furnitures and all tat alone ven you ant me ish avay? Tey is te lively lads, ant te gay, but ten I no like—"

"I have given them their orders," replied Rasp, casting a threatening look around the room, and speaking in a loud, harsh tone; and as he saw every eye sink quickly before his fierce glance, a gleam of savage pride in his power lighted up his face, and he continued as if to himself: "There are bold hearts among them, rugged as bears, but let me see the tooth that snarls at John Rasp." Pleased with his power, he called out, as he placed his hand rudely upon the shoulder of the host:

"This is a rare bird, my boys—a very rare bird. This is a true Unionman on Virginia soil; therefore respect his rights—till further orders. 'The soul of old John Brown is marching on.'" He laughed as he trolled out the well-known chorus, and every trooper caught it up, and the old inn shook from roof to cellar as a hundred throats pealed it forth in savage notes:

"The soul of old John Brown is marching on!"

CHAPTER II.

The Nailed Room.

Preceded by the landlord, Rasp and his companion traversed several vacant apartments until they reached the end of a long and narrow passage, where Schampfer paused and held the candle above his head, that its rays might illuminate the entrance to the room before

them. The door was closed, and the strong slabs lying upon the floor, with the broken ends of ruptured nails thrusting through them, as well as the battered appearance of the lintels, proved that considerable force had been necessary to effect an entrance. The long, narrow passage, the sad gleam of the solitary candle, the deep and hollow silence of the place, within which the dust and cobwebs of years had gathered, smote dismally upon the mind of Mynheer Schampfer as he placed a key in the rusty wards of the long unused lock, and as it grated sharply back from its tenacious hold, the empty room beyond echoed mournfully to the ear.

"It sounded like a groan," whispered Leighton, and as Schampfer glanced upon him in throwing open the door, it seemed to him that the stranger trembled, and that his eye had lost its powerful calmness, and flashed uneasily around.

"Go in mit you, gentlemen," said he, with a bow that was graceful, despite his flesh. "Yare ish nopoddy in dere, not even dem rebel rats you said about. Nopoddy put by mine own self has peen in dere since"

"I know, I know," exclaimed Leighton, "but you enter first, sir."

"Mit der bleasure! mit all der bleasure," replied Schampfer, as he stepped, or, rather, rolled into the room, and placed the candle upon a small table

Rooms long locked up, locked up for years, and with which dreary, or, perchance, dismal associations are connected, are never cheerful places for contemplation, no matter how alluring its furniture and garnishments; and the "Nailed Room" of Hubert's House, almost bare of furniture of any kind, with nothing upon its walls of time-blackened wood, not even paint, and its two small windows boarded up, jealously, as if to shut out the faintest ray of daylight; with a single bare pine table, two rickety chairs with sheepskin bottoms, and a large bed of plain and dismal make, in one corner, from which arose a sickening odor of rotting covering, damp even in summer, and with a great yawning maw of a fire place, black and sullen as a pit; the great distance of the ceiling from the floor making it look like a cell, cramped and confined, and the forest of dingy, mouldy cobwebs, hanging like hearse-plumes over the repulsive bed; and the grim, gaunt shadows of the four tall bed-posts looking like misshapen spectres keeping ghostly watch over the silence of the place —all these made the "Nailed Room" anything but a delightful place for a tea-party; and so thought John Rasp, as he growled:

"This is the 'Nailed Room,' is it? Curse me if it should not be called a coffin! Now, Dutchman, you were a very sensible fellow until you took it into that barrel-of-a-head of yours to open it. Nail it up, nail it up! an owl would hoot at such quarters. Come, Mr. Leighton, since you are so well acquainted with this d—d old buzzard's roost, can you not find a more cheerful place for a confab?"

"We must converse here, John," replied Leighton, who had regained his icy calmness of voice and feature, though the observaut landlord imagined him a shade paler.

"He calls Black Rasp *John*," thought Schampfer. "That shows more familiarity than I ever dreamed of, or

any other man that ever had the honor of his acquaintance."

"Must, did you say, Mr. Leighton?" said Rasp, with a little smothered thunder in his tone, and some sharp lightning in his eyes.

"Must, I said. I think I have used the word before in our conversations," replied Leighton, throwing with strange ease, an imperative, and, to Rasp, an irresistible thrill into his voice. And soft and calm as it was, with scarcely a shade of emphasis to break its low-pitched monotony, it vanquished the rising devil in the ruffian breast before him.

"Well," said Rasp, with an oath that made Mynheer, accustomed as he was to fire and brimstone expletives recoil in horror, "since I must, I must; but, Dutchman, bring me here a bottle of the best brandy in your rookery."

"Mit der bleasure, mit all der bleasure," replied Schampfer, departing.

"You still beard the lion!" remarked Leighton.

"Beard the lion? oh—drink brandy; of course I do," said Rasp, as he seated himself and filled his pipe. "If it was not for brandy and tobacco the service would go to the devil at a double quick. In fact, this den smells so infernally that a little burnt tobacco will—but what are you staring at?" he exclaimed, as his companion glared at the bed.

"Nothing, nothing; let me think while you smoke," said Leighton, leaning his head upon his hands.

"Think fast, for I smoke fast," growled Rasp, eyeing his companion askance. "I am in a hurry to hear all that you have to tell me, that I may leave this dismal hole."

"It was not always so dismal, John," said Leighton, raising his head; "your father died in this room."

"The thunder he did!" exclaimed Rasp, looking sharply about him. "I thought he was murdered in a duel."

"So he was, but he died on that bed."

"He did? Died on that bed?" remarked Rasp, scowling, and turning his eyes towards the object in question. "Came South, quarrelled, was challenged, fought, and was killed."

"Murdered!" said Leighton, with a quiet tap of his gloved hand upon the table.

A long pause ensued, unbroken save by the heavy puffs of John Rasp's pipe, and as he smoked we will look more attentively at him. He was, as we have already said, a tall and powerfully built man, about thirty years of age, with a heavy brow and surly eye, as he gazed towards the bed in angry thought. He had tossed aside his hat of felt, and his large head, with its hair close cut, his broad and frowning forehead, slightly bald above the brow, his bushy eye-brows and well-cut nose, and the fixed expression of fierceness and daring stamped upon every feature, stood out in bold relief. His limbs were long, muscular and massive, and as he sat with his legs crossed, and arms folded, there was a portentous air of unusual strength in form, posture and feature that warned men to tread lightly about him. Harsh, vindictive, cruel, unscrupulous, daring—you knew all that at a glance; and he was, in character, if not in person, a fair representative of many of similar, of lesser, of higher rank, who, in "battling for the Union," have perpetrated brutal deeds of rapine throughout the South, and have left a stain

upon the glory of the Federal arms which ages shall fail to efface. John Rasp did not fear to fight men, and yet was cowardly enough to make war upon defenceless women, feeble age and tender infancy. He hated all within whose veins ran southern blood, and though he found it expedient to prate of "the Union," "the flag," "our great nation," and all other political cries of the times, he cared not a hair's weight for the Union or anything else, save John Rasp, and John Rasp's plans. When the war broke out, and both sections determined to appeal to the sword to decide an idea, Rasp sprang to arms at once, eagerly snatching at an opportunity to gratify a hate which had been burning for years. He saw with fiendish joy what license there would be for plunder, ravage and murder. He gloated over the blood and ashes he might scatter over southern soil, and laughed as he counted over the many devilish deeds he could commit with impunity in warring with "rebels." He believed in the barbarous political dogma promulgated by many noted Union-shriekers, that "rebels have no rights, not the right to breathe," and buckling on his sabre in the name of Liberty, waged a war of subjugation. He recked little that he was killing, burning and plundering to perpetuate a power that had grown insatiate for political spoils, or that he was but the murderous tool of a fanaticism which has spilled more innocent blood, northern and southern; laid in ashes more peaceful homes; created more widows and orphans; squandered more public and private means; ruptured irrevocably a greater Union of States, and struck a more ferocious blow against Democratic liberty, than any religious or political imposture since the false prophet of Mohammedism decreed to all weaker tribes "the Koran or the Sword."

Union! What cared he, and others like him, for Union? Spoils, revenge, murder—for these he fought, and could his thoughts have worked the transformation, the gorgeous hues of the national banner beneath whose folds he fought would have changed to inky black, and its stars and stripes to skull and bones. "Oh, Liberty! what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!" exclaimed Madame Roland, as she was being led to the guillotine; and thousands, yea, millions have groaned and are groaning an echo to that fearful appeal.

So much for the present for the patriotism, so-called, of John Rasp; his traits will be revealed more in detail as our story progresses.

The speedy return of Mynheer Schampfer, with a bottle and glasses, interrupted the reverie of John Rasp, and he turned his attention to the landlord.

"All quiet below?"

"As can be, mit so much mens, sir."

"Very well. If my men make a little hubbub, remember that your house is on rebel soil, and thank your stars, Dutchman, that I am your guest," said Rasp, as he filled a glass with brandy. "What 's that you have there?"

"A pitcher, mit water."

"Water! Bah! Give it to my horse. Do you think I am a cat, to lap such stuff?"

"Fill me a glass with water," said

Leighton, with something that sounded like a sigh.

"And, Dutchman," said Rasp, "take a pull at this brandy. It is a practice of mine never to drink rebel liquor, or taste rebel food before my host.—I 've heard of poisoned Federals."

"But never seen any," quietly remarked Leighton. "I will say so much for them, though I hate a rebel as I do a viper."

"And I believe all that I hear of their treachery," retorted Rasp, as Mynheer drank from the bottle. "But we won't argue that point now. Here, Dutchman, here is a placard which I forgot to post in yonr bar-room. Stick it up; it may effect something. I 'll have a score or so posted all over Bratton to-morrow. Let me read it to you, Mr. Leighton;" and opening a large placard, he read as follows:

$1,000 REWARD.

The above sum will be paid in gold to any one who will give information that shall lead to the capture of the notorious rebel and outlaw, William B. Randolph, a captain in the army of the so-called Confederate States, *dead or alive!*

Said William B. Randolph is about thirty-six years of age, six feet in hight, strongly built, black hair and eyes, dark complexion, small feet and hands, with a large scar in the palm of the left hand; stands very erect, walks quick and firm.

JOHN RASP,
Maj. Com'd'g Bat. Cav., U. S. A.

"There 's a chance for you to make a thousand yellow boys," said Rasp, as he concluded the perusal. "Keep a sharp eye, for the rascal is fool-hardy, and may prowl this way as soon as he hears that I have left."

Mynheer took the placard without a word of comment, and bowing gravely, left the room; but a word from Rasp called him back.

"Here, Dutchman, tell Lieut. Garter to post a man at the foot of the stairs at the end of that passage, with orders to let no one pass until I come down. Now go, and remember the placard and the supper."

There was a strange twinkling in Mynheer Schampfer's eyes as he again bowed and departed; but neither Rasp nor Leighton remarked it, though the latter asked—

"Do you believe this landlord a true friend to the Union!"

"A true friend to himself," replied Rasp, with a scoff. "Were he and this old house of his not so useful to both parties, I believe both would have been levelled long ago. But he is strictly neutral; and though I despise all neutrals, his non-molestation is the best policy at present. I do not fear him."

"You may be correct as regards the man," said Leighton, "but it is reported that his wife is a bitter rebel."

"Oh, what old bully Butler, 'The Beast,' as the rebels style him, what he calls a 'she adder,'" growled Rasp. "No doubt the rebel women dearly love old bully Butler for that gentlemanly compliment. Well, I will keep an eye and an ear on this Dutchman's wife, and if I catch her at any rebel tricks, I will—" he did not finish the sentence, but ground his teeth into the stem of his pipe until it snapped asunder.

"There, I have finished my pipe, and I hope you are ready to talk. What is it?"

"First, promise not to be rash."

"Rash! When was I rash?" exclaimed Rasp, angrily. "Come, this is your old tune. Here am I, hale and hearty John Rasp, right side up, and ready for anything. There you are, almost heart and body broken, all because you never would be what you call rash."

"*I* never rash?" returned Leighton, slightly raising his hands. But he checked the gesture, and continued—"You were rash a year ago, in riding by the house of Bertha Seely; and I would think the ball she planted in your shoulder might remind you of that, and of her, too."

"Bertha Seely!" cried Rasp, as his dark features grew red and inflamed, "Ah, you do well to remind me of that. But I shall be even with her yet."

"And you were rash to-day in again riding by that house. The same fair lady was there, and with her pistol, also."

Rasp stared at his companion for a moment in open-mouthed wonder, and then was about to roar his rage, when Leighton raised his hand, and with one of his quiet gestures, arrested the exclamation.

"Be calm, John; walls have ears, and rebel walls have very keen ones. I speak the truth. Bertha Seely is in this town, or was an hour or so ago."

"You saw her?"

"I saw her. She was at the same window whence she shot you last year, and she would have shot you to-day, but—"

"But what?"

"I know not whose hand it was that drew her own armed hand from the slightly opened shutters; but I saw the hand—a thin, pale hand, the hand of a man."

"Ah!" hissed Rasp through his teeth.

"I saw the interposing hand but for an instant, but I noticed one peculiarity; the hand had no thumb."

"Her father! Col. Seely! Bertha and her father both thus near me, and I not in motion," exclaimed Rasp, as he sprang to his feet. "This is fortune! Fate plays into my hands."

"Again, I say, do nothing rash," said Leighton. "I have placed a spy upon the house, and shall receive speedy information if she or her father show any purpose of leaving Bratton. At last, I think our detested foes are safe in our grasp."

"And what do you suggest?" asked Rasp; and then bursting forth impatiently, "Oh, you are so cold, so icy, so slow! You remind me of a snake, crawling, and creeping around its prey. Come, let me give the word this instant, and within the half hour—" He paused.

"Well, what?"

"Bertha Seely had best never have been born, and Hart Seely, her father, be no more! I mean it, by my soul. Here, for months, I have imagined this girl and her rebel father far within the rebel lines, and I have fumed and fretted, and pined and stormed, and cursed; and here they are within my reach. Oh, don't try to stop me; I must have my say too," said Rasp, stamping his heel until his spur clashed again.—"You know how that rebel girl has treated me—how I loved her, loved her before this war began. You know how she spurned me for this rebel rascal, Captain Randolph—oh, your eyes flash! She touched you there, too!"

"Silence, brute!" exclaimed Leighton, springing to his feet, and by the

sudden motion letting fall his hat, and revealing a black band bound about his temples and across his brows. "Speak of your own wrongs, and avenge them; leave mine to me. We have more to do than to taunt each other. You would commit a great crime to gratify your hate, or love—it is immaterial by what name you call it—and though I love her not, she is a woman, and while I live, no foul wrong shall be done to her. She must become fairly and legitimately your wife—no violence. As for her father—with that bed before me, I cannot demand mercy for him; yet be cautious, for Grant will not allow cold-blooded murder even of a rebel."

"That for Ulysses," said Rasp, snapping his fingers.

"But he will pass through here tomorrow, or on the following day, and the act will be too recent not to draw his attention. But what means that firing?"

As he spoke, several shots were fired, apparently at some distance from the house, and immediately after the report of a pistol sounded at the foot of the stairs leading to the Nailed Room.

"Some quarrel among my men," said Rasp, but the words were no sooner uttered than loud cries, firing and the clashing of sabres resounded throughout the lower part of the house, and Rasp at once recognized the piercing yells of Confederate soldiery. "An attack! a surprise, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Look to yourself, Leighton! if you are caught, you pull hemp or—" By this time he had reached the door, and interrupted his speech with a fearful oath, as he made the astounding discovery that he was bolted in.

John Rasp was a prisoner! He turned to the windows, but they were nailed up with strong boards, and he again essayed the door. But that too was fastened, apparently by a bar on the outside, for it opened outwardly.

"Here, then, where my father died, die I," growled Rasp, as he drew his sabre and laid it upon the table, and cocked his pistols, "for John Rasp shall not be taken alive. What are you doing at that window?"

"I am listening."

"Listening! Well, what do you make of it? I hear nothing but the noise of a sharp fight, and rebel yells."

"I hear the voice of the commander of the rebels. It is Randolph," replied Leighton.

"Then your fish is cooked, and my hash is settled, that's all," remarked Rasp, with sullen desperation. "But the fight continues, don't it?"

"It ceases; listen! The reb's are masters of the field," said Leighton, as a prolonged shout, or rather scream of triumph rose shrilly on the air.

(*To be continued.*)

FRAGMENT, FROM HORACE.

Thrice happy they whose hearts are tied
In Love's mysterious bonds so close,
That strife nor quarrels e'er divide,
And only Death's fell blow can loose.

THE RESULTS OF THE WAR.

The results of the war just closed are imagined by many as exceedingly desirable, by others, with complacency, and by those who truly understand these results, with unspeakable disgust and horror.

They are, 1st, the overthrow of State sovereignty by the central, or Federal power. 2nd, the abolition of "slavery," or the "abolition" of the distinction of race; and 3rd, the creation of a public debt which may be stated in round numbers to be five thousand millions, and equal to one-half of the entire property of the "loyal" States. Of course there are other and vastly important results of the war, direct and indirect, but these three things are so defined and so stupendous in their consequences, that all others sink into comparative insignificance, and therefore they will only be glanced at in this discussion. Nor is the first of these results of any great importance just now. From the foundation of the Government there has been antagonistic opinions on this question of State or Federal supremacy. Mr. Jefferson held that in a case of last resort the State was supreme over its own citizens, and Mr. Hamilton held the contrary opinion, that allegiance was first due to the central power. From that day to this, individuals and political parties have followed the lead of these great authorities, and the legislation of the country has been modified accordingly, sometimes, as under the elder Adams, tending to a consolidation bordering on despotism, and at other times tending to secession, as under Mr. Buchanan. The followers of Mr. Jefferson held that national supremacy tended to despotism and a return to the old European system, while the followers of Hamilton held that State sovereignty tended to disintegration and anarchy. But the general intelligence of the people, and the universal interest, for eighty years prevented any serious conflict, and had not the so-called slavery question existed, it is not likely that there would have been any conflict for centuries to come. It indeed seems quite obvious that a confederate republic is best adapted to the genius of the American people, for their English ancestors battled a thousand years to establish the principle of local government; but it is also probable that we could preserve liberty, and secure prosperity and progress under the Roman and French models of the "Republic one and indivisible."

The Thirteen Colonies emerged into sovereign States as naturally as adolescence matures into manhood, and this political habit of our people, as well as the gigantic dimensions of our territorial domain, demand a confederate republic and limited central power. But with the habit of self-government so universal with our people, and the wide-spread intelligence of the masses, there would seem to be but little doubt of republican success under a national government, though the chances of public prosperity are obviously greater under the confederate republic.

It is in the utter perversion of the

federation system, as in the past four years, that there is danger, for while the national republic demands that the majority shall rule, we have witnessed the strange spectacle of American States turned into rotten boroughs, as in England, and a miserable minority of scarcely one-third of the American people have ruled the masses as absolutely and as unquestioned as the minority rules England. Therefore, other things being equal, or as they were, our federal system of co-equal States *must* be restored, or the white people meeting in national convention must abolish States altogether, and become a national republic, "one and indivisible," if they desire to preserve their freedom.

But the question of so-called slavery rises so far above and beyond this question of State or federal supremacy, or indeed any question whatever of mere forms, that however vital the latter might be under other circumstances, they are scarcely worthy of discussion just now.

The best and most perfect rules of government are of little value when acting on debauched populations or conflicting social elements. The Mexican "republic" literally adopted our form, but that in truth never was a republic, save in name, at any time. To get their aid in overthrowing the Spanish dominion, the white people of Mexico abolished all distinction of race, and the result was, of course, their own destruction. The Indians, mongrels, negroes, &c., were not only rendered useless as laborers, but the same rules applied to these different beings rendered society itself impossible, and Mexico is nothing, can be nothing, but a bloody and organized anarchy.

Leaving this result, or assumed result of the war, this overthrow of State sovereignty, to be discussed hereafter, let us now examine those grand results that admit of no dispute, and which involve not merely outward forms, but the very life of republican institutions, and indeed the future civilization of the American continent for centuries to come. These are the "abolition of slavery," and the public debt. What is this "slavery," or the condition thus termed? It is the domestic subordination of the negro, corresponding with his nature and wants, and the absolute necessities of human society when whites and negroes exist in approximate proportions. It is the normal condition of the negro, for aside from being a Christian, and an essential agent in the civilization of this continent, he multiplies himself with greater rapidity than he does isolated in Africa, and as he does not increase, but in fact rapidly dies out when forced into the condition of the white man, or so-called freedom, domestic subordination is necessarily the condition assigned him by the Creator.

All creatures, human and animal, refuse to propagate themselves in a state of slavery, or a forced condition of any kind, and as the negroes of the South obey the primal command, and multiply themselves quite as rapidly as the master race, the case is clear, and admits of no dispute, that whatever may seem the drawbacks to ignorant empyrics and perverse and besotted northern men, they are in their normal condition when in domestic subordination. It is even more—not only are they, when compared with their African condition, so immeasurably superior, that no words in our lan-

guage can fully express it, but in 1860 they were four millions of the healthiest, moral and physical, and therefore the happiest four millions of human creatures the world ever saw. There was not a single prostitute, thief, drankard, or pauper, among all these healthy and happy human creatures, and yet, wonderful and awful crime, communities like Old and New England, covered all over with sores, and social ulcers and rottenness dripping from them on every side, believe they have a "mission," not to cure their own hideous diseases, but to inflict them on these healthy and simple people.

But leaving the welfare of the negro out of view, and regarding the whole matter from the stand-point of our own well-being, it is certain that their presence in our midst, or this so-called slavery, is the "corner-stone of our republican edifice," and the greatest blessing that Providence ever conferred on any people. Monarchy, or the system of the old world, is based on the artificial distinctions of class, kings, lords and commons. They are all white people, all the same race, all the same nature, and therefore designed by the Creator for the same rights, the same enjoyment. But centuries of habit, the idleness and luxury of the few, and the ignorance, oppression and misery of the many, render the latter mere beasts of burden to the former. True, the natural equality fashioned and fixed by the hand of the Creator can never be obliterated by human contrivances, or the thing they term government, and whenever the masses are pressed beyond a certain point, as in France in 1789, they rise up and punish their cruel and heartless brothers who rule over them. Indeed, the natural tendency for that which is true and right, and designed by a beneficent Creator to dominate in the end, constantly impels the masses to overthrow their tyrants, and modern revolutions will therefore continue to disturb European society, until in the progress of time it works out its deliverance from the wrongs and miseries of the existing condition.

Of course the Colonists brought with them the habitudes of the old socities They believed in monarchy, in artificial distinctions, in the rule of classes, in the distinction of wealth, birth, and social prestige, as did their fathers, and a Colonial aristocracy sprung up everywhere quite as pretentious, if not so oppressive as they had left at "home." But in the course of time a new leaf was opened in human destinies that modified, if it did not radically change the habits brought from Europe.

The Spaniards, impelled by industrial necessity, imported negroes from Africa to cultivate the fertile and beautiful lands they had discovered and conquered in the great central regions of the continent, and as labor was in great demand everywhere, the British and Dutch embarked largely in the trade to supply work animals to the British Colonists of the North. This was wrong, indeed a crime, an outrage on "humanity," for the negro is a creature of the tropics, and therefore the men of New England violated the order of nature in this so-called slave trade, and still more so, perhaps, in bringing only males, and thus violating the rights of reproduction common even to animals. But the laws of climate and industrial adaptation car-

ried the negro into Virginia, the Carolinas, and the more genial semi-tropical regions, where, becoming stationary, and existing in large numbers, modified the habits and opinions of the Colonists, and became the CAUSE of a new and grander civilization than the world had yet witnessed, or enthusiasts like Sir Thomas Moore had ever dreamed of.

The people who had these negroes in their midst, and saw every day that great natural distinction of race, or rather of *species*, fixed and fashioned by the hand of the Almighty, disregarded, or lightly estimated the artificial and accidental distinctions of wealth, education, family, &c., which separated classes of their own race, and which was the basis of the rotten and effete civilization of the old world.

Had there been no negroes in Virginia, no natural basis for society to rest on, they would have retained their European habitudes, and the immortal declaration of Jefferson, that "all men are created equal," would, at that time at all events, have been an impossible conception to the American mind. All our ideas are the results of comparison—when a man has seen both crows and eagles, he knows not only that they are different birds, but of necessity that all eagles are the same kind. And when Jefferson, Madison, &c., saw from their every-day experience that negroes were different and unequal beings, they also of necessity saw that all white men were created equal, and therefore designed by the Creator for equal rights and equal destinies, and they made this eternal and immovable truth the basis of the American system. And from that hour to this, all Americans who see and feel, and know, what negroes are, also know that all white men are the same beings with themselves, and therefore naturally entitled to the same rights, the same legal status, &c. Or in other words, the American who, from instinct or reason, comprehends the natural relations of whites and negroes, also and of necessity comprehends the natural relations of white men to each other; and as subordination, or so-called slavery is the normal condition of the negro, it necessarily follows that Democracy is the normal condition of our own race.

Europeans, ignorant of negroes, may be opposed to the thing termed "slavery," for to them it is a mere abstraction, but no American opposed to this imaginary slavery can be a Democrat. Thus American Democracy has its home in the South; the two widely separated races are in their normal condition and natural relation to each other. The negro submits and the white man protects, and both in accord with the order of nature, reach the highest development that they are capable of. All the great American communities, save Massachusetts, were thus organized, the most perfect, beneficent, and advanced condition of human society the world ever saw, and in direct and deadly antagonism with the old European order, it is destined to conquer it and regenerate the world. For the first time in history the man of wealth, education, &c., instead of casting these artificial forces in the scale, against the toiling laborer, became the champion of Democracy, and defender of the rights of the masses. A Jefferson, or a Jackson, with a thousand acres of land and five hundred negroes, was a producer, and the greater his wealth the more imperative his

motive to defend the rights of the producer, and thus for eighty years voted down in Congress or vetoed the schemes of the capitalists in the North to plunder the laboring millions under the mask of protecting home industry, regulating the currency, &c. But from the moment the government went into operation, European influences have been at work to corrupt, undermine, and finally overthrow American Democracy. If they could debauch our people, and break down the natural distinction of race, of course all else would follow, and whatever we might call ourselves, we must necessarily collapse into the European system of artificial distinctions, for Democracy is, in the nature of things, impossible where white men are degraded into forced equality with negroes.

And strange and wonderful as it will appear to posterity, we have now, as it seems to many, reached this point of awful ruin, this forced equality of thirty millions of white men with four millions of negroes, and the consequent destruction of American Democracy. This is said to be the result of the war, and many besotted lunatics are rejoicing over that which, were it really so, were this imaginary slavery really abolished, or these four millions of negroes amalgamated in our system, the national destruction would be more complete and horrible than the doom of Nineveh, or even that which blasted Sodom and Gomorrah. But this is the precise problem we must now solve. The European faction that has labored so long to bring about this catastrophe are now in power. They have overthrown the political system from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, by armed force, and forced the negro to an unnatural and monstrous equality with the white people. What will be the result of this so-called "Abolition of slavery?" Only two things are possible—amalgamation or extermination —the whites conquered, degraded, humiliated and lost, will fraternize with the negroes, or retaining the high spirit and healthy instincts of their race, they will exterminate the negroes in all those regions where the white man can labor, and surrender all the South Atlantic and Gulf Coast region to the negro, and permit him to drift back, as in San Domingo, to his original Africanism.

If the first of these things happens, if the southern people fraternize with negroes, and the distinction of "color" is ignored, of course the North will be dragged into the same loathsome perdition it has impelled the South, and from the Gulf seas to the St. Lawrence we must needs become hordes of hybrids or mongrels, utterly incapable of preserving even the form of republicanism; for, the instant "color" is no longer a distinction, the old European system of classes, wealth, education, &c., will necessarily be restored again —indeed, as in Mexico, there would be no real elements of nationality, and we would doubtless become a conquest of some purer, branch of the great master race.

But, as mongrelism is a diseased condition, and cannot exist beyond a given limit, and the amalgamation of races is permanently impossible, in the course of centuries it would be sloughed off, and a thousand years hence American civilization would again be that which Washington founded eighty years ago—domestic subordination of the negro, and legal

equality for the white citizenship. If, on the contrary, the people of the South refuse to affiliate with negroes, and drive them into the Gulf States, the next generation will reverse "the results of the war," and restore these hapless beings to their normal condition. With the great cotton belt, the vast region only to be cultivated by the negro labor, and that labor only possible when directed by the intellect of the white man—in a word, with the most fertile and most important portion of our territory turned over to African heathenism, American civilization would be so "cribbed, cabined, and confined" that the next generation would of course reverse all the madness and crime of the present, and set the negro to work again.

Many stupid and absurd people fancy that "niggers" will die out, like the Indians, in a state of "freedom," and soothe their foolish fancies with this notion of getting rid of the negro altogether. But, if some supernatural power should instantly annihilate the negroes, we would fit out ships and again bring them from Africa; for otherwise, some hundred degrees of the most genial and fertile portion of this continent must needs be turned over to the wild animals, and the coffee, sugar and cotton, that are so essential even to these stupid people, would be lost altogether. One or the other—amalgamation or extermination—is alone possible as things now stand, or, if we accept and abide by "the results of the war," and the northern masses have a mortgage of five thousand millions on their bones and muscles, to either mongrelize their descendants, or to drive the negroes into the centre of the continent, and heathenize the great tropical regions of America.

Such, then, in conclusion, are "the results of the war"—the overthrow of social order in the South, and a mortgage of five thousand millions on the bones and muscles of the North—the former, if accepted by the American people, ending in total and hopeless destruction of our civilization, or the horrors of San Domingo multiplied a thousand fold; the blight and waste of the fairest portion of the land, until another generation reverses the devilries of the present; and the latter, in reducing the working classes to slavery more abject and miserable than ever before witnessed since the world began.

To "abolish slavery," to reverse the order of nature, to destroy the foundations of American Democracy, and restore the European system of artificial distinctions—in a word, to reform the work of the Almighty, and recreate the negro the equal of the white man, these awful and God-forsaken Abolition lunatics have mortgaged the bones and muscles of their own children, beyond possibility of redemption. But the very magnitude of the "results of the war" will prove the salvation of the nation. Society cannot exist in the South, save as it has existed; and in every man, woman and child in the land wished, they could not pay the debt, and therefore, when the mighty bubble bursts, and the scales drop from the eyes of the wronged and outraged masses, they will shout with the voice of an earthquake for the "restoration of free labor" in the North, and of negro labor in the South, and woe to those who presume to arrest that cry—they better never had been born.

SHE HATH FALLEN.

On her chain of life is rust,
On her spirit's wing is dust,
She hath let the spoiler in,
She hath mated her with sin,
She hath open'd wide the door,
Crime hath pass'd the threshold o'er.
Wherefore has she gone astray?
Stood Temptation in her way,
With its eyes so glitt'ring bright,
Clothed in angel robes of light?

Oh—her story soon is told :—
Once a lamb within the fold,
Stranger voices lured her thence,
In her trusting innocence.
Woe—she had not strength to keep
With the Shepherd of the Sheep,
For the fleece so spotless white,
Thence became the hue of night,
And she stood in her despair,
Bleating for the Shepherd's care.

Woe that none might lead her back,
From the bloodhounds on her track,
Hunger prowl'd about her path,
With a wild hyena wrath,
Scorn came leaping from its lair,
With defiant growl and stare,
And she grappled, all in vain,
With the fangs of Want and Pain.
Hope and Mercy shut the gate
On this heart so desolate.

So she turn'd again to sin,
What had she to lose or win?
Resting on her life a stain,
Deeper than the brand of Cain.
Heard she not a pitying tone,
Weeping in her shame alone?
Was there not a human heart
In her anguish bore a part?
None to hold a beacon light,
Up before her darken'd sight?

No ; the altar was not there,
For a canting Priesthood's prayer.
She hath fallen! Let her die—
Said the Levite passing by ;

So she turned again to sin.
What had she to lose or win?
Sisters! there is work to do,
Field of labor here for you,
Ye who pour the wine and oil,
Up! and rest not from your toil,

Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from the Tempter's dart,
Sore and weary with its pain,
Shall be bound and heal'd again—
Till, no more defiled by sin,
Like the pardoned Magdalen,
Kneeling in repentance sweet,
She may wash the Saviour's feet
With her tears—that while they roll,
Blot the sin-stain from her soul—
Do ye ask for your reward?
"They are blest who serve the Lord."

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

As went the knight with sword and shield
To tournay or to battle-field,
Pledged to the lady fair and true,
For whom his knightly sword he drew:
You offered at your country's call
"Your life, your fortune, and your all;"
Pledging your sacred honor high
For her to live, for her to die;
With her you cast your future lot,
And now, without one single spot
To dim the brightness of your fame,
Or cast a shadow o'er your name,
You lay your sword with honor down,
And wear defeat as 'twere a crown;
Nor sit like Marius brooding o'er
A ruin which can rise no more;
But from your Pavia bear away
A glory bright'ning every day.
Above the wreck, which round you lies,
Calm and serene I see you rise,
A grand embodiment of PRIDE
Chastened by sorrow, and allied
To disappointment but to show
How bright your virtues neath it glow.
But who may tell how deep the dart
Is rankling in your noble heart,
Or dare to pull the robe aside
Which Cæsar draws his wounds to hide.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

THE AGE OF MINSTRELSY IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

A Greek girl traced the shadow of her lover's face on a sunny wall. That, says the legend, was the birth of painting. The death of one of the lions of the early world may have given birth to the twin arts of poetry and music. The barbarian returning to his village laden with the spoils of the chase, or driving before him a crowd of captives, must have a poet to rehearse his triumphs, to celebrate the strength of his arm, and the terrors of his unconquerable spear. To some such rude source we may trace back the sacred streams of poetry and music, which have flowed down to us out of unknown time. From his power of conferring a new distinction or warlike achievement, the bard or singer was held in respect. His songs were a kind of rude fame. He was the depositary of the traditions of his tribe. His memory was the archives of his people, and therein were preserved their rolls of glory. We find this singer-poet in every ancient nation, by the rainy shores of the Baltic, in the vast German forests; and everywhere he was regarded as one possessing surpassing knowledge, who had mysterious kindred with the elements, or who in solitary places hears the messages of the gods. He passed from land to land, walked into the heart of hostile tents, and sat down at the very carousals of his foes. He found a welcome in the den of the robber, or in the rush-strewn hall of the prince. When at a rich and solemn feast, the monarch was seated on the *dais*, surrounded by his earls, there was also the minstrel and his harp. What was a banquet without song and the recital of the deeds of heroes?—The wild boar's flesh was tasteless, the mead was dishwater; it could not fire the blood nor tingle the brain.

But, in the course of time, chivalry brought in the Troubadour, a more courtly and splendid personage than his predecessor, who knew another god than Odin, believed in quite a different Valhalla, and relished softer pleasures than drinking ale out of the skulls of departed warriors. Some of these were soldiers as well as minstrels, and were as cunning with the sword as with the harp-string. On the morning of Hastings, Taillefer asked and obtained permission to lead the onset. He sang in a loud voice the "Song of Roland" in the front of the Norman army, then striking spurs to his horse, he rode forward, still singing, and dashed his life out on the Saxon spears.

After the Conquest, the English kings were great patrons of poets and minstrels; and some of them were no mean brethren of the craft, and could touch the harp themselves. Richard I. was an accomplished musician, and composed verses. The story of how one of the king's minstrels, Blondell by name, rescued his master from captivity, is familiar to those acquainted with history. It was known that Richard had returned from Palestine, but no one knew in what country he was

detained. Blondell traveled through many lands in search of the king, till his wanderings led him one day to a strong castle. On inquiring, he learned that the fortress belonged to the Duke of Austria, and that it contained a single prisoner; but no one could tell him his name. The minstrel took up his place near one of the grated windows, and began to sing a song in French, which he and the king had composed together. Richard started when the familiar tones fell upon his ear, and he recognized Blondell's voice. He immediately took up the strain, and sang the remaining half. By that token Blondell knew it was the king, and returning to England, discovered to the barons where their master was imprisoned.

In the reign of Richard II., a Court of Minstrels was established, which obtained a charter, had power to enact laws, and every year elected a king to preside over them. But by the time of Elizabeth, the craft had fallen into such disrepute that the minstrel was profanely classed with "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars," and seems to have been better acquainted with the staff of the constable than the table of the rich, or the favor of princes.

But ancient Scotland was more emphatically the home of minstrelsy than England. Celtic bards frequently left their mountains and wandered through the lowlands singing their wild songs; and the inhabitants of the borders appear to have been passionately fond of listening to strains in which the struggles of clans, and the forays into England were celebrated.

Some provision seems to have been made for poets or musicians among the Celtic tribes. A piper seems to have been as indispensable to a Highland chieftain as a claymore or an eagle's feather; and a portion of the land of the tribe, called the "piper's croft," was set apart for the support of that important individual.

From these wandering minstrels the first ballads sprung. They grew up over the country like wild flowers.—Their authors wandered about the land, dwelling often under the canopy of the stars at night, hunting fairs, marekts, and all assemblies of the people; and when fortunate enough to procure a supper, or a couch of straw, paying their "lawing" with a song, and then forward on the morrow.

The form of this kind of poetry was of course necessitated by the circumstances of the minstrel and audience. They were wont to be sung on public occasions, to the harp or some other musical instrument, and in order to produce effect and sustain interest, some exploit must be the theme which flashed out far above common raids, and the skirmish of rival clans—some surpassing tragedy, which steeped the whole country-side in tears. The story, claimed, too, to be told in the most direct and natural manner, and the lighter poetic graces, precious and delightful enough in a calmer hour, were scared away by the fury of the minstrel's hand and voice. Life, as it really was, was completely unroofed. There was nothing cloaked or concealed. At once the mailed hand executed the impulse of the hot heart, in their simple songs. If a man was a scoundrel, he was made to speak and act as if he was perfectly aware of the fact, and aware, too, that the whole world knew it as well as himself. If a man was wronged by another, he run him

through the body with his sword, or cleaved him to the chin with his pole-axe, and then fled, pursued day and night, awake and asleep, in town and wilderness, by a bloody ghost. If two lovers met in a greenwood, they forgot church and holy priest, and in course of time the heron is startled from his solitary haunt, and shame and despair are at rest beneath the weeds of the pool, and a ghost with dripping hair glides into the chamber, and with hand of ice awakes the horrified betrayer from his first sleep on his bridal night.

The legends, grand and awful, were ready made, and needed but the minstrel's tune to startle the imagination with terrific horrors. Every mountain top had its terrors, and every moonless waste its wandering fires. The character of the men was itself a terror as well as a profanity. Edom O'Godon, who burned a mother and her children in their own tower, with mockery and laughter, as if agony were a jest, would, ere night, mutter an Ave to Mary Mother, as devoutly as ever a saint in the calendar ; and the moss-trooper who could impale an infant on his spear-point, would shiver at an omen which a school-boy laughs at. The full heart was its own law, good or bad; and describing these men and women, the ballad-monger, singing his tragedies in utter innocence, and in words as simple as the babble of childhood, goes to the inmost core of the matter, like the inevitable arrow of William Tell, and the tears are on the cheeks of his listener before he was aware.

This is an art which the world has lost, and which cannot be recovered until centuries are cancelled, and knights are again pricking through the greenwood, ladies sitting among the roses of their bower windows, and minstrels wandering through the country, harp in hand.

The legend of Lord Lovell and the Lady Nancy, preserved in a comparatively modern ballad, is a genuine relic from the dead age of minstrelsy. When two lovers die, they are, of course, buried together ; and out of one there springs a rose, and out of the grave of the other a brier, which, rapidly growing, continue, as a sort of poetical compensation and justice for their cruel fate, to interlace and marry their branches above the spire of the church —an aspect which, however it might astonish people now-a-days, seems to have the most touching associations for the grim moss-trooper, or the *reiver* of the marches. For centuries the floating legendary material was reshaped, added to and altered, by the changing spirit and emotion of man. Rude and formless, they are touching as some ruin on the waste, the names of whose builders are unknown; whose towers and walls, although not erected in accordance with the lights of modern architecture, affect the spirit, and fire the imagination far more than nobler and more recent piles ; for its chambers, roofless to-day, were, ages ago, tenanted by life and death, joy and sorrow; for its walls have been worn and wounded by time, its stones channelled and fretted by the fierce tears of winter rains; on broken arch and battlement, every April, for centuries, has kindled a light of desert flowers, and stands muffled in ivy, bearded with moss, and stained with *lichens*, crimson, golden and green, by the suns of forgotten summers. We are told to imitate this ; but who can recall the

strong arms and rude hearts that piled huge stone on stone? Who can simulate the hallowing of time? Who can create a ruin *to-day* with the weather-wear and lichens of five centuries upon it? But it were as easy to make a ruin in a day as to reproduce the age of minstrelsy, with moss-covered imagery, its charms, and spells, and fairy romances.

The ballads of that age being always some story, are too long for quotation in this article. We have only space for the following fragment as a specimen:

True, Thomas lay on the Huntlie Bank,
A perlie he spied with his e'e:
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding doun by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne:
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True, Thomas he pulled off his cap,
And louted low doun to his knee,
"All hail! thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O, no, O, no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elf-land,
That am hither come to visit thee."

"Harp and Carp, Thomas," she said,
Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me,"
Syne he kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

From that day for seven years Thomas was seen no more among men. He was snatched off to the hidden kingdom of the fairies. After that period he returned and scattered abroad prophecies of dool and woe to Scotland, when the fields should be harvestless, and the hare bring forth her young on the hearth-stone of the castle; of storms raging from sea to sea, of disastrous battle-fields, of the strange overflow of rivers, and the final union of the crowns. When he left Elf-land, he was bound to return at the pleasure of its Queen. One day Thomas was feasting in his own tower, when a messenger burst into the apartment, and told that a doe and fawn of wonderful beauty were peering, without fear, and silently as a dream, the streets of the little village. Thomas knew the signal, and immediately arose and followed the creatures into the forest, and was never again seen on earth. Had the Queen pined for her favorite? To what glory was he marshalled? His countrymen for centuries believed that he was still alive in a foreign land, and looked for his return. And so he will return, when the age of minstrelsy, with a hundred thousand strange and delightful things that went away with it, comes back again; but never before. Until that glad hour, fairy-land itself is extinct. The fairies all are dead and buried beneath mountains of hard, impenetrable intellectual demonstrations. The beautiful wild flowers of centuries no longer shed their perfume over a simple, believing world, being long since crushed beneath the pittiless tread of intellectual giants. The grand, the mystic time of marvellous belief—the *Age of Minstrelsy*—is no more!

TRIBUTE TO A HERO.

Written on reading General Wade Hampton's late Address to the People of South Carolina.

[BY W. W. MANN.]

Hampton with Hampden, equal heir of glory,
Shall hand in hand go down in living story;
His country's pride, shall shine in History's van,
Model of hero, patriot, and man;
His name be told by sires to list'ning sons,
Second to none—or none but Washington's!
And close to Hampton's, lit with lurid flame,
See, scrolled in blood, the ruthless Sherman's name!
Immortal, too, by Odion's title won:
Rival and peer of Attila the Hun!
Rape, murder, rapine, wasting fire and sword,
Marked the red path of Sherman and his horde.
And Desolation howls wher'er he trod.
Withered be Sherman's blood-stained wreath of fame!
Each leaf of laurel hides a thorn of shame.
Oh, name accursed! Woman shall pale with fear,
And good men hiss, when "*Sherman*" strikes the ear;
History shall shriek, as on her fatal page,
She hurls the hateful thing from age to age;
And Sherman find all pitiless as he
Inexorable, just Posterity!
For ye shall live, triad, abhorred of man,
SHERMAN and ATTILA, and GENHIS KHAN.
Tear from his brow the wreath of glorious deed!
On blood-hound's collar stamp his name, instead!
The sacred laurel, meed of hero-praise,
Would wither, scorched, upon a brow like his.
Yes, Hampton's conqueror! thy day is *now!*
To-morrow's Hampton's, and the conquered thou!
On Honor's roll, thou art not Hampton's peer.
In Glory's lists, 'tis he the Conqueror!
Brave Bayard fell, yet lives, a matchless fame,
None speak, or speak to scorn, the Bourbon's name,
So, prostrate now, to Country, Honor, true,
The modern Bayard, Sherman, "pities" you.

November 23d, 1865.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

[BY A LADY WHO SAW THEM.]

NOTWITHSTANDING much has been written, much told, and more imagined, of the evils of war, unaided by the bitter lessons of experience, human imagination is unable to conceive of its horrors.

Until lately, only upon the pages of history, and in countries where the boasted light of civilization did not shed its noontide rays, in the effulgent splendor of blinding brightness, as in this country, did we expect to find stories of crime and bloodshed, of wrong and oppression, which would chill the blood and stay the bounding pulses, as they dance in the veins cheerfully and healthfully, from the great fountain of life.

And when, after scanning these dreadful pictures, we would retire from the contemplation, our hearts would go out in thankfulness to God that we did not live then and there, it never occurred to us that in our own land, which in the vain-glorious judgment of human wisdom, we had grown to think exempt from a curse so horrible, in a land we had been taught to regard the most blessed the sun shone on; under the ægis of an independence which covered every creature to its remotest shadowings, under a government a bright exemplar to all the world, and from which all nations might glean lessons of wisdom, there would be enacted scenes so fearful, of a depravity so inconceivable, of wrong so cruel, of oppression so unnatural, of a malignity so demoniacal, that we might search in vain amid the records of modern times for a parallel.

The bitter, intense hatred, with which was urged the war of subjugation against the South, in which was included not only the males in the field, who dared to raise their hands against the foes of their own blood, but the helpless women and innocent children, were made to feel, by the most cruel experience, the manifold miseries of their unhappy condition, in a series of petty annoyances, and a refinement of cruelty worthy of the semi-barbarous Huns under the fierce Attila.

Could the women of the South, by a simultaneous effort, remove the curtain which veils the past, and reveal, in all its awful truth, the picture of their sufferings for the last four years, human nature would shrink back appalled, from a sight so terrible.

Could they, upon one immense canvas, portray the desolated homes, the ruined hearthstones, the desecrating invasion of the most sacred retreats, of womanly innocence and virgin purity, by the vile despoiler, could the frightened faithful domestics, the children crying in vain for bread, the starving mother, as she held to her breast her famishing infant, the bleeding hearts which went up in a cry to heaven, for release from agony in merciful death, and could the pale denizens of the

tomb, who went down with hearts broken by the accumulation of sorrows, step forth from their rude coffins and winding sheets, and with the pencil made bold in the real freedom of the life beyond the grave, dipped in the blood of their martyred sisters, and the innocent children, add a touch here and there to the grim picture, or depict their own experiences of the horrors endured by them in the fiery scourge of war, from every woman who carries in her breast a woman's heart, there would arise a universal cry to a retributive heaven for vengeance.

It remains for the women of the South to tell the women of the North, the women of all countries, what is meant, under a government which vaunts republicanism, by *civil war!*

Let them listen, as some of us have listened, to stories of the women of New Orleans, under the reign of terror inaugurated by the redoubtable hero, now so carefully corked away from further mischief, by Gen. Grant, in the safety of his bottle retreat. Let them lend an ear to the vile insults which polluted the ears ot women as gentle, refined, and lady-like as themselves.

Let them go to the wretched, poverty-stricken, wandering daughters of the once beautiful, flourishing and happy Valley of the Mississippi, and listen to the sorrowful reports *they* have to make, of what they once were, and to what war has reduced *them*, and see if unmoved theydare to say it was deserved, it was right!

Let them follow the track of the invader, as pointed out in the desolation of the wasted soil of Georgia and South Carolina, and in their passage ask the daughters of those sunny and once peaceful and happy climes, what tales they have to tell of *civil war.* Pointing to the desert waste all around and before them, the answer will be of arson, murder, theft and crimes the tongue of woman likes not to mention, and the pen of woman dare not record.

Let them come then into the Old Dominion, ask the daughters of Virginia have they no notes of joyous sound to strike upon a harp that vibrates tones of universal sadnes, and alas, a deeper, wilder, more terrific clash of agony bursts forth from the harp-strings, and in the wild music are heard the woeful notes as they ring in mournful changes, misery and death! misery and death! And as that sad diapason dies away upon the harp-strings, anon bursts out poverty and wretchedness! and as these mournful notes swell and break, from another chord is heard, homeless, widowed, childless! and from a chorus of gentle wailing, infant voices innumerable, is heard the plaintive cry, orphaned! and further off, as if in the ear of heaven alone, she would whisper the dread secret, the harp takes up the broken-hearted lone as the maiden sighs—despoiled!

This is no fancy picture, conjured up by a diseased imagination; no fantasy of the brain, taking shape in horrid night-mare, no cunningly-wrought fiction to awaken pity or excite imagination; nor is it the result of a morbid propensity to retail stories of the terrible or forbidden; but only a faint shadowing forth of the sufferings of the women of the South, during the late cruel war. Would to God it were so; we should greatly prefer to be a

dealer in terrible fiction than in facts so horrible.

Among the many stories of crime ruthlessly perpetrated by those who invaded the South, to which we have listened, until the indignant blood tingled to our finger's ends, there is only one we can now take time to notice.

In a certain section of one of the southern States, distinguished for the refinement, hospitality, and intelligence of the citizens of that peculiar locality, was the beautiful residence of a young man of wealth, who, not two years before the commencement of the war, bore to his home a youthful and lovely bride So young, so innocent, so pure, it would be thought impossible to meditate harm against such a being. Obedient to the voice of patriotism, he was one of the first to volunteer his services to the country when the need for them seemed apparent to him ; but not without a struggle to leave a home which to him was an Eden.

Alone, with only her faithful servants to bear her company, the young wife bore the burden of separation, cheerfully and heroically. When the winter came on, and the earth was mantled with snow, and the icicles hung their prismatic pendants upon the eaves of the houses, and upon the leafless branches of the trees, and they glimmered in the sunlight like myriads of diamonds of the purest water, there came into the nest of the young wife a tender fledgling, a little snow-bird, a tiny infant to charm away the weariness of the husband's absence.

This precious treasure had been only two days in her possession when, weak and feeble as the little life to which her own was so firmly bound, there was conveyed to her the dreadful tidings that the invaders were at her door and demanded admittance. The shock almost deprived her of sensibility. Without the strength or thought of refusal, they were permitted to enter, and passing from room to room, they ripped open and destroyed the bed, appropriating for their own use every blanket, all the bed-linen, every towel and napkin they could lay their hands on, all the silver, not previously secreted, in wanton vandalism destroyed the most cherished portraits of friends long since dead, and every article of vertu, broke and mutilated furniture of all descriptions, appropriated everything of eatables, which had been provided lavishly by the husband for the use of his family, during his absence, (except enough to prevent immediate starvation,) and after all this destruction, demanded admittance into the chamber of the helpless woman.

To this she made objection and a feeble effort at resistance, dreading, with all a woman's delicacy, to have the sanctity of her chamber profaned by their defiling presence.

With the rudest oaths and threats they forced the door that barred their entrance, when, under the pretext of searching for concealed weapons, they drove the poor terrified young mother from her bed, who, clasping her infant in her arms, stood trembling, almost dead, before the brutal gang of desperadoes which had sacked her house.

Remorselessly ripping up the bed, from which these brave defenders of their country's best interests had driven a helpless and defenseless woman, they dragged it into the yard around the house, and emptying out the feathers of which it was made, saw them,

with pleasure boundless, scattered by the winds Then, after a careful search of the lady's wardrobe, and a soldierly appropriation of jewelry and other articles of woman's apparel, to send home, perhaps, as trophies of chivalrous valor, in an attack upon the house of a defenseless and bed-ridden woman, they mercifully and condescendingly left the *blankets* with which to cover herself and her infant, and with their *honest* (*?*) *gains* left her to live or die, they cared not which. She yet lives, however, mercifully cared for by a kind Providence in her hour of need.

Through force, or persuasion, they succeeded in carrying with them certain of the domestics of the establishment, who soon growing tired of their new masters, found means, in a short time, to make their way back to their former home.

Were this an isolated instance of cruelty and inhumanity to the women and children of the South, it would of itself be sufficient to arouse the indignation of every true woman, of every noble-hearted man, who claims to be made in the image of God , but when it finds its parallel in the experience of thousands, all virtuous hearts ache with sympathy—and from the Eternal, into whose ear is poured the cries of anguish from the sorrow-stricken daughters of our land, there comes back the response, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

THE SNOW.

The snow! the snow! ere yet the flowers
That deck the dying year are blown ;
Ere yet to sport in southern bowers
The warblers of the wood are gone;
Or, tired of Summer's robes of green,
Brown Autumn donned her russet sheen.

The snow! the snow! in mimic chase
The starry flakes to earth descend ;
On verdant meads they fall apace,
And leafy boughs in forests bend—
As sinks the youthful heart that knows,
The pressure of untimely woes.

The snow! the snow! What golden fruits
In silver hoods the orchard bears;
While pinnocks here in brilliant suits
Seem ruddy youths with hoary hairs,
Or blushing cheeks of crimson now
Beneath an alabaster brow.

The snow! the snow! In childhood's hours,
When purest bliss from fancy springs,
I've thought its spires enchanted towers—
Its pearly wreaths seemed seraphs' wings,
Or bridal robes in fairy's hall—
But now, 'tis Natures funeral pall.

The snow! the snow! Its charms have fled,
And age bids sadder visions rise—
Of cherished hopes untimely sped,
Of radiant smiles transformed to sighs,
Of buried joys, and tears of woe—
And now I dread the falling snow.

R. R., VA.

LIEUT. GEN. THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

BY A MEMBER OF HIS STAFF.

The illustrious subject of this hasty sketch, whose portrait we present to the readers of The Old Guard this month, has occupied, during the earlier period of the late war for southern independence and liberty, no small share of the curiosity and attention of the public, and which is by no means diminished by the fact of his death.—Sharing with Gen. Lee the high esteem and veneration of the army of Northern Virginia, and the Southern Confederacy generally, and due to the equal purity of his character, both public and private, and blamelessness of life, his death caused no small sympathy and mourning throughout the South, where the Angel of Death was already stalking by day through the land, and reaping so large a harvest among the good and true ; where hardly a family was not already mourning and bewailing the untimely and rude end of some cherished member of the family fold. War calls for sacrifices of life and substance, and though our hearts might be nigh unto breaking, even such sacrifices were made willingly and cheerfully, if by such price the inestimable boon of liberty, and freedom from northern rule and tyranny could be attained.

Occurring, too, at a time when Gen. Lee was most in need of the strong and sustaining arm of Stonewall Jackson, upon whom depended, in no small degree, the result of the engagement with the Federal host under General Hooker, and the subsequent success or failure of the campaign just opening, and no less the successful termination of the appeal to the God of Battles, the country and cause lost in him one of its most brilliant defenders. His loss could not be made up, though it was vainly hoped the mantle of the immortal Jackson would settle on the shoulders of some one worthy to perpetuate his fame, and successfully carry the old and ever famous Second Corps to victory and honorable peace ; one by whom the deeds of Stonewall Jackson would be repeated and multiplied, and thus maintain the ascendancy which southern valor and immortal gallantry had won for itself. How much these wishes and desires were disappointed, the living to-day bear the most ample testimony. The proud and glorious old standard of the southern cause, christened with the best blood of the nation, which Jackson had ever led to victory, was soon to grow dim, and the gallant survivors of the triumphs of Kernstown, of Winchester, of Cross Keys and Port Republic, to weep the dishonor that had befallen the proud record of their valor and patriotism.

Whatever may be the views entertained of the justice and equity of the southern cause, no one will dispute the

surpassing gallantry of its military advocates, and among them all, the prominence of General Jackson. As such, then, his earlier life is of some interest, and anything pertaining to him will be sought for with avidity by all who do honor and homage to the memory of a Christian gentleman and gallant soldier.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg, Harrison county, Va. His father, a lawyer, died when young Jackson was only some three years of age, leaving his family in very reduced circumstances. Thus, at the very opening of life, Jackson was made to learn the hard lessons of poverty and privation, and which in after years were destined to play so important a part in the composition of the man. Denied by Dame Fortune the means which others, less capable, have squandered and frittered away, young Jackson endeavored to supply these deficiencies by honest and faithful toil, and by the constant and steady application to his duties, soon won for himself an enviable character and reputation. Soon after the death of his parents, he removed to the home of an uncle, residing in Lewis county, where he remained until nearly seventeen years of age, laboring during the summer upon the farm, and endeavoring to gain such rudiments of a common English education as was afforded by an ordinary country school during the winter. Here he distinguished himself by his intense perseverance and application. His orphan condition excited no little sympathy from his neighbors, and the high character he had won for himself by a young life of industry, integrity and honor, so won him the confidence and good will of the surrounding people, that at the age of sixteen he was elected constable of Lewis county, the duties of which office he discharged with intelligence, and credit to himself.

Through the kindness and instrumentality of some political friends, at the age of seventeen, young Jackson was appointed a cadet at the West Point Military Academy, for which appointment he had made previous application, and had even started to walk from his uncle's house in Lewis county to Washington City, to push his fortunes. He entered the Military Academy in 1842, and graduated with moderate distinction in 1846. Breveted Second Lieutenant of Artillery, and ordered to report for immediate duty to General Zachary Taylor, then operating in Mexico; he remained with him until the arrival of General Winfield Scott, when he was transferred to the command of the latter. To his distinction for good conduct and gallantry during the Mexican War, his frequent and complimentary brevets bear the most ample testimony, and gave fair promise of future usefulness and distinction. Promoted to a First Lieutenancy in Magruder's Battery, in August, 1847, he was breveted Captain for good services rendered at Contreras and Cherubusco, on the 20th of the same month, and again as Major, for good service at Chepultepec in September, 1847. Throughout, he had signally distinguished himself for gallantry, and had here, as in his former life, won for himself the good will and esteem of his brother officers.

Returning from Mexico at the close of the war, he continued to serve his country until 1852, when, on account

of failing health, engendered by exposure to the enervating climate of Mexico, he was compelled to resign his commission in the army, and accepted the proffered position of professor at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. If his career in the army was marked by his gallantry, it was no less so here by his constant and systematic application, and attention to his duties as professor. Educated a soldier at a polished institute, and applying the theoretical lessons learned to actual service, the habits of the soldier remained with him, and his exactitude in all things was the cause of no small annoyance to him from the unruly youngsters whom Major Jackson was destined in part to fight his ever memorable battles with. Shortly after assuming the duties of his professorship at Lexington, he married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Washington College, and upon her death married Miss Morrison, of North Carolina. A daughter is the only living issue of either marriage.

The breaking out of the war in 1861 found Jackson still engaged in the peaceful duties of his professorship. The intervening years of rest and quiet had given more expansion to a mind by no means shallow, and had given rest and recuperation to a frame much shattered by his Mexican campaigns, preparing him for a full display of those faculties and powers which have rendered him ever famous in the annals of war. Commissioned as Colonel, by Governor Letcher, in the State troops of Virginia, soon after the passage of the ordinance of secession by the Virginia Convention, he was assigned to the command of the small army of observation, near Harper's Ferry, which place had been attacked and captured by the local troops raised by the State, and he remained there, watching the movements of the Federals, and perfecting the organization and discipline of his small command, until relieved by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Placed now under Confederate authority, he was directed to watch the movements of Gen. Patterson, who, with a vastly superior force, was threatening the lower valley of the ever famons Shenandoah. Manœuvering for some time in front of Patterson, he soon made that gentleman aware that Jackson and his raw troops were not to be despised, by inflicting a small disaster near Falling Waters, which, though unimportant in itself, and when compared with subsequent operations, hardly dignified by the name of a skirmish, nevertheless, caused Patterson to be more careful and circumspect in his movements. The heavy hand of Jackson was laid upon him once or twice in a manner which he did not much relish, or speedily forget. Meanwhile, operations were rapidly culminating near Manassas, where Gen. Beauregard was confronting the then immense Federal army Jackson, with his brigade, now the historic "Stonewall" brigade, he having been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, was ordered, with other troops composing Johnston's command, to the succor of Beauregard, who, attacked by the enemy near Manassas, was sorely pressed. The hard and stubborn fighting of Jackson and his small command contributed no small share to the victory achieved over the impudent foe, who came with all the pomp and glory of a well-appointed host, and the paraphernalia of

a modern picnic excursion, to see the total discomfiture of "the rebels, and crush at one blow the rebellion." The southerners, however, had a "beau regarde" for them, a "bee" stung and annoyed them much, and a "stone wall" had been placed across the road these gallants intended to travel.

Transferred soon after to the command of the "Valley District," Jackson successfully encountered the columns of Banks, Fremont and Shields, and in the brief space of three months closed a brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. Called to Richmond to participate in the sanguinary struggles for the defense of the Confederate capital, he made his ubiquitous presence known by falling like a thunderbolt upon McClellan's right flank, and contributed perhaps more than any other commander, to the total discomfiture of Gen. McClellan. Encountering next the man whose headquarters were to be in the saddle, he successfully marred the projects of the Federal War Department by nearly annihilating Pope; and with the remainder of the Army of Northern Virginia, he crossed into Maryland. Detached by Gen. Lee for the capture of Harper's Ferry, he had the honor of compelling its surrender, almost in the face of Gen. McClellan, and with his command assisted at Sharpsburg. Punishing the Federals severely at Sheppardstown, he rejoined Gen. Lee at Fredericksburg, and commanding the right wing of the army, repulsed and severely punished each attack of the enemy, and contributed largely to the victory over Burnside.

As if the hand of death were already upon him, he employed the winter months of '62–3 in writing the reports of his operations, all of which were completed, save his report of the battle of Fredericksburg, when Gen. Hooker advanced upon Chancellorville. Wounded by the fire of his own men on the night of May 2, 1863, being mistaken for the enemy, he died at Guinea Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, on the Thursday succeeding the battle of Chancellorville, from pneumonia having set in. Thus ended the mortal career of the greatest general the war has produced.

To compare him with any of those generals on either side who have gained a reputation—and they are very few—is impossible, at least in as brief a sketch of his services to the Confederate States as this must necessarily be; as there is no one to compare him with. As a military chieftain, he will rank in future times preeminent above all cotemporaries, and when a more perfect knowledge of the war shall become known, and prejudice and envy are buried with those who feel them, some one more capable and more gifted will do honor and justice to the illustrious Virginian. His deeds will live and be treasured as precepts to follow, while the very names of the Butlers and Popes will be forgotten and unrecorded, save in the calendar of infamy. His State demanded from him the sacrifice of his life, and he gave it cheerfully, and without a murmur. He died as he had lived—a thorough and sincere Christian and gentleman.

PEACE TO HIS SOUL.

EDITOR S TABLE.

—The Norfolk *Virginian* calls THE OLD GUARD "an inharmonious magazine." "Inharmonious" with what? The object of THE OLD GUARD, as set forth on the title-page, is to defend the principles of 1776 and 1787, and we think it will be found, in all respects, perfectly "harmonious" with those principles. And of course it will be "inharmonious" with whatever is in opposition to those sacred principles. It is particularly "inharmonious" with the massive despotism that has overthrown the Constitution of the United States, and which proposes to establish and perpetuate the same relations between the northern and southern States of this country that exist between Russia and Poland. This magazine is indeed very "inharmonious" with everything that violates the Constitution of the United States. In the conflict between the North and the South it is not partizan, any further than the principles of self-government and constitutional liberty are concerned. In defense of those principles we know no North and no South. We admire the sentiments of Pompey, in his speech to his soldiers at Pharsalia, that "a good man's country is the place of his liberty," and we have no respect for any man, wherever he may reside, who by any word or look, gives countenance to the cause of oppression. We have denounced the violators of the Constitution and laws of our country for the last four years, in the midst of mobs and riots, and threats of imprisonment, and of death; and we have not now one word to recant, nor one whit less detestation of the oppressor, or the coward, or the venial suppliant at the seat of illegal power. We conduct this magazine for no *section*, but for the brave and true men of our *whole country*; and we expect to continue to be particularly "inharmonious" with every measure which proposes to accept the brute results of illegal war as a final settlement of law and right. We hope that our cotemporary of the Norfolk *Virginian* will do us the justice to confess that we are truly "harmonious" with the great objects and purposes for which THE OLD GUARD was started.

—An exchange suggests that instead of calling the party in power Republicans, we call them the *Oligarchy*. Well, oligarchy is literally *government by a few*. But we can suggest a better name for that party, though we have to make it, and that is *Nigrarchy*. This word we compose of *niger*, black, and *arche*, government, *i.e.*, a *government of blacks;* the word should be pronounced *nig-rarchy*. Is it not a good and proper name for the party in power? It is far more appropriate than *Republican*, for these *nigrarchists* are in no respectable sense *republicans*—or there is still another name, which is used by Aristotle, and that is *Ochlocracy, i. e., government of the mob*. That precisely describes the administration of the late Mr. Lincoln. Every inch of territory under his rule was a *mob*—a *rabblement*. It was exactly what Aristottle means by a *Ochlorchy*. But now, as matters have settled a little, we see that they are determined to change the republic into a *Nigrarchy*. Why not settle upon that as the proper name for the party? It is now about time, according to its practice, to take a new name.

—There are some good easy souls who profess not to be of the radical faction, but are for "opening the door of franchise to the negro as an experiment." The same door was opened in Hayti seventy-five years ago, and they have *franchised* themselves all the way back to African savagism—even to worshipping green snakes and eating human flesh. The same door was opened in Jamaica about thirty years ago, and we have just had a bright and shining example of the use they have made of their privileges. For one, we propose to be satisfied with the experiments the world has already made in this

matter. Aristotle says that "*the whole ancient civilized world looked upon the negroes as an effeminate race, unable to govern themselves; who were slaves by nature, and little different from the beasts.*" The father of history describes them precisely as they are found to exist at the present day; proving that, left to themselves, they have made no more advancement from their original condition than the ape races of Africa. And with this experience and testimony of generations, there are those who want to *experiment* with this race. The experiment has been made for many thousand years, and here is the proof before us, that except as held up, directed and controlled by the white race, the negroes are incapable of civilization, as there are some wild beasts which can never be tamed. What folly to fight with the ordination of God in such matters! One inspired asked, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" No, nor his nature either. God has marked him as a distinct race, and has imposed the most awful penalties upon the union or amalgamation of the two races. The attempt to blend the two races in equality is simply physical, mental, moral, and political ruin of both. If this experiment is to be further tried at the expense of the country, we propose that the Congress shall purchase some one of the most salubrious of the Guano Islands, and let such gentlemen as Sumner, Wilson, Thad. Stevens and Chase select any number of comely black wenches which may suit their taste, and take them to this happy island, and make the experiment to their hearts' content, and let the world have the benefit of the result. But let us not Haytiize and Jamaicaize the United States in making so foul and foolish an experiment.

The New York *Tribune* styles the negroes who have been hung in Jamaica for the brutal murder of so many white people, "*martyrs.*" It sets up a wail of grief that the laws have been vindicated in the just punishment of the African butchers. The spirit of the *Tribune*, in this matter, is shared by a large majority of the Republican leaders. They are the same wretches that proclaimed the old horse-thief, burglar, and assassin, John Brown, *a martyr*. From such men it were a weakness to expect anything better than the display of the savage instincts of the negroes themselves. If the negroes in the southern States cannot be fired up to deeds of massacre, it will not be for want of the encouragement of such men as Greely, Sumner, and the Republican leaders generally. But woe to the Abolitionists whenever their black allies shall commence the work of slaughter!

—Several gentlemen representing different parts of the State of Arkansas recently honored Gen. Sherman with an invitation to address them. In his remarks he told them that whether they wanted "peace or not they should have it; for we have it in our power to enforce it." Perhaps those who invited Gen. Sherman supposed he was a gentleman—they found their mistake. Nor do we much pity them. Had any General in the French or English army in the Crimean war made war as Sherman did in the South, he would have been cashiered, if not shot. Sherman was a house-burner, a church-burner, a destroyer of private property, and a scourger of defenseless women and children. The men of Arkansas, who invited him to address them, we think deserved the insult they received.

—A cotemporary says that "President Johnson's Minister to Chili, Gen. Kilpatrick, has been publicly charged with being a liar by the Hon. John B. Haskin, and it looks as though he intends to leave the country with this stain resting upon him." Well, let us hope that Kilpatrick's being a liar won't hurt him for the post he is to fill. Sir Henry Wotton defined an ambassador: "one who is sent to lie for the good of his country." If the minister to Chili can only so far reform his life as to lie only for the *good* of his country, we ought to rejoice at the miraculous conversion.

—Edward Everett, a few months before his death, in a speech introducing a cunning sharper, by the name of Col. Taylor, of Tennessee, spoke as follows of the Tennessee River: "After kissing the feet of the glorious Chattanooga, instead of flowing into the Gulf, it coquettes with Northern Alabama, and then breaks into muscle shoals." Is not that worthy of the most celebrated word-monger we ever had in the United States?

—A Republican paper of this city tells us that "President Johnson will take Jackson for his model in all things." Then it is high time that he pitched in right and left at our worthless, irredeemable, shin-plaster currency, for the following was Jackson's theory upon that subject:

"The Constitution of the United States unquestionably intended to secure to the people a circulating medium of gold and silver.

"I am and ever have been opposed to all kinds of Government paper currency, let it be derived from exchequer or otherwise.

"A national paper currency is a great curse to the laborer of the country, for its depreciation always falls upon the laborer."

We sincerely hope President Johnson will follow Jackson as his model man, and we hope he will not permit the advocates of gambling I. O. U's. for currency to hold him back from a full performance of his duty. If he is going to follow Jackson, he must knock these monstrous United States Banks higher than a kite.

—The melancholy news of the suicide of the Hon. Preston King has gone into every part of the country; but the fact that the unhappy man was driven by remorse to commit the fatal act has been kept from the public. But there is no doubt that Mr. King permitted the horrible condition of our country to prey upon his mind until life became a burden. He did not disguise his fears that the system of free government established by our fathers is at an end. And though one of the best of his party, he had no small share in the fatal results. He showed no signs of insanity except remorse and despair. Even after he had tied the two shot-bags around his neck in such a manner as to be concealed by his coat, and while on the way to throw himself into the river, he conversed as calmly and as rationally as ever in his life. The truth is that despair and remorse drove him to commit the fatal act. And now affectionately we recommend to Seward and Stanton to read and ponder well, and religiously practice, the command of our Saviour in the last clause of the 37th verse of the 10th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke.

—There is a passage in *Childe Harold* which, with the substitution of the word North for France, is exactly suited to our country at the present time:

"The North got drunk with blood to vomit crime;
And fatal will her saturnalia be,
To freedom's cause in every age and clime."

—Until the abhorred system of despotic force, introduced by the party in power, is overthrown, the oppressed millions of the old world may just as well turn their longing eyes towards Russia or Austria as to the United States. This country used to be called the refuge for the oppresssed of every clime. Good God! what is it now? One half held down at the mercy of the bayonets of the other half, and the victorious section gnashing its teeth with despotic vengeance, and threatening, shouting, and blaspheming like devils! It needs a man with faith like mountains to believe that this is really America!—the free, happy America!—the land of Washington and liberty! Alas! what is it now but the land of negroes and their white allies? America no more, but a new Africa!

—The Philadelphia *Press* tells its readers that "the English *Parliament* and the American *Congress* are words of the same meaning." Not so; Parliament is derived from three French words, *Parler la ment, i.e., to speak one's mind.* Congress is derived from two Latin words, *con*, together, and *gradior*, to go, *to go together—i. e.*, a meeting or assembly. What is now called the Parliament of England was, in the time of the Saxon Kings, called *Witenage Mote, i. e., The Great Meeting.* It was also called the *Wise Mote*, or assembly of the wise men and sages of the land. But this name would never do for our Congress, which is composed, for the most part, of the maddest, most foolish, and reckless demagogues in all the land. Take from it some twenty names which might be mentioned, and there would not be left another man of character or ability.

—A base fellow who mails his missive at Salem, Oregon, writes us a letter containing but one sign of shame, and that is that he does not give his name. From the indecency, vulgarity, and downright obscenity of his letter, we have little doubt that he is the leading Republican of that place. From the frequent mention of "my negro," we pre

sume that he was a Lincoln soldier who had the courage to steal a negro. Perhaps our subscribers in Salem will be able to identify him.

—During Mr. Lincoln's occupancy of the White House, Congress made seven appropriations, amounting in all to *seventy thousand dollars*, to repair and furnish the executive mansion. And now Thad. Stevens introduces a resolution that $30,000 are wanted immediately to put the furniture, &c., of the Mansion in decent repair. Now one of two conclusions is inevitable. Mr. Lincoln's family illustrated too literally the saying about *hogs in a parlor*, or there was some tremendous stealing by somebody. The appropriation now demanded will make *one hundred thousand dollars* expended by the Republican party in five year, to keep the furniture of the White House in repair. This is more than the Democratic party expended for the same purpose since the building of the White House. Is this fearful waste of the people's money to be reckoned among the necessities of war? But let us not be supposed to intimate that this vast outlay has not been necessary ; for we conceive it very possible that the vulgar, ill-bred, and generally dirty company which surrounded the late Mr. Lincoln would spoil any house so far as to render it uninhabitable by a gentleman.

—The charges against Richard II., King of England, on which he was condemned as guilty of high treason, were, *retaining spies and saying that he was master of his subject's estates.* How far have we fallen back in the knowledge of just government since that time. The government of this country, under Lincoln's administration, was simply a *government of spies.* During the last year of his administration there were over *three thousand spies* in his pay ; and did he not claim that not only the property of the people was all liable to his use, if it was wanted for taxes, but that even the bodies and lives of all the people, between certain ages, were at his disposal. There has not been a time in England, for two hundred years, when a King could do the things Lincoln did, and keep the head on his shoulders twenty weeks. The *despotism* which is still practiced by the Federal Administration, has had no match in England for a century and a half. And yet there are silly folks who boast of *our freedom.*

—A negro-equalitist, talking of patriotism, is like a *crow* decked in the feathers of an eagle.

—A Turkish sage said: "Fear God, and be ashamed of mankind." We sincerely wish to do the one, and when we see what is passing in our country, we are compelled to do the other.

—A truly "*loyal*" person is a fellow who believes that *the negro is as good as a white man ;* believes in *arbitrary arrests ;* in *military trials ;* in *false imprisonment :* and *who hates the old Union and the Constitution,* even to disgust.

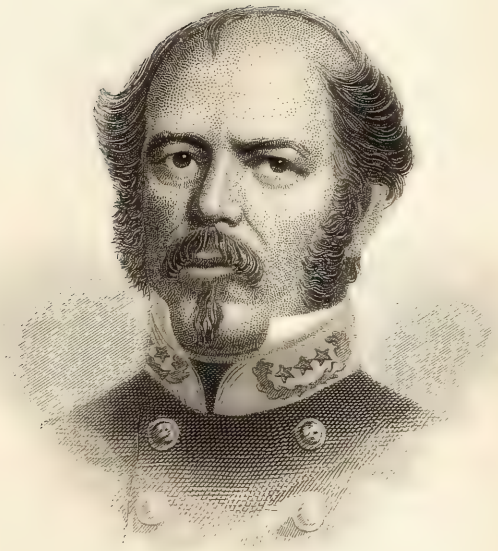
—"*Manhood suffrage*" is the genteel name by which the Republican papers designate *negro voting.* Whtie suffrage is still simply called "*voting,*" but a negro at the polls presents the sublime spectacle of *manhood suffrage.*

—Republican losses in the last fall election may be thus set down :

Ohio	76,000
Iowa	23,000
Vermont	12,000
Connecticut	17,000
Pennsylvania	14,000
Total in five States	142,000

And yet there are those deluded mortals who think the Democratic party is dead. It will yet make a mighty scattering among the Republicans—for a dead man.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial,* a Republican paper, bitterly complains that while all the forts about Washington are being dismantled, a military guard is still kept up by Stanton around his own private house, and of course at the people's expense. Such a fact is undoubtedly mortifying enough, but it is not surprising. Stanton must go to his grave, even if he lives to be as old as Mathuselah, haunted by an appalling sense of his deserts. For more than four years he has been the bloody and congenial tool of Seward's cunning and covert malice. There is crime enough on his soul to damn a thousand men.



LT GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON

THE OLD GUARD,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—MARCH, 1866.—No. III.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

One of the most brilliant geniuses that illumined the declining glory of Rome was the poet Marcus Annæs Lucan, who was born in the reign of Caligula, and in the 37th year of Christ. Notwithstanding his transcendent genius, but little mention is made of his name by any of the Roman writers of his times, a circumstance which must probably be explained by the fact that Lucan was a great lover of liberty, and a stout hater of tyranny, in whatever shape it lifted its hydra head. Before Lucan began to write, the monster Caligula had died, and was succeeded by the still greater monster, Nero. So that, however much the cotemporaries of Lucan may have admired his genius and his virtues, they might have been deterred from praising him through dread of Nero. Quintilian, who was born 35 years later, says that Lucan is to be ranked among orators rather than poets; by which, however, we are not to suppose that he meant to say that Lucan was not to be admired as a poet, but rather that he excelled in the qualities of an orator. It is said that he declaimed in public, both in Greek and Latin, with great applause, when he was but fourteen years old. As he was nephew of the great philosopher, Seneca, we may be sure that he enjoyed every advantage which learning and excellent training could bestow. As Seneca was the tutor of Nero, the young poet enjoyed the acquaintance and the friendship of Nero as long as he was worthy of the respect of a man of Lucan's virtues. And the first three years of Nero's reign, while he scorned not to be guided by the councils of the great and good Seneca, were free from every stain that marked the remainder of that monster's days. When he put off the disguises of virtue, and exhibited the dark qualities of his nature in their true light, he lost the friendship of the poet, and by a natural instinct of tyranny, became the enemy of every man whose love of liberty and virtue could not be corrupted. So Nero hated and dreaded the excellence of Lucan as profoundly as the poet abhorred the tyranny of Nero. But the tyrant, for

the moment, had the best of the poet, for he caused him to be put to death as a conspirator; but time has long since reversed all that, and given over Nero to the universal contempt and horror of mankind, while Lucan, his victim, rises perpetually in the radiance of fame, and leaves a name in the world that shall last as long as the love of liberty survives in the human breast.

Lucan wrote a poem on the burning of Rome, in which it is said he did not spare Nero, who set it on fire; but this work was not permitted to survive the poet. The *Pharsalia* is the only work of the author's which has descended to our times, and is probably the only long poem written by him; and even this was not finished at the time of his death, when he was but twenty-six years of age.

The *Pharsalia* is an historical and heroic poem, in ten books, which claims to be a faithful account of the civil wars of the Commonwealth of Rome, which terminated on the plains of Pharsalia, where Cæsar defeated Pompey, and made himself master of the world. Cæsar's victory was the fall of the Commonwealth, and the beginning of the empire which rose upon its ruins.

With despair, almost with rage, Lucan opens his poem, by a description of the avarice, dissensions, and fallen virtues of the Roman people previous to the loss of their liberties:

"Rome, ever fond of war, was tired of ease;
Even liberty had lost the power to please:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedness persuade:
Hence impious power was first esteemed a good,
Worth being sought with arms, and bought with blood:
With glory tyrants did their country awe,
And violence prescribed the rule of law.
Hence, pliant, servile voices, were constrained,
And force in popular assemblies reigned;
Consuls and Tribunes, with opposing might,
Joined to confound and overthrow the right:
Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:
Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence debt unthrifty, careless to repay,
And wrong still watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort."

If we did not know that Lucan was describing the condition of Rome, just before the fall of the Republic, should we not be led to believe that he had a future-seeing eye upon our own debased and wretched country at the present time? If we did not know it to be history, we should take it for prophecy. With a master's hand the poet goes on to unveil the mighty cunning and hypocrisy of Cæsar, who overthrew the Commonwealth while professing to defend and preserve it. While planting deep the foundations of his usurpation, and preparing to overthrow the constitution and laws of Rome, he boldly assails Pompey, the real friend of the Republic, as a usurper, a tyrant, and a violator of the laws. With hypocritical piety he invokes the gods to witness his love of liberty and Rome, and his resolve to serve both with his sword and life. Cæsar had purchased the base but brilliant orator, Curio, to harangue the populace in his praise, and in abuse of Pompey; that is, to make Cæsar's speech to the crowd, which Lucan gives at length, concluding with these words:

"The righteous gods shall surely own the cause,
Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,
And save from slavery submissive Rome."

The effect of Curio's adroit and lying speech upon the multitude is thus described by Lucan:

"He said; a doubtful, sullen, murm'ring sound
Ran through the unresolving vulgar round;
The seeds of piety their rage restrained;
And somewhat of their country's love remained;
These the rude passions of their soul withstood,
Elate with conquest, and inured to blood:
But soon the momentary virtue failed,
And war, and dread of Cæsar's power prevailed."

Do we not painfully feel how literally these events in Rome, nearly two thousand years ago, have been acted over again in our own country within the past five years? In the name of the Commonwealth of Rome, the Commonwealth was overthrown, and in the name of *liberty*, liberty was destroyed; just as in this wretched country, in the name of the Union, the Union has been subverted, and in the name of liberty and justice, liberty and justice have perished together. Had the deceived, the cheated people of Rome seen through the specious professions of Cæsar, and understood that under the cloak of preserving the Republic, he was really throwing it down, they would never have left it for the dagger of the virtuous Brutus to free their country of the usurper. So also, could the masses of this country have understood, what is now apparent to all, that, under the pretense of *saving the Union*, Lincoln, Seward, and their fellow-conspirators, were really overthrowing every principle of that sacred Union, and shedding the people's blood for no other purpose than the liberation of the negroes, they would have nobly resisted the illegal and despotic conscription, and left the negro-equalizing traitors to fight their own disgraceful battles, or abandon their abhorrent schemes. But unfortunately for our country, these cunning usurpers so effectually concealed their real designs until the popular feeling was drawn after them, that the few men of intellect and patriotism, who could not be cheated, raised their voices in vain. The American populace was like that of Rome during the stealthy progress of Cæsar's usurpation, as described by Lucan in this extract, when doubt, amazement, and dread of the bloody power paralyzed their senses, and stripped them of all manly virtue and courage.

Lucan dwells upon this debasement of his countrymen with a mind of wrath and scorn. He lashes their supineness without mercy, and boldly invokes eternal war rather than submission to despotic rule. He tells them that peace means the loss of liberty, and that war was the people's only hope of freedom:

"Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O, Rome!
Thy peace must with a lordly master come.
Protract destruction, or defy the chain;
The sword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain."

Such is the spirit that breathes and burns in all the ten books of Lucan's poem. He not only lashes tyrants without mercy, but everywhere berates and pummels, and scorns the base and cowardly people, who patiently submit, instead of rising up in their unquenchable wrath and slaying all ty

rants. There were, during all this period of falling Rome, no small number of orators and poets, who could not be silenced by all the vast machinery of despotism. Nor was it without a last word for liberty and a last blow for the tyrant that the free-speaking men of those times were silenced. Tacitus gives the defense of Cremutius Cordus, who was arraigned by the order of the Emperor Tiberius for the crime of having called Cassius the last of the Romans—an old expression, but one which rankled ever new in the remembering bosom of Tiberius. Beneath the beetling brow of Tiberius he recounted the freedom with which Cicero praised Cato, with which Livy eulogized Brutus and this very Cassius, with which Bibaculus and Catullus published their satires on the Cæsars; and as he went out of the Senate to put an end to his doomed life by starvation, he flung upon the monarch these last words: "Nor, if condemnation be pronounced against me, will there be wanting those who will call to mind not only the memory of Brutus and Cassius, but *mine*." Alas! where in this degenerate age can we turn our eyes to find a hero like this? Yet Rome, even in its worst condition, was full of such brave and excellent spirits.

Lucan draws a picture of the defeat of Dometrius, and his offered pardon by Cæsar, in these burning lines:

"What greater grief can on a Roman seize,
Than to be forced to live on terms like these?
To be forgiven fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cause!
Struggling with rage, undaunted he represt
The swelling passions of his laboring breast.
Thus murmuring to himself: What thou to Rome,
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home?
To war, to battle, to destruction fly,
And haste as it becomes thee well to die;
Provoke the worst effects of deadly sttife,
And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift—this life."

And in the following awful lines Lucan laments that Rome had ever tasted the sweets of liberty, only to realize with greater horror the heavy weight of tyranny:

"Why were we ever free? Oh! why has heaven
A short-lived, transitory blessing given?
Of thee first Brutus, justly we complain!
Why didst thou break thy groaning country's chain,
And end the proud, lacivious tyrant's reign?"

As the dagger of the "First Brutus" had freed Rome of the life of a tyrant, the Roman people not only cherished his memory with an affection amounting almost to idolatry, but they naturally turned their eyes upon his descendent, the Brutus of Cæsar's time, for another similar blow for "liberty, and Rome." They openly called for "another Brutus." "O, Brutus! that thou wert yet alive," was written on the tomb of the founder of the Republic. Genealogies appeared, showing that the then Brutus was descended from the ancient Brutus, and on his Prætorian tribunal was flung the note, "Thou sleepest, Brutus," and "Thou art no Brutus." But not long did this Brutus leave the people to fix their eyes on him in vain, or withhold the blow of his great ancestor, which had ended the rule of tyrants, and established the Republic of Rome.

Lucan is never weary of recurring to the praise of Brutus; after describing the victory of Cæsar at Emathia, he exclaims:

Say, thou! thy sinking country's only hope,
What helm, oh, Brutus! could, amidst the crowd,

Thy sacred, undistinguished visage shroud?
Where fought thy arm that day? But ah! forbear!
Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear;
Seek not to hasten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Enathia wait:
Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the measure of his crime complete;
For yet he has not every law defied,
Nor reached the utmost hights of daring pride.
Ere long, thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripened by ambition for thy sword:
Then thy grieved country vengeance shall demand,
And ask the victim at thy righteous hand."

And again, while brooding over the loss of Roman liberty, almost at the end of the *Pharsalia*, the poet exclaims, with a last accent of revengeful despair:

"Not hecatombs of tyrants shall suffice,
Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies."

But when the poet reflects that the Commonwealth of Rome was destroyed by mercenary soldiers, led by Cæsar, his soul seems on fire with rage against all who wear the ensigns of war:

"Oh! mercenary war, thou slave of gold!
How is thy faithless courage bought and sold!
For base reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
And give their country's great revenge away."

Alas! is it not ever thus with all wars, except those purely defensive? Dare we be bold enough to ask how many soldiers would have joined our northern Abolition army but for the *pay!* It may not be a very pleasant question for us to think upon just now, but it is one which history will ask, and correctly answer. Nay, our own children will answer it with a blush of shame on their cheeks; for this madness, this appalling ignorance, this delirious, foolish sympathy for negroes will neither cloud their intellects nor choke up the natural channels of their hearts. We shall pass through an experience with these negroes which will, too late, open our own eyes, and leave our follies to be execrated by the next generation. If some Lucan should arise to sing our monstrous delusions and crimes, as he sang the fall of Roman virtue and freedom, what an abhorred page shall we fill in history! We turn from the thought with shame and loathing.

What a good hater of despotism Lucan was, we may learn from his apostrophe at the grave of Alexander the Great:

"Here the vain youth, who made the world his prize,
That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies;
When pitying death at length had freed mankind,
To sacred rest his bones were here consigned:
His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurled
With just contempt around the injured world.
But fortune spared the dead; and partial fate
For ages fixed his Phasian empire's date.
If e'er our long-lost liberties return,
That carcass is reserved for public scorn;
Now, it remains a monument confessed,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest."

The poet goes on to rehearse the many crimes of Alexander, with a pen dipped in fire and gall, until we become weary of the dreadful theme. Would to God the world had been blessed with more Lucans, to teach the generations how to abhor oppression and despotism! nay, to fire the souls of men with the eternal, the deadly truth, that all tyrants ought to be treated as the foes of mankind, and, in one way

or another, be hurled headlong out of a world they would render intolerable by their crimes and oppressions! If the great doctrine of our own Declaration of Independence be true, that all people have a natural and inalienable right to self-government, then it must be true that they have an equal right to kill all monsters who attempt to govern them against their will. Nay, whether this oppression be carried on in the name of a king, or of a Senate and a Congress, the principle is the same. An oppressive *Senate* just as truly wears a forfeited life as an oppressive *King*. This is the doctrine a free people have ever acted upon, in all ages of the world; and it is only when men become debased, and shorn of the prime glories of their manhood, that oppressors are allowed long to enact their deeds of crime against the common rights of man. The learned Grotius declares that "a usurper who by force possesses himself of the government, and by force keeps it, is in a state of war with every man." *Contra publicos hostes & magistratis reos, omnis homo miles est*, says Tertulian.—"Against common enemies, and those that are foes to the commonwealth, (the Constitution of a country) every man is a soldier." Xenophon tells us that the Greeks, who suffered no murderer to come into their temples, erected statues to those who killed tyrants. Cicero says: "The Greeks attribute honors of the gods to those who kill tyrants. What have I seen in Athens, and other cities of Greece? what religion paid to such men! what songs! what eulogies! by which they are consecrated to immortality, and almost deified!" Solon's law decreed death not only to tyrants, but to all who accepted office under a tyranny. The Valerian law, *si quis injussu populi, &c.*, condemned to death whoever took office upon him without the consent or choice of the people, and it was lawful for any man to kill him. The Consular law of Rome, made after the tyranny of the *Decemvirate*, made it lawful to kill any one who claimed to be a magistrate without the consent of the people. Polybius thought that Brutus, for killing Cæsar, was worthy to succeed him in the empire of the world. And Cicero, who had the title of *Pater Patria*, exclaimed—"What act, O, Jupiter, more glorious! more worthy of eternal memory, hath been done, not only in this city, but in the whole world!" Again he says: *Omnes boni, quantum in ipsis fuit aliis occasio defuit, volantus semini*," "All good men, as much as in them lay, killed Cæsar; some wanted capacity, some courage, others opportunity, but none the will to do it." Brutus himself declared—*Cum tyranno Romanis nulla fides, nulla juris jurandi religio*: with a tyrant the Romans think no faith to be kept, observe no religion, or an oath.

Thus we could proceed, quoting a volume from the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, to show that no people ought to rest one hour in peace under oppression. The fierce and terrible denunciations of tyranny in the *Pharsalia* of Lucan is the voice of the great and good men in every age of the world. Those only who deserve the scorn and wrath of mankind were ever the advocates of tyranny—those only who deserve death ever practice tyranny.

SOME POINTS WHICH MAY COME UP ON THE TRIAL OF MR. DAVIS.

In the late public debate between Judge Ryerson and the editor of The Ole Guard, the former used these words: "If Mr. Burr can prove that the States are sovereign under our present Constitution, then I will confess that this was the most unholy and infamous war that ever existed." And in a public debate between ourself and John Linn, Esq., he said: "If the learned gentleman will prove to us that the States are sovereign, I will join with him in declaring the war iniquitous and infamous."

It may be proper for us to remark, that Judge Ryerson is looked upon as one of the ablest jurists who has graced the Supreme Bench of the State of New Jersey; and Mr. Linn is a leading Republican member of the bar in that State. Their position, therefore, on a question of this character, will be looked upon as one of the highest authority in the Republican party. Some Republican politicians may at first be inclined to find fault with Judge Ryerson and Mr. Linn for stating the matter so broadly; but it must be considered that they were engaged in a public debate, where there was no possibility of dodging the issue. We argued that the Federal administration had been the greatest offender in this war. That it was a case where the servant had rebelled against his master—that the creature and agent of sovereignties had waged war upon sovereignties themselves. And the argument was so presented that these gentlemen had no resource left but to admit, to the fullest extent, the correctness of our conclusions, if State sovereignty be admitted. The merit of all the late conflict is on this simple point. On this will rest the chief weight of the argument in the trial of Jefferson Davis, if he is ever brought to trial. The savages who clamor for his blood little imagine the legal difficulties in the way of gratifying their barbarian passions. Questions will come before that court which would be a great deal more embarrassing to Mr. Lincoln, if he were living, than to Mr. Davis.—One of the most learned members of the United States Senate has, on a recent occasion, declared, even in that body, that "There is no power given to Congress, or to any other department of the government, to make war against any State," and he proved that such had been "the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." Within the compass of this irrefutable truth lies a mighty pile of evidence which may go far to change the rope of Justice from the neck of Jefferson Davis to that of Abraham Lincoln. The *New York Times* hugs with the last gasp of delicious malice, the thought that "Chief Justice Chase is to lay down the law." The law is already laid down, and Chief Justice Chase has not the power to pervert it

so that the people will not understand it; and no jury can commit the crime of perjury in a way to escape the finally aroused indignation and horror of the people. In its vulture scream for the blood of Mr. Davis, the *New York Times* says: "The Constitution, as understood by the loyal people of the land, will be vindicated." The Constitution is to be interpreted, not by the understanding of those ignorant and fiery fanatics called "loyal" at the present day, but by the understanding of those who made and who adopted the instrument. Blackstone says: "As the meaning and intention of the Legislature, when ascertained, is the law itself, it follows necessarily that such intention must be referred to the time of its enactment; and the terms and language used to express the intention must be taken as *then understood* by those who employed them, and not according to any subsequent definition or acceptation, varying from the *then settled*, received meaning." 1 Bl. Com., 59-60.

This eminent authority gives another rule of interpretation which is not very complimentary to the blood-thirsty sentiment that *Chief Justice Chase is to lay down the law as understood by the loyal people of the land*, and that is as follows: "No subsequent judge can alter or vary from the law, according to his private sentiments, but according to the known laws and customs of the land; not delegated to pronounce a new law, but to maintain and expound the old one." 1 Bl., 70.

The above rules of interpretation have been over and over again affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, as declared in these words of Justice Baldwin: "The Constitution ought, therefore, to be expounded, as all such grants and charters are, according to what the law was at the time of making them."

On the trial of Mr. Davis, therefore, the Constitution is to be construed, not according to the sentiments of Loyal Leagues, but as it was understood by those who made it, and by those who adopted it. For instance, when the question of State sovereignty is raised, we are simply to go back and see how the question was understood by those who framed the Constitution, and by the States at the time of its adoption.

Did the men who made the Constitution, and the States, when they adopted it, believe that the sovereignty of the States was not destroyed by the instrument? If they did, the whole question is ended, and the charge of treason against Mr. Davis is ruled out at once. The first three volumes of THE OLD GUARD contain a vast amount of evidence on this subject, but an overwhelming amount remains to be brought forward.

When the question of the adoption of the Constitution was before the Conventions of the several States, the profoundest concern of every State was in relation to this very subject of its sovereignty. And it is well known that not a single State adopted the Constitution until it was satisfied that its sovereignty was unimpaired. On this subject, see our remarks on the President's Message, in the last number of THE OLD GUARD, where extracts are given from the debates in State Conventions, proving the correctness of our position beyond dispute or cavil. Mr. Madison declared that the Constitution, if assented to, would be adopted by "Thirteen sovereignties." Mr.

Hamilton called the Union a "Confederacy of States." He said: "The Constitution ought not to be so formed as to prevent the States from providing for their own existence, and I maintain that it is not so formed." And, again: "The people of a State are the sovereigns of it." Mr. Madison was stronger, and said: "The States are distinct and independent sovereignties * * by the Constitution proposed." Samuel Adams, one of the greatest of the Revolutionary leaders of Massachusetts, said, in advocating John Hancock's proposed amendment, declaring that all powers not expressly delegated, remained with the States, which was afterwards incorporated into the Conssitution: "It is consonant with the Second Article of the present Constitution, that each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence," &c. Indeed, no State had any more idea of giving up its sovereignty than it had of relinquishing its freedom by ratifying the Constitution.—Judge Ellsworth, in the Convention of Connecticut, said: "'This Constitution does not attempt to coerce *sovereign bodies*—States, in their political capacity." Roger Sherman, Chief Justice Law, Oliver Wolcott, members of the same Convention, used similar expressions, affirming the *sovereignty of the States*, under the Constitution. So firmly were the people of New York fixed to the purpose of preserving their sovereignty, that they reserved in their act ratifying the Constitution, the right to resume the powers delegated to the Federal Government "whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness," &c. Virginia also ratified it conditionally; and it was not until Mr. Madison had convinced the people of Virginia that the sovereignty of their State would not be touched, that they ratified the Constitution at all. The draft of the Constitution, finally agreed upon by the Federal Convention, was chiefly made by Mr. Madison; and he assured the people of Virginia that when the Constitution should be agreed to, it would be adopted by "thirteen sovereignties." Every advocate of the Constitution in Virginia, and among them were the greatest men in our country, were equally strong in affirming the *sovereignty of the States* under the new Constitution. General Washington, in a letter to Gen. Pinckney, under date of June 28, 1788, said: "New Hampshire, on the 21st inst., acceded to the new Confederacy by a majority of eleven voices." Dr. Franklin, in the Federal Convention, wished expressly to provide for the security of the "sovereignty of the individual States."

Did the limits of this article permit, we could go over the debates of each State, and prove that it was the universal understanding of the States at the time of the adoption of the instrument, that *their sovereignty* was not in the least violated by the new Constitution. Not a single State would have ratified the Constitution had it been imagined that *State sovereignty* was to be destroyed! John Dickinson, one of the ablest men of our Revolutionary period, and a leading member of the Federal Convention, said: "It will be the States' own fault if they permit the Federal Government to interfere in their especial jurisdiction. An interference in regard to any single State will be a dangerous precedent to all; and the trustees and servants of the several States will not dare, if

they retain their senses, to violate the independent sovereignty of their respective States, that justly darling object of American affections to which they are responsible." This great man wrote a series of papers on this subject during the discussion of the Constitution, which received the praise of Washington, in a letter under date of April 27, 1788. The great Judge Marshall said: "I hope that no gentleman will think that a State will be called to the bar of a Federal court. * * It is not rational to suppose that the *sovereign power* should be dragged before a court."

We challenge those who deny the *sovereignty of the States* to produce a single respectable name from among all the fathers, in support of their theory. Name one State that would have adopted the Constitution, believing it was surrendering or giving away its *sovereignty!* In what light would a a man have been regarded at the time of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, who should have gone about sneering at the "damnable heresy of State sovereignty!" He would have been looked upon by everybody as a fool or a lunatic. Nor would he have been regarded in any different light at any period during the life-time of the great men of the Revolution. No, such astonishing fatuity, such disgusting ignorance, was reserved for the noisy fools of this generation.

As it is clearly proved that the men who framed and adopted the Constitution intended the States to be sovereign under it, we are to consider such to be the *fact* and the *law*. For the *intention* of the parties to a compact, at the time of its institution, is the *law* in the matter. And the instrument itself declares the powers of the Federal Government to be "*granted*" and "*delegated powers*." No one needs to be told that a "delegated" power is not a *sovereign* power. The *sovereign* is the one that *delegates*, and the party receiving said delegated power is the servant or agent of the sovereignty granting it. Hence it follows that in case of a conflict between the sovereignty and its delegate, or agent, the citizen's duty is primarily due, not to the agent or servant, but to the sovereignty, *i. e.*, the State. This is precisely what Mr. Madison, who is called "the Father of the Constitution," meant when he said: "The States, then, being the parties to the Constitutional compact, and in their sovereign capacity, it follows of necessity that there can be no tribunal above their authority to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated, and that consequently, as the parties to it they must themselves decide, in the last resort," &c. The Federal Government, not being a party to the compact, can have no legal voice in such organic questions as Mr. Madison means by the "*last resort*." The question of secession is precisely one of these cases of "last resort." It is a question which can be legally dealt with only by the parties to the compact, the States. The Federal Government, we say, not being a party to the compact, can legally have no share in the debate. "When the master is speaking, the servant is silent." This view is sustained by Mr. Madison's declaration in the Virginia Resolutions, that, "This assembly does explicitly and peremptorily declare, that it views the powers of the Federal Government as resulting from the compact to which

the States were parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting the compact—as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated by the compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by said compact, *the States who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them.*" Now suppose a State does interpose, as "The Father of the Constitution" here declares it is in duty bound to, and suppose that, in exercising its own original sovereign power, it passes a law to imprison or hang such of its citizens as refuse to obey its action, what is the citizen to do? If he does not obey his State, he will be hanged by the laws of his own State, and for obeying the laws of his State, can he be hanged by the Federal Government? Who is bold enough to accuse our fathers of having formed such a ridiculous and monstrous compact as that would be? The fact, that being in the hands of the State, the citizen is absolutely compelled to obey its laws, is sufficient to show where duty is first due, when there is a misunderstanding between the sovereign State and its federal agent. He must obey his State. There is but one choice left to him in such cases. He has neither the power nor the right to set up his voice against his State and disobey its laws. Mr. Jefferson declared that in the conflict of organic questions between the States, "each party (States) has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as in the mode and manner of redress." Again he said: "States can wholly withdraw their delegated powers." The same was affirmed by the afterwards Chief Justice Marshall, in the Virginia Convention; in effect, by Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of the State, in the Massachusetts Convention, and by Judge Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, in the Connecticut Convention, by Roger Sherman, in the same Convention, by James Wilson, afterwards one of the Superior Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Convention of Pennsylvania; by Alexander Hamilton in the New York Convention; by James Iredell, afterwards a judge in the Superior Court of the United States, in the Convention of North Carolina. Indeed nobody entertained any other opinion in those days. Again, we challenge those who so savagely thirst for the blood of Jefferson Davis to produce a single respectable name of this Constitutional period, who avowed an opposite sentiment. If there were any such, name them. Now, then, as such is proved to be the understanding of the compact by those who framed and adopted it, it follows of necessity that the clause of the Constitution declaring treason to be *levying war against the United States*, does not cover the case of a State which by the solemn act of its supreme Convention, *resumes its delegated powers*. Such action on the part of a sovereign State is certainly not levying war upon the United States, within the meaning of the Constitution; it is only taking a step which every State believed it would have a right to take in the last resort, when it ratified the instrument of compact

Resumption of delegated power by a sovereign body is not *levying war.* In the late conflict the war was levied by a usurping, a criminal Federal Administration. The States only acted on the defensive, in exercising what they believed to be right—what they supposed to be their right when they became a party to the compact, and have always asserted the same from that time to the present. It is a right which the New England States affirmed over and over again, all the way along from 1790 to 1833—which indeed the Abolitionists, the leaders of the now Republican party, asserted with a degree of intolerable bitterness, even up to the fatal hour of Mr. Lincoln's election. How absurd, then, nay, how monstrous, to assert that an act of State resumption is levying war upon the United States, within the meaning of the Constitution! What State would ever have ratified the Constitution had it imagined that such was the meaning of that clause? Not one. And we must repeat again the great rule in law, that *the intention of the parties to a compact at the time of signing it is the law in the case.*

This conclusion is very bitter to the revolutionary Republican leaders; but it is, nevertheless, *the law.* And what a fearful attitude do these men occupy before the civilized world in clamoring for the blood of Jefferson Davis, under the light of these truths! Mr. Davis did not vote for the act of secession, which is not, however, a material consideration, for when his State had passed the act, it could have hanged him as a traitor for taking up arms against it.

And if the Federal Government can hang him for not having been hanged by his State, the governments of the old world will have especial cause to admire the model Republic of the new. It would appear in the eyes of civilized mankind like the following character of the Calvanistic creed:

> "You can and you can't,
> You shall and you shan't,
> You will and you won t,
> You'll be damned if you do,
> And damned if you don't."

When our Federal Government was formed, the greatest minister of Europe, Metternich, of Austria, remarked that "allow it constructive treason, and it will be as good a despotism as ever existed." But the Constitution does not allow of such a thing as *constructive treason.* This sharpest instrument of tyranny has been assumed by the revolutionary party in power, and they have indeed made the government what Metternich declared it would be with constructive treason added, the worst despotism in the world. But the trial of Mr. Davis will give this base usurpation of power a sifting that will frighten the guilty authors of it, and open the eyes of a great many of their dupes! The proofs, only hinted at in this article, will be brought forward in overwhelming magnitude. At least they may be so, and arranged under the following general points:

1. The Union was a federation of sovereign States.

2. Each had the right of self-defence, and, in the *last resort,* of secession, when, in its calm reason, such a step should be deemed necessary for the preservation of its institutions and freedom.

3. The Federal Government was only the agent of these joint sovereignties. It had no sovereign powers. It was

not a party to the compact. It had no legal voice in questions purely organic, as secession. The dissolving of the compact concerned only the parties to it.

4. The Federal Government had no right to coerce a State. While a State remained a member of the Union, it had a right to use all constitutional means to enforce the laws of the Union over it, and no longer. On this point the eminent Judge Rawle, of Pennsylvania, who was offered the position of Attorney-General of the United States in the cabinet of General Washington, may be quoted at length. Also John Quincy Adams, and a great number of equally respectable authorities. Also the history of the formation of the Union may be produced to show that such was the understanding of all the States at the time of adopting the Constitution.

5. A compact broken on one side is broken on all. The North had no right to attempt to hold the South to the Federal compact a single moment after it had been violated by itself. On this point may be quoted in direct terms the authority of Daniel Webster, and indeed of every respectable authority extant on the nature of compacts.

6. Mr. Davis was a citizen of a State which claimed to have resumed its delegated powers; and by its highest sovereign act closed its connection with the compact which had been broken by the other parties to it, and which it also claimed it had a right to do by the general understanding of all the parties to the compact when it was made.

7. Mr. Davis's duty was first due to the Government of his own State, which was a sovereign Government long before the Federal Government was formed, and remained sovereign after it was formed, having surrendered no power, but only delegated *jurisdiction* over certain specified matters, for the convenience and better preservation of its own sovereignty, and for the general welfare.

8. What is called *allegiance*, which literally means to support the law, the State claims as its due by a principle older than civil institutions. The Romans defined allegiance by the words *verus* and *fidelis*, *i. e.*, *true and faithful adherence*—a firm and effectionate adherence to the government that protected our childhood, or preserved the liberty of our manhood. We owe none of these blessings to the Federal Government. It is too far off from us. It is not its business. It has chiefly jurisdiction of foreign affairs. To the State Government we owe all our domestic security and peace. The State is our dear old mother. It was the mother of our forefathers. Our first love, or allegiance, belongs there. The Federal Government does not belong to us alone. It is the great general agent of many governments, and has not, and cannot have, the care of us that our own State has. It will not be denied that the allegiance of the citizen was the property of the State long before any Federal Government was formed. Show us where the State surrendered this right to the allegiance of its citizen. Name a State that would have entered into the Union had it imagined that by so doing it was signing away the power to exact obedience to its laws from its citizens, or surrendering to another the first claim of allegiance! The man who does not cherish the first affection for his State

is an unworthy and unnatural son, who prefers a new-comer to his parents. The man who does not feel the chief concern for the honor and the preservation of the ancient rights of his State, is dead to the first and holiest feeling of patriotism.

9. The act of Mr. Davis's State in withdrawing from the Union, whether right or wrong, carried him along with it, and would have subjected him to the punishment of a traitor had he resisted.

10. Eleven sovereign States elected him for their President, by the exercise of a power which they honestly believed belonged to them, and which claim was, as we have seen, entirely inconsistent with the understanding of all parties at the time of the compact. He certainly can be no more guilty than every person who voted for him.

11. It was the State, as a sovereign body, that seceded, and not Mr. Davis, as an individual.

12. This part of the war was only of the character of self-defense, under the authority and command of those States.

13. As an individual, he was not responsible for secession, and as an individual cannot be held guilty of what was the act of his State.

14. Intention is the first element of crime; and no fair-minded man doubts that Mr. Davis intended to do right, and conscientiously believed he was performing his duty, and serving his country.

15. It may be contended that he was mistaken in the premises on which he acted; but we have seen that they were such as were held by the framers of the Constitution, and by the first men in our country at the time of its adoption.

These are some of the points which will come up on the trial of Mr. Davis; and we shall have our respect for human nature greatly impaired, if, after their full discussion by competent counsel, the more intelligent men of the Republican party are not greatly reduced in the swollen proportions of their pride and assurance.

We are aware that the views we have here set forth will greatly offend those who have a fanatical or a malicious purpose to serve; and may possibly astonish and grieve some few well-meaning people who are wanting in correct information on the subject, and have suffered their prejudices to lead them off into the most fatal labyrinths of error. But we should be wanting in patriotism and honor if we were to withhold any portion of the truth at this alarming crisis. We are profoundly attached to the system of government adopted by our fathers. The Union, as it was established by them, commanded our admiration, as much as the thing into which the Republicans are trying to change that Union, does our contempt and scorn. If it was our right to love the glorious old Union, it is our same right to abhor and contemn this bloated, and bloody' and abominable despotism which is now called the Union. The war has left the old Union in a hundred thousand pieces; and we have but one prayer, and one hope, which is, that these pieces may yet be brought all together again, each in its place, so that before we die, our eyes may be blessed with a sight of that grand and symmetrical edifice of self-government,

liberty and union, which alone was worthy of the great name it bore—UNION!

Here is a torn, and bleeding, and lacerated thing—an aggregation of all fierce antagonisms—a great pot of conflicting passions, interest and prejudices, simmering, and boiling, and bubbling with injustice and hate—which madmen and fools would have us call a *Union.* But we, for one, will not so call it, because we will not lie. Union is *concord;* it is harmony. But there never can be concord, harmony or union, on the basis of fanaticism, intolerance, and injustice. And we pray Almighty God that there never may be! We never wish to see our country fall so low as to exhibit a universal acquiescence in despotism and tyranny. Better eternal strife than an hour of cowardice, and unmanly surrender of self-government and liberty! Better eternal strife than peace in injustice. We are told that there was a great and radical and necessary antagonism between the North and South. Who is to blame for that antagonism? Did the South start it? When? where? how? The North answers that she had an institution which we could not endure. Was the South to blame for our prejudice? She held her institutions by a charter beyond our right to meddle with, and guaranteed even by the Constitution that made the Union. The whole controversy is in a nutshell, thus: The North says to the South, we have prejudices against your institutions, and you must give them up. The South replies, we hold our institutions by organic and statute laws, your prejudices are the vagaries of the brain, and if anything ought to be given up for the sake of peace, it is your prejudice. So it came simply to this, that the South must give up its *rights,* or the North its *prejudices;* and as the North preferred to fight rather than give up its prejudices, the conflict came. The North was fighting for its *prejudices,* the South for its *rights.* Both parties may have gotten into the strife unwisely, but, being in, this is the simple and ineffaceable truth of the whole matter. And now we look earnestly, hopefully, for the trial of Mr. Davis, which will bring out before the whole country facts and principles, and histories which have not been allowed to see the light since Mr. Lincoln's appropriate midnight entrance into Washington—in a darkness emblematical of the doom he was to bring upon his country.

MORE HAPPY THAN A KING.

Give me the bright bird palaces,
  Where my joy delights to dwell,
The fragrant grove of sycamore,
  The odor-breathing dell.
'Tis there, with rapture in my soul,
  I sit in bliss and sing,
"Good-by to care, for here I feel
  More happy than a King."

THE ORGAN.

(*From the German of Herder.*)

[BY TENELLA.]

Oh, temple by God's breath inspired!
Who first contrived your wondrous frame,
Whence voices of all living things
Togethe r praise Jehovah's name?
Now, wailing *misereres* shed
A heart-appalling groan abroad,
Then, plaintive flute and cymbal's clang
With martial clarion's blast accord;
The haughtboy's scream blends boldly with
A nation's shout of jubilee,
Whilst over all the trumpet's notes
Exultant tell of victory.

From piping reed the strain ascends
To tymbrel's thunder. Hark! the dead
Are stirring. Graves are opening—
'Tis the last judgment's trumpet dread!
How hovering hang the expectant tones
On all creation's out-spread wings!
Jehovah comes! His thunders roll,
Before Him bow all living things.
Now, in soft-breathing words He speaks
To human hearts. which, trembling, awed,
Bow down in prayer, then, with one voice
Shout hallelujahs to the Lord.

The son of Maia strung the lyre,
Apollo tuned the joyous lute,
While from the shepherd's simple reed
Pan formed the sweetly plaintive flute.
A greater Pan was he who gave
Creation's glorious song a voice,
And let the yearning human soul
Hear Earth and Sea with Heaven rejoice.

Disdaining music of the strings,
Cecilia—noblest Roman maid—
That she might hear Creation's song
Deep in her heart with fervor prayed:
"Oh! let me hear that song of praise
These holy three sang in the fire!
Oh! let my longing soul drink in
The music of the Heavenly choir."
Lo! by her side an angel stands,

Who oft appeared to her in prayer,
He touched her ear—entranced she heard
Creation's song roll through the air.
Stars, Sun and Moon, the Heavenly host,
The rolling seasons, day and night;
The ice and snow, the frost and storm,
The dew and rain, darkness and light.
Mountains and hills, and all green things,
Fountains and streams, seas, rocks, and wood,
The souls in heaven, and tribes of earth
Praised God, the merciful and good.

In adoration she sank down,
"And now, oh! angel, let me hear
The echo of this song," she cried,
"In music meet for mortal ear."

With speed an artist then he sought
Whom Bazaleel's rapt soul inspired,
Measure and number in his hand
In silence placed, and then retired.
An edifice of harmonies,
Cathedral-like he reared, whence rang,
In one according voice of praise,
The *Gloria* which the angels sang.
Then, all great Christendom intoned
Her lofty *Credo*, blessed tie
Together binding human souls;
But when at Sacrament the cry
"He comes! He comes!" rolled through the air,
The spirits of the saints above
Came down, and in devotion took
The offering of Eternal Love.
Earth and Heaven became one choir,
The sinner at the temple door
Shook, when he seemed to hear the trump
Proclaim the day when hope is o'er.

Cecilia gratefully rejoiced,
For she had found the saints' communion,
The Christian unity desired
By all who seek the Spirit's Union
"What shall I call," said she, "this stream
Of harmony, which bears the soul
Upon its waves to that broad sea
Where all Eternity doth roll?"

"Call it," the angel said, "what thou
In prayer did yearningly desire;
The Organ of that mighty soul
Which sleeps in all, and doth aspire,
In richest labyrinth of sound
The hymn of nature to intone,
And in devotion echo back
Creation's Song before the Throne!"

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER III.

The Wounded Virginian.

We must leave Major John Rasp and his mysterious companion for a brief space to their by no means pleasant reflections, and resort to the house of Col. Hart Seely, where, in one of the front rooms of the upper story, we would have found the Colonel and his daughter Bertha, at the moment when we began this narrative, that is, when Rasp led his troop through the town, had it been convenient for us. We introduce them, therefore, to the reader, as they were a few moments before the surprise of the Federal troop. Had it been day, the exterior of the house would at once have struck the observer as having stood the brunt of a sharp contest, for its entire front was riddled with bullets, especially about one of the windows of the apartment occupied by Col. Seely and his daughter. When the war began it was one of the noblest mansions in the State, and its then opulent owner had exhausted his ingenuity in improving and adorning its grounds, but no sooner had the fortune of war placed it within the folds of the great northern "Anaconda," than ruthless hands eagerly laid it waste.

Its ornamental fences, its noble shade trees, its rare and tasteful shrubbery, had been destroyed, cut down, uprooted, by a violence which extended its hate even against the inanimate of "rebel soil." The costly furniture of the mansion, with many relics of the war of 1776, when the "rebel soil" stretched from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and even its marble mantels and carved balustrades had been transported North, and the carpets formerly trodden by the Virginia Lees, Washingtons, Randolphs, Ashbys, and a host of other noble gentlemen whose names were stars of the first magnitude in American history, now, perchance, cover the sanctified floors of some great New England divine who twists into his creed of modern piety the strange dogma that to strip a "rebel" is to do God's service. Its magnificent pianos, and its golden harps and silver-stringed guitars, with which beautiful and stately southern dames had made rich melody in chanting the deeds of America's heroes, are now, perchance, scattered among the holy hills of the tri-mountain city, long since auctioned off by the righteous descendants of the immaculate Puritans. Its superb library, the gathering of a century, to accumulate which had cost years of research and heavy expense, and numbering volumes once held by the hands of Jefferson, and perused by men whose names are almost worshipped in Virginia, and revered throughout Christendom, had been carted off by the disciples of Greeley, the followers of Phillips, the devotees of Lloyd Garrison, the believers in the

maxims of Chase and Seward, and Colfax, and Thad. Stevens, the men of the B. F. Butler stripe; and now are some in vile cellars, some in mouldy second-hand bookstores, some in stately seminaries of learning far North, and some the prized trophies of pulpit-warriors. And thus all things movable in that time-honored Virginian mansion had departed, even to the smallest and most humble utensil of house or kitchen, for it fallen, as thousands like it fell, into the gentle hands of doughty men of the sword, who had been taught that to plunder private property was the most efficient means by which the "rebellion" should be crushed.

How different this from the war waged by the great Confederate leader, Robert E. Lee; but then Lee was a soldier of the old and exploded chivalric school, and had not had been blessed from infancy by the moral training of the blessed Puritan!

The battered mansion was almost a ruin, for save in one room, the very window blinds and shutters had been carried off. As you crossed its desecrated threshold, a mournful echo smote upon the ear, and a sense of utter desolation swept like a sudden chill through the soul. You pass along the broad hall, its shattered walls rifled of the grand paintings that once adorned them, and cautiously moving, you ascend the wide stairway, until you pause for a moment on the second floor, for sense of desolation becomes oppressive. There are great splashes of blood on the walls, and the ceiling is shattered and scarred with bullet-marks. The remaining wood work is cut and hacked—some of this is the memento of the heroic defence vainly made by Hart Seely beneath his ancestral home—more is the wanton destructions of the foe of the South. Then, just at the foot of the stairs, where you see the imprint of a bloody hand, there fell the only son of Hart Seely, shot down by his old classmate of Harvard, as he fought as men fight who fear not death and scorn dishonor, shot down when disarmed, wounded, helpless, with the shriek of his mother wringing in his ear, as she fled from a ruffian negro soldier; shot down like a dog, because he refused to beg for mercy at the hands of a man who had been saved by him from life-long disgrace. "Oh, liberty, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!" Oh, war, to what deeds of demons dost thou give sanction of law and plea of necessity! Oh, fanaticism, from what nethermost hell dost thou pluck thy brands of destruction! There, on the right, you see a window which should be draped in eternal mourning, as it is when we look at it in this story, for headlong from that window leaped a young and beautiful woman, Clara Seely, only sister of Bertha, to escape a fate worse than death—to evade the lustful grasp of a freed negro, whose brutal mind believed his uniform gave him license to do aught his savage passions might prompt, so that a "rebel woman" suffered.

You see the dark, red stain on the floor, just beneath the window. There dripped the heart's blood of him she escaped, smitten by the sabre of the desperate sire; and below, upon the paved yard, was a stain, now erased, that marked the spot where gentle Clara Seely gasped out her young life, angelic martyr, beauteous victim of the Great Civil War.

Now we enter the only occupied

room of this sad mansion, and there, extended on a bare couch of unpicked, raw cotton, with a worn and emaciated form, but eyes that flame, reclines the gallant Col. Hart Seely, suffering from a recent wound, and lately deemed mortally hurt—perhaps so yet. A noble-looking man, tall, well-formed and handsome, despite the ravages of time, sorrow and sickness; with his snowy white hair tossed far back from a brow bearing the impress of high-toned thoughts and manly deeds.

Near him, on an empty box, the only apology for a chair in that plunder-smitten house, sat his only remaining child, his beloved daughter, Bertha Seely. She held his grandly-shaped head upon her bosom, half kneeling as she sat, and bathed his feverish temples from time to time with water poured from the wounded officer's canteen.

The tallow candle flickering on the empty hearth, cast a fitful gleam upon the scene, but distinctly revealed the extraordinary loveliness of the "rebel girl." Pale as snow, for the times were wont to banish the blood of health from the cheek of woman—the times for which a noted editor had published his yearning, the times when "the faces of southern women should grow pale and wan!"—but haughty, and true to the principles of her adored father, Bertha Seely certainly was, and if that pallor so ghostly and unnatural detracted from one kind of beauty, it added to another —the beauty of defiance, near akin to the beauty of despair. The jetty black eyes, almost dazzling in their brilliancy, from the contrast with the purest snowiness of complexion, were fixed upon her father's face as he conversed; and though sitting in a constrained posture, the exquisite symmetry of her form was plainly discernible amid the inky folds of her dress of mourning.

Col. Seely spoke in a very low and guarded tone, except when some thought rose fiercely in his mind, and demanded louder vent.

"I know I am dying, my daughter," said he. "Do not hope."

"Oh, say not so, dear father," cried Bertha, drawing his head more closely to her bosom. "You felt better this morning. Your wound has closed."

"Perhaps that may be my ailing, Bertha. But, my darling child, you are brave and resolute. You have united in your heart the courage of man and the fortitude of woman. You do not fear to confront realities. So I have no hesitation in telling you that your father is dying, dying rapidly."

Her bosom heaved for a single instant. Woman's gentle nature, a daughter's boundless love, an adoring child's illimitable affection swelled her heart almost to bursting, and the great sob of speechless agony she choked back into the depths of her resolute soul, forced the tears, silent, but oh! how eloquent, from her eyes, and her father felt them as they rained upon his face, as she convulsively pressed it to her own.

He knew that were she the gentle Clara, who slept so quietly beneath the sod, out there in the ruined orchard field, she would have filled the house with her loud weeping, but he felt that Bertha's speechless woe was all the deeper for its silence. His own good and tender heart was profoundly moved, not so much by the nearness of the last terrible change—though

his great soul well appreciated the solemn mystery of death—as by the anguish of that beloved daughter, and he strove to soothe her.

"Be calm, my darling; it is well that I should die now, for I die of wounds received in my country's defence, and beneath my own roof, the home of my father. I have been a sad burden to you, my child—"

"Oh, father!"

"A worn out, crippled old man, beset by foes on every side, ruined in health and fortune. I am glad God has seen fit to give me my discharge. I am going home, my Bertha."

She said nothing, but the white face and compressed lips spoke for her. She dared not open her mouth to speak, lest she should utter that loud heart-broken wail she had heard women utter as they mourned over beloved ones, lost to love and earth forever.

"My life has been long and generally happy, and I die with no mortal sin upon my soul, save one, and I trust that hath been atoned for by years of repentance."

"One mortal sin, father?"

"One," said Seely, solemnly. "One, though when 'twas done I did not intend it, and yet when I planned it, I had resolved upon it."

"Do not speak of it, father," said his daughter, "its remembrance agitates you."

"It may, some day, reach your knowledge in distorted shape," replied Col. Seely; "therefore, while time may be left me, let me speak."

He paused as if to collect his thoughts, and during that pause it was that the attack alluded to in the preceding chapter, was made upon the Federals at Hubert's House. The distant sounds of the brief conflict reached the ears of the Colonel and his daughter, and for a moment diverted their thoughts from the intended conversation.

"Hark! Firing!" said the Colonel, with flashing eyes. "Can it be that the Federal troops have attacked the defenceless citizens of this unfortunate town?"

"It is a barbarity with which custom has made them familiar," replied Bertha, in a tone of deep scorn, as she gently disengaged herself from her father and moved to the window.

It was then that her tall and majestic figure was revealed in all its graceful beauty of form and motion, as with a bold, defiant air she threw open the shutters of the sashless windows, and strove to penetrate the deep darkness with her eager gaze.

"Bertha, my dear, rash daughter, do you not remember that your figure is plainly visible from the street, for you are between it and that candle."

"And this war has on record many instances in which a Federal bullet has slain an offending woman," said Bertha, as she closed the shutters, so that the light could not be discerned from without. "Besides, should the enemy dream that Col. Hart Seely, whom they have striven so long to entrap, is here, we might expect a visit speedily. Let me listen, dear father, to learn, if possible, what this firing means."

"It means ruin and havoc, blood, murder, strife, and all the evils of dreadful war," said Col. Seely, as if speaking to himself. "Oh, unhappy Virginia, how thy once peaceful and happy land hath become the home of violence, and the prey of the spoiler;

thy flourishing cities become besieged fortresses, or outraged conquests; thy peaceful towns and sequestered villages depopulated of their youth; thy pleasant country houses laid in ashes, and thy fields trampled by the bloody march of the foeman and the destructive hoofs of the war horse! Oh, desecrated land of the great Washington, to what base and bitter humiliation hast thou been prostrated! Even thy churches, the dedicated temples of the Most High, are made a sport and a scoff for the ribald jeers of lawless soldiery; thy altars are polluted with the cards and dice of gamblers, and the walls of thy sanctuaries are stained with horrible blasphemies; the graves of thy sons are torn open by the greedy hands of sacrilege in search of gold, and the hate of thy triumphant enemies would fain blot out thy very name! Alas, that I should have lived to know thy ruin! Oh, my son, my murdered boy, would that I had died with thee."

And thus the heartsore Virginian continued to mutter his thoughts as his daughter listened at the window, until the great and scalding tears rolled from his eyes upon his withered cheeks.

"Do you hear it, father? Do you not hear and recognize the Confederate shout of victory?" exclaimed Bertha, standing joyfully erect.

"I hear it! I hear it! I recognize the cry that I have heard in a hundred battles! I thank thee, oh merciful God, that I have heard it once again before I die!" cried Col. Seely, rising almost to his feet in his excitement. I heard it first at Manassas, and heard it loudest when the gallant hero of this war, the glorious "Stonewall Jackson," swept down upon McClellan before Richmond, and drove the blue coated hosts before him like frightened sheep."

"All is still again," said Bertha, "save here and there a dripping shot and the sound of a fast flying horse. It must be that the Federal troop has been surprised. Could it be by Mosby, or Fitz-Lee?"

"Neither, my daughter. Mosby is warring on the Maryland line, and Fitz-Lee is near Richmond. It may be the gallant Rhodes, or perhaps some of his gallant comrades. Fortune attend him, whoever he may be —alas! this arm can strike no more." He gazed mournfully upon his thin and wasted hand, which, besides the ravages of fever, showed the loss of a thumb.

"Oh, if it should be Randolph!" suddenly exclaimed Bertha, clasping her hands.

"It may be, it may be," said Col. Seely, "though I scarcely dare to hope it. Yet he moves like the lightning, and his charge is like the thunderbolt. But he is overbold, overbold to venture so far within the Federal lines."

"He fears nothing," said Bertha, with that admiring emphasis with which a woman ever speaks of him she loves. "Oh, I pray that it may be Randolph, and that he may learn that you are here."

"You leave yourself out, my dear," remarked the Colonel, as he resumed his recumbent posture. "Ah, it is the dearest wish of my heart, next to my reconciliation with Heaven, to behold you his wife, my child, ere I am called away. Ah me, who will guard you when I am no more?"

There was a sudden noise as of a

footfall in a remote apartment, and both Bertha and her father bent their heads towards the spot.

"More than once, since we arrived this morning," remarked the Colonel, "it has seemed to me that I have heard that sound—the sound of a sly-stepping foot. Have you heard it, Bertha?"

"No, father," she whispered, still listening.

"I thought it arose from my shattered nerves, which are racked at every sudden sound."

"I will search for the cause, father," said Bertha boldly.

"The cause would perceive you."

"I shall not take the light with me."

"What! go through these dreary rooms in that pitchy darkness. I would almost have flinched from it in my vigorous days," said the Colonel.

"Like Randolph, I fear nothing," said the "rebel girl," as she drew a pistol from her father's belt. "Rest quietly, father. If I find a spy lurking about, I will make this house too hot for him. You know I am familiar with every passage in it. Do not rise."

"Nay, I shall not lie here—ah, I must," groaned the Colonel, as he attempted to rise, but sank back exhausted, while a pang of agony writhed his features. "This wound, this wound! Go on, my child, and be speedy in your return, for I feel that my end is nigh. Had the plunderers of this poor house left me even a lock or a bolt to my doors, we could bar out the intruder, but the soldiers of the 'opulent North' have carried off even the hinges of our doors," he added with bitter sarcasm. "Be speedy."

Bertha hesitated for a moment, but the necessity of the act forced her to leave her father, and pressing a kiss upon his forehead, she left the room, and glided into the dark depths of the deserted chambers.

Bold even to audacity, as had ever been all of her blood, save the gentle Clara, she nevertheless felt her pulse beat faster, and a chilly sensation creep through her veins as she glided noiseless from room to room, and through silent corridors. Familiar to her from infancy, the various openings and sly corners of the great mansion were perfectly visible to her mind's eye, yet the dreadful darkness seemed peopled with airy phantoms, unseen, impalpable, but attending her step for step, moving when she moved, halting when she halted, and with ghostly eyes watching her every movement. There was not cowardice in the haughty soul of the "rebel girl," no fear of aught in living form, but a slight superstitious taint had been implanted in her mind during early childhood by the many weird stories of her African nurse; and though the heroic girl scorned herself for the feeling, early associations were irradicable, and despite the strong common sense and high self-pride of her character, it seemed to her that over her head there was outstretched a giant-like arm, but whether to attack or defend she could not decide. She went on resolutely, however, determined to make a complete circuit of every room, holding her weapon ready for instant use.

Her progress was swift and noiseless; her dress was of soft material, and made no rustling as she glided here and there, and her tiny, delicate feet fell as lightly as down. She had passed thus around several apart-

ments, and knew that she was about to enter what had once been the chief parlor of the mansion. At the door, as her outstretched hand touched it, she paused. She remembered that in this room there was a loose plank in the flooring, upon and over which she had often amused herself when a child, by pressing her foot to hear its noise as it yielded to her weight. It used to sound dull and muffled in those days, through its covering of rich carpeting, and now that the floor was bared by the plundering raiders of the North, she knew that if by chance she should tread upon it, the noise would be sharp and clear, loud enough to reach the room where her father was; and as she reflected, she concluded that the noise they had so plainly distinguished from amid the many mysterious echoes and inexplicable sounds always heard in deserted houses, must have been caused by the pressure of a foot upon that loose board. There were four doors which opened into this apartment—one from the main hall, and at that she stood; two from apartments always appropriated to the use of her father's guests, and the fourth led into a narrow hall that led to a stairway communicating with the rear yard below.

As she revolved this knowledge within her mind, there fell upon her ear the sound of a deeply drawn breath. She listened with her heart almost stilled by her eagerness. She heard it again, and then a slow, sliding motion, as if the invisible one were creeping towards her. The room was very large, and in the terrible darkness and the horrible stillness, she could not decide whether this unseen thing was a human being or a beast, nor whether it was gradually nearing her on the left, in front, or on the right.

Bertha Seely was a brave-hearted girl, and had faced many a rough and perilous adventure, in the company of her father, as they had fled from place to place, to avoid both public and private foes, but, as her heart told her that her mind had become confused in the many windings she had made during her rapid reconnoitre of the deserted rooms, she felt a greater fear than she liked to confess even to herself, as she strove in vain to locate the unseen.

An attack was meditated upon her, no doubt of that, for the slow, deadly-cautious creeping along the bare floor continued, approaching, perhaps, by hair-breadths, but certainly approaching. To add to her terror, for continued fear will breed terror in the hearts of the boldest, this creeping approach sometimes seemed to come from the hall, from which she had just taken one step into the room. Her intellect attempted to beat down this terrifying imagination, but the growing chaos of her ideas of sound, distance, and locality, increased until not one but a score of unseen foes, from as many directions, seemed creeping towards her.

Could this invisible antagonist see her in all that black of night? She had read of men whose eyes were so fashioned that, like cats and owls, they could see by night.

She began to feel sick and faint, and conscious of this weakness, felt greater terror than ever. To faint might be ruin, death, certainly disaster. She had never fainted, and hitherto believed her nerves too masculine to yield such homage to the potency of fear;

but now—ah, the boldest man within the Confederacy, and for bolder on earth, search earth in vain, would have quaked, thinking, hearing, imagining as Bertha did.

But when on the point of sinking beneath all this horror, she heard the well-known loose board crack beneath the weight of the unseen!

No fear then, no hesitation to place the foe, beast or man—she knew right where it was, and, quick as the flash of the living lightning, she drew trigger at the centre of the floor.

The old mansion roared with the explosion, and a deep groan of agony followed the shot. Brief as had been the light emitted by the flame from the pistol's mouth, Bertha had seen a man sink upon his pain-convulsed face to the floor.

She bounded away to the room where she had left her father, little suspecting that her random shot had laid low the spy posted by Leighton.

CHAPTER IV.

The Fatal Shot.

Col. Seely, as his daughter left him, sank into a reverie of the past and present of his country, through which dreary forebodings of the future were entwined. His ear, for a moment, followed the footsteps of Bertha, as she departed, but as she almost immediately, on leaving the room, had glided on noiselessly, and as he thought that the sound which he had heard arose from some trivial cause, well to ascertain to remove uneasiness, but probably of no great moment, his mind soon reverted to more important subjects. Occasionally, too, the objects about him, the well-known walls, the familiar hearth, and all that Federal vandalism had spared, would suggest personally bitter reminiscences to his mind, and the shadows on his lofty brow would grow dark and fierce.

"And this is the war the civilized North has been forced to wage to vanquish a generous and chivalric people," he muttered, as his eyes flashed scorn and defiance. "This is their 'military necessity,' which wages war as barbarously as the very savage their Puritan ancestors exterminated by sword and torch. And for what? To try to make the negro equal with the white man. So says Fanaticism, and believes it truth; so says Political Ambition, and knows it is a lie; and so these two demons of destruction, Fanaticism and Political Ambition, join hands to overwhelm and utterly devastate the unfortunate South. And they will achieve their purpose, aided as they are by division and supineness in the doomed Confederacy. We shall fail—the world is against us—our people are becoming exhausted; there are no men to take the place of those who have fallen, and the North has her own teeming millions and the pauperism of the old world to draw upon. We shall fail, and then '*Val Victus!*' will rise as a spoil-slogan from the throats of the demagogues of the triumphant North. Then Sumner, of Massachusetts, still smarting under the cane of the indignant South Carolinian, will seek to gratify his hate, and to avenge upon a great people the punishment he tamely bore from one man. The future of my country, the country of Washington, and that of Hancock also, the future of the once great United States, looms dark and threatening to my dying gaze. Anarchy, tyranny, confusion, oppression.

Heaven grant that the French Revolution may not be made to pale before the horrors of—*after the war.* But"—Here the report of a pistol rang sharply upon his ear, and the next moment he beheld his daughter rushing into the room, almost breathless with haste and emotion.

"I have shot him, father! I have shot him! As the pistol flashed I saw him fall. He lies in the main parlor."

"Dead?"

"I do not know. Let me take the candle and ascertain who he is, and if I have killed him," and snatching up the light, Bertha rushed away.

"Too fast, too fast, my dear child. You will put out the light in your haste," cried the Colonel. But Bertha hurried on.

"Oh!" groaned the Colonel, as he remained in the darkness, "behold what terrible changes are wrought by this unholy war! That girl, so lovely, so tender-hearted by nature, so like her mother in heart and form, once too gentle to harm a worm, now boldly and successfully uses the arms of men, and deliberately essays to take human life! Blood! blood! blood! How the land reeks with it! how the very air is foul with the smell of blood! Men become tigers and beasts of prey, women unsex themselves and grow familiar with violence and murder! Oh! my child, my daughter, what dread future is before thee! Homeless, countryless, fatherless!"

Meanwhile, the "rebel girl," firm in her purpose, had hastened to the spot where she had seen the intruder fall. But the apartment was empty. There was a pool of blood on the loose board, and great drops here and there into and along the hall which lead to the rear yard stairway. Following this trail, Bertha descended the stairs until she reached the door opening upon the back piazza. It was useless and dangerous to proceed farther, for the rising wind threatened to extinguish her candle; and that it was dangerous Bertha received a fearful hint in the whiz of a bullet that passed her ear, and the report of a pistol, with its angry flash darting from a clump of shrubbery in the yard. Fortunately the vindictive aim of the flying and wounded spy was unsteady, or the high-spirited girl would have been another added to the long list of southern women slain by northern men.

"Oh! coward heart," exclaimed Bertha, scornfully, as she reascended the stairs. "At least your craven carcass smarts right roundly from a woman's hand. But let me hurry to rejoin my poor father, whom this second shot must alarm greatly."

A few rapid steps placed her at her father's side, and a few rapidly spoken words soothed his alarm.

"Dreadful times we live in, my dear child, and I fear more dreadful still are in store for you. As for me—well, I feel the warning weakness coming on again, and each time that I rally from its chilly faintness, I know that I have taken another stride towards the embrace of Death. Raise me, my daughter, so that my throbbing temples may rest upon your bosom. I used to dream, Bertha, that when my last day should come, this old head, white and feeble with peaceful age, would lie lovingly upon the broad and noble breast of my glorious boy, the murdered Marion; but Marion is dead;

Clara is dead; your mother is dead; and ere another sun rises your father will be dead."

"Oh, my father!" was all that Bertha dared to articulate, as she lifted that beloved head, whitened before its time, to her soft bosom, and pressed it in her arms convulsively.

"A few short years ago, and how happy were we all, my darling."

"Oh! dear father, do not, do not talk thus," exclaimed Bertha, as she beat back her rising sobs with an iron will that shook every fibre in her being.

"Yes, my poor child, I must yield to the sunbeam memories of the past. It gives my aching heart sweet relief, and therefore let me pause for a moment amid the flowers and balmy recollections of my past life ere I leap into that dark and dismal time in which I committed the one, and I hopefully trust, the only great sin of my life."

The father raised his eyes pleadingly to those of his child, to whose love he clung the more tenaciously as he felt his soul rapidly floating towards the great and awful sea of eternity.

She gazed tenderly down upon the time-worn, care-stained and battle-scarred face, and pressed her lips fervently to his.

"Speak on, dear father, and as you will. Oh," she thought, as a spasm of anguish thrilled her heart, "he little knows how I long to cry out, let me die, oh God, with my adored father! But it would increase his sorrow, poor, darling father!"

"Yes, we were very happy then—a few years ago, as late as 1861, and this is 1864—three short years ago. This room was your mother's room and mine too, for we never lived apart from the day we became man and wife. In this room, you were born, Bertha, and so was our gentle Clara, and my glorious Marion. This was your mother's bridal chamber, my child, and here she gave up to God that gentle spirit which had been my comfort and solace for thirty-five years of love and happiness. Here she died, the very moment that she learned that our boy had fallen, slain, butchered beneath his mother's roof, almost before her eyes, at the foot of the stairs, where, when a child, a rosy cheeked little boy, he used to shout and leap for joy as his mother feigned to pursue him. You see that broken bracket, over the mantel there. Do you remember what hung there?"

"My mother's picture, father."

"Yes, one that I had painted just as she looked when I married her. I can see it now, with its features of love and beauty, following me with its gentle gaze—the Yankees have that picture now—it hangs in some Yankee parlor, perhaps, may be a Yankee general's, or perchance a Yankee preacher's, or a Yankee senator's. I hope that it is destroyed, for the thought that it graces the lair of some conscienceless plunderer, makes my heart too bitter towards man for one so near his God!" He paused for a moment, and closed his eyes as if to shut out these dismal memories, but they would come back.

"And yonder, near that window, used to hang another picture."

"My brother's, father?"

"Ay, my glorious Marion, who, true to the blood of the gallant Marion of '76, died like a hero in defending his

father's hearth from the foul invader!" almost shouted the Colonel, as a flash of triumph blazed over his proud features.

"But I am dwelling too long upon these scenes, and the flowers and sunbeams of memory turn to nettles and storm, when I strive to embrace them," he continued mournfully. "Let me come to that other. Listen, Bertha. When I married your mother, I did not know that she had once inspired a deep passion in the bosom of another. I knew that one of beauty so peerless, connections so imposing, wealth so great, must have had many admirers, and many who strove to win her hand, but I did not suspect that there was one who entertained for her a passion as intensely personal as my own; and who, to win her, would gladly have taken her without a dollar of her wealth. I knew that many had made her offers, the first of the country, North and South, but I felt it beneath the pride and honor of a gentleman ever to attempt to intrude into such sacred matters, and though I casually heard of the rejection of this one and that one, I never had even seen or heard of Archibald Rasp."

"Of whom?" exclaimed Bertha.

"Archibald Rasp, my child."

"Any kin to Major John Rasp?" she continued eagerly, as her eyes flashed.

"His father. Archibald Rasp was the father of that Federal firebrand of destruction, that—"

"'Cowboy' of the Revolution of 1861!" cried Bertha. "And so his father loved my mother? How strange!"

"Not at all strange," said the Colonel. "It seems he had met her at Saratoga, the summer before I became her husband, and fallen desperately in love with her, for she was the beauty of the day. He was a presumptuous fellow, however, and vain enough to imagine himself invincible with all womankind. So after a few days of fashionable flirtation, he made a formal offer of himself, and was rejected, and with much feeling of surprise and indignation on the part of your mother, who had never encouraged his attentions in the slightest degree, but rather avoided them. This avoidance, the muddy-witted fellow mistook for the shyness or coquetry of love."

"But who was this Archibald Rasp, and of what State?"

"He was a lawyer by profession, born in Massachusetts, of regular Puritanic lineage from Scottish origin; and, as fortune would have it, though I am very sorry for it, a very distant relative of your mother."

"And so his son, this furious Federal trooper, is a relative, though very distant, of mine also!" exclaimed Bertha, in high scorn.

"Very distant, so very distant that it would puzzle Heraldry to name the consanguinity, and yet so near that, after you, he stands heir-at-law to a great Scottish estate."

"And he knows this?"

"With all his brutal charcater," replied the Colonel, "this John Rasp is very shrewd, especially in a matter so vital to his own interests. And even were he dull, there is his sister Catherine Rasp, who is a very demon in intrigue and daring."

"Catherine Rasp—oh yes, I have heard that he had a sister."

"And that sister failing to keep him well informed, he has a mysterious friend, one Leighton, a Yankee spy, at present--what he was originally, I do not know—but this fellow Leighton is his firmest friend, and equals his sister Catherine in address and boldness. But let me return to Archibald, the father. Well, he was rejected, and returned to Massachusetts, and soon after married. But, as events proved, he never forgot his first love, nor forgave her for his rejection. He was a vindictive and malicious man, full of rancor and unsparing in his sarcasm and abuse towards all that he disliked. Five years after his marriage—you were not born then—he visited this part of Virginia, leaving his wife and two children, John and Catherine, the latter a mere infant, at his home. Here, he soon became acquainted with me. In fact, he sought my intimacy, though, from instinct, I disliked him, and now know that from association he must have profoundly hated me, as the happy husband of the woman who had rejected him, and whom from loving he turned to hating. This transformation of feeling is natural to all base minds, for a true gentleman in heart, no matter what his station in life may be, never entertains any but kind feeling for the woman he has loved, whether his affection be returned or not. Your mother not only disliked, but feared the man, for after his insinuating address had gained him admittance to our house as a guest, she observed that he attempted to renew the associations of former years, which, though they had been of brief continuance and extremely conventional, were far too intimate for the laws and usages of married life. This attempt she at once quashed, for gentle and mild as she was by nature, education and habit, she could be astonishingly firm and repellant when necessary.

"Balked in this dastardly purpose, Archibald returned to his original object in visiting Bratton, to destroy the happiness of the woman and blast the reputation of the man whose domestic paradise he had invaded, or rather, into which he, vermin like, had crawled.

"Indirectly, without personally appearing in the agency, he attempted to poison the mind of your mother against me, and to destroy her confidence in me as a true and faithful husband. In this he totally failed, for I was fully worthy of that trust. About this time, and as he became assured that my wife's reliance in my fidelity was impregnable, he learned that between him and the ultimate inheritance of the Scottish estate, of which I have spoken, had been discovered by his English lawyer, a new and insurmountable obstacle, your mother, and, succeeding her, Marion, your brother, then a child not four years old.

"It seems that he had had his eye upon the Scottish estate for many years, and believing himself the heir-at-law, in the event of the death of the present owner, if he still lives, had employed eminent counsel in England and Scotland to investigate his claims, and had twice himself crossed the Atlantic on that business. Shortly before his ill-omened visit to Bratton, he had arrived at the pleasant conclusion that he was firmly, legally and undoubtedly the next heir. The then

possessor of the estate was a young man, mentally and physically very feeble; there was no probability that he would ever marry, and so decrease Archibald's chances, and it was quite probable that his life would soon be spent. But, in the latter supposition, Archibald was wrong, for the feeble youth grew to strong manhood, both in mind and body, and was living, though still unmarried, in 1862, when I last heard from him.

"Imagine, therefore, the rage and chagrin of this vindictive man, when he learned that the very woman who had rejected him possessed claims to the inheritance, which shattered his to pure impossibility, so long as she or any of her children should live! Conceive, if you can, his boundless disappointment, as he reflected that, had she married him, his claims would have been united with hers.

"In his agitation, when he received and read this stunning intelligence, we all saw that something remarkably chafing had touched him. We were seated in the front piazza at the time, he, your mother, I and several friends. After reading the letter, which he did in extreme haste, and with changing color, he stared rather than glanced at your mother with eyes of fury, and then, seizing his hat and cane, hurried away, leaving us bewildered by his conduct.

"While we were discussing it, a friend of mine, now a gallant General in the Confederate army of Mississippi, entered the avenue and was soon with us. After a few moments, he called me aside, and showing me a letter, said:

"'I have just met Mr. Rasp; he seemed half crazed, for he muttered curses coupled with your wife's name, and tossed his arms about him like an idiot. He did not appear to notice me, but hurried right on. As I continued on my way hither, I observed this letter in the path, and on glancing at it, I discovered the cause of Rasp's strange capers. Read the letter.'

"'To whom is it addressed?' I asked.

"'To Archibald Rasp, Esq.,' replied my friend.

"'Then I have no right to read it,' said I.

"'Your words cast a reflection upon me,' retorted my friend, in some haughtiness, for he is quick as powder to take fire, "'for I have read it.'

"'And quite excusably, for you picked it up open on the highway, and a careless glance mastered the contents. In the same place, I would have so acted. But I cannot now read it, without the consent of Mr. Rasp.'

"'You are over-punctilious,' remarked my friend. "'Let me inform you.'

"'You cannot expect me to listen to a letter read to me without the owner's knowledge.'

"'Stop,' he said, as I bowed, and was about to change the subject. "'This letter speaks of your wife.'

"'Enough, my friend. Do me the favor to present the letter to Mr. Archibald Rasp, and to inform him that as he has been heard to utter curses in connection with my wife's name, I demand satisfaction forthwith. Say nothing of this affair, until matters are settled.'

"'I will inform Mr. Rasp as you desire,' said my friend, "'but as for this, if he gets it from me, he will have to

fight or sue me. They say he has already had some experience in the duello, which is a rare thing for a man from Massachusetts."

"'And shows their superior good sense, though there are cases and countries in which a man must yield to imperative custom, and so must I in this.'

"I left my friend, seemingly cool and collected, but in soul I was convulsed with rage and all those evil passions which make a man a murderer. I loved your mother devotedly, I both disliked and despised Rasp, and the fact that he had dared to speak vilely of my wife inflamed my mind to frenzy. Minutes seemed hours, and hours days, until my friend returned to tell me that Rasp was as eager for fight as I. It is long years ago, but I remember the savage exultation with which I received the communication of my friend. I resolved to kill Rasp, deliberately resolved to shoot him dead in his tracks. My skill with the pistol was remarkable, my courage and coolness as firm as rock, my detestation and contempt for my adversary infinite. I never dreamed, even, that his pistol might slay me, and so forever mar the happiness of my affectionate wife. My whole thought was murder, and this is the crime that now weighs upon my sinking soul like lead."

"The provocation, father, was greater than man could bear," remarked Bertha soothingly, as her father groaned aloud.

"So I thought then," resumed the Colonel, "but I do not think so now. The life-long hope of a man suddenly dashed to atoms may well create a frenzy of speech and gesture, and poor, frail human nature should be held widely excusable under such circumstances. But then, I believed life insupportable to me, so long as Archibald Rasp breathed the breath of life, and I determined to slay him. In thought I marked the spot where my unerring ball should strike, in the very centre of his forehead, where I had observed the deep scowl of hate with which he had regarded your mother after reading that fatal letter.

"I shudder as I remember that, to make my meditated crime a certainty, I practiced for several hours at a mark placed upon a tree. That tree still stands upon these grounds; its scars have become invisible to a careless eye, but to me they ever stand forth in bold relief.

"This thirst for revenge consumed me, until within a few hours of the fatal meeting. Then a sudden revulsion of feeling took place in my heart as I became acquainted with the facts of the ease. Then the thought that it might be said, and with good show of evidence, that I had slain Rasp to remove a claimant, whose rights might be clearer than those of my wife to the Scottish estate, caused me to resolve not to kill, but merely wound him, for I knew that I could place my ball where I pleased.

"We met. He was calm and polite, but I could see a devil's rage in his eye. He was very pale, but the pallor was not from fear. I will do him the justice to say that he was as brave as any man of those who witnessed the scene, and all of them have made their names immortal in the history of this war. The ground was measured, the men were placed, and for a moment we stood gazing sternly into each other's eyes.

"Wishing to avoid bloodshed if possible, my second conferred for a few moments with Rasp's; but was assured that Rasp was firm in his purpose to fight.

"'He means to kill you, Seely,' whispered my friend; "'I see it in his eye. Be quick in delivering your fire.'

"He stepped aside, and the word was given, 'Are you ready?' 'Ready,' replied Rasp, in a quick, fierce tone, as his fingers tightened upon his pistol, and his fiery eyes darted living flame into mine. I paused a moment, selecting a spot on his person where a wound would not be mortal, and yet severe; then I replied, 'Ready,' and the voice of my friend rang out clear and strong, 'Fire! One!' and both pistols exploded almost simultaneously, but there was, perhaps, the tenth of a second's precedence in mine, and as I fired he fell, his bullet grazing my right temple, and leaving this scar." He touched his temple with his finger, and his daughter kissed it softly.

"So used your beloved mother to caress that scar, for she said she had been its cause. Well, he fell, and the attendant surgeon pronounced the wound dangerous, but not mortal. My bullet had broken his collar bone, and glancing upward passed through his neck. Hubert's House was in those days a famous inn, and Rasp was carried thither. There he died within a week."

"Oh! father!" murmured Bertha.

"And on my soul rests that untimely and bloody death, but if years of penitence and remorse are of avail in propitiating that Great God who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine!' then I may hope. It was said by those who attended him that although the wound was the indirect cause of his death, he would have recovered, for it was healing rapidly, had he not indulged in heavy drinking of wine and brandy, a habit to which he was always prone. This added to the natural fever of his hurt, and death ensued. I was sorry for this result then, but not remorseful until my anger had cooled. After his death I learned all his baseness, among other things that he had plotted the ruin of your mother's fair name. His wife arrived in Bratton on the day that he died, but in his death-delirium he did not recognize her. He was buried here in Bratton, and his wife departed after sending me this message: 'You, man of the unholy South, may call it a duel; I know it to be a murder. In your heart you know it is so. I shall teach *his* children to hate you and yours. To them I leave my avenging.' This message pierced me to the soul, for his wife loved him; he was her husband; the father of her children; my hand had done her infinite wrong; my deed had draped her soul in mourning. Ah! it required all the affectionate reasoning of your mother to soothe my remorse, but time and other cares gradually blunted my feelings on that subject. Before leaving Bratton, his wife purchased the right of the room in which her husband had died, and had its windows strongly boarded, and its door nailed up. Years have passed, and though Hubert's House has often changed owners, that room has remained unmolested. A few months after this unfortunate affair, I interested myself in tracing out the claims of my wife to the inheritance of the Scottish estate, and accumulated indisputable evidence of her clear title to succeed the present

possessor, Elgin McDermott, in the enjoyment of the Aronvale property. Upon you will now devolve all that right, and—did you hear a noise as if some one stumbling below?" he suddenly exclaimed.

"I have heard nothing, father; but I will go and examine."

"No; it was nothing," he continued, "but the barking of a dog. I feel very weak—let me hasten to a close. All of the papers, correspondence, proofs, &c., are now in Atlanta, Ga. in the care of my true friend, David Elmore. I wish they were in New York, or Europe, or in some safe place without the Confederacy, for should they be destroyed, it would cost you years of labor to establish your claims as nearest of kin, even if you could ever do so. You are soon to be a penniless orphan, poor child, for all the great wealth of your parents is destroyed or confiscated by these harpies of the northern Congress, who have no more respect for the Constitution of our forefathers than their favorite preachers have for the Bible. Our 'slaves' are freed by a palpably unconstitutional enactment, our property in lands or houses is plundered from us by military law, backed by despotic legislation, our money has long since vanished in defending our rights. All is lost, 'slaves,' lands, houses, money, even the right to deem ourselves the negro's equal. His equal! We shall be fortunate if oaths declaring the negro our superior are not crammed down our throats with Federal bayonets. But the recoil, the reaction will come some day, not in mine, perhaps not in yours, and the retribution of two nations, North and South, will be terrific. Mark the prophecy—the North will one day call on the South to put down the despotism triumphant fanaticism and unscrupulous political ambition have fostered. But to return. When I am no more, seek David Elmore in Atlanta, Georgia, towards which the Federal General Sherman is bending all his mighty host. Atlanta will fall, and Sherman will sweep like a devastating storm through the heart of Georgia, and piercing the already sorely exhausted vitals of the Confederacy, will reach Savannah; thence turning his army, will pass into South Carolina, where deeds of awful barbarity, in the name of the Union, will forever dishonor the American name. That noble State will bear the full measure of the Federal vengeance, and the smoke of her blazing homesteads, and the shrieks of her outraged women, and the cries of her homeless widows and orphans will ascend to heaven, calling down its vengeance upon the spoiler; while across the startled Savannah, crippled, plundered, crushed Georgia, shall fall an easy prey to the lawless raiders who are mustering along the Mississippi. There is one man who can beat back Sherman, and so defeat the plans of the much lauded Grant—that man is Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. His policy is fatal to the Federals. Old Winfield Scott, whom Virginia was once proud to call her favorite living son, and whom many call 'the Great Captain of the age,' is reported to have said, 'Beware of Lee's advances, and Johnston's retreats,' and the events of this war proved the judgment of the aged soldier correct. But there is dissension and envy, or jealousy in our camps and among our leaders; our people are becoming lukewarm; they see that

Christendom is against us. Atlanta will fall; Richmond will fall; the Confederacy will fall, and then—ah! the vision I see before me is too fearful to portray. The blacks, the ignorant, brutal, sensual negro, will be declared the equal, perhaps the superior, of his late master, and a war of races will ensue, in whose vast ocean of slaughter and woe, and desolation, and crime, a thousand St. Domingos might pour their empurpled streams of human blood in one great stream, and be thought a rivulet in the comparison. Hasten, therefore, to Atlanta, and having secured the papers make your way to Edinburg, where Elgin McDermott lives; declare who you are, and he will see that you do not suffer. Ah! that footstep! Who is this?" he exclaimed, as a powerful man suddenly leaped into the room, bounding from the verandah through a window

"Major John Rasp, at your service, Colonel Hart Seely, and yours, Miss Bertha," replied the intruder, as he held himself haughtily erect.

(*To be continued.*)

SHUT OUT FROM THE TREE OF LIFE.

Oh, weary heart! oh, sinking soul!
How terrible the strife!
Fighting the Angel with flaming sword,
Guarding the Tree of Life—
Shut out from the Tree of Life!

We long for a sight of the precious tree—
We die for a taste. Alack!
'Tis ever the same with you and me,
Fainting and falling back—
Shut out from the Tree of Life!

Hope after hope presents a spear,
We hurl it with all our might;
Recoiling splinters fling from their sides
Bewildering shadows of night—
Shut out from the Tree of Life!

Thus perisheth every human hope,
Till darkness covers the earth!
We do not live till the day of death;
We die from the day of birth—
Shut out from the Tree of Life!

And yet *one* hope surviveth all,
Shining into the grave,
To light us through the Valley of Death,
And make us firm and brave—
Shut out from the Tree of Life!

Oh, Infinite Justice! Infinite Good!
When earth's last tie shall sever,
May *this* not perish and leave the soul
In the blackness of darkness forever—
Shut out from the Tree of Life!

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE.

A writer in the last number of the *North American Review* is sadly troubled to discover the *causes* of secession, and engages in an elaborate examination of the laws of climate, in the hope of discovering these *causes.* The cause of secession is of course so abstruse to the scholarship of Boston, that volumes might be written on it; but to the men of the next generation, however learned they may be, it will be as plain as that two and two count four, and as easily understood as it is at this moment by all those not under the dominion of the Abolition lunacy.

Abolition and *secession* are cause and effect, eternally and inexorably linked together, as are all other causes and effects, and though the next generation may think that Jefferson Davis and his friends committed grave errors, no one will question their motives or the justice of their course.

"Abolition of slavery" is the abolition of human society, where whites and negroes exist together in approximate proportions, and it is impossible to conceive ot a social destruction more horrible or irreparable; and a majority of the States forming the Federal Union combined together on the sole principle of hostility to the minority, took possession of the common government, and avowed their design of perverting it into an instrument for the destruction of society in the doomed States.

A government created for the common good was usurped through the forms of law by a certain class of States, who avowed their design not only of monopolizing it hereafter, and making it their instrument for ruling over the people of another class of States, but an instrument for the destruction of society itself, and for bringing upon the latter or their children a doom more horrible than if the earth opened its bosom and engulfed them at once, and yet the Boston schoolmen of the *North American Review* cannot understand the *cause* of secession, or, in other words, why the wronged and outraged people of the South sought to save themselves from a destruction so horrible.

But *apropos* to the laws of climate, in which our sapient reviewer strives to find the occult causes of secession. He, like most other writers on this subject, assumes that climate has certain permanent influences over the physical and mental, and, indeed, moral qualities, and, therefore, comes to the plausible conclusion that South Carolinians and Texians are correspondingly modified, of course unfortunately for them, as compared with New Englanders. This notion has resulted no doubt from the popular apprehension of a fact, or seeming fact, and of that class of facts of which a French philosopher has said that a thousand of them are not worth a single principle. It has been observed that tropical and semi-tropical populations are often idle, sensual, effete and miserable, and the inference from this fact, or seeming fact, is that men in hot climates become idle, listless, and effete, and

are easily conquered and overcome by the more energetic, enterprising, and hardy sons of the North.

And this wide-spread popular ignorance is peculiarly flattering, no doubt, just now, to the Puritans of New England, who assume that the conquest of the South by the North is only the repetition of the old historic law that dooms the idle and effete inhabitants of sunny climes to become the conquest of the more vigorous and energetic North. There is no law of climate to justify this assumption, for *climate has no influence whatever over the physical or mental qualities of our race, or indeed of any race.* A moment's consideration of any thoughtful mind should be sufficient to convince them of the perfect truth of this assertion. The Creator has made everything perfect, and does not permit any change or modification, even to the millionth part of an atom, of any of His creatures. If it were otherwise, if climate, chance, human wisdom or contrivance could change or modify any of His creatures, why then these powers, whatever they may be called, would of course dominate those of the Almighty Creator. With the fanciful followers of Darwin, and Lord Monbadda, chance or the "law of development" may account for all, unexplained phenomena, in the organic world. But to all those who recognize an "Almighty Creator of Heaven and earth, and all that in them is," it should be an obvious, if not self-evident truth, that all creatures shaped and fashioned by the Divine Hand are immutable and everlasting, and climate, locality, chance, human wisdom, might, or contrivance, are utterly powerless to change or modify them in any respect whatever.

This is so, even in the simplest and least developed creatures in the organic world, and all the forces of climate, of chance, of time, of human wisdom, fraud and power all combined together, and operating for millions of years, cannot modify the organism or the nature of a worm at our feet even to the millionth part of an atom, and how utterly absurd, therefore, to fancy that any or all of these accidental or human forces could modify the nature and qualities of the most perfect and most elevated of all the works of the Divine Architect.

But it is not historically true that the South has always been conquered and overrun by the hordes of the North. On the contrary, the great conquering powers of the earth have been within the latitudes of what we now call the "South." Carthage and Rome, who so long contended for the empire of the world, were both essentially southern, and the conquests and civilization of Arabia, still more South, even, present us with a phase and picture of industry, enterprise, and vitality unsurpassed in history

Indeed, civilization has always moved from the South to the North, and Gibbon and all other authorities, while representing southern Italy as the centre of life, progress, and refinement, have represented northern Germany and northern Europe as essentially barbarian and non-progressive.

All agree, and doubtless all mistake to a certain extent, that Rome finally fell a conquest to northern barbarians, and if this were really so, it would be no proof of the greater energy and vi-

tality of the northern hordes, for if they conquered Rome, southern hordes overrun the lower Europe and captured Constantinople.

The simple truth is, that climate has nothing to do with the matter, and it is only when they reach extreme latitudes that the habits—not the nature or qualities—of our race are influenced by it.

People living in the centre of the temperate latitudes are most likely, under their genial influences, to become what we call civilized, but we have only to remember that southern Italy and the shores of the Mediterranean were once the home of the most heroic and indomitable men that the world ever saw, and is now the home of the most idle, abject, and miserable, to understand how little climate really has to do with the fortunes and destinies of mankind.

But while climate, in the sense ordinarily understood, that is, the mere degrees of latitude, and the physical agencies of heat and cold, have so little connection with the progress of civilization, in the broader sense of *industrial adaptation*, it involves the very existence of human society.

All created things, human, animal, and vegetable, have their allotted centres of existence, beyond which or outside of which they are not permitted to exist. They are created for this purpose, and adapted to this condition of existence, and this universal and all-pervading law of the organic world is as absolute and immutable in the human creation as it is in the vegetable world, as fixed, all-pervading and unavoidable in the white man and negro as it is in the orange and pineapple.

There are a few exceptions, or rather partial exceptions. There are some animals, as the horse and dog, and perhaps all of our domestic animals, and some vegetables, as wheat, potatoes, most of our garden plants, that exist in all climates or atmospheric conditions; and so, too, the white man, or Caucasian, who can exist everywhere and preserve all his faculties in as absolute perfection under the equator, as in Boston, or in the centre of the temperate latitudes. Nevertheless, he, too, has his centre of existence, and though, when using proper precautions, may preserve all his powers in their actual perfection, he can no more exist as a laborer in the tropics than can the negro in the temperate latitudes. Each race, or rather species, has its centre of existence, as all other organic beings, not to be determined by mere degrees of latitude, or of heat and cold, but by industrial adaptation.

Heat and cold are potent agents, it is true, but secondary, or at all events they are only a portion of the facts that govern the subject. The earth, the soils, the seasons, the plant or product, the means needed for its cultivation, its gathering, its fabrication afterwards, the *tout ensemble* that finally ends in human uses, all these govern the matter and climate in the ordinary sense, that is, degrees of heat and cold, if not subordinate, are only items in the grand programme. For example: what an elaborate and extended process, from the preparation of the soil and sowing of the seed, to the final making of our ordinary bread.

Millions and countless millions of generations of negroes could never

reach that result, and even the Mongol or Chinese, the race nearest our own, save as they now may be taught by Europeans, never made a loaf of bread. Each race, or rather species, as observed, has its own centre of life, its own capabilities of preserving that life; that is, its industrial adaptation, its natural relations to certain productions, and we see in this the wisdom, as well as beneficence of the Creator; for were it otherwise, could the "Yankees" grow cotton, etc., with white labor, they would "reform" the negro and all the inferior races off of the face of the earth, only to supply their places by the slavery of their own race.

Isolated in the centre of existence where God placed him, the negro makes no progress, but the genial clime and fertile earth enable him to fulfill the primal command and multiply his kind. Brought to America, and guided and protected by the white man, he multiplies himself faster than in his native Africa, and, therefore, *must* be not only in the condition assigned him by the Creator, but in the *best* condition the mind can conceive of. While the product of his labor is an essential element of our modern civilization, his presence in our midst has, no doubt, been the greatest blessing that Providence ever conferred on any people. In the first place, it gave development to the Democratic idea, and it has been the means, indirectly, of rendering Democratic institutions successfull.

The man who "owned" negroes necessarily became a Democrat. Here was a distinction of nature that rendered the artificial distinctions of class, in the same race, an absurdity.

What were kings and nobles—the mere human inventions, compared with this invention of God Almighty? and, indeed, every true and earnest man becomes indignant when he remembers that the great mass of his race are transformed into beasts of burthen by a handfull of their brethren. And while it renders the so-called slaveholder the champion of Democracy, and the defender of the rights and interests of the producing classes, the products of negro labor have furnished nearly all the material of our foreign commerce, and cheap cotton, sugar, etc., have conferred more real good on the masses, and contributed more to human happiness than all the schools and universities of Christendom.

But there has been an accidental anomaly in this matter that has given origin to much of the folly and nonsense of the day. Negroes were imported by New England, and forced into the temperate latitudes, and though no doubt useful in the Middle States, until the lands were cleared and malaria gotten rid of, large masses of them, indeed most of them, in 1860, were outside of their own industrial orbit, and this mere fact of locality became confounded with their condition, and led multitudes to act with the lunatic Abolitionists. The man in Virginia, North Carolina, etc., who depended on his labor, of course had a more vital interest in so-called "slavery" than had the wealthy slaveholder, for, "slavery" abolished, the negroes forced to a legal level with him and his children, involved utter degradation as well as ruin; but the man of wealth might escape such an awful social cataclysis as the "Abolition of slavery."

What was needed in 1860 was more tropical or semi-tropical territory, enabling the planters of Maryland, Virginia, and other transition States, to emigrate with their negroes, leaving the vacated lands to be resuscitated by European emigrants.

This law of industrial adaptation had already carried the negro from New England to the Gulf States, and the census returns for eighty years past show us a black column ever on the march tropicward, until interrupted by the terrible catastrophe which has torn down the very foundations of society and rendered the country an industrial chaos from the Potomac to the Gulf.

If, in 1860, there had been no interruption to the natural development of this industrial law, if we had acquired Cuba, San Domingo, the Gulf Coast, etc., negroes would have been rapidly carried from the transition States, and a white immigration would have filled the vacuum and restored the lands rendered almost valueless by the non-adapted negro laborer, and the restoration of industry and production to the vast tropical regions, blasted and withered by the Abolition delusion of our times, would have been a still greater good to civilization and the happiness of mankind.

Indeed, we have only to suppose no interruption to the climatic and industrial law, which was rapidly carrying the negro element within its own centre of existence, where under the guidance and care of their masters they would restore the blighted wastes of the tropics to production and civilization, to measure the stupendous and nameless crime of the American Abolitionists.

But this crime has been committed, and instead of opening the tropics to the negro element, we are striving to keep it within the temperate latitudes, and, wonderful indeed, instead of keeping it in its normal condition of subordination, where the Almighty Creator placed it, we are striving to "reform" His work and make it equal to the white. Either of these things, if persisted in, *must* necessarily work out national ruin, but, both together, penning up four millions of negroes within the temperate latitude, and forcing them into the status of the white population at the same time, is a *sin* not only unparalleled but unapproachable in the follies and crimes of our race.

But the very enormity of this stupendous and measureless folly will work its own cure. The ordinances of the Almighty Creator cannot be revised or set aside by His creatures, and we are too young and vigorous, and too sensible to commit suicide by butting out our brains against the Eternal order. Society will be restored at the South, and "slavery extension" will again go on. Or, in other words, the supremacy of the white man over the negro, decreed by the Almighty, will be again universally recognized on this continent, and the negro element will be removed to its own centre of existence.

These two things are fixed by the hand of God, and, therefore, *must* prevail with the next, if not the present generation, for American society cannot exist in opposition to them.

STONEWALL JACKSON AS SENTINEL.

(WRITTEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.)

'Twas in the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still,
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill;
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and sombre brow,
The dreamy eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow;
The wistful glance peered o'er the plains,
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of God
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him,
Its grand and awful scroll,
Manassas, and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by,
With that tremendous fight,
Which gave him to the angel hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us,
With that resistless moan,
While up the valley of the Lord
He marches to the Throne!
He kept the faith of men and saints,
Sublime and pure and bright,
He sleeps—and all is well with him,
Who watched the camp that night.

Brothers, the midnight of the cause
Is shrouded in our fate,
The demon Goths pollute our halls,
With fire and lust and hate;
Be strong, be valiant, be assured—
Strike home for Heaven and Right!
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad,
And guards the camp at night.

PEN PICTURES OF PURITANISM.

CHAPTER III.

The Abolitionists pretend to believe that the negro is equal to the white man; and of course that he is entitled to all the rights, social and political, of the white man. Now, any man of Saxon or Celtic descent, whether he be a College President, a Puritan Doctor of Divinity, or a pettifogging demagogue, who proclaims that the negro is his equal, or by cultivation or amalgamation can be made his equal, is simply a lunatic, or worse. This is a harsh word for a grave historian to use, but there is no other one in the American language so suitable. The negro is known to have existed, with all his physical peculiarities, precisely as he now is, from the first ages of the historic world; and always, when living with Caucasians, a 'slave.' The records of of Egypt prove that he existed as early as the days of Abraham, who, according to popular chronology, was not far from sixty years of age when Noah died. No matter what he may be, nor what he may have been called, whether "slave," peon, servant, or "freedman," he is, and ever has been, simply a "slave;" not because he has been degraded from his original estate, but because God Almighty made him so. To attempt to elevate the negro to the white man's level, is an insult to manhood, a crime against society, and a sin against God.

Cultivation cannot produce whales from sharks, eagles from blackbirds, nor lions from skunks; nor can it change hemlocks to pines, rye to wheat, apples to peaches, nor poppies to lilies. On the same principle, negroes cannot be cultivated up to Caucasians. Each of the different species must remain as the All-wise made them. Miscegenation is beastly diabolism.

In some genera of the animal world there are two species, closely resembling each other, the individuals of either of which may miscegenate with those of the other, and produce offspring; but such offspring is invariably hybrid; it cannot propagate itself, as a distinct race, between the two parent stocks. The horse and ass produce mules, but they always die out in the third generation, if not the second. Caucasian and negro produce mulattoes, but those do not propagate beyond a few generations. The different races or families of a species, may cross with each other, often to the advantage of both; but when the distinct line of species is crossed, death sets its seal on the progeny. The blood of a nobler species, like Caucasian in the genus *homo*, and horse in the genus *equus*, may be debased by admixture with that of a baser species of the same genus, like the negro and ass; but, the blood once poisoned, all the progeny will be poisoned, till finally the mongrel mixture will die out.

Let any one of mature age, call to mind the mulatto families he knew in his youth, and he will see that they have not propagated as mulattoes. They are more subject to disease than the pure blood of either species; and if they intermarry with whites, sterility, imbecility, and barrenness finish them; though if they intermarry with negroes, the poisoned Caucasian blood may run out, and be utterly lost in the baser negro. The census of those places in the North where mulattoes abound, proves that their rate of increase decreases every decade, notwithstanding continual accessions to their numbers by other mulattoes from the South. The mulatto's age being coeval with our own, we do not so readily see the operation of that universal law of nature, of God, with them, as we do with the lower animals, many generations of which are born and die during the lifetime of man.

These mongrels are not representatives of either species: above one, below the other. Generally, they inherit the pride of the superior parent, the vices of both, but the virtues of neither. Hence, the saucy, impudent pertness of smart mulattoes; their trickiness, and utter lack of all ennobling qualities.

The ancients held white slaves, who, when freed, became the equals of their former masters. The same is true in Russia now; but the negro, when a "slave" to a Caucasian, is vastly higher in the scale of humanity, than when in his native state. The white man, when released from bondage, springs up to his natural level; the negro, when not subject to the guidance of a superior race, sinks down to his, and rapidly becomes, what in his natural state he always must be, a savage.

At a recent gathering of the ultra-Puritan clans, where mingled black spirits, white and gray, a fellow, than whom a meaner-souled never disgraced civilization, declared that "slavery" is not yet dead. Most certainly it is not, and it never will be, while negroes exist in the same communities with whites. No matter what they may be called: "slaves" they are, and "slaves" they will be to all intents and purposes, for God Almighty created them such. And yet the demented Abolitionists and semi-monarchists of Massachusetts, are striving with might and main to clothe this natural "slave" with the prerogatives of freemen, to invest him with the right of suffrage! As well might we, in imitation of the Roman tyrant, make our horses consuls and voters, as to confer the right of suffrage upon negroes. Such an act would be simply to give to every rich man as many votes as he owns horses and can control negroes.

Every year there arrive on our shores some immigrants as poor and illiterate as are some of our negroes; but they soon rise to an equality with most of us, and some excel many of us (they or their progeny); but the negro remains the same *forever*, because our heavenly Father made him an inferior being, a perpetual child, an actual "slave."

In a despotism, where all the people are but servants of the monarch, it is well enough to disregard the distinction of species among the commonalty; for that necessitates standing armies, ostensibly to preserve the peace, but in reality to guard the crown and its prerogatives; but in a

republic, where all freemen are sovereigns, the line of species would soon become the line of parties; and if the two species be anything like equal in numbers, the dissensions consequent therein would never end but in the extinction of the inferior species.

The white man, whose soul, and mind, and senses, are not perverted by the false teachings of Puritanism, feels an antipathy to the negro: not like the rivalry that existed between the Franks and the Gauls; nor the superiority exercised by the Normans over the Saxons; but that repulsive antagonism to equality that exists between the ermine and the skunk. This is not prejudice, but a holy principle implanted by our Creator in the hearts of all His superior children. The Omnipotent willed the superiority, and implanted the desire to preserve it; the irreligion of Puritanism, which crops out and runs to seed in all manner of infidelisms, as we see in Massachusetts, is attempting to undo the works of the Almighty, by proclaiming the equality of beings eternally unequal.

A pure democracy is best supported in a sparsely populated, agricultural country. Manufacturing towns and commercial emporiums produce men who are adverse to the interests of a pure democracy; but a representative republic, which leaves each locality to the enjoyment of its own customs and local laws, may embrace great cities and an extensive territory; and a confederation of republics, a union of independent States, in which no one, so far as its own territory may be concerned, can be ruled by any or all of the others, such a union as the framers of our Constitution intended the United States to be, may be coextensive with a continent, and perpetual. But if the tyrannic heresy, that a majority of the representatives, or the voters, or the people of any one section, may, by virtue of being more numerous, rule those of any other section, regardless of their climate, necessities, lineage, habits, customs, and time-honored local laws; if that heresy prevail, then farewell not only democracy but republicanism. Such a government may continue for a while under the name of a republic, but it will be, nevertheless, the meanest, harshest, and most intolerable of despotisms.

The tyranny of a sole despot may be ended by a single, well-directed blow; but the tyranny of an unscrupulous majority must be groaned under till chance afford relief, unless the minority have the hardihood to risk the uncertain issue of an appeal to the bayonet.

The non-radical leaders of the radical party in Massachusetts, who *make-believe* Puritanism to a convenient extent, as the usurper Cromwell did, for ulterior purposes, are aiming to change the form of our government, as they already have changed the administration of it. These men are in favor of an aristocracy, to be created by a system of associated wealth. The party to which they belonged, before the present division of parties, held that a national debt is a great national blessing. To the few rich who hold the debt, it certainly is; for they and their children forever, can live in a state of gentlemanly indolence; but to the laboring many and their children, who must annually pay

the interest, to enable the lazy drones to live a life of luxurious ease, it is the greatest of all curses.

When the late war broke out, the Abolitionists, the only real disunionists in the land, howled and shrieked for blood, like so many hungry wolves and hyenas; but they kept their own precious persons far from the front. They hounded on the non-Puritanic laboring classes of native Americans, and the Celts and Teutons who had become Americanized, to fight for the negro, against their own instincts and interests, while they remained at home, to reap the profits of high prices, of robbery and of confiscation, and to see that all offices, civil and military, were filled by the faithful. When all able-bodied men of the before-named classes were used up, they caught as many wild niggers as they could, and then sent to Europe for more food for powder, to fill the quota of their State, by which means they made as good a show of numbers as their ancestors did during the Revolution, by enlisting the same boys three or four times over.

The able leaders of oft-whipped Federalism snatched at the golden opportunity to carry out their aristocratic schemes, so many times condemned by the people. They and the fanatics roared out most lustily for the union they had so lately derided and spit upon. The proud thought that the American name must eventually become what the Roman was, at least as far as this continent is concerned, leaving the other hemisphere to Russia, glows in the hearts of the masses of Americans, whether native to the soil or of European birth; and as disintegration would be inimical to that, hundreds of thousands of valiant men, who hate Abolitionism as cordially as they hate the devil, rushed to arms, to perpetuate the unity of the American territory. These heroes thus became the tools of Federal Abolitionism, to destroy the old voluntary union of independent States, formed by Washington and his compeers, and to consolidate the States into one central despotism.

A huge mountain of debt has been rolled on the shoulders of the laboring poor, thus consigning them and their posterity to eternal poverty. Millions on millions of the money so lavishly squandered in creating this villainous debt, has been gathered into the coffers of the rich, some of it legitimately, more of it not. High, oppressively high tariffs follow as a matter of course; thereby fostering the manufacturing interests of New England at the expense of the people of agricultural States and commercial cities. An unequal, unjust, and oppressive system of internal taxation has been forced upon the country, whereby the rich are made richer, and the poor poorer. The manufacturers and merchants, in reality, pay no internal revenue, only on what little is consumed in their own families. The wholesaler raises prices to cover his tax; the jobber does the same, and then the retailer; so that the internal revenue is paid, almost exclusively, by the laborers, mechanics, artisans, clerks, and other workingmen of the country; while the rich and other non-producing classes really pay next to nothing. This outrageous system, if continued, will, in a very few years, create as wide a gulf between the rich and the poor in this country as there

now is in the worst-governed despotism of the old world. A poor man cannot buy a box of matches, a paper of pins, a pound of sugar, a yard of cloth, a pint of vinegar, a bar of soap, nor a dose of medicine, without paying tribute to the rich, in the form of enhanced prices; and at the same time, he pays an internal tax on his income, though that income be not enough to support his family; while the rich, who receive these enhanced prices to pay their income tax, thus escaping scot-free, pay not a single cent of tax on their thousands of millions of government bonds, on which they receive interest, which is wrung by these cursed taxes from the laboring poor. Formerly, the laboring man could enjoy many of the luxuries, and all the comforts of life; now, he is not only debarred from even semi-luxuries, but must deny himself and family many of the absolute necessaries of life. He cannot be so cheerful and happy as formerly, nor appear so respectable; while the rich are more extravagant than ever in dress, equipage, and living.

SEA-WEED.

[BY E. W. WRIGHT.]

I.

Oh, call us not weeds of the sea,
Mere weeds of the restless sea!
For we are bright flowers,
And dwell in gay bowers,
Down under the sea;
In the sunless caves
Of the sweet sea-maid,
Where the coral is wrought
With pearls inlaid,
And the beautiful star-eyed ray is seen
Lighting the path of coral queen;
There dwell we,
Down under the sea!

II.

Then call us not weeds of the sea,
Mere weeds of the thriftless sea!
For we dwell in sweet bowers,
Sweet coralline bowers,
Down under the sea;

Where the delicate rays
Of the star-beam fall
In a shower of pearls
Through the sea-maid's hall,
And the laughing Naiads sing their loves
In the motionless depths of the coral groves:
There dwell we,
Down under the sea!

III.

Then call us not weeds of the sea,
Mere weeds of the sleepless sea!
For never were flowers,
In upland bowers,
More fair than we;
And we dwell far down
In the fathomless brine,
Where the gold-fish quarries
His amber mine,
And the glow-worm, seen by the light of a star,
Mellowly twinkles like crystalline spar;
There dwell we,
Down under the sea!

IV.

Then call us not weeds of the sea,
Mere weeds of the ruthless sea!
For never were bowers
More fair than ours,
On the upland lea;
And we dwell in the depths
Of the coral grove,
Where the painted ray
And the star-fish rove,
And the beautiful sea-nymphs wave their hair
In spangles of gold on the emerald air;
There dwell we,
Down under the sea.

V.

Then call not weeds of the sea,
Mere weeds of the reckless sea!
For the rarerst flowers
In all earth's bowers
Dwell under the sea;
Where their delicate hues
Of purple and gold,
With the emerald vie
For the place they hold,
And their tangles seem like the tangled hair
Of a thousand Nerieds waved in air;
There dwell we,
Down under the sea!

VI.

Then call us not weeds of the sea,
Mere weeds of the pathless sea!
For the sunniest bowers
Of earth are ours,
Down under the sea;
Where the tiniest ray,
By the diamond caught,
Sparkles and gleams
Like a seraph's thought—
Sparkles and gleams on the emerald air,
Like the first weird flash of a falling star
There dwell we,
Down under the sea!

——:o:——

HEART WHISPERINGS.

Could June extend through all the year,
And lovely flowers the hills adorn,
Let rugged clifts in slopes appear—
Let Iceland of her snows be shorn:
If cloudless skies should always smile,
Enduring health no sorrow bring,
Bright angel-guests the hours beguile,
And round the path soft shadows fling:
Dark, dreary days would still remain,
Glad scenes around would fail to move,
Earth orbed in glory would again
Receive new life in Woman's Love.

Jay El Ar., Ky.

——:o:——

FAREWELL FOREVER—A SONG.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

Farewell, dear one, farewell, forever!
The tear of anguish well may start!
The years we've lived and loved together,
Are ended now and we must part—
Farewell forever!

'Tis hard such faithful hearts to sever,
To speak the cruel, last adieu;
O, I shall see thy likeness never!
Nor love again as I have you!
O, never! never!

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF SOUVESTRE.]

Even though at the commencement of this century, Dieppe had already lost much of its importance, her maritime expeditions were still on a scale of grandeur which the restrained commerce of our days would scarcely lead us to suspect. The times for making fabulous fortunes had not so completely passed away, but that from time to time, some one of those unexpected millionaires, of which the theatres have made such abuse, was seen to return from far-distant regions, and one could still believe in the real existence of the "uncles in America," without too much *naivete.* In truth, they could then show at Dieppe more than one merchant, whose ships filled the port, who had been seen to go forth, twenty years before, in the simple jacket of a sailor. These examples were an encouragement for the strong and a perpetual hope for the forlorn. They rendered the improbable, possible, and the possible, probable. The unfortunate consoled themselves for reality by hoping a miracle. This miracle seemed nearly accomplished for a poor family of the little village of Omanville, four leagues from Dieppe. The widow Mauvaise had endured rude trials. Her eldest son, the true support of the family, was lost by shipwreck, leaving four children to the old woman's charge. This misfortune had postponed, and perhaps prevented the marriage of her daughter Clemence, and also broken up the plans of her son Martin, who had been obliged to relinquish his late studies and return to his share in the work of the farm. But in the midst of the uneasiness and depression of the poor family, a hope suddenly gleamed. A letter from Dieppe announced the return of a step-brother of the widow, who had gone off twenty years before. This "uncle Bruno returned with some curiosities from the New World," as he said himself, and with the intention of settling at Dieppe. This letter had been the all-absorbing subject since the evening before. Even although it expressed nothing definite, Martin, who was the reader, recognized in it the style of a man too free and too good-humored not to be rich. Evidently, the sailor had come back with some tons of crowns, which he would not refuse to share with his family. Once started, imagination travels fast. Each added her suppositions to Martin; Julienne herself, the god-child, supported by the widow, and occupying a position at the farm, less of servant than adopted relative, even she began to imagine what the uncle from America would give her.

"I will ask him for a cloth dress and a gold cross," said she, after Martin had read the letter aloud again.

"Oh!" said the widow, smiling, "if my poor Didier was alive, he would now have had a protector."

"Here are his children, though, godmother," observed Julienne, without counting Miss Clemence, who will not refuse a dowry."

"To do what?" asked Clemence, shaking her head sadly.

"What?" repeated Julienne, "that Mr. Marc's relatives might have nothing more to say. They did well indeed to send him off to hinder his marriage. If uncle Bruno chooses, he will soon be back."

"It remains to be seen if he has any wish to come back," murmured the young girl.

"Oh, well, if it will not be him, you will find another," said Martin, who thought only of the *marriage* of his sister, and not of her *husband;* "with an uncle from America, you can always find a good match."

"Who knows but he may have some rich companion, some millionaire of whom he may wish to make a nephew?"

"Oh, I hope not," cried Clemence, frightened; "there is no hurry for my marriage."

"What there is haste for, is to find a place for your brother," replied the widow, in a tone of chagrin.

"The Count always gives me hope of being made his agent for the farms," said Martin.

"But he does not decide," answered the old woman; "while he is waiting, time passes, and the corn is being eaten. The great lords do not know about that; their minds are given to pleasure, and when they recollect the piece of bread they have promised, you are already dead with hunger."

"We will not have that to fear, with uncle Bruno's friendship," said Martin; "there is no room for mistake. His letter says: 'I will arrive at Omanville to-morrow, *with all that I possess.*' That must signify that he does not intend to forget us."

"He ought to be on the way," interrupted the widow, "he may come any minute. Have you fixed everything, Clemence?"

The young girl rose and showed the side-board garnished with unaccustomed abundance. Near a shoulder of mutton, which they were drawing from the oven, rose an enormous quarter of bacon, flanked with two plates of *fouaces de froment*, and a panfull of sweet cream. Many cups of *maitre-cidre* completed this array, which drew from the children cries of admiration and desire. Julienne spoke, besides, of a *potage aux pommes* and a *tartine au beurre* which were keeping warm by the fire. The widow then selected from her linen press a damask cloth and serviettes, yellow from want of use. The young servant took some of the plates, the least cracked, on her waiter, and began to set the table by placing at the head the only silver spoon which was possessed in the family. They had just finished these preparations, when one of the children, who had been set to watch outside, rushed into the house crying: "Here he is! Here he is!

"Who?" asked everybody.

"Ah well, zounds, uncle Bruno," replied a strong and hearty voice.

The whole family turned. A sailor stepped on the door-sill and remained framed in the space left by the suddenly opened door. He held a green parrot on his right fist and a monkey

of uncertain species in his right hand.

The little children, frightened, hid in their grandmother's lap, and she herself could not restrain a cry. Martin, Clemence, and the servant remained stupefied.

"How! are you all afraid of my menagerie?" asked Bruno, laughing. "Hurra, brave ones, take heart and let us embrace. I came three thousand leagues for that."

Martin ventured first, then came Clemence, the widow, and the largest of the children, but nothing could induce the little girl or the youngest boy to approach. Bruno made himself amends by kissing Juliette.

"On my word, I believed I should never get here," continued he. "Do you know, mother Mauvaise, that it is equal to a good broadside to run from Dieppe to your cursed house?"

Martin then observed that his shoes were covered with dust.

"Have you come on foot, uncle Bruno?" asked he, in surprise.

"Par Dieu! would you have me come in a canoe through your cornfields?" replied the sailor gaily.

Martin turned towards the door. "But your baggage?" stammered he.

"My baggage? I have it on me," said Bruno. "A sailor, my friend, has ittle need for any baggage but a pipe land a nightcap."

The widow and the children looked at him.

"Excuse me," said the boy, "but from your letter, I believed—"

"What then? That I would come with a three-decker?"

"No," replied Martin, who forced himself to laugh pleasantly; "but with your trunks, for a long stay; for you made us hope you would remain with us a long time."

"Me?"

"I'll prove it; you said you would come 'with all that you possessed.'"

"Ah well, here it is, 'all that I possess,'" cried Bruno, "my parrot and my ape."

"What? that is all?" cried the family, with one voice.

"With my sailor's chest, in which there rest a few stockings without feet, and shirts without sleeves. But one is not sad for that, children. As long as conscience and one's stomach are in good state, the rest is all a farce. Excuse me, step-sister, I see there some cider, and your four leagues of ground road have dried my throat. Houp! Rochambeau, salute your relatives."

The ape made three jumps, then went to seat himself a little further off, scratching his nose. The sailor, who had reached the table, helped himself to cider. The family appeared paralyzed. Seeing the table set, Bruno seated himself unceremoniously, and declared he was perishing with hunger.

Willingly or not, they had to serve the soupe aux pommes and the bacon, which were in sight, but the widow shut the buffet upon the rest. The sailor, whom Martin continued to question, related then how he had traversed the seas for twenty years, under different flags, without gaining anything but his pay, which was spent as soon as received.

At last, after an hour spent thus, it seemed certain that uncle Bruno had no fortune, but much good humor and an excellent appetite. The disap

pointment was general, but expressed itself according to the peculiar character of each. While in Clemence, it woke only surprise and a little sadness; in Martin, it was a mortified ill-humor, and with the widow, sorrow and anger.

This change of feeling was not long in expressing itself. The ape having frightened the little girl, running after her, the grandmother required that it should be shut up in an abandoned stable, and Martin declared that it was intolerable that the parrot should be permitted to pick in the sailor's plate. Clemence said nothing, but she went out with Julienne to attend to the house business, while the widow took her wheel outside the door. Left alone with his nephew, who endeavored to give the appearance of absent mindedness for his cross air, uncle Bruno put the little cup, which he had emptied by sips, quietly down, whistled an instant, then leaning his two elbows on the table, he looked Martin in the face.

"Do you know, boy," said he tranquilly, "that the wind appears to me to be a little to the north east, in the house? You all have countenances which chill the heart, and nobody here has said the smallest word of kindness to me. That is not the way to receive a relative whom you have not seen for twenty years."

Martin answered shortly "that the welcome was such as they could make it, and that it depended not on them to make him better cheer."

"But it does depend on you to give better looks, and G—d d—n me, you have received me like a squall. However, that is enough said about it, young fellow; I do not love family quarrels. Recollect only, that you will repent of it, some day; I only say that."

Having said this, the sailor cut himself another slice of bacon, and began to eat. Martin, struck with his words, became suspicious. Uncle Bruno, thought he, would not have this air of assurance if he really possessed only an ape and a parrot. We have been the dupes of a ruse; he wanted to try us, and the kind of threat he made me, betrays him. Quick! Let us try to repair our blunder and mollify him. He ran to his mother and sister to inform them of his discovery. Both hastened to return; the countenances, which had gone out cold, returned open and smiling.

The widow excused herself that the business of the house had obliged her to leave her dear brother, and was astonished not to see the table better served.

"Oh, where is then the cake," cried she; "where are the fouaces and the cuane which I had put aside for Bruno? Juliette, what are you thinking about, my dear? And you, Clemence, see if there are not some walnuts left in the buffet; they sharpen the teeth and help to drink the piot."

The young girl obeyed, and when all was on the table she came smilingly to seat herself opposite to the sailor. The latter regarded her complacently. "Oh, well! in good time," said he; "here is a true relative; I find my poor George's daughter!" And passing his hand under her chin, said, "Besides, it is not only to-day I know you, little one—I have heard of you for a long time."

"From whom?" asked the girl, in surprise.

Before the sailor had time to reply, a high, shrill voice called Clemence's name. She turned, astonished, but saw nobody.

"Oh! oh! you don't know who he calls?" asked the master, laughing.

"Clemence! Clemence!" repeated the same voice.

"It is the parrot," cried Martin.

"The parrot!" repeated the girl. "Who, then, has taught him my name?"

"Some one who has not forgotten it," said Bruno, winking his eye.

"You, uncle?"

"No, little one, but a young sailor born in Omanville.

"Marc?"

"I do believe that was his name?"

"You have seen him, then, uncle?"

"Some, as I have returned in the vessel in which he sailed."

"He has returned?"

"With a share of the profits, which will allow him to go to housekeeping without needing his relatives to hang up the pot-hooks."

"And he has spoken to you—"

"Of you," said the sailor, concluding the girl's sentence, "often enough, for Jaka has remembered the name, as you see."

Clemence blushed with pleasure, and the widow herself could not restrain a gesture of satisfaction. The projected marriage between her daughter and Marc had always pleased her, and she had been much troubled by the obstacles raised lately by his family.

Bruno informed her that the young man had been detained in Dieppe only by the necessary formalities at his landing, and that he would probably arrive the next day, more in love than ever.

This news rejoiced everybody, but especially Clemence, who embraced her uncle with a transport of sincere gratitude.

Bruno held, for an instant, her head on his shoulder. "Hurra! we will be good friends for life and death; shall we not?" said he, laughing. "In the meanwhile, that you may not be weary waiting for Marc, I will give you my parrot; he will talk to you of him."

Clemence embraced her uncle again, with a thousand thanks, and held out her hand to the bird, of which she was no longer afraid. He sprung upon her arm, crying, "Bon pour Clemence."

Every one burst into a laugh, and the delighted girl carried him away, kissing him.

"You came to make one happy heart, brother Bruno," said the widow, following her with her look.

"I wish indeed that it was not one only," replied the sailor, becoming serious again—you also, sister; I would have something to offer you, but I fear to recall sorrowful thoughts."

"It concerns my son Didier?" with a mother's quick perception.

"You are right," said Bruno. "When he was lost, down there, we came unfortunately separated. If the good God had put us on the same ship, perhaps—I could give the porpoises odds swimming—I might have been able to give him a hold on my shoulder, as in that affair at Tieport."

"Indeed you saved his life once," cried the widow, suddenly reminded of a distant remembrance. "I ought never to have forgotten it, brother."

She held out her hand to the sailor, who thrust it in both of his.

"Bah! that is nothing," said he, good-humoredly, "a simple neighborly

act; but in India there was no chance; when our ship came, Didier had been overboard fifteen days. All I could do was to find out where they had buried him, and to plant a bamboo cross there."

"You did that?" cried the widow, 'oh! thanks, brother, thanks!"

"That is not all," cried the sailor, softened in spite of himself. I knew that the Lascar rascals had sold the drowned man's things. By dint of searching, I found my nephew's watch. I bought it back with all that I had, and I bring it to you, sister; here it is!"

While speaking, he showed the old woman a heavy silver watch, hung by a tarred string. The old woman seized it with a cry, and kissed it many times. All the women wept. Martin himself appeared very much moved; as for Bruno, he coughed, and tried to drink to stifle his feelings.

When the widow was able to speak, she pressed the worthy sailor in her arms, and thanked him warmly. All her ill humor had vanished; she no longer thought of the things which had absorbed her heretofore; she was entirely engrossed with gratitude, for the precious gift, which recalled her son, so cruelly lost. The conversation with Bruno became more free and friendly. His explanations permitted them to deceive themselves no longer, the uncle from America returned as poor as he had gone. In declaring to his nephew that he and his would repent of their coldness, he had thought only of the regret which they ought to feel, sooner or later, for having ill-treated a good relative; all the rest was an induction of Martin's. Although this discovery destroyed absolutely the hopes of the mother and daughter, it did not at all change their manners. Both, with hearts warmed to uncle Bruno, preserved for him the same kindness from affection which they had at first shown from interest, and surrounded him to his heart's desire with the most considerate attentions.

The sailor, for whom they had exhausted all the supplies of the humble home, at length quitted the table, when Martin, who had gone out for an instant, re-entered suddenly, and asked Bruno if he wished to sell his ape.

"Rochambeau!" exclaimed the sailor, "no, no, boy. I have raised him; he obeys me; he is my servant and my companion. I would not sell him for ten times his value; but who wants to buy him?"

"The Count," replied Martin; "he was passing, saw the animal, and took such a fancy to him, that he begged me to fix a price myself, and get him for him."

"Oh, well, you can tell him he is not to be sold," replied Bruno, filling his pipe.

Martin made a gesture of annoyance. "This is to play with misfortune," said he. "The Count recollects his promise, and says if I will get him the ape, he will make arrangements at once to give me the place of receiver."

"Oh, heavens! your fortune would have been made," cried the widow, with an accent of distress.

Bruno asked for an explanation. "So," said he, after reflecting a moment, "you can hope, by getting Rochambeau for the Count, to obtain the employment you wish?"

"I am sure of it," said Martin.

"Well," cried Bruno, abruptly, "I

will not sell the animal; but I will give it to him. Offer him to your lord, and he must acknowledge the politeness."

This called forth a general concert of thanks, which Bruno cut short by sending Martin to the chateau with Rochambeau.

Martin was very well received by the Count, who talked some time with him and assured himself that he could fulfil the duties of the place for which he asked, and gave it to him.

The joy of the family may be imagined, when he returned with this news. The widow, wishing to expiate her faults, confessed to the sailor the interested hopes to which his return had given birth.

Bruno laughed aloud. "By my baptism," cried he, "I have played you a good turn! You hoped for millions, and I have brought yon only two useless beasts!"

"You are mistaken, uncle," said Clemence, gently; "you have brought us three priceless treasures; for, thanks to you, my mother has now a memento—my brother has work—and I * * I have *hope!*"

LINES ON GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

(WRITTEN ON HEARING OF HIS DEATH.)

Weep, daughters of Virginia, weep!
Weep for the gallant dead;
For calmly in his last long sleep
Lies Ashby's noble head.

Oh! bravest of a gallant host!
Oh! truest heart and great!
The brightest jewel in the boast
Of the Old Diminion State.

Thou, thou shalt long remembered be,
Though silent in thy grave,
From Alleghany's to the sea,
As bravest of the brave.

Fire, then, the volley o'er his breast,
Sound requiem o'er his bier,
And honor Ashby's lofty crest
With many a mournful tear.

For never, 'neath Virginia's sod,
Was laid a heart more pure,
And ne'er ascended up to God
A soul more free from lure.

In warrior's heart and poet's dream
His name enshrined shall be,
As long as bright Potomac's stream
Flows onward to the sea.

Through Shenandoah's beauteous vale,
And on the mountains hoary,
His fame Virginia's youth shall hail
A beacon light of glory.

Then raise the Southern Cross on high,
And let it wave in splendor,
O'er him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender!

E. V. CLEMENS, *Petersburg, West Va.*

TYRANNY OF THE TUDORS.

The Tudors were the worthy successors of the Plantagenets. It appears that they had never felt a sentiment of pity, humanity, or love. They were exceptional organizations. Their hearts, to use an expression of Horace, seemed to be surrounded with triple brass. Nothing could move them or make them relent. This race had never loved, never wept. Henry VIII. caused the heads of the beautiful women he had married to fall beneath the axe of the headsman. Elizabeth condemned her lovers to death. It was she who used the terrible phrase, "God may pardon, but I never will." * * * Nothing found favor with them; neither love, youth, beauty, strength, virtue, science, nor rank. Anne Boleyn, Jane Grey, Mary Stuart, Sir Thomas More, Buckingham, Sussex, Essex, the most noble, graceful, charming, adorable women, and the bravest, and greatest men, the most worthy of respect and admiration, all alike placed their heads on the fatal block.

The last of the Plantagenets, Lady Salisbury, a venerable septagenarian, refused to lay down her head to the executioner. "If you want it," said she, "take it." And she defended herself and with some effort escaped from the attendants, who could not hold her; and then, horrible to relate! the executioner struck her several blows with his axe, and she fell to the ground bleeding, fainting, horribly mutilated, at the foot of the scaffold.

Tiberius, Nero, and the kings of the East only struck at the great; the Tudors spared no one. During a hundred and twenty years the prisons were too small to contain the prisoners. Hume said, "they were treated with the greatest inhumanity, and could never have recourse to the laws." On the least suspicion torture was applied. They not only submitted to the trial those whom an anonymous denunciation, or the notice of a member of the Privy Council, or a favored minion designated, but those who could make revelations concerning their friends and relatives. Political opinions, religious opinions, reading the Holy Scripture, all were pretexts for imprisonment and torture The headsmen themselves and their assistants refused to continue their tasks. There was a young girl of great beauty who had endured the torture without suffering a cry to escape her, nor would she betray the secret of her mistress. She lay extended on the ground half-fainting, and her limbs all bruised and quivering, but preserving the same serenity, mildness, and unshaken resignation. So much beauty, grace, and courage, moved even the executioner's attendants The Chancellor Lingston, being present, leaned forward his head towards her, and demanded whether she would reveal what she knew. She replied, that she had nothing to tell—that she knew nothing. He ordered her again to be subjected to the torture, and as the heart of the executioner and his attendants failed, habi-

tuated as they were to such scenes, the Chancellor himself seized the instrument of torture, and finished breaking the limbs of this courageous girl, thus making himself, the Lord Chancellor of England, an executioner.

History has surnamed Mary the "bloody." Why? The daughters were worthy of their father. Mary and Elizabeth resembled their father, they had his ferocity. Henry VIII. had his wives executed; Mary failed in executing her sister; and Elizabeth sent Mary Stuart to the scaffold. The number of victims immolated by each of them is so great, that it is impossible to know which of the three was the most cruel.

What distinguished the race of the Tudors is, not only their profound contempt for human life, but the reckless manner in which they played with the dignity, fortune, and liberty of their subjects. There was another family trait equally strong; it was their ardor in cavilling and catechizing. Henry VIII. and Edward VI. proclaimed themselves the greatest theologians of the age. Mary and Elizabeth, being women, dared not say as much, but they esteemed themselves as such. Both one and the other made professions of faith and books of prayer; they imposed dogmas on their subjects, and to convince them, called to their aid the pyre and the scaffold. But we must observe that in this respect the father surpassed his children. Henry VIII. did better than them. He did not content himself with deciding points of heresy, or with killing and burning those who, according to his views, were walking in the path of error, he went so far as to issue a protest to the dead. He himself took the case of Thomas a'Becket, revered as a martyr, and after having tried to prove he was a heretic, ordered his tomb to be opened, and his ashes to be scattered to the winds.

The Tudors had instituted exceptional courts, armed with unlimited powers, the Star Chamber or Chamber Ardente, the High Ecclesiastical Court of Commission, and the Military Courts. One of these chambers alone was sufficient.

No one could either write or print what they liked. There were no printers in London, and in the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, no work could be printed without the authorization of the diocesan bishop. To sanction all these sanguinary follies, there was a Parliament which, although it was always submissive and docile, was rarely convoked, and only when it was required to levy new subsidies, or to consent to a new religious constitution. Under Henry the Eighth, he had declared by the thirty-first statute, that "the proclamations of the king should take place of the laws;" and from Henry the Eighth to the reign of Elizabeth, Parliament was the docile slave to which was entrusted the duty of sanctioning and carrying into execution the sovereign will.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some of the members tried to claim, not precisely their rights, but at least the power of respectfully expressing their opinion. The House of Commons was so terrified at such audacity, that it nominated a committee which sat in the Star Chamber, and condemned them to be imprisoned in the Tower of London.

It is true that the Sovereign gave notice to the House of Commons, from

time to time, of the limit of their privileges. Under Henry the Eighth, the Parliament refused to vote the subsidies demanded; the King summoned one of the most influential members, and putting his hand on his head, said, "Let my bill pass to-morrow, or to-morrow I will have you beheaded." The bill passed. The keeper of the seals under Elizabeth said to the Speaker, "If some weak heads venture at their risk and peril to propose reforms in the Church and State, or present any bills tending to this object, the good pleasure of the Queen is that you shall not receive any such bills until they have been examined by those who are more qualified than you to deliberate on them, and who are better judges in these sort of matters." And as three years later, in 1572, three members of the House of Commons dared to forget this recommendation, and to express their wish that the order and succession of the throne should be regulated, the Queen had them seized and shut up in the Tower, without the Parliament venturing to interfere.

All bent before the inexorable tyranny of the Tudors. They treated the clergy in the same manner as they treated the Parliament, the nobles, and the commons.

Henry the Eighth had not only confiscated the property of the Catholic clergy, but had also despoiled the altars and banished the relics of the saints and martyrs. Realizing the project of William the Conqueror and Henry the Second, he made himself head of the Church, and he and his children established there the same bloody despotism and inflexible pride as they showed in the government of public affairs. A Bishop of Ely, under Elizabeth, having dared to oppose a spoliation which she had decreed, she wrote to him, "Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not obey me at once, by God I will unfrock you!" The Tudors believed themselves to be a race superior to all the human race. Their egotism and pride were unbounded. They recalled to mind the Asiatic sovereigns whom the people, prostrate before them, adored, with their heads buried in the dust, and those Roman emperors who deified and elevated themselves in the temples. They were approached after three genuflections, and Hentzner relates that everywhere Queen Elizabeth threw her glances, the attendants threw themselves on their knees.

And, strange to say! the Tudors had not a soldier to defend them. Their castles were only guarded by paid servants, who would not have stood an hour against an insurrection, however insignificant and little to be dreaded it might be.

EPIGRAM ON BEN. WADE.

"Old Wade's sins are like the hairs of his head."—[*Democratic paper.*

Wade's sins and hairs let no man equal call,
For as his sins increase his hairs must fall.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

General Joseph Eggleston Johnston, of whom we give an excellent likeness in this number of THE OLD GUARD, was born in Prince Edward county, Virginia, in 1808. His father was an eminent lawyer and a Judge, who, in early life, served with his county with great honor in the Revolutionary war. After that was over, he married a niece of Patrick Henry, who was, as the history tells us, "one of the most accomplished ladies of her day." So Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is a grand-nephew of Patrick Henry. He graduated, with the highest credit, at West Point in 1829, and was appointed brevet second lieutenant of artillery. In 1838, he became first lieutenant and assistant commissary of subsistence. In 1839, he became first lieutenant of topographical engineers, in which capacity he served to the end of the Florida war. In 1847 he was breveted a lieutenant-colonel, under Gen. Scott, in the Mexican war. He was regarded as one of the most skillful and daring of our officers in that war; was twice nearly mortally wounded, once at Cerro Gordo, and again at Chapultepec. Referring to his daring exploits at this battle, Gen. Scott said: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." After the close of the Mexican war, he was made full colonel in the regular army of the United States. In 1860, at the beginning of the Abolition war, he was at the head of the Quartermaster's Department, with the rank of Brigadier-General of the United States. He was universally esteemed for his personal honor and military skill. When he saw that the Abolition army was about to invade his native State of Virginia, he resigned his commission and entered the Confederate army as a Major-General, and was appointed to the command of the army of the Shenandoah. Of Gen. Johnston's personal appearance, a member of his staff draws the following portrait:

"He weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, is five feet ten inches in height—though he looks taller on account of his erect carriage—has a florid complexion, short grey hair and closely cut side-whiskers, moustache and goatee. His manners are rather quiet and dignified, and his general appearance and deportment highly military. Indeed, everything about him, his bearing, style of dress, and even his most careless attitudes, betoken the high-toned and spirited soldier, who loves his profession, and whose soul revels in the din and uproar of the battle-field.

"Intellectually, Gen. Johnston is the equal of any of the five Generals in the army, and in the opinion of many, is superior to them all. His reports are written with great vigor, and a degree of eloquence which shows that in the turmoil of the camp, he is not unmindful of the graces of literature.

"As a strategist, he enjoys a very

high reputation among military men. In his operations he regards masses and general results, rather than isolated bodies and mere temporary effects. And hence the opinion prevails, with some, that he lacks energy and enterprise. This, however, is a great mistake. No man is more watchful of his adversary, or more ready to strike when the right time comes; and when he does strike, he delivers the blow of a giant. He sees but little advantage in picking off a man here and there, or in precipitating small bodies of men against each other. Instead of frittering away his strength, he seeks rather to husband it until the auspicious moment arrives, and then he goes to work with an energy and resolution that is wonderful.

"For the same reason he is considered one of the best fighters in the whole army. General Lee fights a good deal by manœuvres. One step is made to lead another. An advantage gained here is the prelude to another on a different part of the field; until having attained certain positions and accomplished certain results, he presses forward against the vital point with a vigor and resolution that carry everything before them. Johnston orders the battle after the same fashion, and enters the field with the same purposes; but when he gets fully into the fight, and his blood is once up, he strikes right and left, and with a rapidity and skill that are perfectly irresistible. He is not content with commanding on the field, but, like the deceased Irishman, when the bottle was passing around at his own funeral, he insists upon taking a hand himself.

"When Jackson got into position, and the battle was fully joined in front of Richmond, certain victory was the assured result of Lee's masterly combinations. And at the second battle of Manassas, when Jackson was hard pressed on the left and asked for assistance, Lee, instead of sending it to him and thus weakening his force elsewhere, pressed Longstreet forward on the right, threw the enemy's left wing into confusion, and thus relieved Jackson more effectually, and in less time than if he had sent him reinforcements. Johnston, on the contrary, had a well-matured plan of battle at the Seven Pines, but it was simple and direct. He struck right at the centre of the enemy, intending to pierce his lines, capture the force on this bank of the Chickahominy, and then drive the remainder on the east side into the York and Pamunkey rivers.

"When McClellan moved his army to the Peninsula, it is said that Johnston, then in command of the army of the Potomac, was in favor of taking up his position behind the Chickahominy, and not going to Yorktown at all."

It is quite generally believed by military men that if Gen. Johnston's plan had been followed, more disastrous results would have fallen upon the invading forces, and Richmond would not have been threatened at all by that army. We believe also that a common opinion prevails in the South that, had Gen. Johnston remained in command of the army of the Tennessee, Gen. Sherman would never have got through as he did, and the Confederacy might be standing to-day. This, of course, can only be looked upon as an *opinion*, but it shows the great confidence of the southern people in the military genius of General Johnston.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

SURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST; The Memoirs of a Staff Officer serving in Virginia. Edited from the MS. of Colonel Surry, by John Esten Cooke, with four illustrations. New York: Bunce & Huntington, 459 Broome street. 1866.

Mr. Cooke is one of the most terse writers in our country, and this book will not fail to add to his already well-established reputation. Beside its thrilling and sometimes startling love story, it contains a number of excellent and life-like pen pictures of the *personnel* of several of the most distinguished southern Generals, and many of the most secret movements of the battle are brought out before the reader like a panorama. The book will be read by every southern man and woman with a proud, if not aching heart: and no northern man, who has an intelligent soul in him will be able, after reading one chapter, to put the book aside until he has read on to the last word.

TALES, ROMANCES, AND EXTRAVAGANZAS. By Thomas Hood. Including "Our Family, a Domestic Novel," "M. Withering's Consumption and its Cure," "The Camberwell Beauty," "The Confessions of a Phœnix," "Mrs. Burrage, a Temperance Romance," "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," "The Schoolmistress Abroad," "The Tower of Lahneck," "Mrs. Gardiner, a Horticultural Romance," "Mr. Chubb, a Piscatory Romance." New York: G. P. Putnam, Hurd & Houghton, 401 Broadway. 1866.

This volume contains some of the very best of the prose writings of the prince of modern humorists.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CHINESE; With some account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions. With especial reference to Fuhchan. By Rev. Justus Doolittle. With over one hundred and fifty illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1866.

The author was for fourteen years a missionary at Fuhchan, and he has produced a work which is really of great interest.

SHAKSPEARE'S MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

A neat little volume of 36 pages, designed for a book of amusement, one party holding the book and asking the questions, while the other chooses the number which is to be the photograph. The selections from the great poet are well made, and the book will be a welcome little visitor in any circle.

NATURAL HISTORY AND ZOOLOGY. By Professor Sanborn Tenney, A. M. With over 500 illustrations. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1866.

Professor Tenney has devoted a vast amount of patient labor in the preparation of this work, and has, we think, succeeded in producing a really valuable book.

PHILIP FRENEAU'S POEMS RELATING TO THE REVOLUTION. With Notes and a Memoir. By S. Duyckinck. New York: Middleton. 1866.

To those of our countrymen who have not ceased, in these bad times, to respect the spirit of the Revolution, this volume will be most welcome.

HISTORY OF RATIONALISM. Embracing the present state of Protestant Theology. By the Rev. John T. Hurst, A. M. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1866.

A work of great research, and written with a spirit of fairness and candor.

SARTOR RESARTUS. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: James Miller. 1866.

A new edition of one of Carlyle's earliest, and, to our thinking, best works.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—In a speech in the United States Senate, Reverdy Johnson said, on the 11th January, 1866: "I am sure no member of the Senate would doubt that there is no power given to Congress, or to any other department of the Government to make war against any State." He then quoted the language of Justice Graham, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that "by the Constitution alone Congress has power to declare a national or foreign war. It cannot declare war against a State, or any number of States, by virtue of any clause of the Constitution." Mr. Johnson adds, "We have the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States that domestic trouble and insurrection, and refusal to obey the Constitution of the United States, is not a state of things which authorizes Congress to declare war against the States in which such insurrection exists. It is not a condition of things in which the President has any power to carry on war by virtue of the war power." Now, we desire to ask Mr. Johnson why he did not proclaim this great truth in the United States Senate three years ago, when the whole country lay weltering in appalling ignorance and crime upon this subject? At that time, for declaring that the Federal Government had no right to make war upon a State, we were followed by Republican mobs, as noisy and as ignorant as brute beasts, and the entire Republican press pursued us with the fury and malice of devils. Then, if we mistake not, Mr. Johnson was voting supplies to carry on the "war against States," which he now declares neither the President nor Congress has any right to do. We trust that Mr. Johnson has too much self-respect to resort to the foolish subterfuge that this war was not *against States*, but only *against individuals*, for the whole world sees and knows that it was *against States*. The proclamations of Lincoln, and the acts and resolutions of both houses of Congress were declared to be against "rebellious States," and the whole bloody and illegal power wielded by the Federal Government, was aimed at the organic life of the States. State Constitutions and State laws were overthrown—State Legislatures dispersed—State archieves seized and destroyed. State capitols burned. No appliances of *war against a State* were left unemployed. And now, a Senator who voted supplies to carry on this grent infamy declares that *the Constitution gives the Federal Government no power to make war against a State.* We hail his present bold assertion of irrefutable truth with joy, leaving him to settle with his own conscience and his God for the aid he has given to the most inexcusable and the most infamous war that ever disgraced mankind.

—If every southern paper were to imitate the tone of manliness and pluck evinced by the Fayetteville *Daily News*, of North Carolina, not only the South but our whole country would be the gainer. Woe to the southern people if the leaders of the Black Republican party are permitted to believe that their spirit is crushed and cowed! Nothing do these conspirators and usurpers dread so much as any sign of unsubdued self-respect and manliness in the breasts of the southern people. Nothing but a dread of some day feeling the wrath of a brave people, whose wills and virtue can never be conquered, will restrain the violence and turpitude of these disciples of old John Brown. In their inmost hearts they are cowards, and instinctively dread the cherished hate of a brave people. Besides, by apparently yielding anything more than a forced acquiescence in the despotism of radical rule, the southern people would lose the respect of the best portion of the northern people, and indeed of the best portion of the civilized world. Men who are conscious of having committed no crime, should never even seem to acqui-

esce in the charge of dishonor and wrong. While a tyrant says, "It is in our power to hang ye," a brave and virtuous man can only reply, "very likely; and it is in our power to be hanged and scorn ye!"

—That *the people* were regarded as the *sovereign power* among the ancient Romans, appears from the motto prefixed to all their covenants and laws: "*Censuere patres jussit populus*"—*i. e.*, "The Senate has resolved, (or proposed,) the people have decreed." So in the purest time of ancient Greece, no act of the Senate was a law until confirmed by the vote of all the citizens.

—Garrison's *Liberator*, the father of the Abolition press, is dead. It expired at Boston on the last week of 1865, after a long life of sedition and infamy:

> Behold, the aged sinner goes,
> Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
> Down to the regions of the dead,
> With endless curses on its head.

—Gov. Andrew, in his annual message to the Legislatnre of Massachusetts, cracks the following very hard walnut on the heads of those gentlemen of very pliant political virtue called "War Democrats:"

"If we may not stipulate for the recognition of the just rights of the slaves, whom, in the act of suppressing the rebellion, we converted from slaves into freemen, then I declare that we had no right to emancipate the slaves, nor to suppress the rebellion."

We should like to see what shift the democratic dunderheads who supported the war will make to answer this. If the Federal Government had a right to abolish "slavery" in a State, it has an equal right to say that the negro shall vote in a State. If it can say to the State of South Carolina, *the negro shall be free*, it may say to the State of New York, or New Jersey, *the negro shall vote*. If the North had a right to make this war, it has a right to the fruits of it. In other words, if the efforts of a State to resume its delegated powers be *rebellion*, the claim of the "radicals," as they are called, is undoubtedly logically correct, and the War Democrats is untenable and foolish. The position of such men as Thad. Stevens is simple inhumanity and brutality, but it is not illogical; whereas the position of the War Democrats, and so-called Conservative Republicans, is a little less savage, but utterly absurd and foolish. They start with the claim that the southern people are "*rebels*," and then, shrinking from the natural consequences of such an absurdity, they deny that they ought to be treated as "*rebels*." Their logic is a sieve that will not hold water. The truth is, if the doctrines of THE OLD GUARD are not correct, those of the Sumner faction must be. Either the Federal Government has been wrong from the beginning of the war, or it may justly go on with its work of subjugation to the bitter and eternal end. We have repeatedly proved in this magazine, with such arguments as no man dare attempt to refute, that Lincoln's whole administration was a "rebellion against the Constitution and laws of this country." We have repeatedly offered to open our columns for answers to our arguments on this subject, but no man of the opposition has been bold enough to attempt a reply. We have received abuse enough, but no *arguments*.

—A poetical friend snapped an apple-seed at a young lady with such good aim that it hit the end of her nose, and so greatly provoked her that she kept on complaining and scolding about it for several days, a fact which came to the knowledge of the poet, who enclosed her a number of apple-seeds carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, with the following enagram:

> Fair lady you can snap these seeds,
> By taking off the wrapping;
> But when you've snapped them all away
> Pray don't continue *snapping*.

—Speaking of General Schenck's defeat as a candidate for United States Senator from Ohio, the Hartford *Times* says: "General Schenck, we may now presume, like a foul-smelling farthing candle, is at last effectually snuffed out." Is not the odor of this base creature more like that of the little animal which his name so nearly resembles?

—The Republicans call themselves "friends of the Constitution and the Union." They have tried, during the present Congress, to effect between eighty and a hundred changes in the Constitution, and they are fighting to exclude nine States from the Union; and we who respect and love the Constitution of our country, and who want to see the Union preserved, are called *enemies of the Constitution*

and the Union by these incomprehensible liars. We say *liars*, because that is just what they are. We have ceased to regard these men as gentlemen; and we have ceased to speak of them as such. They are deserving only of the execration and the kicks of every good man and friend of his country. We would no more take by the hand one of these wretches, like Stanton and Sumner, than we would pick up a viper. Their soul is a pestilence—their life is a curse and a shame to their country. Let such detested villains live only to be hated and despised. When we were in Europe, some years ago, Sumner was exhibiting himself both in England and France as a *whipped man*. He was, of course, despised by every gentleman, as he will be to the end of his days.

—Senator Wade says, in the United States Senate, "We can say, with St. Paul, that we have fought the good fight." Would to God that you were able say, with St. Paul also, that you had "finished your course."

—An infamous General, who was a butcher before the war, and who has come out of the war rich, by his plunder of the southern people, says, "any man could have made money during the war, if he had been sharp." That is, if he would plunder and steal; for that is the meaning of *sharp* with these rascals. For our part, we had rather go as ragged as Lazarus, and die at last among the dogs at the rich man's gate, going thence to the rewards of an honest man, than to be the plundering rich scoundrel howling in hell.

—The Nashville *Daily Gazette* has a sensible editorial on the importance to the South of raising its own breadstuffs; and we can assure the people of the South that the less cotton they raise for the next three years, the better will it be for their own permanent interests. Every pound of cotton they raise and allow to come North will weigh tons in the scales against their own welfare. The men who now rule the North, and crush the South, will never relax their grasp as long as they hold the South in bondage without ruining their profits. Cut off the staples of our commerce, and we shall very soon come to our senses. It would have been best for the South if not a bale of cotton had been found there at the close of the war. The blow that will break the chain of the tyrants will be a financial one, and the sooner it comes the better for all honest men, in every section of the country, for it will end the power of the usurpers.

—We regret to notice that some Democratic papers adopt the Republican lingo, and call the negro a *freedman*. We prefer to call him just what the great and wise God made him, a *negro*. Nor do we intend to help the Abolitionists make their work respectable by adopting their cunning dodges to sink the *negro* out of sight in this new name of *freedman*. Instead of *Freedman's Bureau*, let the thing go by its right name, *Negro's Bureau*. We do not wonder that Republicans should seek to hide their bad deeds in new and less odious names; but it does surprise us that Democratic editors should help them. Let us show a sufficient regard to truth to call things by their right names; and above all, let us not assist the disunion Abolitionists in the effort to make their deeds respectable.

—A young lady, by the name of Augusta Moore, has written, and the Harpers have published, a book entitled, "Notes from Plymouth Pulpit," in which she rapturizes Henry Ward Beecher's "glowing eyes," "soul-lit face," "royal brow," "his aspect altogether noble, beautiful, serene." She furthermore declares that "his body is as elastic as a rubber ball." One editor wants to know "how she found that out?" and another asks "where is Mrs. Beecher?" As to the first question, we think it is entirely superfluous; and with regard to the second question, we answer that Mrs. Beecher is probably at home, where this young lady's book would seem to prove that Mr. Beecher is not, at all times. This book is, alas! we are sorry to say, only a specimen of the demoralization of popular literature, to which the Harpers, and many other publishers in this city, are contributing. Out of fifty thousand books issued in this country, not one thousand are worthy a place in the library of any respectable gentleman.

—A Washington letter-writer, in excusing the President for insulting any government

for sending such a lying popinjay as Kilpatrick to it as minister, says, "he knew nothing of his real character." That may be by some considered a sufficient excuse for the President, but should Kilpatrick get into his old habits in Chili, and undertake to make a raid upon the mules, spoons, and ladies' wardrobes of the good people of that country, how far would the excuse go there? If a United States Minister should get himself hanged in a foreign country, the American people might acknowledge the justice of the thing, but they would not feel flattered.

—The *Capitol*, the leading Black Republican organ of Wisconsin, says:

"We have been fighting four years, and have expended uncounted blood and treasure to free the limbs of the black man from bonds."

For uttering this truth, in just about the same language, we have been threatened with imprisonment and death a thousand times in the last four years. And it *is* a truth. The war was for the *negro*, and only for the *negro*. Every dollar spent has been for the negro. Every white man slain in our northern army has lain down his own life to confer the curse of emancipation upon the negro, and also to heap a lasting curse upon his own white race! We confess that we have no other feeling but that of pity for the man who is base enough, or fool enough, to glory in such a war.

—Bishop Wilmer writes a splendid letter to the venerable Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, giving reasons why the Episcopal Church South cannot yet rejoin that of the North, in which he says:

"Nor can we, by our silent presence, be faithless to the memory of our dead, nor consent to stand by, while others inscribe "traitor" on their tombstones."

—An exchange says a newspaper is to be started in Norfolk, called *Our Day*." Would not "*Our Night*" be a more appropriate title? for since the South laid down her arms and attempted to return to the Union, it has been a very black night that has rested upon it.

—A description of Sumner's visit to Paris, to be treated medically for the whipping he received at the hands of Col. Brooks, is going the rounds of the papers. We were in Paris at the time Sumner was there for medical aid, and from winks on the part of knowing ones, it was understood that his *treatment* by a certain notorious physician was not exactly for *cane blows*.

—Hon. Silas M. Stilwell has written a book defending paper money, which is entirely unworthy of a man of his unquestioned ability. It is a shame for him to write such nonsense as "*coining paper!*" Does he think the people are all fools? They certainly are if they do not laugh at such a childish trick. *Coin* paper!

—A Western Republican editor has become penitent—the first case we ever knew. He says:

"The undersigned resigns from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

—The *Tribune* speaks of the negroes as the "heroic race," in contradistinction from the white soldiers of the late negro-freeing war. But for the negroes it thinks the South would have been victorious. To the negroes it gives the *glory*, to the white soldiers the disgraceful post of a subordinate renown. This is the reward of the deluded white men who risked their lives, and who left their wives widows, and their children orphans to glorify the *negroes!* "*Killed to glorify the negro*" might with truth be written over the graves of all the brave and misused fellows who were slain in the war. Mortifying, horrible thought!

—A lady from the western part of the State of New York writes us that she thinks "Sumner must be less penitent and more hardened than Judas Iscariot, because he does not go out and hang himself."

G. T. Beauregard
Gen. C.S.A.

THE OLD GUARD,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—APRIL, 1866.—No. IV.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT A COMPACT.

A gentleman, an old class-mate, who occupies an elevated position on the bench, writes us a letter of expostulation, in which he says, "I always concede to you uprightness of purpose in the strange ground you have assumed of the right of a State to withdraw from the Union. But the error of such a position is to me perfectly evident; and in looking over the numbers of THE OLD GUARD you have been so polite as to send me, I think I have discovered the source of this error to be in the idea, prominent in all your political writings, that the Government of the United States is only a *compact*, to which the States *acceded*, as so many perpetually sovereign bodies. But *acceded* and *compact* are not words belonging to our Constitution. The Union is not a *compact*, but is a *government*, the Government of a nation."

We have taken this extract from a private letter, as a text, which clearly sets forth the only ground on which the doctrines we have advocated on this subject can be combatted. If the Union is not of the nature of a *compact* to which the States *acceded* by an exercise of sovereign will, we confess that the doctrines we have put forth are all wrong. If, on the other hand, the Union is only such a *compact*, we are right in the principles we have affirmed. The whole argument was thus clearly put by Mr. Webster, in his speech against Mr. Calhoun, in 1833: "If, in adopting the Constitution, nothing was done but *acceding to a compact*, nothing would seem to be necessary, in order to break it up, but to *secede from the same compact.*"

Now we are going to show that this Union is nothing but a *compact*, and that in becoming members of the Union, the States only *acceded to a compact.* But in the first place we will remind our learned friend that the words *government* and *nation* are no more to be found in the Constitution than *compact* and *acceded.* The phrase "National Government" was, we know, expressly repudia ed by the almost unanimous vote of the Convention which framed the Constitution. And no statesman of the constitutional period of our his-

tory spoke of the Federal Government as a *National Government.* But every one of the statesmen of that time spoke of the Union as a *compact,* and of the ratification of the Constitution as *acceding to a compact. Compact* and *accede* were words in daily use by Hamilton and Madison. Hamilton wrote to Madison, June 8, 1788: "God grant that Virginia may *accede.*" He wrote to Mr. Chipman, of Vermont, July 22d, 1788: "The *accession* of Vermont to the Confederacy is of great importance." In another letter he speaks of Vermont's "accession to the Union." In the 85th article of the Federalist he calls the Constitution "*a compact,*" and says that "thirteen independent States are "the parties to the *compact.*" In the Convention of Virginia, Gov. Randolph said: "Were I convinced that the *accession* of eight States did not render our *accession* also necessary to preserve the Union, I would not *accede* to it till it should be previously amended." In the Massachusetts Convention, Judge Parsons said: "The government and powers which the Congress can administer are the *mere result of a compact.*" Washington perpetually speaks of the ratification of the Constitution as *acceding to a compact*—see his letter to Bushrod Washington, Nov. 10, 1787; to Madison, Dec. 7, 1787; to Gen. Knox, June 17, 1788; to Lafayette, June 17, 1788; John Jay, July 20, 1788; to Gouverneur Morris, Dec. 8, 1789; to Count de Segur, July 1, 1790.

Madison never spoke of the Constitution as anything more than "a compact between thirteen sovereignties." Not one of all the friends of the Constitution, among the great statesmen who advocated its a loption, ever spoke of the instrument as anything but a "compact between sovereign States." Patrick Henry, who was opposed to the Constitution, tried to make it appear to be something more, in order to prevent the people of Virginia from acceding to it; but his assumptions were so entirely refuted by Madison, Marshall, and such other great lights of the Convention, that Virginia ratified the Constitution, believing it to be just what Madison called it, "a compact between thirteen sovereignties." If it is anything more, Washington, Madison, Hamilton, and all the other *fathers,* perpetrated an infamous cheat and fraud upon all the States which adopted it, for not one would have done so believing it to be what is now ignorantly, or with a base design, called a *national government.* And even could we imagine that Washington and Madison, and the other great leaders of that time, were capable of imposing such a cheat upon the people, it would not have availed them, because, as was shown from the very highest authority, by our article on Mr. Davis's trial, in the March number of this Magazine, *the intention of the parties to a compact is the law in the matter*—so that, when we prove that the States, in ratifying the Constitution, supposed they were acceding to a compact, as sovereign bodies, we prove that such is really the nature of the Federal Government, and that such it must forever legally remain, until voluntarily altered by the sovereign parties to it.

Mr. Madison, in the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, said "the powers of the Federal Government result from a compact to which the States are parties," and all its powers are "limited

by the plain sense of the intention of the instrument constituting that compact," and that, "in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound to interpose," &c.

Mr. Jefferson, in the Kentucky Resolutions, says: "The States are not united on the principles of unlimited submission to the General Government, but that by compact," &c.

Such were the ideas of the men who framed the Constitution, and such were the sentiments universally held by all Democrats, from the foundation of the party, in 1798, down to the very beginning of the Abolition war, which was designed to overthrow these principles.

At the period of the adoption of the Constitution, and for thirty-five years afterwards, nobody ever entertained any other idea than that the Union was a compact between sovereign States. When pushed by the arguments of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster was driven, in the heat of debate, to deny it, and that denial gave Mr. Calhoun an advantage which he used greatly to the embarrassment of his antagonist; but Mr. Webster afterwards nobly corrected the mistake which he fell into in this debate. In a letter to Mark A. Cooper, of Georgia, in 1850, he wrote: "The States are united, confederated, not chaos-like, crushed together and bruised." And in 1851, he said to the young men of Albany: "Here is the Constitutional compact, nevertheless, still binding. * * When called upon to fulfill a compact, the question is, will you fulfill it? I, for one, am ready.', Again, in his great speech in Virginia, he called the Union a compact, and said: "A compact broken on one part is broken on all," and declared, therefore, "that if the North should refuse to give up fugitive "slaves," according to the Constitution, the South will be absolved from its share of the compact."

In the debates in Congress, in 1789, on the Amendments to the Constitution, in which it was proposed to prohibit the establishment of "a national religion," Mr. Gerry objected to the term *national,* on the ground that those who were not favorable to the Constitution might infer that "this form of government consolidated the Union." To this remark Mr. Madison replied that "the words 'no national religion shall be estabished by law,' did not imply that the government was a 'national one.' It was a compact." In the proceedings of Congress, after the adoption of the Constitution, the idea that the Union was a compact between States that were still sovereign, was in all cases apparent.

In 1791, Congress passed the following resolution:

"*Whereas,* Congress did, by resolution of the 23d of September, 1789, *recommend* to the several States to pass laws making it expressly the duty of the keepers of their jails to receive, and safely keep therein all prisoners committed under authority of the United States. In order, therefore, to insure the administration of justice,

"*Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That, in case any State shall not have complied with the said recommendation, the Marshal in such State, under the direction of the Judge of the District, be authorized to hire a convenient place to serve as a temporary jail, and to make the necessary provisions for the safe keeping of prisoners committed under the authority of

the United States, until permanent provision can be made by law for that purpose."

It will be seen that Congress did not claim that the Federal Government had any right to use the jails of the States, without the consent of the State. This point was rigidly insisted upon by Massachusetts, and other northern States, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850. Where is this rule now? Where, in a word, are the *States* now? To use the language of Webster, are they not literally "*chaos-like, crushed and bruised together?*" Since that grotesque ignoramus, Lincoln, declared that "the Union created the States," a portion of the people seem to have become either lunatics or idiots. We are too amiable to say rascals. But if our forefathers were not the greatest fools or rascals the world ever saw, *what are we?* A Union that was a compact between free, sovereign, and independent States, is crushed and bruised into a massive and brutal despotism, where papers are suspended by military blackguards, where people are taxed without representation, where deeds of outrage and violence are daily committed without redress of law, and where hundreds of thousands of white men and women seem to be striving to beastialize themselves into an equality with negroes! Too many of them, alas! appear to be in a fair way of succeeding perfectly in this undertaking. In the meantime, the govetnment which was formed by our fathers is perishing—perishing not through the attempts at secession, for that waged no war upon the organic form of the Federal Government. The fatal revolution, that which destroys the organic form of the government, is carried on by the negro party of the North. It is this party which seeks to change the Union from a compact into a consolidated oligarchy, or nigrarchy. This attempt to strip the Federal Union of its original character of a compact, is nothing less than an effort to overthrow the Union. It is a breach of the compact; and every State which wishes to absolve itself from association with its faithless partners, has clearly a legal *right* to do so. Did not the father of the Constitution, Mr. Madison, understand the nature of the instrument drawn by his hand? Hear him:

"It has been alleged that the Confederation, having been formed by unanimous consent, could be dissolved by unanimous consent only. If we consider the Federal Union as analagous to the fundamental compact by which individuals compose one society, and which must, in its theoretic origin at least, have been the act of the component members. it cannot be said that no dissolution of the compact can be effected without unanimous consent. *A breach of the fundamental principle of the compact by a part of the society, would certainly absolve the other part from their obligation to it.* * * * If we consider the Federal Union analogous, not to the social compact among individual men, but to the conventions amongst individual States, what is the doctrine resulting from these conventions? *Clearly that a breach of any one article, by any one party, leaves the other parties at liberty to consider the whole convention as dissolved.*"

These words of the father of the Constitution, uttered in convention, in the presence of his colleagues, not one of whom dissented, must be taken as a true exposition of the whole question involved in the subject matter. We entreat our countrymen to ponder these words, and to reflect upon the fact that there was not a statesman in all America, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, who had any

other view of it. Who will you believe, Madison and the great men who made the Constitution, or the furious fanatics who have led on this mad war, and who are now rendering Congress a disgrace to mankind? But some one will say, "if this view of Mr. Madison be correct, then the war was a monstrous and a barbarous crime on our part." That fact must not prevent us from seeking after the truth. The truth is, that until we open our eyes to the enormous crime of the war, we shall not be able to take the first step to save our country. It is for this reason that we so continually dwell upon the history of the Constitution in this Magazine. The sole purpose of our heart is to preserve the government of our fathers. Nothing under heaven is dearer to us than this hope; and we know of no way to serve this patriotic wish, but to bring the public mind back to the principles and record of the founders of the Union. With the principles of these great and wise men we mean to stand or fall. We have therefore no sympathy with those Democrats of pliant political virtue who wish to steal into power merely for the spoils of office; we want our country, free as our fathers made it, and *as* they made it. What is it to the people whether some inflated embodiment of cunning and avarice, in the name of Dean Richmond, or some cold and clammy demagogueism, in the name of William Henry Seward, holds the reins of political power, as long as they both stand substantially upon the same platform? The difference is utterly unworthy the respect of any man of nerve and honor. A dilligent and long-pursued false education of the public mind has brought our country into this gulf of blood; and the only way out is through a *correct education.* The policy of going half way over to the infamous principles of the men who have nearly ruined our country, for the sake of stealing into power, is simply helping them to keep power, by further educating the popular mind in their principles. The policy is as foolish as it is wicked. It is a mere trick of politicians, which can receive the endorsement of no real statesman. Every man who possesses an intellect capable of comprehending the situation of our country will see that what we need is conventions of the people to lay down great principles, and not merely to plan how they can wriggle themselves into power. The popular heart needs correcting; the popular mind needs educating. Both must be brought back to the fundamental principles of self-government on which the Union was founded, or there is an end of free government here. The people have been made to believe that secession is the greatest wrong that could befall our country. It is a great and foolish mistake. *Destruction* is a greater foe to our well being than secession—destruction of the vital principle of self-government! Herein lies our fatal error—instead of opposing secession with the simple and only saving principles of union, we opposed it with destruction. What is secession? Simply the resumption, on the part of a State, of its delegated powers. This is what no State wished to do, as long as the compact was faithfully regarded by all the parties to it. The effort of a State to resume its delegated powers, after the compact had been violated by the other parties, was no breach of compact on

its part. But a United States Senator has told us that "the Federal Government had never broken the compact, though some of the States may have done so." The Federal Government is not a party to the compact; the States are the only parties to it, and they are the only parties that have any legal voice in the question of resumption of delegated powers by the States. The Federal Government not being a party to the compact, *State-resumption* is no aggression upon its rights. The question of such resumption is one over which the Federal Government has no legal jurisdiction. It is only an agent for "the several States," and when the parties to the compact are in debate, the voice of the agent is necessarily silent. This conclusion irrefutably follows from the nature of the compact, as well as from the whole testimony which we have produced from those who made and adopted the Constitution. It is a conclusion which we know the ignorant will stare at, and the designing sneer at; but none will attempt to refute it by argument. In his original draft of the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, Mr. Jefferson said:

"With the *States* alone this Commonwealth proposes to communicate, they alone being parties to the compact, and solely authorized to judge, in the last resort, of the powers exercised under it. Congress being no party, but merely the creature of the compact, and subject, as to its assumption of powers, to the final judgment of those by whom, and for whose use, itself and its powers were created."

This was the doctrine held by every State at the time of the adoption of the Constitution; on any other ground not a single State would have ratified it; and this has been the platform of the Democratic party from the foundation of the Union down to that great national calamity and shame, the election of Mr. Lincoln. It is still the principle of every Democrat who has not sold himself to the enemies of his country. To talk of preserving the Union on any other principle, is simply foolishness or mockery. It is a compact, and when its character, as such, is destroyed, the whole thing, body and soul, has perished together. Whatever new government we may have, it will not be the Union.

A DOMESTIC EPIGRAM.

My love and I for kisses played,
  She would keep stakes—I was content
But when I won, she would be paid—
  I, angry, asked her what she meant?
"Nay, since," quoth she, "you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kisses back—take yours again."

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER V.

One! Two! Three! Four!

The astonishment of Col. Seely and his daughter, on beholding this truculent marauder, was boundless, but the former was too good a soldier to lose his presence of mind, and with a sharp gesture checked the impetuous movement of his daughter towards the pistol she knew so well how to use.

"My doors, and my windows too, are open at all times to friend or foe, Major Rasp; the generous warfare waged by those who wear your uniform has made them so. May I ask the meaning of this visit?"

"Visit!" retorted John Rasp, with a surly smile of disdain. "If there is any visit in the matter, let me ask of you to what am *I* indebted for your presence in this house?"

"I think I understand you," replied the Colonel, with a lofty haughtiness, that bespoke the pride of a noble Virginian, and his deep contempt of the man before him. "There *are* gentlemen who wear the uniform I see you in, John Rasp, but you are five thousand years too young to claim a right to be called one, even by the existence of your species for that time."

"Show your teeth, old dog; it is all you can do," replied the *officer*. "Yes, I have the small right to ask *you* why you are in this house, since it has fallen into the lot of confiscated rebel estates, and being condemned and sold to the highest bidder, I have the luck to be its purchaser, and hold my right and title to it, and all that was Hart Seely's, under the authority of the United States."

"I came here to die, John Rasp," said Col. Seely, in so solemn a tone that any heart less obdurate than that of the brutal John Rasp would have recoiled in shame.

But John Rasp had no shame. He was too true a type of *his* class of negro-lovers to entertain any sentiment so refined as shame, even though his words or conduct might torture a dying man.

"Came to die, or be killed, which? The first you should esteem a favor; the other, a justice."

"A justice?"

"Or a vengeance, Hart Seely," he continued in a harsh, and threatening tone. "You cannot have forgotten, for I have heard you repeat the words to your daughter a while since; never frown on me, lady, it will not help your cause, nor that of your father's," he interpolated, as Bertha's indignant eyes flashed upon him. "You remember the message sent you by the wife whom you made widow—'you, man of the unholy South, may call it a duel; I know it to be a murder; in your heart you know it is so. I shall teach *his* children to hate you and yours. To them I leave my avenging.'"

He paused, but the haughty Virgi-

[*Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866, by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

nian made no reply, save in the calm contempt that blazed from his eyes, and curved the heavy, white moustache of his lip.

"Well, the avenging has begun, Hart Seely, but by the bloody death-bed of my murdered father, it is not complete!"

His scowl, always fierce, deepened as he spoke, and his heightened voice and raised hand added terrific emphasis as he pronounced the last word.

But the fierceness of his features and the menace of his look and gesture had no effect upon the great soul of the man to whom he spoke, no more than the rush of the storm-surge upon the beetling rock that stands unshaken amid a thousand tempests.

"And what will make it complete, John Rasp?" demanded the Colonel, accenting the name with that peculiar tone of superiority which carries an insult upon the very breath.

"One of two things," said John Rasp, firmly, and as a man speaks who has weighed his thoughts well, and brought them to an irrevocable resolve; "either the death of my father's assassin, or the fruition of my father's desire."

"Your language is clear, and well understood in your first provision," said the Colonel, with slow deliberation, "but in the second I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning."

"Perhaps your lady daughter there can help your dullness, Colonel Seely," replied Rasp, sarcastically.

"Heaven spared me the misfortune of existing while the father of John Rasp lived," said the proud girl, with quick contempt. "He died, thank heaven, before I was born; hence I know nothing, and care less, of his desire."

"It was his desire to see the Aronvale estate in the possession of his family," said Rasp.

"Of himself, you mean," returned the Colonel. "He cared very little for his family. But I understand you, sir. It is not unknown to me that some months before this war began, when my daughter was on a visit to Boston, she just from school, you just newly fledged from some northern college, I know not which, you forced yourself upon her acquaintance. Had you been, in character, worthy of her regard, and succeeded in securing that regard, no matter had you been penniless, my approval should have been given heartily, in due time, to your suit. My hand had unintentionally deprived you of a father, and I have sorely regretted that deed, as you well know, and have been ready, nay, eager to make any reparation in my power. But you were not worthy, John Rasp; you were passionate, rude, rough in speech and manner, revengeful, headstrong, fierce, turbulent, extravagant, dissipated, lewd, abandoned; I know not what vicious accomplishment of licentious youth you lacked. Therefore I immediately cautioned my daughter."

"The caution, I assure you, my dear father, was entirely superfluous after ten minutes' undesired acquaintance with that person," interrupted Bertha.

"I know your sterling good sense, my child," said the Colonel, "and would readily have trusted it; but it was a father's duty to warn you against anything that might, by the broadest construction of the term, resemble intimacy of acquaintance with one who bore so disreputable a character as John Rasp. You have your answer, sir, to your second provision. It re-

mains to be seen whether you will put in execution your first."

The coolness of the veteran as he uttered these words, and the deliberate calmness with which he drew and cocked his repeater, fixing his steady and unflinching gaze sternly upon his adversary, staggered Major John Rasp, who had expected having only a wounded old man and a tender young lady before him, to sweep the board at a single move.

But the fire in the old man's unflinching eye, his reputation for desperate courage, his extraordinary skill with the weapon he grasped, well known to the Federal trooper, warned him that Hart Seely was dangerous to kill. Moreover, Rasp, who was passionately attached to Bertha, loving her with all the fire of his savage soul, had, at heart, a wish to propitiate, since he could not terrify her father. It is true that he entertained towards Col. Seely a bitter, hereditary hate, fostered by the teachings of his vindictive mother, and still more vindictive sister, and that had there been no Bertha to win, he would have attempted to slay him wherever he might find the opportunity; but both love and avarice bade him set aside the promptings of vengeance, at least until fortune might secure for him Bertha's person and her prospective inheritance. Thinking thus he changed his tone to one of injured expostulation.

"You say well, Col. Seely, when you admit that you have injured me in depriving me of a father's care. Had he lived to rear me to manhood, those vices which you so unsparingly plaster upon my character would never have existed. But let all that pass. Remember that you are in my power, and if that cannot move you to listen to reason, remember that your daughter is also in my power."

"Not while this life is in my body, miscreant!" exclaimed Bertha, grasping her weapon. "Remember, John Rasp, that this hand, last year, narrowly failed in ridding the world of so base a fellow; and to-day—"

"Ah! I know all that, Miss Bertha," broke in Rasp, with a derisive laugh, "and your father had sense enough to restrain you. You see that I am well informed of all your movements. Come, *we* should not quarrel. I bear no malice for that shot, though the ball is somewhere in my shoulder."

"I wish it were in your heart."

"Bertha, do not forget that you are a lady, and that these violent expressions are unseemly," said the Colonel. "Let me deal with this person. John Rasp, I know all that you would urge. I know that this war has stripped me of all that I once possessed in lands, slaves and property, but it has not stripped me of honor. I know that as affairs now stand, you have the power to call yourself the owner of all these grounds, but your fortune has not raised you in my esteem. I know that I am within the Federal lines, but I wear the uniform of a Colonel of the army of the Confederate States. I know, too, that you are capable of any baseness, but I do not fear you, and now I would have you know this, that rather than give my consent to your marriage with Bertha Seely, I, her father, would speed a bullet through her head. Are you answered now, John Rasp?"

He was answered, and the profundity of the Colonel's tone told him that the answer was as irrevocable as the

doom of death. He turned his enraged glances alternately from father to daughter. The Colonel was cool and motionless in feature and muscle, but Rasp saw and read the deadly meaning in his eye, and the firm grasp he held upon his weapon—the pistol not aimed, but pointed towards the floor, in a direct line with the spot on which he stood. The daughter was also armed, and that she could use the pistol as ably, as daringly as a man, he knew to his cost. Her eyes were fixed upon him, haughty, defiant, scornful; but oh, how ineffably beautiful she was! and he inwardly cursed the fate that denied him the bliss of calling her his.

"She *shall* be mine," he mentally swore, as he ground his teeth with rage. "This old tiger once out of the way, and my work shall be easy."

"John Rasp," said the Colonel, in a slow but emphatic tone, "I am soon to die, and I feel that there is too much blood upon my soul already. I would not add yours to the weight, but if you do not leave this room before I count five, I will put a ball through your brain," and in the same slow, deliberate tone, he began to count aloud, his hand slowly and steadily raising his weapon, and his eye flashing with that indescribable fire that burns in the glance of men who mean to slay an enemy.

"One"—and at the first word up sprang the no less steady hand of the daughter, aiming her weapon firmly, as if poised at a target, and the muzzle he felt covering his heart.

"Two"—and the struggle of hate for the father, love for the daughter, brought a deathly pallor to his cheeks.

"Three"—and the pride of a man who seldom felt fear began to deepen the scowl upon his brow, and swell the muscles of his face.

"Four"—and that mysterious sensation called panic, and which the bravest have felt, thrilled through every fibre of his body; in another instant he knew, if he tarried, he would fall dead, pierced in brain and heart. The Colonel's pistol was on a line with his forehead, and the stern eyes that blazed beyond said *death* as plainly as tongue could speak. John Rasp whirled on his heel, and making a single great bound, cleared the open window through which he had so suddenly appeared, and was gone—and in lucky haste, for as his feet struck the verandah, he heard the sharp cries of a score of men, as they rushed towards the Seely mansion, coming swiftly up the avenue.

"Ha! the rebels have found the Nailed Room could not hold John Rasp, and have tracked me. Now for escape, and then for revenge."

But escape did not seem quite so feasible as at the first flash of resolve, for the shouts of the Confederates had been heard by Bertha and her father, and the latter bounded to the window fronting the avenue, and cried out with all her strength of voice:

"Rasp! Rasp! He is making his escape through the garden! Go round by the orchard! To the right, to the right."

"Now, may the dumbness of a toad light on that shrill tongue, Bertha Seely, for its meddling," muttered Rasp, as he darted among the shrubbery. "If I fall into the hands of these rebels, my life is not worth a pinch of dust—and she knows it, the malicious she-rebel. But now for a run for life, for those dogs of Confed-

erates are about to surround me. Let me think for an instant which way to take."

He was partially, though not thoroughly acquainted with the bearings of the grounds, and hesitated in choosing the course safety suggested. Immediately before him he knew lay the once beautiful garden of the mansion; on his left his progress would soon be checked by a high wall of stone, to scale which would consume much valuable time, and when beyond it, the country was open and presented few chances for successful flight. On his right was a dense thicket, but to reach its shelter he would have to cross several fields, exposed to the danger of being seen by his pursuers, whom the alarm of Bertha Seely had turned in that direction. Behind him was the mansion itself, looking gloomy and menacing in the darkness of the night, and for a moment he thought of attempting to conceal himself within some of its deserted apartments. He might succeed in reaching the roof, and so gain temporary safety; but this idea was instantly dismissed as he heard a loud, stern voice exclaim, apparently just entering the front door of the house, the clear, authoritative tones echoing powerfully through the vacant chambers:

"Search the house, men. Go through every room, from cellar to attic; look into every corner and closet. Your game is Black Rasp! A thousand dollars to the man that captures him, dead or alive. Search!"

John Rasp, standing erect amid the shrubbery, which was higher than his head, heard every word, and recognized the voice of the speaker.

"It is Randolph himself," he muttered, "and he offers the same reward for my capture that I do for his; but—" and a grim smile of derision was on his lips as he added, "my reward is to be paid in gold, and his in —Confederate notes, new issue! My only hope is to try to pass through the garden, and then making a circuit, reach the woods, where a few hours of concealment will bring me safety, for some of our forces will certainly visit this neighborhood to-morrow. I wonder if Leighton is safe; I suppose he is; he is ever shrewd, and instead of coming with me to be scared into a panic by a wounded old man and a rebel wench, 'skedaddled' for the bush at once. Here I am at the garden border—many thanks to those who tore down the fence—and now for a lucky race or a desperate tussle."

Grasping his bared sabre in his right, and his repeater in his left hand, he pushed rapidly but cautiously on, crouching almost to the ground, now pausing to listen, now lunging on for a few paces, now almost creeping as he passed some exposed point in his route.

As he thus slowly and painfully made his progress, some order of their commander seemed to have passed from man to man of his pursuers with wonderful celerity, for their shouts suddenly ceased, and a deep stillness fell upon the night.

"Ah, cunning Randolph," thought the Federal, "you know this business well. Nine out of ten of your tribe of rebel chiefs would play this game of 'Yankee catching' with a yell and a whoop, but you have played it with John Rasp ere now. Come, this silence is dangerous. I wish some rebel hound would bay, that I might

hear the whole pack open, and so learn where my danger lies."

Leaving him for a time, let us return to Colonel Seely and his daughter.

Bertha, as we have seen, had flown to direct the search of the Confederates. After uttering the words which had so much increased the danger of the flying Major, she returned joyfully to the side of her father, exclaiming:

"May Heaven grant that our friends may catch the dastard! Coward, he did not tarry to hear 'five' counted. I almost wish he had."

"Thank God, my child, that he did not," said the Colonel, heaving a deep sigh of mingled relief and exhaustion, as he uncocked his weapon and sank back upon his sorry couch of cotton. "I am glad that this hand is not stained with the blood of the son, as well as that of the father. But John Rasp is not a coward. We of the South, and I include myself when I say it, have been too free in calling the men of the North cowards, Bertha. They have as brave and daring men in their ranks, and among their officers, as ever drew sword or charged a battery. Their cowards stay at home, and do all their brave deeds in pulpits, in editorial chairs, in Congress and Abolition mass meetings. Their cowards are cunning, and fight not, but reap all the spoils of the victories. Their political leaders are the cowards. Who ever saw or heard of those zealots who were so fierce in shouting 'On to Richmond!' 'The South must be subjugated!' 'The rebels must be exterminated!' handling a musket to enforce their principles? Our political leaders may have been grievously wrong in aiding to precipitate the old Union into the horrors of internecine war, but, glory to the South, her blood and breeding, they have ever been ready to battle to the death to uphold their declared principles, and hundreds of them have fallen fighting like the heroes they were, for the honor of the southern name. No recreant among them! But where are those fellows whose lips sputter fire and slaughter, whose merciless tongues cry havoc day and night, who urge on deluded millions to bloody war and national carnage, where are they? where have they fought? Where are the Garrisons, and Beechers, and Greeleys, and Camerons, and Sumners, and all of that fiery host? At home! And there let them stay."

The voice of the Confederate leader of the troop below now was heard, and Bertha, recognizing it, exclaimed:

"Randolph! Randolph! Oh, father, it is Randolph!"

"Thank Heaven for that, also," said the Colonel, and a moment after a tall and athletic young man, clad in the grey uniform of the Confederate army, rapidly entered the apartment.

"Colonel Seely! Bertha!" he exclaimed, in boundless astonishment, as the excited and joyous girl sprang into his open arms with a cry of happiness.

CHAPTER VI.

Captain Randolph.

Captain Randolph, in form and feature, might well challenge the admiration of those who gazed upon him. In stature, he was fully six feet, but the elegance of his figure, so harmoniously proportioned in every part, deceived at a first glance, and it was not until contrast brought out the lof-

tiness of his form, that he struck the observer as being a very tall man. There was an indescribable ease, grace, and dignity in his movements and attitude that singled him out from a thousand ordinary men, while the pleasant and yet imposing expression of a very manly and noble face, would at once have made him pronounce him handsome, not pretty, nothing soft or effeminate on the broad, statesmanlike brow, nor in the quick, beaming glance of the large jet-black eye, nor in the firm, regular, straight nose, nor about the calm, resolute lip. Randolph looked the being he was, a dignified, refined gentleman, a well-read, talented scholar, a daring, dashing, self-possessed soldier, a true type of the southern chevalier, *sans peur, sans reproche*, gentle to the vanquished, terrible to the barbarous raiders of the times, believing the South to be fighting for her inalienable rights, bequeathed to her by the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the American Union, and the blood of her revolutionary sons of 1776.

He was true to the firm principles of his soul, and conscientiously believed that the Lincoln administration, and the powerful party that urged on the war, perpetrated an overwhelming crime upon American liberty; and to resist it he was ready to battle to the last, and since the sharp arbitrament of the sword had been made umpire in a sectional dispute, deliberately accepted the issue, be it independence or death. With the truth or fallacy of his reasoning, the author has nothing to do, merely presenting Randolph as a characteristic type of tens of thousands who, for four years, fought odds of three to one, at least, in numbers, and a hundred to one in resources.

He was a man of about thirty-two or three years of age, powerful in mind and frame, and who could as easily and ably have borne the insignia of a major-general as any of his fellow-warriors of the South. But he had no ambition for high military rank, thinking, with rare modesty, that there were enough and to spare with sonorous titles and heavy salaries already feeding upon the scanty treasury of his country.

When the war was irrevocably heralded by the struggle at Charleston, in April, 1861, William Randolph was a wealthy planter of Virginia, adorning the circle in which he moved, admired by all for his enterprising and broadly patriotic mind, mingling seldom in the terrible stream of politics, though boldly advocating right and justice when his services in the counsels of his State were needed.

But the political trick which united the men of the North, or rather her unreflecting masses, whether a trick of northern or southern leaders, proved the bitter animosity of the northern mind against an independent South, and no man of the latter had a firmer belief in his right to withdraw from a Union which she deemed about to overturn her most vital interests. Without awaiting the tardy action of his State, he speedily presented his services to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston, and received at once the only rank he ever sought throughout the war, rejecting proffers of far higher grade, from time to time, as they met him.

"I can serve the cause of my coun-

try with a comparatively small command, as well as if I were colonel or general. My country will be overrun and harried by bands of lawless fellows, robbing and burning under shelter of the Union flag, outraging all the laws of civilized warfare, murdering and imprisoning inoffensive citizens, abusing defenceless women and helpless children. Against these I wish to war, leaving the handling of armies to such men as Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Jackson, and other master spirits of the age."

And true to this resolve, he had made his name a terror to the lawless Federal, and the still more lawless "Loyalist." He rarely fought in the main armies, though there had been times when he threw all his force of mind and men into some of the grand schemes of the great Confederate generals. But he preferred to follow his own rapid and scathing plans, appearing and disappearing when least expected, and always leaving his mark where he struck.

He it was, then, who had so opportunely arrived in Bratton and effected the surprise and utter rout of the very force that had been despatched to capture him.

It is necessary to relate here that Randolph had become acquainted with Bertha Seely at about the same time when she met John Rasp in Boston, prior to the war, and a mutual and devoted attachment had quickly sprung up between them, although he was several years her senior, and she but just entering society. As this acquaintance progressed, their love continued to ripen, until, upon his offering her his hand, she had, with the hearty sanction of her father, accepted him as her betrothed. They were to have been married in May, 1861, but as the blast of war thundered its dreadful notes along the southern shores, the ceremony had been postponed, under the exigencies of the times, until a more peaceful season.

In Boston, too, Randolph had formed the acquaintance of Miss Catherine Rasp, sister of John Rasp, and one of the reigning belles of that very pious metropolis of isms.

Catherine was beautiful and brilliant, and apparently well constituted in person and character to adorn and make happy the home of any man, to whom gaiety and splendor, and a continual round of fashionable pleasure, were not disagreable. But the clearly penetrating mind of Randolph had readily discerned that she was a woman of fierce and uncontrollable passions, not at all suited to his ideas of what he desired his wife to be; and though the haughty belle had exhausted every art in her power to chain him to her chariot-wheels, amid the long roll of her devotees, she had failed to gain more than a passing admiration, due to her dazzling beauty of person, and the position she occupied among the elite of Boston. But the incensed beauty, in endeavoring to make a conquest of Randolph's heart, merely to gratify her selfish vanity, had lost her own, and suddenly awoke to the bitter fact that she passionately loved a man upon whom she could make no impression. At once attributing this insensibility to her universally acknowledged charms to the existence of a rival, she had soon traced his intimacy with Bertha Seely, and soon learned that a betrothment existed. Inflamed to fury by this know-

ledge, she allowed her passion to prey upon her ill-regulated mind until it approached to a frenzy. She made a confidant of her brother John, and learned that Bertha was the daughter of the very man whose name they had been taught to hate and abhor from infancy, by their vindictive mother. To her they appealed for the aid of experience, and she, cordially entering into any scheme that might carry sorrow to the soul of the slayer of her husband, was revolving plan on plan for the successful furtherance of their triune plot, when the loud clarion of war at once opened a way for John Rasp to prosecute his hate against the country that had given birth and held the homes of two men whom he longed to crush—the slayer of his father, and the successful rival of his love.

How he and Catherine, abetted by their mother, had prosecuted their unscrupulous purposes, will be developed as we proceed.

Now, then, after this perhaps tedious but necessary retrospective, let us return to the ruin of the Seely mansion.

"Oh William," exclaimed Bertha, "how happy I am that you have come. I am ever delighted to see you, but never more than now. Something told me that you were near, when we heard the fight going on at the other end of the town."

"You heard us, then?" said Randolph, as he returned her caress. "I little dreamed that you, my Bertha, were so near when I pounced upon that rascally troop. But allow me to pay my respects to your honored father, who so patiently regards us."

"Poor father! He thinks he is dying, and, indeed, he is very ill," whispered Bertha, as they approached the Colonel.

"Ah, so bad," said Randolph, extending his hand to meet the old soldier's hearty welcome. "I am happy, my dear Colonel, to meet you, and to be of any service to you. I hope that that wound I heard of is improving."

"God bless and guard you, my noble Randolph!" cried the Colonel. "He undoubtedly sent you here to snatch us from the hand of that villain Rasp. But William, my dear son, if I may call you so, I fear that the wound you speak of will be my last."

"Indeed, I trust it will be your last," said Randolph, soothingly, "but not in the sense which you intimate. Excuse me for an instant, Colonel, our men are so eager to catch their game, that they forget all prudence. Hear them yell! Lieutenant Rowland."

"Here, Captain," answered a bluff-looking, sedate-featured man, with hardy, weather-beaten countenance, as he stepped into the room, sword in hand, and flashed his keen grey eyes about him.

"Lieutenant, give the order for silence in search. Listen to that."

"It is those piney-woods boys we recruited in Georgia," said Rowland. "They'd yell as loud if they saw a rabbit. But I'll see to it, sir," and, saluting, he hurried away.

But before Randolph could renew his conversation, a short and unusually corpulent "rebel private" blundered into the room, pistol in hand, and sabre flourishing, shouting, "Surrender, every soul of you, male and female, to me, Ranson Huckleberry, high private in Randolph's immortal—" then, recognizing his Captain, he lowered his arms and stared sheepish.

ly about him, completely crestfallen.

"Why, if it aint the uproarious Captain hisself," said he, "and, by my gourd of soap, old Colonel Seely too."

"Away with you, Huckleberry," exclaimed Randolph. "Have you just arrived, when your comrades are half a mile in pursuit of Black Rasp himself."

"Consider my baggage, noble Captain," said the corpulent Huckleberry, smiting his fleshy paunch with a sonorous slap. "If any of the boys had half of this luggage to tote, drat my hide if they'd a got here yit. But I'm a gwine, noble Captain, I'm a gwine, as the bull said when he slipped off the bridge, I'm a gwine, and when I catch Rasp I'll jest take him by the head and twist it clean off, like unto a gobbler's. All right, Captain, I'm a gwine." And with a wheeze and a puff that threatened to blow his great owlish eyes out of their shallow sockets, this "rebel rogue" hurried off with a quick, heavy tramp that shook the house as he thundered down the stairs.

"A good fighter in the saddle," remarked Randolph, "but rather slow on foot; yet if he strikes the trail of Black Rasp, he will follow him farther than any man in my command."

"He recognized me," said Col. Seely, "and I think I have seen him before, but it must have been in the saddle. What is he?"

"He is Ransom Huckleberry," replied Randolph, laughingly, "and there is, I am sure, but one in the world. He is from Georgia, and by calling, before the war, a bee-hunter, 'honey raiser.' I would not exchange him for any man in my troop. But you were speaking of your wound. Is it very painful?"

"It has healed, but my system seems ready to sink."

"Let me examine your pulse, Colonel. You know I took my degree as M. D., and had much practice on my plantation. Ah, you need rest and food, more than anything else."

"He has not eaten a morsel for nearly two days," said Bertha. "See this," and she showed an empty haversack.

"Nor have you, my poor child," said the Colonel mournfully.

"And you have been two days without food," exclaimed Randolph.

"No; we reached here this morning," replied the Colonel. "We expected to find my old servant Abram here on our arrival, but something must have happened to the old man, else he would have been here before us. We have traveled far from the Confederate lines, mostly at night. We had food in abundance, day before yesterday, but on yesterday morning we met a sad group, Randolph, a widow and three little children, the oldest not five years of age, the youngest an infant at the breast. Her husband was a rebel, and being captured and carried to some Yankee prison, was shot there by a negro sentinel, because he said Jeff. Davis was a greater man than that black agitator Fred. Douglass. The widow's house had been burned over her head, her bed-ridden mother tossed into the road, where she gasped and died; the widow's supply of food, her corn, wheat, flour, bacon, etc., very little in all, trampled in the dust, her own clothing, and that of her children, save what they wore, wantonly torn into rags, and the miserable family driven forth to starve, because the widow had dared tell

Federal soldiers that if her husband were living, she would bid him go fight till death again for an independent South. They had had no food for two days, and we gave them all we had. Ah, Randolph, are those human beings with whom we fight, or are they devils? They had snatched the very doll-rags from the tiny hands of the little girl and thrown them into the flames of her mother's house; *they* did that, great, strong, bearded, armed men, fierce with sabres and carbines, and formidable even to gaze upon; they maltreated that helpless rebel girl, only five years old, because her father dared to fight for the independence of his country! Oh, heroes of the Yankee land! Brave descendants of pious forefathers, who roasted Quakers alive, and said 'thank God for all His mercies.' Out upon them."

"Father, do not so agitate yourself!" exclaimed Bertha, as the Colonel, growing fierce in his indignation, almost sprang to his feet.

"Calm yourself, my dear Colonel," said Randolph. "Such scenes are common in our unfortunate land."

"But can the frequency of the crime lessen its damnable atrociousness?" cried the Colonel. "I know it is common. Why that is the declared, published style of warfare advocated in their leading papers, shouted from their most popular pulpits. That is the pet plan to 'break the backbone of the rebellion.'"

"But, Colonel, you are too faint and feverish to speak of these things now," remonstrated Randolph. "Let us—"

"Were I at my last gasp, and with but breath enough to utter but one word, and the withholding of that one word could give me back life, wife, children and property, I would hurl it into their teeth with my last spasm of death-agony, and cry *Shame!*" thundered the Colonel, smiting his hand upon the wall.

He glared with all the fury of long pent-up indignation, and then sank back with a groan, saying:

"But this is not dying as I should die. It is all folly, we are overpowered, or soon will be, and may a merciful God take pity upon a subjugated South!"

"Cheer up, Colonel, times may change, fortune favor us again," said Randolph soothingly.

The Colonel shook his head despondently, and closed his eyes as if to shut out all consolation.

"No, Randolph, we are hurrying to ruin. Could we revive the spirit of '61, all might be well. But the game is lost, great and fatal mistakes have been made in high places, our Congress lacks wisdom and firmness, our money is mere trash, our armies are dissolving like snow, desertion has become a pastime, extortion at home, and extravagance abroad—all is lost."

A pause ensued, during which Randolph whispered to Bertha, and then said aloud:

"Colonel, you and your dear daughter need food. Let me have you taken to Hubert's House."

"Never, never!" exclaimed the Colonel quickly, as a shudder shook him like an ague. "He died there, Archibald Rasp. What a retribution if I who slew him should be forced to die in the same house. No, I have dragged this poor, crippled frame many a weary mile to die beneath this roof, Randolph, in this room, Bertha."

"But, Colonel, there is strong life in you yet. Besides, the Federals will, in all probability, swarm in this town before to-morrow night, and if they find you alive, they will certainly send you North."

"Randolph," said the old lion, as he shook back his long white hair, "they should bayonet me here, on this sorry bed, before I'd submit to being captured alive, to rot in their war-prisons."

"Oh, my father, my dear father!" said Bertha, kneeling and clasping her hands, "for my sake, since I must now urge it, listen to William's counsel."

"Bertha, obey your dying father," replied the Colonel. "*I* shall remain at least until morning, if I live so long. If better then, I shall deem it a sign that my end is not nigh, and endeavor to live to fight one more battle."

"Now you speak like a hero," cried Randolph. "We cannot spare you yet. I must leave you for a short time, to see that your wants are attended to, and to aid in capturing Rasp; it mortifies me to the heart to think how securely I thought we had trapped him, but he and that spy Leighton discovered a trap-door under the bed in the Nailed Room, and so made their escape several minutes before we discovered it. I will return within a short time. You shall have food, comforts, and attendance."

So saying, Randolph left the room, but at the foot of the stairs ran against some one in the dark, apparently carrying a heavy load.

"Give the countersign," cried Randolph, as he seized the unknown, and thrust his pistol to his head.

"Bress de lord!" was the reply. "Spare dis child! I'se fur de Union! I'se fur de Union! Hurray for Linkum!"

"Then you are a black Yankee, you dog, and must die," said Randolph, forcing the son of Africa to the wall.

"Great Masser come down! I'se a rebel nigger! I'se a gray back! Hurray for Jeff Davis," roared the negro, changing his principles according to circumstances.

"Who are you?"

"Abram, massa."

"Who's your master?"

"Col. Seely."

"What have you here?"

"Chicken, turkey, an' sich—hardest work ever had—sich truck mity skeerse. But bress my soul, ain't dis de voice of Massa Captin Randolph I sees befo' me?" suddenly cried the negro.

"Yes; hurry up to your master, who thinks he is dying, and that you are dead."

"An' young missus?"

"Is well, but they have not eaten anything for nearly two days."

"Good gwacious! leave me up, leave me go cook suffin; ob course ole massa is in his room what he lubs. I'se glad I'se come and kin do somethin' for poor ole massa."

Randolph passed on, and the negro, tottering under his load, ascended the stairs, and hurried into the presence of his master.

"Here I is! Hurray for Jeff Davis and de great Suddern Corn fed-greasy," shouted Abram, as he placed his load of provender upon the floor, and made a hundred joyful grimaces. "How is yiz? Tort dis nigga war dead! Nebber die, neber, so long as I kin live, sure ob dat. You see Massa de Kul-

nel, dis mizzerbul country are clean done gone, all eat up by dem blue-feds, an ole Abram had to trabbel mity extensive to pick up dis here. Here's a turkey, dar's a pair ob pullets, dar's twenty pound ob flour, dar's yer ham, dar's yer meal, dar's yer box sardines."

"Sardines!" cried Bertha. "Why they are contraband! But where did you collect all these provisions?"

"Is dey to be bort, Missus Bersey?"

"No indeed."

"Don't de felles always say, got none to spar?"

"Always, Abram."

"Den I got 'um."

"But how?"

"Stole 'um, stole um, young missus; dat is, used to be called stealin' in peace times, now dey call it millummatary needcessity," said Abram, with a wise shake of the head. "Ah, young missus, dis war play de debil wid de principles ob de colud poperlation."

"Abram," said the Colonel, in a severe tone, "I trust you have not plundered the property of any of our side."

"Nebber, massa de Colonel, nebber. Couldn't do dat, noway—not on 'count ob principles, for a hungry nigga will steal from de church, do he war de presidin elder—but jist am because none ob our side got anyting worth stealin'. Lor bress you, de Fedral gintlemen bin all along dar; what dey left, a nigga wouldn't steal. But I stole most ob dis truck, all but dat box ob sardines, from a rich man in de country dat dey call a Loyalist."

"Brave old Abram," cried Bertha. "And where did you obtain the sardines?"

"In de pocket ob a dead Yankee."

"Ugh! horrible!" said Bertha, casting the box far from her in disgust.

"Bress your soul, young missus, dat don't 'fect de flever ob de fish in de box. But leave me make a fire and fix de Kulnel's supper an' dinner an' breakfus all at onct"

And here we will leave the party for a time, to follow the steps of Randolph.

(*To be continued.*)

SIGNS OF ANGELS.

There's many an empty cradle,
  There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonesome bosom
  Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every graveyard
  The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
  An angel in the sky.

—:o:—

EPIGRAM ON STANTON.

"It would be a great loss to the country to have Mr. Stanton retire from the Cabinet."
—[*Boston Paper.*

When good men go, great griefs arise,
A nation's heart thrills with surprise;
When Stanton goes there'll come a sorrow
In Boston, Sodom, and Gomorrah.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The next generation will carefully enquire of the present what great character has been formed, and what great name has been transmitted through the deluge of blood in compensation for the crime and cruelty, and anarchy, which have stained our annals. They will thoughtfully measure and weigh each candidate for immortality, adjusting the proportions of the prominent and carefully considered acts of his public life.

Of the events that have startled human nature, posterity will be the judge, though we are the witnesses. It is the duty of the recorder of public events to send down a faithful transcript of the testimony of the times in which we live to these distant tribunals who will sit in judgment upon our actions, that future generations be not wronged in their estimate of the past, or crime vaunt itself because its hideous face shall elude the light; and that usurpers may not take courage from the pusilanimity of willing slaves, or the venality of "profane men like Esau, who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage." It was to wrong the living generation of all its sacred rights, and history of her archives, that two hundred presses in every part of the country were scattered in the streets, and thrown into the rivers, and independent, able men locked up in prison, that the people might not read, nor the country have a record of transpiring events, and that an appeal be not made to their insulted sense of justice, and tyrants duly punished by law, with swiftness and certainty.

For all of the crimes of civil government there must be some responsible mind to represent the lifeless corporations in whose names they were perpetrated. William Henry Seward, Secretary of State, is entirely responsible for the attempt to mutilate the bloody annals of the gloomy semi-decade which has just closed its light upon American institutions and American hopes.

He has swayed a power ten-fold greater, at an expense of blood and treasure one hundred-fold more, than that employed by George Washington to free a nation and lay the foundation of a system which should establish the dominion of reason and free government commensurate with our race. Seward has employed these engines of power to overthrow the superstructure reared by Washington, to dig up the foundation of our freedom, to destroy the personal liberty of our people, and overthrow constitutional government for the empty bubble of applause from the frrenzied rabble. If he may perpetuate this fraud upon history by the suppression of truth, then can he accomplish his ulterior purpose of enduring fame.

At an early period in his extraordinary career he provided for the contingencies of fortune, and procured the publication of "The Life of Seward."

Precisely what Mr. Seward would be pleased to read of himself has been written of him.

The lineage traced far back of a family which had hitherto no public prominence; the recital of nursery tales, college incidents, and dull personal anecdote, which can never possibly interest the strange reader; motives attributed to public actions not apparent, or easily deduced, indicate the autobiography, and the ostensible author as a mere automaton of a gentleman who manufactures for himself just such a character as his fervid imagination would paint for the frontispiece of parliamentary history.

William Henry Seward was of British tory lineage, and born in the town of Florida, Orange County, New York, May 16th, 1801, and educated in Union College. He went as a schoolmaster to the South in 1819. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1822. In 1823 he entered into partnership with Elijah Miller, Esq., and married his daughter, Frances Adeline, and settled in Auburn, N. Y.

He commenced his political career, in 1824, as the champion of John Quincy Adams, against Gen. Andrew Jackson for President of the United States, and as the enemy of the Democratic party never changed his course or purpose through life.

He engaged in the organization of the anti-masonic party in 1828, upon the following incident: William Morgan was a member of the fraternity of Free Masons, made application to a Lodge for pecuniary aid, and also received instruction as a lecturer. As fast as he received instruction he committed it to paper, and his friends were quite astonished and indignant to find a book printed purporting to be "The Ritual of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons." Enraged at his treachery, some of the indiscreet members of the order prosecuted him for stealing a shirt which had been loaned to him. Succeeding in the prosecution, they got a judgment for the value of the shirt, and had him imprisoned in the county jail. During the absence of the sheriff, a few evenings after, they persuaded the sheriff's wife to release Morgan. Whereupon, either by force or of his own will, he was taken to Fort Niagara, enlisted in the British army, and by an understanding with some British officers was transferred to a military post in India or Australia. This abduction was made the foundation of the anti-masonic party. Courts were called, trials instituted, the surrender of Masonic charters demanded. The pulpits denounced the institution. Appeals were made to the public scarcely less pathetic than the Abolition harangues of later years. In the earlier period of this political organization, when there was no possibility of his election in his district, with an instinct which would seem divine in its unerring sagacity, if it were not infernal in its spirit and purpose, Mr. Seward declined a nomination for Congress in 1828. But when the public mind had been inflamed, and the ghost of the murdered Morgan had become the bugbear of the nursery, and excitement grew wild, then he gently shoved his bark into the swelling tide, accepted the nomination, and secured his election to the Senate of the State of New York in the year 1830.

In 1834 he was defeated for Governor of New York, by William L. Marcy,

a staunch Democrat, who blended in himself rare powers with irreproachable personal integrity.

In 1836 he engaged in the business of the Holland Land Company, in which he was gravely charged with wronging the people.

In 1838 he was elected Governor of the State of New York, and re-elected by a largely diminished majority in 1840, by the political hurricane which swept everything before it, and placed Harrison in the Presidential chair.

During the second term of his administration, Mr. Seward ruined the party which had elected and drove him from political life. He remained in private life until the new sensation of the Mexican war and "slavery" brought him to the surface again, when in 1849 he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He was afterwards re-elected, and was the recognized leader of his party in that body until he was summoned, on the 5th of March, 1861, into the Cabinet of President Lincoln.

William H. Seward is the most thoroughly finished demagogue known to the history of ancient or modern times, possessing every attribute of that character in its highest degree. He has sagacity, cunning, hypocrisy, duplicity, cruelty, and ambition. He sees with an instinct almost miraculous the combinations which lead to given or probable results, and all these elements of his character are so completely interwoven that no analysis can separate them, or ascribe to any act of his a distinct emanation of patriotic motive.

In all the contests between the rich and the poor, Mr. Seward takes both sides. He speaks for the poor and acts for the rich. In the contests of capital with labor, he votes for capital and speaks for labor.

In the controversy between the landlords and tenants, he pitied the renters but urged the enforcement of the rent. There has never been a rotten scheme of public plunder in New York, or in Congress, since Mr. Seward entered public life, that could not safely calculate upon his vote and influence. He was the bitter enemy of the Mexican war, declaring it to be unholy, unjust, and unconstitutional. To rid himself of the odium of opposition to the war, he pressed the nomination of General Taylor, who had borne a most conspicuous part in the conflict, and mounted the no-party hobby, and rode it into the Senate of the United States to embitter party spirit, and precipitate the country into civil war, from which there should be no recovery.

Good men had painted in words of wisdom, power, and pathos, all of the evils of a sectional conflict. They saw war, disunion, and desolation, as angels of death hovering over the country. Free government would be destroyed, standing armies created, and civil war would drive statesmen from the council, and men of power and experience from the Cabinet. High capacity would no longer hold sway in the government. Justice transferred from the courts, and law give way to anarchy. Military commissions instituted to oppress the people, and ostlers, tide-waiters, and bartenders promoted in the military lines for the purpose of forming military courts. Mr. Seward himself drew this portait:

"The first want of every nation is peace, the last is peace; it wants peace always. So

our forefathers understood the philosophy of government, for they established a system which dispensed with even the forces necessary for perfect defence, rather than cumber it with such as might tempt it to unnecessary collision with other States. A Democratic government has no adaptation to war. War involves a nation in debt, and requires vast supplies of men and taxes, and self-taxing people will not, except when absolutely obliged by the exigencies of danger, vote either the one or the other. Our government has not effective powers of conscription. No modern State has carried on, or can carry on, aggressive war without conscription. War, however brief its duration, and however light its calamities deranges all social industry, subverts order, and corrupts morals. The first element, then, of our social happiness and security is peace." —[*Seward's Speech, Oct. 29th*, 1844.

Seward foresaw that war would create debts—debts would exhaust the bullion of the country, then would come credit, and with credit would come banks. In time of war the government would control the banks; accumulating debts must be funded, and bonds issued. Capitalists must buy the bonds, and by an easy transition take charge of the government, and control legislation. Bonds must draw interest, and interest would require taxation, and tariffs and imposts. To collect taxes would require an army of tax-gatherers and assessors, all in the interests of the ruling power, and with such reasonable pretexts for a heavy tariff would endear the manufacturers to the administration. Such a combination, with a necessary standing army, could readily lay the foundation of such a perpetual oligarchy of capital, based upon such a slavery of intelligent labor as has not existed in the Christian era. The accomplishment of this purpose was the acme of his hope, the Ultima Thule of his ambition. To delude the people from his purpose, dreams of wealth and liberty, extended domain, and increasing prosperity, burdened his speeches and interspersed his harangues. He precipitated war upon us after conniving at its outbreak, and preparing the way for years. When the desolations of the whirlwind swept over the land, and the work of death appalled every heart, then Seward assumed the character of pacificator. He had approached his dreadful work with care, and planned its details with a cunning which secreted his purpose from the honest masses, though manifest to every statesman of the land, who saw the revolution unfolding its fearful coil, and recognized Seward indicating its purpose and directing its course.

Mr. Seward is a profound hypocrite. His dissimulation has been thoroughly systematized, and duplicity made a part of the intricate science of government as practiced by himself. Every position of his life is a contradiction of some other position previously taken. Every doctrine avowed has been violated by some material action of his life.

He organized the anti-masonic party under pretence of counteracting the danger of secret political societies, but really to defeat General Jackson, who was a mason. But in 1860 he organized the Wide-Awakes, and afterwards the Union League—the first to overthrow the government, the second an organized band of rowdies to instigate riots and overawe elections in every part of the country.

The last speech made by Seward in the Senate of New York, was against an alleged infraction of the vested rights of the City Government at Al

bany. He has used his whole power to divest New York of her simplest rights of self-government. He was the champion of total abstinence, and at the same time held a heavy silent interest in a wholesale liquor house, and loaded down his tables with liquors and wines at his senatorial levees.

Whilst Governor, he affected a mawkish sensibility at the punishment of female criminals in the State Penetentiary. As Secretary of State, he had females imprisoned under atrocious circumstances that would have suffused with a crimson blush the brazen cheek of the dark ages, if there ever was a period darker than the one in which Seward ruled. When Governor of New York, he opposed a special registration bill, as applied to New York city, as unconstitutional and unjust, because its passage at that time would have cast odium upon any politician; but when he believed that he could use others for that purpose, to control the great balance of power lodged in that city, he secured the passage of the present city registration law, which disfranchises many of the working classes under the most offensive circumstances, and with the shallowest pretexts.

In the case of Alex. McLeod, accused of burning the Caroline, Gov. Seward assumed the loftiest attitude of State rights, demanding for the State of New York eminent jurisdiction in the case, menacing Great Britain with war as an ulterior result to vindicate her insulted sovereignty and honor. He went so far as to refuse his surrender to the British government, though demanded by the Federal power of the United States.

Whilst Secretary of State, he arrogantly boasted to the British Minister that he could touch a bell on his right hand and arrest a citizen of Ohio, and then touch a bell on his left hand and arrest a citizen of New York. He trampled the rights of the people wantonly under his feet; overthrew the sovereignty of the States, and like a drunken fiend inverted the engine of progress, and drove the car of civilization four hundred years backwards into the bloodiest periods of the middle centuries.

This double-dealing of Mr. Seward extends to everything. Whilst Governor of New York he refused to pardon Benjamin Rathbun, the victim of a naked conspiracy, whose innocence is now historical, vindicated by an upright life, for no other cause operating upon the Governor than that Rathbun had been a leading Democrat and member of Congress; but when James Watson Webb had been sentenced to the States Prison, about whose guilt there was no doubt, because he was a political friend, Seward promptly pardoned him, and has since appointed him Minister to Brazil.

He commenced his senatorial career by pressing California into the Union without the ordinary preliminary legislation. As Secretary of State he claims the right to dictate Constitutions and laws to sovereign States already integral parts of the Union. In the Senate of the United States, Mr. Seward elevated the right of private judgment as above all law, all constitutions, and legal obligations voluntarily taken, under the doctrine of the higher law.

As Secretary of State he imprisoned men and women for the exercise of the right of private judgment, and extended his claim of jurisdiction and punishment to human sympathy. Even

the rich man in hell freely expressed sympathy with his brethren on earth, and when he prayed to Abraham was respectfully heard and courteously answered. For the same generous exercise of liberty by a delicate woman, Mrs. Brinsmade was thrust into a loathsome prison, subject to insult and torture.

He denounced John Brown's crime whilst the felon was suffering the extremity of the law. When his birthday was celebrated by the dominant party, Seward canonized him, and assigned him a place among the gods.

Through disgust, and even shame, we desist from pursuing the insincerity of his political life farther.

Mr. Seward is a bold man, who defies the decencies of public opinion. He writes, with a recklessness that astonishes the diplomatic world, whatever he thinks will best subserve his present purpose. In the statement of facts, he never enquires whether it be true, probable, or utterly unfounded, whether stated with accuracy or inaccuracy. When the most inexcusable outrages were perpetrated upon French citizens, in the neighborhood of New Orleans, the French minister appeals to the Secretary of State for redress. The Secretary, with a coolness that disconcerted the court of Napoleon, gets the very soldiers and officers who committed the crime to give exculpatory testimony in the case, whereupon they swear themselves that the victim was a "rebel," and that no offence was perpetrated ; a system of criminal trial which would secure a general jail delivery to the world.

Everybody in New Orleans knew the crimes had been committed, but Mr. Seward very shrewdly took it for granted that it could not be so well known in France Examination through a blockaded port was impossible—in this bold style he disposes of M. Druyn de L'Huys.

The duplicity of Mr. Seward exceeds all powers of description. When Hon. Geo. W. Jones, Minister to Bogota, returned in 1861, he called upon the Secretary, with whom he had served many years in the United States Senate, and was received with the most hearty cordiality. Mr. Seward went with him to the President, who treated him in like manner. In the fullness of his overflowing kindness, he invited the Minister to dine with him, when mutual protestations of love for the Union were interchanged, and the warm grasp of the parting hand exceeded even the cordial greeting. In the meantime Seward had countermanded the payment due Mr. Jones for his unpaid salary, and he had scarcely taken his room in the hotel when he was arrested, confined in a military prison, and treated as a convict, subjected to every conceivable indignity !

When Seward met R. M. T. Hunter at Fortress Monroe, he opened his arms and greeted the Confederate Sentor with a hearty "God bless you, Hunter." After the *voluntary conditional* surrender of the Confederate armies, which the influence of Hunter had greatly facilitated, he repaid Hunter by imprisonment in military casemates. Human life is too short to recount the monstrous wrongs perpetrated by his connivance.

When Seward entered the executive council of President Lincoln, he determined to rule the country, and chose a model whose maxims have been unchangably adopted as the law of the

country, and obsequiously followed by the down-trodden people. His master in the theory of government was Nicola Macchiavelli. So monstrous were the precepts of Macchiavelli's "Prince," and the doctrine interwoven in his history of Florence, that many good people believed him the incarnate devil; indeed the names of Beelzebub, Belial, Satan, were brought into disuse; by common consent the devil was known by the sobriquet of Old Nick. Since his day no man has ever ventured to administer the government of any country upon the theorisms laid down by Macchiavelli, until it has been done by the administration of which William Henry Seward has been the life-giving spirit.

In all published history there has never been an administration of public affairs so completely successful in the accomplishment of a given purpose as the one which for five years has been directed by his evil genius. He contemplated the government of the country by a minority; by a comparatively meagre minority he has governed it. He compassed the overthrow of the Federal system, and he has left not one stone upon another in the superstructure. He carefully calculated the fact that the Democratic party had been for nearly a quarter of a century the prey of imbecile pretenders, who neither knew nor cared for anything more than a life in government employment. He offered the temptation to politicians and editors; they followed the scent of the bait. This consummated his power The leaders once entrapped by the gaudy plumes of military place, the masses followed without hesitation—the evil work was done. For monstrous outrages our people denounce Butler; poor Butler was the creature of Seward's w ill, without grasp of mind—a gross, sensual, lying thief, at whose approach a delicate woman would shudder; a shyster living under the shadow of great men like Webster and Choate, no more resembling a lawyer than a mushroom resembles the great oak under which it has a momentary existence. Then fault-finders turn upon Stanton, who is scarcely more responsible than Butler. Stanton was but a very common lawyer in Ohio, utterly unknown among such men as Charles Hammond, Thomas Ewing, and Henry Stansberry In Pitsburgh he aspired to no such fame as that awarded to James Rosswalter, Richard Biddle, &c. The great Pitsburgh bar was "no more" when he came to that city. In Washington city the defense of Sickles was his chief legal achievement; but nothing transpired on that trial, with all of the consequence and character of the parties, and the romance of the tragedy, that elicited such legal interest as comes down, chaste and strong, from the early criminal books. He has not only not written one paper of such ability as would live on its own strength hereafter, but he could not prepare such a paper. He has had the newspapers at his command to manufacture reputation, the telegraph to trumpet it abroad, military guards at his door, and special cars to traverse the country. But Stanton in all this has been but the creature and tool of William H Seward in Lincoln's and Johnson's administration, as he was the creature of Judge Black in Mr. Buchanan's administration. Seward could have reconstructed Lincoln's Cabinet at any time. He was the only man of intrinsic pow-

er ever connected with that administration, and Stanton was a necessity to Seward; he was therefore Secretary of War.

But Seward never had any other than destructive power. He is a genius, but he is an evil genius. He has constructed the administration upon the exact theory laid down by the Florentine historian, and selected well the instruments of his ambition and power:

MAXIM I.—"If we only consider the evils which will arise to a republic or a kingdom by a change of a prince or of government, not by foreign interference, but by civil discord, (in which we may see how even slight variations suffice to ruin the most powerful kingdoms or States,) we may then easily imagine how much Italy and the other Roman provinces suffered, when they not only changed their forms of government and their princes, but also their laws, customs, modes of living, religion, language, and name. Any one of such changes, by itself, without being united with others, might, with thinking of it, to say nothing of the seeing and suffering, infuse terror into the strongest mind."

Mr. Seward adopted this maxim, and acted upon it promptly, through others whose instrumentality might be made available to follow any given direction. For this purpose, Seward chose Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, as highly qualified to do anything entrusted to him in the approaching war.

Soon after the election of Mr. Lincoln, it became manifest that Seward would be Secretary of State. He was clearly the first choice of the Republican party at Chicago for President, but his whole political life had rendered him odious to the country, and indefensible before the people. It was the greatest misconception of the American people that Mr. Lincoln was an honest imbecile, and in this none were more surprised than his own immediate friends, and, among these, none more than Seward himself.

But assured of his power in the administration, Mr. Seward affected a disinclination to enter the Cabinet, and made conditions to his acceptance, one of which was that Simon Cameron should be Secretary of War. Every honest public man opposed the appointment as an insult offered to the integrity of the country.

Even Thaddeus Stevens, when asked by Lincoln if Cameron was honest, replied, "Upon that subject, I assure you, my good friend, that Mr. Cameron might be most safely trusted in a furnace-room filled with red hot stoves." For Stevens, despite of all his other moral and political derelictions, never sanctioned the shameful manner in which Cameron had brought barefaced bribery and open fraud, as an auxiliary into every public position he sought or reached, whether he used it as a means of obtaining, or made it the rule of exercising a public trust.

Lincoln, at one time, had determined not to appoint Cameron. But when it was made the condition of Seward's service in the Cabinet, he yielded, and Cameron was appointed Secretary of War.

Cameron was not long in demonstrating his gratitude to Seward, by acting as his supple instrument in recommending the disintegration and remolding of the States, thus changing their forms and names, and inflicting

that fatal stroke from which there may be no recovery but in revolution. This plan he elaborately set forth as affecting the States of Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland, in a grave report from the War Department, very much modified before publication. This was the entering wedge in the work of usurpation. Seward, whilst putting Cameron forward with his monstrous proposition, would give out his own disinclination to yield assent to even the slightest infraction of the Constitution. He and Cameron bear to each other a most remarkable personal resemblance, and are exact counterparts in soul.

Seward, of a higher mental culture, practices all of those intellectual cheats upon inferior minds with which he comes in conflict, that Cameron does upon the purse and fortunes of those who fall within the reach of his power. Seward practices the same barefaced strategy in diplomacy that Cameron did upon the Winnebago Indians, on the Pennsylvania Legislature, and on the political parties with all of which he has at one time or other been connected. But it is a singular coincidence in the history of both, that neither ever perpetrated a trick of any considerable moment, which was not discovered almost in the very act, and each has the rare faculty of making the discovery of their roguery the occasion of unusual merriment. Wherever the armies passed in sufficient numbers to intimidate the inhabitants, Seward would change the laws, and consummate the crime by ordering mock elections; and then profanely thanked God for the accomplishment of these things.

He changed the forms of government of the southern States. The religious worship was placed under the control of military libertines, who, with a profane audacity, arrested Bishops, clergymen, and priests, sometimes dragging them off of their knees, pulling them out of the pulpits, taunting and jeering them by drunken rabble in a spirit of atheism, that has not made its appearance before in Christendom.

Maxim II.—"When States which are newly conquered have been accustomed to liberty under their own laws, there are three ways of maintaining them."

"The first is to ruin them.

"The second to inhabit them.

"The third is to leave them in the enjoyment of their laws."

Determined not to leave them in the enjoyment of their laws, and finding it impossible to inhabit them, Seward adopted the most horrible method, and went to work to deliberately ruin them. Through the southern States, armies traveled night after night by the glowing light of burning plantations, for miles on every side, leaving the land a charred waste from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean; and when old army officers, educated in the science of civilized warfare, remonstrated against this mode of invasion, the chaplains would stimulate the new levies and negroes to deeds of violence that sicken the imagination.

The burning of Columbia, the seat of government of South Carolina; of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi; of Lexington, the home of Stonewall Jackson, in Virginia, with the nameless desolations and crimes which changed an enlightened Christian peo-

ple into a nation of barbarians and infidels, in the short period of four years, find no parallel among any people who have spoken the English language.

MAXIM III.—"Levy arbitrary taxes for the support of the soldiers who were preying upon them."

This was the method adopted in the State of Missouri by different military satraps; but in St. Louis by Halleck, to an extent, with a coarse ferocity, shocking to the most obdurate insensibility of justice, and repeated by such vagabonds as Hulbert, and others, the very mention of whose names would be an unpardonable trespass upon the purity of English literature.

MAXIM IV.—"To condemn the associates of a criminal to the same penalty as himself, and ordered that public report should be taken as evidence. These laws were called the ordinations of justice."

So exactly do the trials of the Bureau of Military Justice conform to this maxim, that it is scarcely possible that they should not have been formed after this given model, as they have been conformed to it.

But Seward exactly conformed his administration to the rule of Walter, the cruel Duke of Athens. In order to humble the well-bred citizens of the southern States, and bring good breeding into general contempt, "He caused the inhabitants of every part of the country to be beaten and plundered. He also conferred benefits and advantages upon the lowest orders, thinking that with their assistance, and the army of foreigners, he would be able to preserve the tyranny."

Mr. Seward fell upon this plan, observing this plain indication of his natural sagacity, that among all of the officers of the regular army, there could be found but very few willing to perform such hateful service through pride of education, and conviction of historical right. The volunteer officers from the western States were largely of southern descent, and, through love of kindred, would have been unfitted for this fiendish work.

The resources of Mr. Seward's fertile mind readily provided the material, and such foreigners were brought into the service, and received General's commissions, as would not have been tolerated in the worst governments of Europe. The vilest despotisms of any age or country could have made no satisfactory apology for the employment of such monsters.

Mr. Seward conceived a sudden and violent passion for those semi-civilized countries which had not yet thrown off the more horrible forms of barbarism. He did not hesitate to cheer the people with congratulatory letters from the Emperors of China and Japan. Russia, the most hateful of European despotisms, was caressed as our especial friend, while in the very act of mutilating and murdering men, women, and children in Poland, our ancient friend, and the friend of liberty, struggling for her own freedom; sweeping down their crops, fields, farms and cities by fire and sword, and sending those not murdered to freeze amidst the icebergs of Siberia. He had it published in the "loyal" journals that some European tyrant had declared his hatred for rebellion everywhere.

All Europe was scoured to find mercenary vagabonds upon whom to bestow military commissions, among whom was Turchin, who led a banditti

from Chicago, and carried on a system of theft from the people, and sales to the Government of the best horses in the country. In Athens, Ala., he let loose his mercenaries upon the people, to plunder, ravish, burn and murder, and notified the vilest rabble, at a given signal, that he would shut his eyes whilst they would let loose their passions in crimes against nature and God, which were committed without stint or remorse. He dressed the prostitutes, black and white, in the wardrobe of the ladies, which had been stolen from their chambers, and his barbarians gave full vent to their demoniac rage, until the devouring flame had satiated its appetite, and lust had quenched its beastly ardor on unprotected virtue, and plunder had made her work complete.

The offal of the human family were thrown from the debris of every country into the employment of Mr. Seward, who, in hot haste, commissioned them to lead their straggling countrymen to murder the southern people.

Decourcey, who sat as one of the principal judges on the trial of Vallandigham, was an unnaturalized Englishman, engaged as a mercenary. Such a conglomerate mass of convicts, loafers, irresponsible vagabonds, as the European adventurers who found distinguished appointments in the Federal army, had never been known to history before. Not one of all these men earned any distinction in the conflict. To add to the indignity inflicted upon the southern people, and to the disgrace of enlightened civil government, Carl Schurz was sent on a mission of observation to instruct the American people what should be done to preserve the government in the southern States.

Walter, Duke of Athens, adopted another method of outrage to debase the civilization of the people, which was not lost on Mr. Seward. "The Duke caused companies to be formed of the plebeians and very lowest of the people, and to these, dignified with splendid titles,. he gave colors and money, and whilst one party went in bacchanalian procession through the city, others were stationed in different parts to receive them as guests." Seward improved upon this suggestion by the employment of degraded negro "slaves," clothed in military dress, to repeat all of these indignities in their most offensive form, upon the aged, infirm, refined, and delicate, without regard to profession or sex.

Mr. Seward improved upon the example of the Florentines in the conduct of elections. "As there could not be found magistrates willing to search out who were Ghibellines, and as the renewed enactment against them was therefore of small value, it was provided that authority should be given to the Capitani to find who were of this faction; and, having discovered, to signify and admonish them that they were not to take upon themselves any office of government; to which admonitions, if they were disobedient, they became condemned in the penalties."

In the face of our clearly-written Constitution, these same things were repeated in Kentucky, when her most eminent Judges and statesmen were imprisoned and transported for the simple announcement of their name as a candidate for public office.

Nothing, since the despotism of the

fourteenth century, has approached the civil and military usurpation in Kentucky, under Burbridge and Palmer, and the atrocious murders and robberies under Paine, all to minister to the policy of the administration to carry the elections, and force the endorsement of their crimes from an unwilling people.

This maxim of Macchiavelli was adopted as the rule for the Government: "Either make a man your friend, or put it out of his power to be your enemy. He may revenge a slight injury, but a great one deprives him of his power to avenge; hence the injury should be of such magnitude that the Prince shall have nothing to dread from his vengeance."

During the Presidential campaign of 1864, among the leading Radicals, this horrible proposition is said to have been made: That, on a given night, by a general concert of action, from two hundred to one thousand citizens, in different parts of the United States, were to be simultaneously arrested and suddenly dragged before a military guard prepared for the purpose, and quietly executed, to strike terror into the ranks of the people, and deter them from the polls. This plot came to the ear of the late Thomas Corwin, whose natural kindness revolted at the horrible suggestion, and promptly arrested it. This rumor was in such perfect keeping with the whole tenor of the administration, that it was generally accepted as true among prominent men of the opposition in the Mississippi Valley. Such things had transpired before, and were not now improbable. Two instances may be cited:

"Agathocles, raised from a very low origin in Syracuse, assembled the Senate one morning, under pretence of deliberating upon public affairs; at a given signal, he ordered the massacre of all the senators and richest inhabitants by the soldiers."

So much like everything else in the general career of the public authority, was this plot, that it challenged much more of belief than doubt, that the scene of Agathocles was to be repeated in the United States.

A similar tragedy had been enacted by Oliveretto de Fermo. Of all this, Macchiavelli says coolly: "Whence I conclude that the usurper of a State should commit all of the cruelties, which his safety renders necessary, at once."

This rule was adopted by Seward, who imprisoned some of the leading men of the opposition, and banished others. And when these things had made him odious to a degree beyond expression, and law suits began to threaten him on every hand, he adroitly handed over this inquisitorial work to the equally brutal and less cunning hand of Stanton, whose appointment was given upon condition that he would take the place made infamous by Cameron upon his retirement, and abide the mandate of Seward, which was first heralded to the world in Stanton's letter denouncing arbitrary arrests by the Department of State. This was a most convenient method of ridding himself of a responsibility always dangerous, but he did it with characteristic sagacity, hoping that the atrocities and blunt brutality of Stanton would obliviate his own crimes against liberty.

MAXIM V.—"A prudent Prince cannot, and ought not to keep his word, ex-

cept when he can do it without injury to himself."

Whether in diplomacy, official intercourse, or public declaration, there is scarcely a sane man in America who would attach the least importance to any statement or promise which Mr. Seward might make in regard to any public matter. He relied much more upon fraud than force for success. Says Macchiavelli, "I do not think there is a single instance on record of a man who, from an obscure station, arrived at great power by the single means of avowed and open force; but I have seen others succeed by cunning alone."

The motto of Mr. Seward has always been that neither shame nor conscience ought to have anything to do with public men. "Conquerors, by what means soever, are never considered aught but glorious." These were the theories and maxims of Macchiavelli, specially taught in his Prince, and interwoven in his history of Florence.

Macchiavelli was a diplomatist in an age when Ministers of Courts regarded falsehood, artfully presented, as the highest art of diplomacy, and in turn were assassinated sometimes at foreign courts, and at others were strangled at home, or cut in two. Here and there, scattered through passing ages, were found kings, usurpers, and tyrants, who applied some one of his horrible doctrines to the government of the people, incurring the censure of mankind.

William Henry Seward is the only Minister of State who has ventured to model the whole administration, in tedious detail, after the plan of Nicola Macchiavelli, the prototype of the Infernal.

To the shameful cowardice of the literature of the country, encouraging the audacity of tyrants, to the corrupt and malignant pulpit, which has fawned in sycophancy at the foot of power, to the judiciary of the country, inflamed by passion and corrupted by money, to the stupidity and venality of the citizens of the country will be attributed this unavenged scandal against our forefathers' courage, manhood, and memory, that any living human being dare publish our degradation to the Minister of a King's Court, saying: "My Lord, I touch a bell on my right hand, and arrest a citizen of New York. I then touch a bell on my left hand, and arrest a citizen of Ohio."

EPIGRAM ON POLITICAL MINISTERS.

Are not our pastors good to point the heavenly way?
Yes, if the people wish their souls to go astray.

—:o:—

A WIFE'S EPIGRAM TO HER HUSBAND.

That man's the strongest vessel is sure a whim;
Jove caused the heavens to tremble—Juno him.

A KING IN DOODLELAND.

In Europe, where they have their kings
And noblemen, and such like things,
Amazed the rulers looked beyond
The surface of the herring-pond,
And could not, somehow, understand
Why we on this side should be free,
And have no King in Doodleland;
For people said, on every hand,
They'd have no King in Doodleland.

It was disgraceful, monarchs said,
To see a form without a head,
A people claiming sovereign right
With neither throne nor crown in sight;
And so they altogether planned
To show, whether we would or no,
A King might reign in Doodleland,
Though people said on every hand
They'd have no King in Doodleland.

They tried it first by quip and joke
Upon the rude and common folk,
Whose home-spun government must go
To ruin, in a year or so,
Without the kind and guiding hand,
And strong, to keep the realm from wrong,
Of some good King in Doodleland—
Yet people said, on every hand,
They'd have no King in Doodleland.

By war they next the thing essayed,
By cannon ball and sabre blade;
But two could play at such a game,
And thus to naught their efforts came.
We drove the foemen from the land
In shame and woe to whence they came,
And had no King in Doodleland—
Still people said, on every hand,
They'd have no King in Doodleland.

Discord at length they started forth,
Sent Hatred 'twixt the South and North,
Each section taught to each abhor,
Kindled the flames of civil war,
And then, by inner strife trepanned,
We cast aside the glorious past,
And craved a King in Doodleland—
And people then, on every hand,
Asked for a King in Doodleland.

We rose at morn as free as air;
And fought, and did it bravely there;
By noon, our freedom off we threw,
To serfs and sycophants we grew,
And when the night came o'er the land,
'Mid cheers, and some few honest tears,
King Noodle reigned o'er Doodleland—
And people gaped on every hand
At Noodle, King of Doodleland. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

GENERAL SHERMAN IN RALEIGH.

It was a bright, sunshiny spring day in the month of April, when the news reached Raleigh that General Joseph E. Johnston would, with his whole army, pass through the town that day, on his way to unite with General Lee. Every one who had a spark of patriotism, and a pound of bacon, set to work cooking provisions for the weary and hungry soldiers, who had so long, and so gallantly held at bay a force so greatly their superior in everything but courage, and spirit to do, dare and endure. All felt that the enemy must take possession of the town, and prepared themselves for the fate of Columbia, Fayetteville, and other places in the path of the destroyer. Yet only a few wise and far-seeing ones were despondent as to the final issue. "Overcome, overpowered, out-numbered, but not conqered," was the universal cry. The knowledge of the horrible outrages committed by Sherman's army prepared all minds for the worst; it was useless to run away, for there was no place of safety except in the front of Johnston's retreating army; so it was generally decided that all the gentlemen, likely to be taken prisoners, should leave the place, trusting to work their way back when the enemy should have passed, while the women and children remained to gather up the fragments and save what they could from the general wreck.

It was a time which tried mens' metal, and womens' temper, and brought out the true characters of all *white* persons; the black population did not yet dare to throw off their mask, or were really, as was usually the case with them, swayed by the prevailing tone of the white, and felt for the time what they expressed.

The whole population of the town turned out into the streets, and stood at their gates offering provision to their weary defenders, which the soldiers took from the hands of the ladies without pausing in their march.

It was indeed a touching sight to watch those worn, weather-beaten soldiers as the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, handed out bread and meat, tobacco, or any little luxury the strict blockade had allowed them to procure.

"But I don't like to take it from you, ladies," was frequently heard from the

roughest-looking men among them.

"Never mind; we don't want it as much as you do; we will give Johnston's boys everything we have." Or, "take it, take it, the Yankees will destroy it if you don't," was heard on all sides.

"Yonder's a soldier aint got no hat," said a little boy to a group of ladies who stood at the gate of one of the largest houses in town, ministering to the "grey jackets."

"Here, run take him mine," was the quick response of one of them, pulling off a little jaunty straw hat, trimmed with black velvet, and adorned with a plume, as she spoke.

"No, no!" shouted the soldiers, "Johnson's boys don't rob the ladies, God bless them;" while the soldier laughed, and said, "I could not think of robbing you of it *now;* but wait till we whip Sherman, and then I'll come for it."

Suddenly one of the ladies, turning her back on the soldiers, threw up her hands and said, in accents of the deepest sorrow:

"My God! This is the funeral procession of the Southern Confederacy!"

"What do you mean?" they all exclaimed.

"*Lee has surrendered to Grant!*" was the reply, in a low, distinct voice.

"Impossible!" broke from them all. But it was too true. A telegram had just been received to that effect, and the news had been whispered by a gentleman passing, who had paused for a moment on the side-walk.

Never can I forget the faces of those half dozen ladies, as they gradually took in the full meaning of these terrible words, "*Lee has surrendered to Grant!*" It was as though each one had just heard of the death of her nearest and dearest, and stood face to face with a terrible calamity.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, all day long did those grey coats pour through the town, receiving food and encouragement from the inhabitants, who fully expected to be themselves homeless and houseless in a few days.

"God bless you, ladies!" said one poor fellow, "God bless you! We are too tired to cheer, or we would give you three times three."

Far into the night the dull sound of many feet, and the rumble of wheels were heard; few thought of sleep, for we knew not at what moment the enemy would be upon us. Gov. Vance had sent a deputation to meet General Sherman and surrender the place to him, requesting protection for private property; but no one knew the issue of the movement.

General Wheeler and his staff were still in town, and we knew when he left that the Yankees could not be far off. All the afternoon his cavalry had been riding yelling through the streets, having broken into the Commissary and Quarter-Master's depots, and sacked them, on the ground that if they did not, the Yankees would. Occasionally, one would pass loaded with hoop-skirts, one of which he would whirl round his head, and dash at any lady he chanced to meet. Sometimes a package of stockings, or pocket handkerchiefs, would be tossed into a group by a cavalryman riding by at full speed, who would exclaim, "Take them, ladies! take them! The Yankees will get them if we don't."

Now, as the Confederate States Government certainly never provided such articles for the use of its soldiers,

there is doubtless some truth in the numerous stories in circulation respecting the depradations of "Wheeler's men," and many in Raleigh said truly they had suffered more from them than from the enemy. But these were individual cases; there were many desperate characters among our cavalry, and all deeds of violence committed by men in grey jackets, on horseback, were laid without inquiry to "Wheeler's men." It is well known that there were numbers of Yankee spies who passed through the country disguised as "Wheeler's cavalry," and many a robbery committed in lonely country places may be laid to the door of rascals who for their own purposes passed for what they were not.

By three o'clock in the morning we had bid adieu to every Confederate soldier, and instead of going to bed, retired to dress for the "sacking of the town."

"I mean to put on every white skirt I have," exclaimed one lady, "for the Yankees tore up all the ladies' and childrens' clothes in Fayetteville, and as I don't know when I shall get any more, I will keep these, if possible."

To have heard them, no one would have supposed them unprotected females preparing to save what they could from a lawless soldiery. They were more like school-girls dressing for a masquerade. Stockings, collars, pocket-handkerchiefs, and all small articles were hung on hoop-skirts, and artistically fastened with pins, so that they should not drop off at unexpected times, and two days after, a lady in the street raising her skirt to pass a muddy spot, displayed unconsciously a whole wardrobe thus secured, which she had not felt sufficient confidence in the honor of General Sherman to restore to her drawers.

We had been for a whole week, like an immense flock of magpies, hiding and burying our valuables; but now we were dressing to support the dignity of the Southern Confederacy, in the absence of our fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers; and right nobly did we "swell" for the occasion. Two at least of each article of underclothing was put on, beside the loaded hoops, and when dresses obstinately refused to meet over those "double tides," we pinned them together, and covered all deficiencies with our cloaks, religiously martyrizing ourselves until bed-time next night, by carrying around half our wardrobes, and wearing our cloaks, furs, and hats, that we might not be in the forlorn condition of some of our Fayetteville friends, who were literally left with nothing but what they had on; and, not having taken precautions similar to ours, had not a change of clothing.

It was laughable, when the danger was over, to see the unearthing and bringing to light of the hidden and buried articles. One young lady had carefully buried her best bonnet, to find it, after lying a week in the grave, a perfect paste; another threw her silver down a well, and a third planted her spoons and forks in a parsnip bed, and fortunately discovered a soldier just in the act of pulling up the parsnips. The politeness with which she offered to give him some "much better than those," and the suavity with which she seduced him from the garden to her store-room door, was amusing to those who knew the reason.

Another lady quilted four dozen forks and spoons into a petticoat which she

wore day and night, while diamond rings, and wedding rings, breast-pins and bracelets, were sewed into the wadding of dresses and under-bodies.

"Your diamonds will certainly be the things nearest to your heart when the Yankees come in," said a Confederate officer to a lady whom he saw employed in thus securing her jewelry. "Literally nearer than husband or child."

Many forgot where they had secreted articles, and some to this day have never discovered them; others called in the assistance of the "bummers," who, by order of their officers, in a very short time discovered the "cache."

Most of the ladies carried pistols, resolved to kill at least one man in defence of their jewelry.

All agreed to offer but passive resistance to the destruction of household furniture, provisions, books, clothing, &c.; we determined to bear the knocking in of barrels of sorghum over our parlor carpets, the ripping open of beds, to be stirred into the mess with lard, meat, oil, spirits of turpentine, and everything else that came to hand; for we knew this was a favorite amusement of Sherman's brave soldiers. Had not our sisters, cousins, and friends, borne it before us? Had they not even borne more? Yes—their ear-rings had been torn violently from their ears, their wedding rings taken forcibly from their fingers, and their broaches snatched from their bosoms. It was here that we decided to resist with the determination of lionesses.

Whether we should have been transformed into sheep in the presence of the danger, was never proven, for, as a general rule, our tongues were the only weapons we had occasion to use. Nothing could be more perfect and thorough than the discipline of General Sherman's army, *when he chose it should be so*; and the conduct of his *men* in Raleigh was

"Confirmation strong as holy writ"

of the falsehood of the assertion so often made by his *officers*, that the diabolical outrages committed by the Federal army in Columbia, Fayetteville, and other towns, as well as in their whole line of march, could not be prevented.

Savage Sherman will forever stand in the estimation of southern people beside Beast Butler, and Austrian Hayneau; he had not the first conception of civilized warfare, and allowed his soldiers to vent the spleen he could not pour out on General Johnston, on the defenceless women and children who had the misfortune to come within their reach. He verified his motto, "WAR IS ESSENTIALLY CRUEL," and openly avowed that he did war upon women and children; justifying his conduct by saying the South could never be conquered until the spirit of its women was broken. "I will destroy your homes, desolate your country, starve your children, and, if necessary, hang your women," was his language to the wife of one who had been his brother officer and friend. It was not the plundering of his soldiers which has placed Gen. Sherman in the unenviable position he will ever hold in the estimation of Southerners—that was expected; but it is the firm conviction that the wanton destruction which marked his war path like that of the savage, was a part of his system, and done by his orders, which has rendered him the object of deep, bitter, and burning hatred wherever he has gone.

There is not a particle of this feeling towards General Grant; he is regarded as an enemy to the South, but as an honorable, civilized one, whom, when the "passion of contest" is over, we can greet as an equal. But Gen. Wade Hampton spoke the sentiments of his countrymen towards Sherman, as well as Kilpatrick, when he refused to take the proffered hand of the latter, asking "how he dared offer his hand, red with the blood of his countrymen, and black with the ashes of their bones, to any southerner."

It is not my purpose to relate the public events of the first few weeks after Sherman's occupation of our town—they are too recent to need repetition in a paper intended simply to portray the sentiments and acts of private individuals, mostly of the female sex; so I will return and take up the thread of my narrative at the entrance of Kilpatrick, who, marching up the principal street, came very near losing his life by a shot from a drunken cavalry man, who, discharging his pistol, put spurs to his horse and attempted to escape, but was caught and hanged after trial by a drum-head court martial.

It was pouring down rain, and forlorn indeed was the appearance of the van-guard who took possession of what might have been a city of the dead from the welcome they received. We afterwards discovered that Sherman's army had regarded Raleigh as a strong Union place, where they would be gladly welcomed, and were bitterly disappointed when they marched in, at the closed doors and silence of the inhabitants. Guards were posted as rapidly as possible in all the houses, but in many instances they arrived too late to save the owners from the "bummers," who grumbled no little at being disappointed of their expected plunder.

Never can I forget our feelings at the first sight of the blue coats. We had no confidence in General Sherman, and could not for days bring ourselves to believe that we had escaped the horrors of Columbia. Gradually the painful conviction grew on us that all was lost. Johnston's surrender followed Lee's, and we felt that for the rest of our lives we must either live under Yankee rule or abandon our homes. Gladly would we have given up all, houses, furniture, clothing and jewelry, for the privilege of still struggling on. But it could not be, we were under the iron heel, and submission was all that was left us; and right nobly and royally have the people of the South submitted to what they feel is inevitable. Holding firmly to the political creed of their forefathers in 1776 and 1787, that the right of all governments is based on the consent of the governed, they seceded from the Union they had agreed to with the northern States, and boldly took up arms in defense of what they then and now believe to be their rights. By noble deeds of valor on many a hard fought field, and as noble acts of self-denial in thousands of homes, they have given proof of the sincerity of their declarations, and the earnestness of their purpose. After four years of unavailing war, they agreed with their leaders and brothers in arms that the time had come to lay down the sword and return to their desolate homes. As men of honor should, they contended to the last for what they believed to be their rights; failing, they yielded, and being men of honor, will abide by

their terms of surrender. More than this an honorable enemy should not desire. It is idle to attempt to force them to say and feel they were wrong. They were right. They feel it, and will not deny it; they walk erect with unblushing front, unconscious of any cause of shame, with a sorrow in their hearts which casts its shadow on their faces, but with truth on their lips when they take the oath of allegiance to the United States. They are loyal *subjects* of that government, which, by keeping their representatives out of Congress, prevents their becoming loyal *citizens*. The women are as submissive as the men; they believe that as ladies they have certain inalienable rights, such, for instance, as declining the visits and attentions of all gentlemen not agreeable to them, whether they wear blue coats or gray; but when this right is denied to them, they meekly submit for the time, and acknowledge that the force of circumstances obliges them to be polite outwardly, when in their hearts they are saying very naughty words.

"You have the matter in your own hands," said one to a United States officer in authority, who was complaining of the young ladies refusing to receive the friendly advances of himself and brother officers. "Issue an order that any lady who refuses to receive the attentions of a Federal officer, on receipt of a written order to that effect, shall be imprisoned for a week."

"Would you obey such an order?"

"Certainly; send any officer or private in Sherman's army to me, with such an order from you, as commandant of the post, and let him ask me to ride out with him, and I will not only go, but also pin the order on my hat, that all my sister rebels may profit by my example, and be equally submissive."

"I rather think," replied he, shrugging his shoulders, "that he would enjoy that ride."

Even the school girls, while submitting outwardly, claim the right to make faces, as some of them proved to Gen. Sherman's satisfaction.

Gen. Howard was camped in the grove of St. Mary's school, and knowing coffee to be a great luxury, politely sent a bucket full of it with his compliments to the young ladies of the school. They knew that the principal would not allow them to return it, but not one of them would taste it, though there was nothing they desired more except candy. Every morning, when the United States flag was raised, they rushed to the windows and drew the curtain, that they might not look upon it. Had no notice been taken of this demonstration they would soon have tired of it, but Gen. Howard gladdened their hearts by making them martyrs to their cause. He sent in word to the principal that unless all such expressions of dislike to the United States flag were stopped he would close the school.

Col. Granger, of the Ninth Maine, pursued a more sensible course when he was commandant of the post. Some such "so-called" impertinence coming under his notice, he replied, when asked if he intended closing the school, "no indeed; let the little doves flutter, they can't hurt the eagle. If I desired to punish them I should rather order the school to be kept open during vacation; to close it would only be punishing the principal, and giving the young ladies a holiday."

By dint of lecturing and preaching, the principal finally brought his flock of doves under such good discipline that when Gen. Sherman called a few days afterwards he was charmed with the polite reception they gave him; so charmed, that after saying adieu, he must needs turn at the bottom step for a parting bow. Unfortunate movement! They were one and all making such mouths as only angry school girls can make, while some more daring ones were absolutely shaking their pretty little fists at him. He told the story himself. I wonder when he did so if he thought of Macaulay's lines on Sextus:

> "On the housetops was no woman
> But spat at him and hiss'd,
> No child but screamed out curses,
> And shook its little fist."

(To be continued.)

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

There has been a great deal written and said about an "irrepressible conflict" in American society, but save in regard to certain abstract sentimentalities of only recent importance, no people were ever before so entirely harmonized in their actual interests as the people of these States. Save in France, perhaps, all the people of Europe are, socially considered, in a state of actual warfare with each other, a warfare that goes on in some form or other, and will continue to go on until the social organization is based on the fundamental laws of nature, which demand that all alike shall have the same rights, and be responsible for the same duties. In England, for example, there are half a million who own the wealth, monopolize all the honor, and enjoy all the luxuries of the country. Then there is a "middle class" of small dealers, green grocers, &c., representing perhaps five millions more, who live quiet, orderly, and modest lives, and finally twenty-five millions who had better never to have been born, for buried in a profound animalism, they work harder and enjoy less than the four-footed brutes with which they toil.

It is an awful spectacle to contemplate, and really amazing to think that, in these days of enlightenment and Christian benevolence, a fraction, a mere handful of men can doom the great mass of their kind to such degradation, and live in as monstrous luxury on the sweat and lives of their brothers, as if they actually drank their blood and feasted on their flesh. God made them all alike, gave them the same nature, the same bodily and mental faculties, endowed them with the same powers, gave them the same wants, and *therefore* designed them for the same enjoyments, and yet all this is as absolutely ignored, disregarded and trampled on as if their brothers belonged to another creation, and had nothing in common with their oppressors.

There are two causes for this unna-

tural condition of things. First, habit, tradition, the customs handed down from generation to generation, until both the oppressed and the oppressors come to regard it as right, and the distinctions of class that, begun in open robbery in other times, are really accepted as if they were natural and in accord with the designs of Providence. In the second place, the masses are mortgaged, body and soul, to the holders of the public debt. This debt was mainly contracted to put down the "rebels" in America, and save the integrity of the United Kingdom, and to crush the great Democratic movement on the Continent, which, beginning with the downfall of the French monarchy, threatened to liberate the masses in England as well as elsewhere. It is very wonderful that the poor, ignorant, voiceless, voteless millions should be or could be taxed to pay for their own slavery, but as we, with all our boasted intelligence, are at this moment taxed to a still greater extent for the degradation of the masses to a level with negroes, and therefore to degrade them beyond anything even possible in England, it should not surprise us to know that the national debt of the latter is submitted to, though it is the main reliance of the aristocracy for preserving their power. Fortunately for us, and indeed for all mankind, the new world was saved from this rule of classes by the existence of a subordinate race, thus forming a natural basis for the social organization. The presence of negroes in the middle and southern colonies necessarily originated the Democratic idea of government, and rendered the habits and notions of class distinctions brought from Europe absurd. A Virginian, for example, proud of his descent from English cavaliers, was brought face to face with the natural distinctions of race fashioned by the hand of God, and therefore, however much he might cling to the family prestige, he instantly saw the wrong and injustice of claiming rights or privileges over his own less fortunate brethren.

Kings and queens, and nobles and aristocrats of all shades, were things of human invention, and nothing, less than nothing, in the presence of this great natural distinction of race fixed by the Almighty Creator.

Thus it was that Jefferson, George Mason, Madison, and the great Virginians of 1776, became the natural leaders of the whole country as well as of Virginia, for though the northern colonies were but faintly impressed by the presence of the negro element in this respect, the masses everywhere are instinctively Democratic. American society and American institutions were therefore based on these two great fundamental, immovable and everlasting *facts—the natural subordination of the negro and the natural equality of white men.*

These two fundamental truths, or rather *facts*, are fashioned and fixed by the hand of God, and therefore whatever the madness, crime and wrong of the present, they will remain immovable and indestructible through the storm, and sooner or later the people will come back to them, and rebuild their shattered institutions on this basis. The negro element was in domestic subordination, corresponding with its nature and wants, everywhere on the American Continent. All had been in this condition when brought here, and their offspring everywhere re-

mained in the condition of their progenitors, and as all European governments then held large American possessions, no such social monstrosity as a "free negro," that is, a negro thrust into the condition of white people, existed on this Continent one hundred years ago. Each colony or province had different usages no doubt, in some minor matters, but naturally subordinate beings, these perpetual boys and natural minors were everywhere protected as minors. When the Convention of the States for a more perfect union was held in 1788, there was therefore not a word said, or any confusion whatever in respect to the condition of negroes. No one, not even the Massachusetts delegates, broached any such absurdity as negro "freedom." The Convention represented the white people, and though there was discussion in regard to taxation and the basis of representation, not a man in the Convention that made the Union ever even conceived of such a monstrous thing as negro citizenship, or of amalgamating this negro element in the political system of America. There was no trouble, no contradiction, no difficulty whatever; they formed a Federal Union of States for certian purposes, and the States delegated certain powers to accomplish these purposes. The negroes in domestic subordination, and the political society homogeneous, of course there were no elements of conflict whatever, for though, even at that early day, a Massachusetts court had decided that negroes within that State should no longer be regarded as minors, no one even there dreamed of forcing their fancies or follies on other communities, or of distorting these negroes into United States citizenship. But not only were there no conflicting forces in this homogeneous political society, but no industrial or commercial causes for conflict. Each State had absolute sovereignty over its own internal affairs, over the *lives* of its people, and *therefore* over the status and relations, and conditions, or possible conditions of its own population, a sovereignty not given it by the King of England or any power on the earth, but given it by God himself, and therefore inalienable. They delegated the exercise or administration of some of their sovereign attributes to the Federal Government, but they did not, and could not, delegate any power over the status or condition, or relations of their own people, within their own State limits, for if so, if the Federal Government could touch the condition, or change the status of a man, woman, child or negro, in any respect whatever, then federation of States would be a farce of course. But this great foundation of our federative system, this inherent and inalienable right of self-government, indeed this sacred and imperative duty, imposed by God himself on every sovereign community to regulate the status and determine the relations of its own population, within its own limits, was never questioned by any one, for those semi-monarchists who called themselves Federalists under the elder Adams, sought to accomplish their objects indirectly, and the boldest and most reckless never presumed to question the absolute right of every State over its own people.

American society was everywhere the same, white men and negroes, the former making up the legal society, and the latter in domestic subordina-

tion. Even the temporary disturbance of the French element, afterwards added in the Louisiana territory, did not then exist. It was the most homogeneous, harmonious, and orderly the world ever saw, and the political organism adopted in 1788 was the most perfect, at the same time the simplest and the most advanced in Christendom. The colonies grew into States as naturally as adolescence matures into manhood, and the States federated together for common support against the outside world, then ruled over by kings, the natural enemies of Democracy. What a simple and yet complex system! How unpretending, and yet how grand the spectacle! Associated republics that preserve the vital principle of self-government, and yet may combine and become one against an external foe. But the trail of the serpent was here, the habits and traditions, and influences of the old, effete civilization of Europe still existed in the northern communities, and was perpetually striving to pervert our system. The idea of the British oligarchy, that "government" should patronize and benefit them, had strong hold of the educated classes of the North. Mr. Jefferson and the great founders of our federative system held to the *laissez faire*—the States, like the family, left to manage their own internal affairs, and the Federal Government confined to its limited and specific duties, the people everywhere unencumbered by restrictive laws and regulations, and unburdened with debt and taxation, the utmost scope would be given to individual energy and public prosperity. They regarded "government" as a necessity rather than a good, or at most as a negative good, a means merely for preventing evil, and the less it was felt, or seen, or known, save in this capacity of restraining evil, why the better for the people at large.

But in Europe government is the instrument or contrivance by means of which the many are kept down, and the few retain their power. This British notion had strong hold of the wealthy classes at the North. Their wealth was in commerce, manufactures, money, &c., and scarcely had the federation been formed when they sought to pervert it into an instrument, as in England, to advance their interests, at the expense of the great body of the people. They first demanded navigation laws to benefit commerce, then a national bank, then tariffs, fishing bounties, &c.

The educated and wealthy classes of the South, on the contrary, resisted these perversions of the Federal Government, and with the farmers and laborers of the middle States struggled perpetually to preserve the government in its original simplicity, and to prevent its perversion, as in England, into an instrument for robbing the masses of the proceeds of their toil. Virginia, as compared with Massachusetts, always had sound views of government, but in addition to this, it was the highest interest of the planter to defend the rights of the laboring and producing classes of the North. For example, Charles Sumner, perhaps, inherited fifty thousand dollars; it was in bank or manufacturing stock, or cash. He wished, of course, to get as high interest as possible, but not content with the ordinary laws of supply and demand that regulate capital and labor, and a full believer in the British idea that government is a good, and

should benefit him, becomes a fierce advocate for a protective tariff, which gives him, perhaps, double interest for his money when thus invested. On the contrary, Mr. Toombs, perhaps, is inheritor of $50,000 also, but instead of being in bank or manufacturing stock, it is invested in cotton lands, and the industrial forces of fifty negroes. He holds the American idea of government, that it has nothing to do with the pecuniary interests of the people, and would never dream of such a wrong as making it tributary to his profits, and when he finds Mr. Sumner doing so, and advocating a protective tariff that should plunder the laboring classes, he comes, of course, to the support of the latter, for he is himself a producer, and robbed by Sumner's tariff just as the humblest mechanic or laborer of the North.

Thus it will be seen that from the beginning the educated and wealthy classes of the North have constantly sought to pervert the Federal Government into an instrument for plundering the laboring and producing classes for their benefit, and just as regularly and uniformly have the educated and wealthy classes of the South struggled against these robberies, and to preserve the government in its original simplicity and uses, as designed by its founders. This is no opinion or speculation merely, it is fact, historic fact, fact that any fool may comprehend if he wishes, for it is spread all over our partizan and political history; the Adamses, Sumners and Sewards have perpetually sought to pervert the government into an instrument for plundering the producing classes, and the Jeffersons, Calhouns, Toombses and Davises have just as steadily and uniformly sought to defend the rights of the laboring multitudes, and to preserve the government in its original purity and simplicity.

It is pitiful as it is wonderful that human reason could be so outraged, and the Lincolns and Sewards stand before the world as champions of freedom, while Toombs and Davis are supposed to be the defenders of slavery; but the lunacies of the times will not last forever, and when the veil that now blinds the people is thrust aside, then it will be seen that the presence of the negro in our midst, this natural substratum, or so-called "slavery," is the greatest blessing that Providence ever conferred on any people.

It gave development to the Democratic idea in 1776, and became the starting point against the European system of class distinctions, and ever since it has made the wealthy and educated class in the South the defenders of the producing millions, and rendered Jefferson, Calhoun, Jackson, &c., the legitimate champions of American Democracy.

It is then clear that there is no conflict or natural antagonism in American society or in American institutions, but on the contrary, the interests of so-called "slavery" are identical with those of the farmers and producers of the North, and these classes, in the form of the Democratic party, have kept down the tendencies to Britishism, and for seventy years rendered Democratic institutions successful. The only conflict witnessed is that originating with the capitalists of the North, who for seventy years have sought to pervert the government into an instrument for robbing the laboring classes, as in England, who have just

as constantly been defended by the so-called "slaveholders" of the South.

As has been said, there were no antagonistic elements in these States in 1788; the negroes in domestic subordination, society was a unit more perfectly homogeneous than ever before witnessed in human annals, and the political system confined to the white people, and leaving each State to regulate its own affairs, was *perfect.*

All the "*conflict*" known was the "conflict" of the Adamses, Sewards and Lincolns, to pervert the Federal Government into a contrivance for plundering the producing classes, and the "conflict" of the Jeffersons and Jacksons of the South to prevent it. But what does Mr. Lincoln—for we believe he was its author—mean by the "irrepressible conflict" that he led, and which has brought the country to its present condition? Of course he did not mean the conflict so long continued by Massachusetts to bring the other States under contribution, and plunder the producing classes for the benefit of her manufactures. No, he meant the conflict of "freedom," the stupendous and horrible madness that has so nearly destroyed a great people. What is it? Where does it come from? What does it mean? In Europe they never see negroes, Indians, &c., and suppose that they are "colored" Caucasians, or people like themselves, save in color, and this absurd assumption is imported among us, and creates that sentimental and absurd conflict of opinion that has worked out the calamities of the country. There is, of course, a radical, fundamental, and "irrepressible conflict" between America and Europe, between Democracy and monarchy, between artificial distinctions of class in the same race, and the natural distinctions that separate races; in short, there is an "irrepressible conflict" between *human inventions* and the *ordinances of the Almighty Creator.* So long as European governments held large American possessions, and the colonists were supposed to be united in interest with the mother country, of course the distinctions of races were never questioned; but when America cast off the political dominion of the old world, and set up Democratic institutions, then there was an "irrepressible conflict" at once, and it became a vital interest, indeed a vital necessity, to overthrow these institutions, and as they rested on the distinctions of race, of course nothing could so effectually accomplish the monarchical object as the "abolition of slavery," or in other words, as ignoring the distinction of race. British writers, starting with the dogma of a single race, assumed of course that negroes were "colored" people, with the same natural right to liberty, and the European masses, ignorant of the negroes, fancied they were slaves, and called on us to be consistent and include them in our system, while European governments, impelled by self-preservation, began that policy of abolition that has already ruined the civilization of the great central regions of one continent, and at this moment threatens to ruin the whole continent. There are thirty millions of white people in America, twelve millions of negroes, and about the same number of Indians, or natives. Now if it were possible that all these whites, Indians, and negroes were to mongrelize and live together under the same laws and regulations, it would

seem certain that this would result in universal amalgamation of blood as well as condition, and even an Abolitionist would revolt at the latter, and admit that all distinctions of race thus lost, the European system of *class* would follow. Or, in other words, abolition of natural distinctions would be followed by artificial distinctions of class, and Democracy overthrown, we would necessarily collapse into monarchy to save ourselves from anarchy.

This "irrepressible conflict" between the European system of class distinctions and the American system, based on the natural distinctions of race, has always gone on ever since the overthrow of the British dominion, but until thirty years ago it was confined wholly to Europeans and the legitimate defenders of monarchy. But some thirty years since, British agents, acting with a score or two of native traitors, were emboldened to make their appearance in Boston, and dared to insult the people with the proposal to "abolish" their supremacy over negroes, and thus to destroy the natural basis of Democratic institutions and go back to monarchy.

Is it possible for a healthy mind to conceive of treason equal to this, or traitors so damnable as those led by Garrison & Co.? They were not only traitors to Democracy but to their race, and enemies alike to God, to their kind, and to society, for human society of course cannot exist an hour on a basis of equality of races, or of beings whom God has made unequal. The healthy instinct of the people prompted them to kill these traitors at once, as there was no law to punish them, and if the "educated" classes, the clergy, and leading citizens, had not sheltered them, it is certain that the early Abolitionists would have fallen victims to the rage of the indignant and outraged people. What a boundless good it would have proved if these traitors to their kind as well as country had been slaughtered by the "mob;" indeed, in the light of the present, it is safe to say that if Garrison and his score or two of followers had been killed thirty years ago, those who did the deed would have been the greatest benefactors of their kind ever known in the history of our race.

The awful and revolting madness that these tools of European monarchy have deluged the country with, has destroyed a million of lives and wasted more than half of the property of the country, and tearing down the foundations of society from the Potomac to the Gulf, four millions of once happy, well-fed and contented negroes, are now, like Mahommed's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, and the simple problem is, shall we advance to mongrelism and collapse into monarchy, or, retracing our steps, restore the "Union as it was," and preserve our Democratic institutions? Every man, and woman too, however blind to the fact, is on one side or the other of this tremendous question, either working for the "abolition of slavery," and the consequent destruction of the Democratic system founded by Washington, or they are striving to restore white supremacy, and with it all that is sacred in the past or worth striving for in the future.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

CHAPTER I.*

My Philanthropic Friends—It is my painful duty to address some words to you this evening, on the Rights of Negroes. Taking, as we hope we do, an extensive survey of social affairs, which we find all in a state of the frightfullest embroilment, and as it were, of inextricable final bankruptcy, just at present; and being desirous to adjust ourselves in that huge upbreak, and unutterable welter of tumbling ruins, and to see well that our grand proposed Association of Associations, the Universal Abolition-of-Pain Association, which is meant to be the consummate golden flower and summary of modern philanthropisms all in one, do *not* issue as a universal "Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society"—we have judged that, before constituting ourselves, it would be proper to commune earnestly with one another, and discourse together on the leading elements of our great Problem, which surely is one of the greatest. With this view the Council has decided, both that the Negro Question, as lying at the bottom, was to be the first handled, and if possible the first settled; and then also, what was of much more questionable wisdom, that—that, in short, I was to be speaker on the occasion. An honorable duty; yet, as I said, a painful one! Well, you shall hear what I have to say on the matter; and probably you will not in the least like it.

West Indian affairs, as we all know, and as some of us know to our cost, are rather in a troublous condition this good while. In regard to West Indian affairs, however, Lord John Russell is able to comfort us with one fact, indisputable where so many are dubious, that the negroes are all very happy and doing well. A fact very comfortable indeed. West Indian whites, it is admitted, are far enough from happy; West Indian Colonies not unlike sinking wholly into ruin; at home, too, the British whites are rather badly off, several millions of them hanging on the verge of continual famine; and in single towns, many thousands of them very sore put to it, at this time, not to live "well," or as a man should, in any sense temporal or spiritual, but to live at all—these, again, are uncomfortable facts; and they are extremely extensive and important ones. But, thank heaven, our interesting black population, equalling almost in number of heads one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, and in *worth*, in (quantity of intellect, faculty, docility, energy, and available human valor and value) perhaps one of the streets of Seven

* This pamphlet was written by one of the profoundest thinkers in Europe, and first published in London in 1849, fifteen years after the fatal experiment of emancipation.

Dials, are all doing remarkably well. "Sweet blighted lilies," as the American epitaph on the nigger child has it, sweet blighted lilies, they are holding up their heads again! How pleasant, in the universal bankruptcy abroad, and dim, dreary stagnancy at home, as if for England too there remained nothing but to suppress Chartist riots, banish united Irishmen, vote the supplies, and *wait* with arms crossed till black anarchy and social death devoured us also, as it has the others; how pleasant to have always this fact to fall back upon: our beautiful black darlings are at least happy; with little labor except to the teeth, which, surely, in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs, will not fail!

Exeter Hall, my philanthropic friends, has had its way in this matter. The twenty millions,* a mere trifle despatched with a single dash of the pen, are paid; and far over the sea, we have a few black persons rendered extremely "free" indeed. Sitting yonder, with their beautiful muzzles up to the ears in pumpkins, imbibing sweet pulps and juices; the grinder and incisor teeth ready for every new work, and the pumpkins cheap as grass in those rich climates, while the sugar-crops rot round them uncut, because labor cannot be hired, so cheap are the pumpkins; and at home we are required but to rasp from the breakfast loaves of our own English laborers some slight "differential sugar-duties," and lend a poor half million, or a few poor millions now and then, to keep that beautiful state of matters going on. A state of matters lovely to contemplate in these emancipated epochs of the human mind; which has earned us not only the praises of Exeter Hall, and loud, long eared hallelujahs of laudatory psalmody from the friends of freedom everywhere, but lasting favor (it is hoped) from the Heavenly Powers themselves, and which may, at least, justly appeal to the Heavenly Powers, and ask them, if ever in terrestrial procedure they saw the match of it? Certainly in the past history of the human species it has no parallel: nor, one hopes, will it have in the future. [Some emotion in the audience, which the chairman suppressed.]

Sunk in deep froth oceans of "Benevolence," "Fraternity," "Emancipation-principle," "Christian Philanthropy," and other amiable-looking, but most baseless, and in the end baleful and all-bewildering jargon, sad product of a sceptical eighteenth century, and of poor human hearts left destitute of any earnest guidance, and disbelieving that there ever was any, Christian or Heathen, and reduced to believe in rose-pink Sentimentalism alone, and to cultivate the same under its Christian, Antichristian, Broad-brimmed, Brutus-headed, and other forms, has not the human species gone strange roads during that period? And poor Exeter Hall, cultivating the Broad-brimmed form of Christian Sentimentalism, and long talking and bleating and braying in that strain, has it not worked out results? Our West Indian legislatings, with their spoutings, anti-spoutings, and interminable jangle and babble; our twenty millions down on the nail for blacks of our own; thirty gradual millions

* Twenty millions of pounds—one hundred millions of dollars—the sum paid for emancipation.

more, and many brave British lives to boot, in watching blacks of other people's; and now at last our ruined sugar-estates, differential sugar-duties, "immigration loan," and beautiful blacks sitting there up to the ears in pumpkins, and doleful whites sitting here without potatoes to eat: never till now, I think, did the sun look down on such a jumble of human nonsenses. God grant that the measure may now at last be full! But no, it is not yet full; we have a long way to travel back, and terrible flounderings to make, and in fact an immense load of nonsense to dislodge from our poor heads, and manifold cobwebs to rend from our poor eyes, before we get into the road again, and can begin to act as serious men that have work to do in this universe, and no longer as windy sentimentalists that merely have speeches to deliver and despatches to write. O, Heaven, in West Indian matters, and in all manner of matters, it is so with us: the more is the sorrow!

The West Indies, it appears, are short of labor, as indeed is very conceivable in those circumstances. Where a black man, by working about half an hour a day (such is the calculation), can supply himself, by aid of sun and soil, with as much pumpkin as will suffice, he is likely to be a little stiff to raise into hard work! Supply and demand, which science says should be brought to bear on him, have an uphill task of it with such a man. Strong sun supplies itself gratis, rich soil in those unpeopled, or half-peopled regions almost gratis; these are his "supply," and half an hour a day, directed upon these, will produce pumpkin, which is his "demand." The fortunate black man, very swiftly does he settle his account with supply and demand; not so swiftly the less fortunate white man of those tropical localities. A bad case his, just now. He himself cannot work; and his black neighbor, rich in pumpkin, is in no haste to help him. Sunk to the ears in pumpkin, imbibing saccharine juices, and much at his ease in the creation, he can listen to the less fortunate white man's "demand," and take his own time in supplying it. Higher wages, massa; higher, for your cane-crop cannot wait; still higher, till no conceivable opulence of cane-crop will cover such wages. In Demerara, as I read in the blue book of last year, the cane-crop, far and wide, stands rotting; the fortunate black gentlemen, strong in their pumpkins, having all struck till the "demand" rise a little. Sweet, blighted lilies, now getting up their heads again!

Science, however, has a remedy still. Since the demand is so pressing, and the supply so inadequate, (equal in fact to *nothing* in some places, as appears,) increase the supply; bring more blacks into the labor market, then will the rate fall, says science. Not the least surprising part of our West Indian policy is this recipe of "immigration;" of keeping down the labor-market in those islands by importing new Africans to labor and live there.* If the Africans that are already there could be made to lay down their pumpkins, and labor for their living, there are already Africans enough. If the

* What Carlyle here states was a fact. After it was found that the *emancipated* negroes would not work, the Exeter Hall fanatics actually proposed to import from some region a fresh supply of negroes.

new Africans, after laboring a little, take to pumpkins like the others, what remedy is there? To bring in new and ever new Africans, say you, till pumpkins themselves grow dear; till the country is crowded with Africans; and black men there, like white men here, are forced by hunger to labor for their living? That will be a consummation. To have "emancipated" the West Indies into a *Black Ireland;* "free," indeed, but an Ireland, and Black! The world may yet see prodigies; and reality be stranger than a nightmare dream.

Our own white or sallow Ireland, sluttishly starving from age to age on its act-of-parliament "freedom," was hitherto the flower of mismanagement among the nations; but what will this be to a Negro Ireland, with pumpkins themselves fallen scarce like potatoes? Imagination cannot fathom such an object; the belly of Chaos never held the like. The human mind, in its wide wanderings, has not dreamt yet of such a "freedom" as that will be. Towards that, if Exeter Hall and science of supply and demand are to continue our guides in the matter, we are daily traveling, and even struggling, with loans of half a million and such like, to accelerate ourselves.

Truly, my philanthropic friends, Exeter Hall philanthropy is wonderful. And the social science—not a "gay science," but a rueful—which finds the secret of this universe in "supply and demand," and reduces the duty of human governors to that of letting men alone, is also wonderful. Not a "gay science," I should say, like some we have heard of; no, a dreary, desolate, and indeed quite abject and distressing one; what we might call, by way of eminence, the dismal science. These two, Exeter Hall philanthropy and the dismal science, led by any sacred cause of black emancipation, or the like, to fall in love and make a wedding of it, will give birth to progenies and prodigies; dark, extensive moon-calves, unnameable abortions, wide-coiled monstrosities, such as the world has not seen hitherto! [Increased emotion, again suppressed by the chairman.]

In fact, it will behove us of this English nation to overhaul our West Indian procedure from top to bottom, and ascertain a little better what it is that fact and nature demand of us, and what only Exeter Hall wedded to the Dismal Science demands. To the former set of demands we will endeavor, at our peril, and worse peril than our purse's, at our soul's peril, to give all obedience. To the latter we will very frequently demur, and try if we cannot stop short where they contradict the former, and especially *before* arriving at the black throat of ruin, whither they appear to be leading us. Alas! in many other provinces besides the West Indian, that unhappy wedlock of Philanthropic Liberalism and the Dismal Science has engendered such all-enveloping delusions, of the moon-calf sort, and wrought huge woe for us, and the poor civilized world, in these days. And sore will be the battle with said moon-calves; and terrible the struggle to return out of our delusions, floating rapidly on which, not the West Indies alone, but Europe generally, is nearing the Niagara Falls. [Here various persons, in an agitated manner, with an air of indignation, left the room, especially one very tall gentleman in white trousers,

whose boots creaked much. The President, in a resolved voice, with a look of official rigor, whatever his own private feelings might be, enjoined "silence, silence!" The meeting again sat motionless.]

My philanthropic friends, can you discern no fixed headlands in this wide-weltering deluge of benevolent twaddle and revolutionary grape-shot, that has burst forth on us; no sure bearings at all? Fact and Nature, it seems to me, say a few words to us, if happily we have still an ear for fact and nature. Let us listen a little and try.

And first, with regard to the West Indies, it may be laid down as a principle, which no eloquence in Exeter Hall, or Westminster Hall, or elsewhere, can invalidate or hide, except for a short time only, that no black man who will not work according to what ability the gods have given him for working, has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkin, however plentiful such land may be; but has an indisputable and perpetual *right* to be compelled, by the real proprietors of said land, to do competent work for his living. This is the everlasting duty of all men, black or white, who are born into this world. To do competent work, to labor honestly according to the ability given them; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being. That is the "unhappy" lot; lot equally unhappy cannot otherwise be provided for man. Whatsoever prohibits or prevents a man from this his sacred appointment to labor while he lives on earth, that, I say, is the man's deadliest enemy; and all men are called upon to do what is in their power or opportunity towards delivering him from that. If it be his own indolence that prevents and prohibits him, then his own indolence is the enemy he must be delivered from: and the first "right" he has, poor, indolent blockhead, black or white, is, that every *un*prohibited man, whatsoever wiser, more industrious person may be passing that way, shall endeavor to "emancipate" him from his indolence, and by some wise means, as I said, compel him, since inducing will not serve, to do the work he is fit for. Induce him if you can; yes, sure enough, by all means try what inducement will do; and indeed every coachman and carman knows that secret, without our preaching, and applies it to his very horses as the true method: —but if your nigger will not be induced? In that case, it is full certain he must be compelled; should and must; and the tacit prayer he makes (unconsciously he, poor blockhead,) to you, and to me, and to all the world who are wiser than himself, is "compel me!" For indeed he *must*, or else do and suffer worse, he as well as we. It were better the work did come out of him! It was the meaning of the gods with him and with us, that his gift should turn to use in this creation, and not lie poisoning the thoroughfares, as a rotten mass of idleness, agreeable to neither heaven nor earth. For idleness does, in all cases, inevitably *rot*, and become putrescent; and I say deliberately, the very devil is in *it*.

None of you, my friends, have been in Demerara lately, I apprehend. May none of you go till matters mend there

a little. Under the sky there are uglier sights than perhaps were seen hitherto. Dead corpses, the rotting body of a brother man, whom fate or unjust men have killed, this is not a pleasant spectacle; but what say you to the dead soul of a man, in a body which still pretends to be vigorously alive, and can drink rum? An idle white gentleman is not pleasant to me; though I confess the real work for him is not easy to find, in these our epochs; and perhaps he is seeking, poor soul, and may find at last. But what say you to an idle black gentleman, with his rum-bottle in his hand, (for a little additional pumpkin you can have red herrings and rum in Demerara,) rum-bottle in his hand, no breeches on his body, pumpkin at discretion, and the fruitfullest region of the earth going back to jungle round him? Such things the sun looks down upon in our fine times; and I, for one, would rather have no hand in them.*

Yes, this is the eternal law of nature for a man, my beneficent Exeter Hall friends; this, that he shall be permitted, encouraged, and if need be, compelled to do what work the Maker of him has intended by the making of him for this world. Not that he should eat pumpkin with never such felicity in the West India Islands is, or can be, the blessedness of our black friend; but that he should do useful work there, according as the gifts have been bestowed on him for that. And his own happiness, and that of others round him, will alone be possible by his and their getting into such a relation that this can be permitted him, and in case of need that this can be compelled him. I beg you to understand this; for you seem to have a little forgotten it, and there lie a thousand inferences in it, not quite useless for Exeter Hall, at present. The idle black man in the West Indies had, not long since, the right, and will again under better form, if it please Heaven, have the right (actually the first "right of man" for an indolent person) to be *compelled* to work as he was fit, and to *do* the Maker's will who had constructed him with such and such capabilities, and prefigurements of capability. And I incessantly pray Heaven, all men, the whitest alike and the blackest, the richest and the poorest, in other regions of the world, had attained precisely the same right, the divine right of being compelled (if "permitted" will not answer) to do the work they are appointed for, and not to go idle another minute, in a life which is so short, and where idleness so soon runs to putrescence. Alas! we had then a perfect world; and the Millennium, and true "Organization of Labor," and complete blessedness, for all workers and men, had then arrived, which in these our own poor districts of the Planet, as we all lament to know, it is very far from having yet done. (More withdrawals; but the rest sitting with increased attention.)

* What a frightful picture of the results of emancipation! What a looking-glass for us to see our foolish faces in!

LIBERTY IN ANCIENT COMMONWEALTHS AND KINGDOMS.

THE following extracts, which we have taken pains to gather from some of the most noted of the old writers on the laws and governments of nations, cannot fail to create great surprise in the minds of our countrymen, when contrasted with the doctrines put forth by the leaders of parties in our midst at the present time. It will, we think, be difficult for an intelligent man to rise from a careful reading of these extracts without the painful conviction that we understand infinitely less of the science of government, and of liberty, than was known to civilized peoples three and four hundred, nay, two thousand years ago! Read the following extracts, and then say if government and liberty ought not to be reckoned in this country among the *lost sciences:*

"The ancient consular law concerning the right of appeal to the people, that just, that only support of liberty, which had been reversed by that usurpation of *decemviri*, was not only re-established, but also sanctioned by another law being made, by which it was prohibited to choose any magistrate from which there should be no appeal to the people: and which gave to every one lawful right to kill whomsoever appointed such a magistrate, and stipulated that the slayer should not become by that act guilty of a capital crime."

—[*Livy.**

"Moreover, we have proved, that all kings receive their royal dignity from the people; that all the people are better and higher than the king, that the king is only the superior minister of the kingdom, but the people are only the true head. Therefore it follows that a tyrant who commits wrong against the people *becomes a rebel*, and may be punished. Therefore, saith Bartolus, he may be deposed by his superiors; or be most justly punished by the Julian law for violence. Now all the people, or those who represent them, are his superiors. It is abundantly manifest from all the premises that kings always have been, are, and ought to be, subject to the laws, not above them, to violate, break, or alter them at their pleasure. That the king cannot impose any new laws, or taxes, without the consent of the people, and parliaments. That the greatest power ought, *de jure*, to be in all the people. That every king himself may be curbed by all the people. Such guards verily the ancients gave to their kings, and they rightfully took off their heads when they disobeyed the laws."

—[*Prynne's Sovereign Power. London*, 1643.

"A *kingdom* is an empire over men by their free assent, according to the laws of the city; and a *tyranny* is an unlawful empire over men against their wills."

—[*Xenophan.**

* This Roman historian was born fifty-seven years before the Christian era.

* If we reflect that Xenophan's history was written more than two thousand years ago, we may, perhaps, blush to think that the

"The Roman emperors were at first nothing else but princes of the commonwealth, that is to say, the chief and principal men: the sovereignty still resting in the people and their Senate, the emperor having the sovereign authority only in *fact*, not in *right*, the State being really the *principality*, in which the state had all the sovereignty."

—[*Bodin's Commonwealth. Paris*, 1610.*

"If kings cannot by law change or enlarge the laws once approved, without the consent of the republic, or the people, much less can they make or create new laws. It therefore follows that all public great officers, judges, magistrates, and ministers of all realms, are more the officers and ministers of the people than of the king, and anciently were elected only by parliament or the people. Kings and emperors, therefore, have no power over the lives, liberties, goods, or estates of their people, Without just trial according to the laws, it is felony to slay a man, notwithstanding it be done *by command of the king*, and if the king grant that a man shall not be punished for asssisting at such an execution, the grant is void, being against law."*

—[*Junius Brutus, Vindiciæ Contra Tyrannos.*

"Romulus, the first king of Rome, made this contract with the Senate and people: That the people should make the laws; that the king himself would keep the laws made; that the people should declare war, himself wage it; and though many emperors obtained the empire rather by force and ambition than by any right, and arrogated all kinds of power to themselves; yet the fragments of that law which are extant both in books and public inscriptions, sufficiently teach that a power was granted for caring for and administering, but not of subverting the laws."†

—[*Dionisius Halicarnassæus. (Wrote 20 years before the Christian Era.*

"If emperors and kings shall degenerate into tryants, violate their oaths and covenants made unto the people, invade their laws, liberties, and instead of protecting, make war upon them; the estates, parliament, and people may in such cases, without any guilt of treason, rebellion, or sedition, not only disobey, but lawfully resist them with force of arms, but are obliged, on pain of treachery and perfidiousness to their country, thus to re-

politicians of our country seem to know infinitely less of the nature of a just government than the wise men of the earlier ages of the world. If we do not blush, we ought to shudder at the appalling ignorance of our own times. Let us learn from antiquity that government against the consent of the governed is despotism.

* This very learned French author shows that all the early kingdoms of the world rested upon the confessed and absolute sovereignty of the people, and that the kingly authority was never considered anything but a *delegated* power, still owned by the people, because never surrendered by them.

* After having been forced to be familiar with the despotism of the Federal Government for the last four years, it is refreshing to go back to the days of Junius Brutus, to read something that sounds like government and law, and to breathe once more, though it be only out of the pages of an old book, the atmosphere of freedom.

† Xenophan calls the government here referred to between these early kings and the people, *summachian, i. e., a confederation.*

sist, depose, or kill them. The reason is this, because no kingdom or nation under heaven ever elected or voluntarily submitted themselves unto any emperor or king, but upon this tacit condition, that they should justly govern, defend, and protect them for their good, not tyrannize over, pillage, oppress, or make war upon them."

—[*Prynne's Sovercign Power of Parliament and Kingdoms.*

"Not only those are tyrants who seek to conquer others, but those also who, when they may repulse that violence, take no pains to do it; and especially those who would be called the defenders of Greece and the commonwealth, but help not their oppressed countrymen."

—[*Thucydides.*

"It is the received doctrine of all Catholic schoolmen, doctors, lawyers, that tyrannical rulers who oppress or invade their subjects, persons, liberties, or estates, may both lawfully and with good conscience be forcibly resisted by their subjects, be deposed and put to death, yea, as some of them add, murdered by private men."

—[*Prynne's Sovereign Power of Parliaments and Kingdoms.*

"If it be right to the multitude to provide themselves with a king, the king made by them may not unjustly be removed, destroyed, or his property restrained, if he abuse the power of the realm tyrannically. Neither is such a multitude to be accused of dealing disloyally in deposing a tyrant, although they had perpetually subscribed themselves to him before; because he himself hath deserved it in not carrying himself faithfully in the government of the people, as the office of a king required, and as his oath affirmed. In every country cities are governed politically or by laws; the powers of the kings and emperors being circumscribed by the laws and the people. A tyrannical prince may lawfully be resisted, and slain even by private persons in their own necessary defense, and in reference to the public safety. In all these cases it is the tyrant and not the people who are seditious."

—[*St. Thomas of Aquin's De Regimine Pricipum, (dedicated to the King of Cyprus.)*

"All the inferior magistrates in the empire or other kingdoms, collectively considered, are above the emperor and kings themselves. If the supreme magistrate or king should exercise manifest tyranny, it is lawful for the inferior to undertake the care of the republic. Those who represent all the people may admonish the prince of his duty, and ought to seek, by all means, to divert him from his tyrannical and impious purpose; but if he proceeds, and repenteth not, and perverts laws, and subverts the commonwealth, he is accounted a tyrant, that is an enemy to God and man, and it is lawful for the electors and others to call the people to arms and eject him from the throne."*

—[*Georgius Obrectus, Professor of Law in the College of Strasburg in the Sixteenth Century.*

* This was always deemed law among the Romans, even during the time of the empire. Thus Brutus, the Tribune, and Lucretius, the Governor of the city, called the people to arms against Tarquin, the proud, and by their authority expelled him from the empire. Thus the Senate judged Nero an enemy of the empire, and condemned him to death, and many of the emperors were disposed of in a similar way. Thus, too, in

"The whole kingdom is above the king, and may not only bind him by laws, but question him for the breach of them. And if a tyrannical ruler continue incorrigible after due admonitions from the whole state, he may be put to death and murdered by the whole state, or any particular person by their appointment—yea, without it, if he be declared a public enemy by the whole state. And, in case the whole state cannot assemble, by reason of the king's notorious tyranny, then it shall be lawful for any private man to murder him, to free the country and people from destruction."*

—[*Mariana's Regium Institutione (one of the most learned Spanish statesmen of the sixteenth century.)*

"Among the laws of the ancient Visgoths, I find not only an act declaring their kings to be subject to their laws as well as to the people, but likewise a law restraining their kings' excesses, and disenabling them to alien the crown lands to their own children, or to any others. I likewise find another law nullifying all unjust judgments and sentences given by judges through fear or command of the king, but denying him power to pardon any delinquents against the nation or people."

—[*Prynne's Sovereign Power of Parliaments and Kingdoms.*

"Among the ancient laws of Arragon were these:

Govern thou the kingdom in peace and righteousness, and rule us by the courts of justice.

The things that shall be taken from the Moors, let them be divided among the poor.

Let it be unlawful for the king to enact new laws, unless it be by the advice of the people first given.

Let the king beware that he begin no war, that he enter into no peace, conclude no treaty, or handle any other thing of great moment, without the concurring assent of the people.

Now, lest our laws or liberties should suffer any detriment, let there be a certain middle judge at hand, to whom it may be lawful to appeal from the king, if he shall wrong any one, and who may repel, if peradventure he shall offer any to the Commonwealth."*

—[*Blanca's Rerum Arragonensium, Anno* 1602.

---

all kingdoms the people have held it lawful to depose and execute their kings whenever their tyrannies were not to be borne, a proof that, in one way or another, all nations of the earth have asserted, time immemorially, the great doctrine that *the people alone are sovereign*, and that kings, emperors, and all magistrates, are but the agents of the eternal and indestructable sovereignty of the people.

* The people of Spain were, in early times, in the habit of imposing singular pains and penalties upon disobeying kings. Thus, in a General Council at Toledo, Anno 684, it was decreed that neither the king nor any other should marry the widow of the deceased king, "*upon pain of excommunication, and to be damned to hellfire.*"

* This middle judge, who had power to try the king, was first called *The Justice-Major*, but afterwards he was denominated *The Justice of Arragon.* Under this system, it must be confessed that the people of Arragon enjoyed a measure of justice and peace which may well cause the people of the United States at the present moment to look back upon with admiration and envy. The above epitome of the ancient laws of Arragon, one might think, was familiar to the wise men who fashioned the Constitution of the United States. Alas! how sadly have our people and our statesmen fallen off since the earliest

"The Arragonians, when they create and crown their king in the assembly of the people of Arragon, to put the king in mind that the laws, the Justice of Arragon, and assembly of the people, are above him, act a kind of play, that he may remember it the better. They bring in a man, on whom they impose the name of The Justice of Arragon, whom, by the command of the people, they enact to be greater and more powerful than the king; to whom, sitting in a high place, they make the king do homage. And then they speak unto the king in these words: 'We, who are as great as you, and are able to do more than you, have chosen you king, upon these conditions—between us and you there is one greater in command than you, to wit, the Justice of Arragon.' Which ceremony, lest the king should forget it, is repeated every three years, in the assembly of the States of Arragon, and which assembly the king is bound by law to call."

—[*Junius Brutus, Vindiciæ Contra Tyrannos. See, also, General History of Spain.*

"The kings of Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, as they have been and are at this day (1643), for the most part are elective by the nobles and people; so their laws, which the kings take an oath inviolably to observe, are, in sovereign power and jurisdiction, paramount to the king's. And the people may, upon just occasion, not only forcibly resist them with arms, but likewise oppose or adjudge them unto death for tyranny."

—[*Prynne's Sovereign Power of Parliaments and Kingdoms.*

"The power of the kings of Bohemia, who are elected by the general votes of the states, is so far restrained that they can determine nothing concerning the kingdom, except in their parliaments or assemblies of the states, and by the general consent of the people. They can impose no taxes, charges, nor alter the ancient manner of the militia of the realm, nor make war nor peace, without the parliament's advice and consent."

—[*M. Paulus Strauskins' Republica Bohemia.*

"The princes and dukes of Poland, before it was advanced into a kingdom, or the kings of it ever since it became a realm, were always elected by the nobles and the states' unanimous suffrages. And after the kings of Poland became Christians, their power became more restrained. They have not the power to declare war, nor to impose taxes, nor to make any new law, without the consent of the estates and the people. An oath is exacted of the king that he will reign only according to the laws."

—[*Martinus Chromerus' Polemia.*

"The kings of Denmark are elected by the people, in whom the sovereign power resides, and they neither make war, declare peace, nor do any other act touching the rights and welfare of the people, without the consent of the estates in parliament. The people also have the lawful power to question, censure, and depose the kings for their tyranny and misgovernment."

—[*Bodin's Commonwealth.*

---

and wisest days of the Republic. Our statesmen are now only politicians, and our people seem to have lost the knowledge of true liberty. Drunken generals and illiterate provost-marshals have more power over us than was permitted to the kings of ancient nations.

"Not to mention the kings and kingdom of Norway, long since incorporated into Denmark, in which realm not one king anciently died of age or disease in above one hundred years, but of violent deaths—there being this custom, that whoever slew a tyrant king was thereby made a king. The kings of Sweden have always been elected upon certain conditions, and subordinate to the power of their whole states in parliament."

—[*Munster's Cosmography.*

"They rushed to the emperor's pavilion, having made his guards accomplices in the design, and after they had torn his portrait out of the ensigns, they assaulted and slew both him and his son, as he was coming out of his tent. The captain of the life-guard was sacrificed at the same time, together with all the favorites of the tyrant; their carcases were thrown out to be spurned at and trampled on, and afterwards to be torn to pieces by dogs and birds of prey. Only the heads of the two emperors were cut off and sent to Rome. Thus fell Maximus and his son, *receiving the just rewaad of a cruel and tyrannical administration.*"*

—[*Herodian's History of the Roman Emperors.*

* A history of all the kings and rulers who have been put to death for tyranny by *the omnipotent authority of the people*, would form a library of itself. It is proof that the common sense of mankind universally claims that the people alone are the real proprietors of all sovereign power.

THE TRUE DEMOCRATS.

Noble patriots, bravely daring,
Loyal ruffians rage defy;
Every toil and peril sharing
In pursuit of Liberty.

In their train see truth appearing,
Justice and equality;
Freedom's ray supremely cheering,
Trueborn sons of Liberty!

The Constitution still they cherish,
Saying every State is free;
God! let every tyrant perish,
Every foe to Liberty.

——:o:——

EPIGRAM.

ON THE REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PLATFORMS OF NEW YORK.

When Republicans and Democrats unite,
Which are the wrong principles, and which the right?
When despotism and liberty agree,
Which is the tyrant's principle—which the free?

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

The picture accompanying this number of The Old Guard is an excellent likeness of General Beauregard. It gives a correct idea of the character of that distinguished commander—a quiet, silent, and firm sort of man, who begins no work in a hurry, and, having commenced, holds on with a sanguine and unwavering tenacity. He is now fifty years of age, having been born on his father's plantation at St. Martin, La., in 1816. His great grandfather, said to have descended from a family of the French nobility, came to this country during the reign of Louis XV., and settled in Louisiana. The family name was Toutant de Beauregard, until the father of the General left off the titular portion of it as being incompatible with the institutions of a republican country, where titles of nobility are not permitted. So he christened his son Pierre G. Toutant Beauregard. Beauregard's mother, Helene Reggio, was descended from an ancient noble family of Italy, the father of Helene coming to this country at about the same time the Beauregard family did.

Young Beauregard was entered a cadet at West Point in 1834, graduating in 1838, with the second honors in a class of forty-five. His first appointment was Second Lieutenant in the First Regiment of United States Artillery. He was immediately transferred to the Corps of Engineers, and in 1839 was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, as which he served during the Mexican war. He was brevetted Captain for distinguished service at the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, and again as Major after the battle of Chapultepec. On his return from Mexico he was appointed superintendent of the building of the Mint and Custom-House at New Orleans, and of the fortifications at the mouth of the Mississippi. Early in 1861, Major Beauregard was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, but was removed by President Buchanan in forty-eight hours afterwards, in consequence, it is said, of a secession speech by his brother-in-law, Senator Slidell. A short time after this event Major Beauregard resigned his commission in the United States Army, and was afterwards appointed Colonel of Engineers in the southern army, by Gov. Moore, of Louisiana. He was soon promoted to the office of a Brigadier-General of the force of his native State, and was ordered by President Davis to take charge of the defences of Charleston. The ability with which he discharged his duties at that post is well known to the whole country. From this point he was called to the command of the Confederate Army at Manasses Gap, where he won the great battle of Bull Run, which sent such dismay throughout the North. From Virginia Gen. Beauregard was transferred to the command of the Confederate Army of the Mississippi. Soon after taking command of his new district he won a great victory over

General Grant at Shiloh, with a far inferior force, and nothing saved Grant from annihilation but his gun-boats, and the arrival of a fresh army under Gen. Buel. In an order to his troops the day after this battle, Gen. Beauregard said: "But yesterday we vanquished the enemy, although in largely superior numbers, in their own encampments, on the ever memorable field of Shiloh."

In August, 1862, General Beauregard was again transferred to the Department of South Carolina, in response to the earnest petition of the people of Charleston, whose hopes of defense from the formidable naval and land forces which were combining against that city, were not of the brightest character. Not less than ten iron clad war steamers were sent against that single city. A few days after the terrible battle which resulted disastrously to the North, Gen. Beauregard issued the following address to his men: "Soldiers! the eyes of your countrymen are now turned upon you, on the eve of the second anniversary of the 13th of April, triumphantly vindicated within the harbor which we are now to defend. The happy issue of the action on the 7th instant, the stranded, riddled wreck of the iron-mailed Keokuck, her baffled coadjutors forced to retire beyond the range of our guns, have inspired confidence in the country that our ultimate success will be complete. An inestimably precious charge has been confided to your keeping, with every reliance on your manhood, and enduring patriotism."

The skillful, tenacious, and successful defense which General Beauregard made of the harbor of Charleston is well known, and will be the admiration of the world as long as the history of the sad events shall survive.

The eminent English Colonel Freemantle, of the famous Coldstream Guards, who visited this country for the purpose of inspecting the progress of warlike events in both sections, gives the following brief description of General Beauregard's personal appearance:

"He is a man of middle hight, about forty seven years of age. He would be very youthful in his appearance were it not for the color of his hair, which is much grayer than his earlier photographs represent. He has a long, straight nose, handsome brown eyes, and a dark moustache, without whiskers, and his manners are extremely polite."

He will pass into history as one of the bravest and most skillful of military commanders. He is at the present time engaged in mercantile pursuits in New Orleans. A long poem published in the Wilmington *Courier*, celebrating the praise of Gen. Beauregard, concludes with the following verses:

"That fearful day on Manassas plain,
'Twas thundered forth on their ears again,
When madly over the heaps of dead,
The panic-stricken Yankees fled,
Cursing the hour that e'er they warr'd
With the lion-hearted Beauregard.

There is a page in the book of fame,
On it is written a single name,
In letters of gold, on spotless white,
Encircled with stars of quenchless light;
Never a blot that page hath marred,
And the star-wreathed name is Beauregard.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—The "Committee of Fifteen" in Congress, which President Johnson so justly denounced in his speech, is of a character not altogether unlike the execrable Committee of Ten of Venice, a Committee which (each member of it) deserved death every hour of its abominable existence. The worst tyrannies of this world have not always been the hands of a single tyrant. The *Ephori*, of Sparta, the *Decemviri*, of Rome, and the *Suffetes*, of Carthage, were, if possible, greater tyrants than Nero or Caligula. Greece was once ruled by *thirty tyrants*, who heaped the most intolerable burdens upon the people, until human nature revenged itself upon the inhuman despots. This Congress, with its "Committee of Fifteen," is attempting to play over again the part of the *Ephori*, the *Decemviri*, the *Suffetes*, and the *Council of Ten*. It begins exactly as these ancient tyrannies did—it has even made more rapid progress than these old abominations, for it has already threatened the President with assassination if he does not yield to its revolutionary disunion schemes. But, fortunately for our country, Andrew Johnson is the last man in this world to give back before threats, or to yield to the infamous demands of the *Committee of Fifteen*. Such political bullies as Thad. Stevens and Charles Sumner, who are brave only in bluster and wordy violence, have hurled themselves against a man of genuine nerve—a man far their superior in intellect—and they will fall back like pieces of cork thrown against a pillar of granite. Thad. Stevens once jumped from a two-story window at Harrisburg to save himself from being whipped by an outraged populace. It is not impossible that he may yet have to make a wilder leap than that to save himself from a fate which he has righteously earned. Sumner was once whipped by a man half his size, and went whining about it all over Europe for twelve months fterwards. The political whipping these desperate factionists are in a fair way of receiving will, we hope, end as *gloriously* for them as their physical rencontres.

—We give place to the following order for the sake of preserving it, that, as a lesson or a curiosity, it may not be lost upon our children:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
WASHINGTON, Feb 17, 1866.

You will please send to these headquarters as soon as practicable, and from time to time thereafter, such copies of newspapers published in your department as contain sentiments of disloyalty and hostility to the government in any of its branches, and state whether such paper is habitual in its utterances of such sentiments. The persistent publication of articles calculated to keep up a hostility of feeling between the people of different sections of the country cannot be tolerated. This information is called for with a view to their suppression, which will be done from these headquarters only.

By command of Lieutenant Gen GRANT.
T. S. BOWERS, Assistant Adjutant General.

Now, to carry out this piece of transcendent wisdom, let Congress pass a law compelling the southern people to *love* us of the North, on penalty of the *thumb-screw* and the *stake!* They must be made to love us by statute! They must love to be governed by the *Negro Bureau*, by military boobies, and must, more especially, be charmed with us for suppressing their newspapers! What a beautiful thing is a free country! The measure of our greatness is almost full—one more step, and it will be overflowing; and that may be an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that for all time to come, *men* shall be governed by *asses!*

—The New York *Times* declares that it is the greatest advocate of the freedom of the press, and in the very next line pronounces the most unbounded admiration of General Grant's order to suppress all the newspapers whose editors dare either to laugh or groan under the weight of their sufferings. In the North the press is free to abuse the men and slander the women of the South, but if

he southern papers venture to utter a word in self-defence, they are to be suppressed. The *Times* says "amen," and perches its diminutiveness on a pole to proclaim itself a great defender of the *freedom of the press! Caput domina venale sub hasta!*

—An organ of the negro party accuses us of attempting to "make the late war odious." We certainly mean to do so, because we desire to preserve the principles of government on which this Union was founded, and the war, we have sufficiently proved, was in violation of every one of those sacred principles. In 1774, John Hancock, in a public oration, uttered the following awful words: "Ye dark, designing knaves, ye murderers, parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition?" Had we the power, we would nail these words, as an eternal label, upon the foreheads of every one of the instigators of this Abolition war. We hold them infamous, and we have no favor to ask from any one who does not so regard them. In the same ratio that we respect the memory of our forefathers, we despise the conduct of these advocates of sedition and murder. It is well for them that our thoughts are not *cannon balls.*

—One of the disciples of Dives, the rich fool mentioned in the New Testament, writes us a letter in which he thinks we need a "change of heart." Alas! poor Dives, the trouble is not with our *heart*, but with your *head.* You must have a *change of head* before you can rightly understand the Democracy of our fathers. Your own brain is an Abolitionist in disguise.

—A saucy negro, by the name of Day, one of the companions of Sumner, Wade, Seward & Co., says "there are white men that I would never associate with." In the same speech he declared that when he was in England:

"It was amusing, and sometimes annoying to me, to be obsequiously solicited by white Americans for introductions to Lord So-and-So and Lady So-and-So; persons to whom they could never have been introduced but for me. Sometimes I introduced them, and sometimes I didn't."

This impudent negro is one of the "signs of the times," and evidence of the "progress" we are making under the reign of 'the "decency party."

—The Richmond *Republic*, a southern paper with Yankee notions, is in love with military rule. It says: "The civil courts are all civility, and nothing else. They are too civil by half for the enemies of society." If there can anywhere be found a worse "enemy to society" than the wretch who can write such a sentiment as that, we freely consent that he ought to be hanged like a dog as speedily as possible.

—The editor of THE OLD GUARD has received the following letter from Owingsville, Kentucky:

A friend has loaned me THE OLD GUARD for 1865, from which I have derived peculiar pleasure. As I expect to become one of a club at this place, I submit a few friendly comments, suggested by your able articles on *Puritanism.* You seem to confound Presbyterianism with Puritanism. As I am desirous you should combine the influence of conservative Presbyterians with all other true conservatives, of whatever church, I submit the proposition that the Old School Presbyterian church, up to 1861, was wholly distinct from the New England Puritan body.

1. In 1801, a plan of union was attempted, but it worked so badly that the old Presbyterians, in 1837, after long agitation, expelled the New England Puritans, by exscinding several Synods.

2. In 1845, a small remnant attempted to abolitionize the church, but the General Assembly declared, in positive terms, the nonsinfulness of "slavery" in the southern States.

3. Thus it continued till the war, when the storm howled so fiercely, that only one of the powerful men of the Church bared his breast to the furious elements.

Stuart Robinson, giant in intellect and theological power, deserves immortality for his bold and courageous stand in favor of the independence and spirituality of the church. Exiling himself to Canada to avoid informers and spies, he has from that distance rallied the friends of true Presbyterianism through all the dark night, until now the reaction has commenced affording the prospect of reforming this ecclesiastical body.

The "*Free Christian Commonwealth,*" of Louisville, Ky., is the organ of this growing party. It is bold and outspoken against New England Puritanism.

I know, sir, you will make this public, and thus encourage a noble band of men, en

gaged, like yourself, in efforts to roll back the tide of New England fanaticism.

Respectfully yours,

J. T. LEONARD.

The above letter was mislaid, or it would have received an earlier insertion in this place. We were aware that many of the Old School Presbyterians, in many parts of the West, have maintained their truly Christian character through all this reign of savagery and blood, and of course such were not included in the censures of Puritanism. In the North, or more properly the East, the Presbyterian clergy have been among the most bitter foes of peace and justice. But even here we have such exceptions as Rev. Dr. Chambers, of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, and Rev. Dr. Carroll, of New Haven, men who are ornaments not only of the Church, but of human nature. We have often alluded to the conservative and most honorable position of these gentlemen. We know also that there are hundreds and thousands of western Presbyterians who are not Puritanized, who are among the most conservative men in the community, and we could wish that such would follow the excellent example of their brethren in New Haven, where they have a church of their own, separate and distinct from the howling dervishes. We wish that true Christians of all sects would do the same—"Come out from among them!"

—In his late most excellent and patriotic speech, President Johnson, in plain terms, accused the infamous majority of Congrrss of being enemies to the peace of the Union. Had any southern paper said half as much against that "*branch of the government*," Grant, by his last order, would have suppressed it. It looks very much as though the said Grant had, for some consideration, near or remote, sold himself to this Congress of abominations. When Mr. Wilkes quitted the office of Lord Mayor of London, in 1775, he referred to Parliament in this severe language: "That arbitrary and unprincipled body has been almost wholly employed, with the industry and spirit of fiends, in the vain and wicked attempt of perfecting their plans to establish despotism in New England." Change the words *New England* to *Southern States*, and the same language is as justly applicable to this Congress. What the Lord Mayor of London dared to say of the British Parliament in 1775, we certainly ought dare say of this Congress. We do say it. And if we had the power we would pin the sentence in the very front of General Grant's cap, and make him wear it. Nay, had we the power of the President, we would suspend him from his office for suspending newspapers. He has disgraced the post he occupies. This reign of despotism, of government by foolish and irresponsible military satraps, has gone far enough. If it cannot be stopped one way, it certainly can another; and every man should put himself in a position to defend his sacred rights, or give the wretches a blow that will be felt both in time and eternity. Liberty, virtuous liberty, ought to be dearer to every brave man than the breath of his nostrils.

—Sumner proposes to substitute for the Fourth of July as a national holiday, the anniversary of the abolition of slavery. The only difficulty in his mind is the proper day to fix upon. Fix it upon the day of the "Feast of St. Tib," which everybody knows occurs neither before nor after Christmas.

—President Johnson's speech denouncing the treason or sedition of the majority of Congress, has lifted up the drooping head of the country. The very streets wear a new and a more lively face. Let him go on until our land is purified of the pestilent legislation of these wretches, and the plaudits of a nation will meet him at every point, such as greeted the great Flaminius after he gave liberty to Greece, when it was said such an acclamatien arose, that the very birds fell from heaven. Plutarch has it: "*Ferrari de ritu veterum acclamationibus et plausu.*"

—A Republican paper says: "The editor of THE OLD GUARD is mad enough to assert that the confiscation of the rebel estates is in no single instance legal." We repyl, with St. Paul, before Festus, *Ou mainomai*, "I am not mad." Time and law will prove that we have spoken the words of truth and soberness. Time and law will decide that the effort of a State to resume its delegated powers, after the compact had been broken by the other parties to it, was neither rebellion nor treason. The southern estates have been

confiscated in no other sense than a man's watch or purse may be confiscated by a thief. That is the *law;* and it will one day be the *fact.*

—An enthusiastic booby, who is in love with *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* a foolish book which is now as dead as Forney, the "dead duck," in praising its author's quaint originality, quotes as a good specimen Topsy's reply, "I 'spect I *growed.*" Mrs. Stowe, or whichever of the numerous Beechers wrote this part of the book, had undoubtedly read *Thaumaturgus,* published in 1828, in which we have these lines:

"In that far realm, though strange, 'tis true,
I rose—I was not born—but *grew.*"

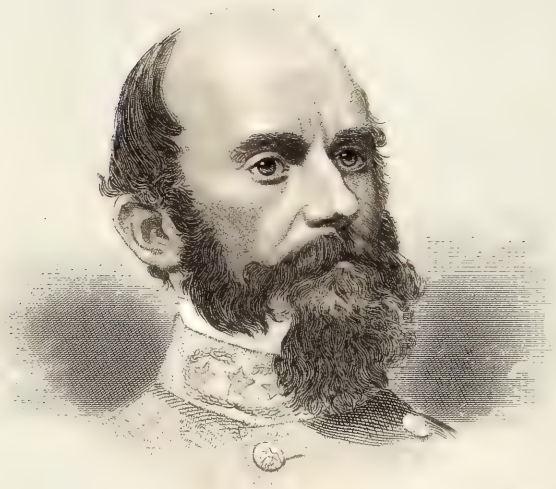
This singular work was written by Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Dublin; let Mrs. Stowe settle the question of originality with him. True, Fitzpatrick has some thirty odd years the start in point of time, but as Mrs. Stowe is *one of the Beechers,* perhaps she can make it out. *Thaumaturgus* is a humorsome book of incredible lies of the Munchausen style. In the preface the author calls it "A whimsical farrago of all such reading as has never been read." It was certainly an excellent work to load Mrs. Stowe's imagination, for the production of Uncle Tom's Munchausen tale.

—A cotemporary is unable to see how Congress can be a tyrant. Just as easy as one man can be a tyrant. About two hundred years ago the Danes, to get rid of the tyranny of their nobles, threw all power into the hands of the King; and, for abusing that power, they were obliged to kill him. The same occurred in Norway and Sweden. For a space of three hundred years but one king was allowed to die a natural death in these countries. The history of Greece and Rome attests that a tyrannical *Senate* may be more oppressive, and more difficult to get rid of, than a bad King. The people of France were twice saved from the tyranny of their nobles by transferring their powers to the king. In another way, the same thing is passing here, where the President is striving to protect the people from the usurpations and despotism of Congress. Congress is now *a tyrant,* which deserves whatever fate a virtuous and free people can give it.

—In the February number of THE OLD GUARD we copied a line supposed to be from the Norfolk *Virginian,* accusing this magazine of being "inharmonious." A note from the able editor of that paper denies that any such sentence ever occurred in its columns. We beg the pardon of our cotemporary. We saw the same sentence afterwards in the Richmond *Republic,* where it probably originated.

—Every Republican Legislature has either denounced President Johnson, or quietly shelved resolutions endorsing him. Where there is a Custom-House or a Post-Office, they have made a grim, almost laughable attempt at sustaining him. Democrats sustain him on *principle,* without an eye to office. The Republicans give him just as much support as they think will keep the spoils in their grasp. The support of the one is approval from an *honest man,* the other from a *sneak.*

—The editor of the *World* boasts of the circulation of that sheet of very doubtful political character in the southern States. Whereupon the editor of the *Daily News,* the Hon. Ben. Wood, offers to bet a thousand dollars, for the benefit of some charitable institution, that the *News* has ten times the circulation of the *World* in the South. The *World* does not take the bet—in which it shows more sagacity than it did in boasting of its circulation in a region where it is very little read. The people of the South know that while the war lasted the *World* was one of the most malignant enemies it had in the North. If the war were to be recommenced it would be so again. Among men who understand the principles of Democracy, the *World* was never considered a Democratic paper. Now it sails into the current and says, "we apples," &c.



LT GEN. R S. EWELL.

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—MAY, 1866.—No. V.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY NOT DEAD.

A REVIEW OF HON. FERNANDO WOOD'S LETTER TO HON. HENRY A. WISE.

THE Hon. Fernando Wood has written a letter to the Hon. Henry A. Wise, on our political situation, which contains conclusions so fallacious and so monstrous, that we feel forced, from a sense of duty, to devote an article to the subject discussed. We are especially impelled to this course in order that the southern people may not take the sentiments avowed by Mr. Wood as an expression of the opinion of any considerable portion of the northern Democracy. This magazine has a larger circulation than any political magazine ever before obtained in this country, and as the editor, we are in correspondence with a great number of the best minds in the Democratic party in every northern State, and we are confident that the sentiments of this letter are shared by no portion of the intelligent men of the party, except such as have already formed an alliance with that wing of the Republican party represented by Thurlow Weed and his followers. The utterances of this letter we regard simply as the programme of the Seward-Weed Republicans. For several months it has been known that a few, (and, to the best of our information, only a very few,) gentlemen connected with the Democratic party have been negotiating for a fusion with this wing of the Republican organization. So far as the letter referred to concerns the present and future state of the country, it could not have been, in any essential point different, if written by Mr. Weed himself. It tells us that "State sovereignty has been determined against," that it is "dead;" killed by the war. It is admitted that the States were sovereign, but that quality has been stripped from them by the war. Has the war any more killed State sovereignty than it has killed *habeas corpus*, trial by jury, and a hundred other things that are essential to the freedom of the people? It is not in the power of war to kill *State sovereignty;* it can overcome it for the moment, as a strong

thief can overcome a weaker man, but can never destroy the principle, nor alienate the right of sovereignty. States stripped of the power to exercise their sovereignty have no more lost the *right* to it than the man who is robbed of all his property loses the right to hold property. A man may have rights which he cannot for the moment exercise, because of some wrong or illegal force in his way; but does he therefore lose the sacred quality of his *rights?* Does he therefore passively sit down and consent that he has been transformed into a creature without rights, and without manhood? No, certainly, unless he be the veriest fool or coward that ever disgraced the human form. Because a war, which the author of the letter in question admits was illegal, unjust and wicked, has for the hour overcome State sovereignty, are we therefore to acquiesce in this great crime against liberty, and admit it to be our deplorable *status* for all time to come? Not unless the war has also made us a nation of sneaks and cowards. And even admitting that, for the present moment, we are thus cowardized and belittled by the war, has the devil so far got possession of us that we mean to lie here forever in this swinish rest and sleep? No! in God's name, no! Rather let us cherish at least so much of the pluck and decency of manhood as shall make us trust the time will come when we shall arise in our wrath and seize this gigantic wrong by the throat, and assert again the liberty which can never be lost except by our own weakness and crime! It is the nature of sovereignty that it can neither be destroyed, alienated, divided, nor given away. It is to the State what the *will* is to the man. A State can no more lose or give away its sovereignty than the man can lose or give away his will. No war can so far kill State sovereignty that it will not, during all future time, have the sacred and eternal right to hang whomsoever has attempted its destruction. When old John Brown made his attempt upon the sovereignty of Virginia, all admitted that he was justly and legally executed. There can never come a time when Virginia will not have the right to administer a similar punishment to any party violating her sovereignty. Her inability to enforce her sovereign rights cannot be quoted as proof to the contrary. On the other hand, that very inability must be received as a presumptive evidence that the people of that State will never cease to watch and pray, and struggle to reassert their sovereignty, and to punish the criminal violaters of it. When the States formed the compact of the Union, they surrendered no sovereignty; they did not even "delegate" *sovereignty*, for in its nature such a thing was not possible; but they "delegated" to the Federal Government *jurisdiction* over certain specified matters of a general interest. So far was this act from impairing the sovereignty of the States, that it was the very highest assertion of that sovereignty. It delegated such jurisdiction as it pleased, retaining all things not specified under the perpetual jurisdiction of its own sovereignty. The following extracts from the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are full on this point: "The States form a Confederated Government; yet the several States retain their individual sovereignties." 2 Pet. 590; 10 Pet, 579, S. P.; 12 Wh. 334

"The powers of the States depend on their own constitutions." 1 Wh. 325. "The powers retained by the States proceed not from the people of America, but from the people of the several States, and remain after the adoption of the Constitution what they were before," &c. 4 Wh. 193, S. P.; 5 Wh. 17, 54; 9 Wh. 203, 9. "In our system, the Legislature of a State is the supreme power, in all cases where its action is not restrained by the Constitution of the United States." 12 Wh. 347. "The State's jurisdiction is coextensive with its territory, coextensive with its legislative power." 3 Wh. 187. "The sovereignty of a State extends to everything which exists by its own authority, or is introduced by its own permission." 6 W. 429; 4 Pet. 564. Now, we demand to know, since the States possess this sovereignty, not by virtue of the Federal Constitution, but by "*their own Constitutions*," and in perfect independence of the Federal Constitution, what power on earth can lawfully interfere with that sovereignty? We should be glad to have the Hon. gentleman, whose letter we are reviewing, enlighten the public on this question. He tells us that "State sovereignty has been determined against." How determined against? By whom determined against? Who has the right to determine against State sovereignty? State sovereignty has been determined against in no other sense than a band of robbers may enter a gentleman's house, and determine against his possession of his property, his wife, and his children. State sovereignty can never be so determined against that it will not be the duty of every patriot in the land to set himself to the task, forthwith and mightily, of restoring sovereignty to its lawful possessors. That sovereignty in the hands of the Federal Government is stolen property. The States have a clear and inalienable right to take it, even though in doing so they had to hang every Federal officer, and Congress besides. Better that every member of Congress were hanged, and a million of men more, than that the States should give up their sovereignty. So we understand Prestand President Johnson to believe. He is striving against Congress for the restoration of the Union, which means the preservation of the *States* as the sovereign members which composed it. There is no other way to restore the Union. The proposition of Congress is not only to destroy the Union, but to destroy the States themselves. Strip the States of their sovereignty, and they are just as truly annihilated as a human body, without its soul, is dead. These transcendent impostors, who call themselves "Unionists," propose to kill the States, and then to take their ashes, bury them in a common reservoir, and call it *the Union*. The *union* they want is that of the worm and the dead carcass. And for resisting this stupendous treason against liberty and self-government, the President of the United States is threatened with assassination from the pestilent floor of Congress! This is the theory of the revolutionary majority of Congress, that "State sovereignty has been determined against." But the President says, *no; that was not any part in the terrible ordeal through which we have passed; I have been working to preserve the union of live States, and not to form a great heap of dead States.* His proposition is that of a

wise man and a patriot. Daniel Webster said, in his letter to Mark Cooper, of Georgia, in 1850: "The States are united, confederated, not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised." But the enemies of the President in Congress tell us that the war has reduced us to this condition, and Mr. Wood advises the country to accept of this state of things as a finality, and peaceably to lie down in our political graves. Had he even hinted that there might some day come a resurrection, when the States should come forth clothed with the divine life of sovereignty again, and the glorious Union that was made by our fathers re-united to protect the generations of our children, we should have felt ourselves less aggrieved by his monstrous recommendations. The Hon. gentleman says, "The new Americanism opens up before us, and common sense demands that we should conform to it. Now, what follows? State sovereignty being dead, unity follows. "The people of the whole Union are one." This word *unity* means simply *consolidation*, what Webster called *bruising the States, chaos-like, together*. It is a very soft, a very pretty word, to cover the most abominable despotism that ever disgraced a people who have once tasted of liberty. It is the very quintescence of the centralized despotic principle, in opposition to the grand republican principle of decentralization and self-government. "The new Americanism opens before us," indeed! Then common sense and common patriotism demand that, instead of "conforming to it," we forthwith seize the black hybrid by the throat and strangle it in its swaddling clothes! We prefer the *old Americanism*, the Americanism of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and all those glorious patriots who achieved our liberty; let the Hon. gentleman, and those who can swallow it, run after the new Americanism of Seward, Wade, Sumner, and Frederick Douglass. God helping us, we shall never go that way! We adopt the following words of the immortal Webster, in all the fullness of their sublime patriotism:

"He must be a presumptuous man indeed who would venture to think that he could suggest any new features of improvement, or in any way improve our present form of united government. By its provisions and compromises I stand, as I have ever stood, and wo to the meddling politicians who would assail them. In itself it is already complete and perfect; any change could only result in marring the harmony of some of its parts. The Constitution was the result of concessions and compromises. It gave to the General Government certain specific rights and duties, and it left to the States the free exercise of their own appropriate rights, and the unrestricted enjoyment of their own laws, and the control of their own social institutions. It has stood the test of experience, and proved itself capable, under a wise administration, of carrying forward the prosperity of the country. Our duty is to be content with the Constitution *as it is*, to resist all changes from whatever quarter, to preserve its original spirit and original purpose, and to commend it *as it is* to the care of those who come after us."

Here we stand. Here we are certain the great body of the Democratic masses stand. Let the trading politicians and the negro-struck lunatics go whatever way they will together, we believe the masses of the people will yet proclaim their resistless edict for the glorious old Union that has the baptism of our fathers' hands. See what confusion and blood we are thrown into by forsaking their paths! Nor

shall we find peace and rest for a century to come, unless we return, all of us, to a strict adherence to the fundamental principles on which the Union was founded. This proposition to change and overthrow the organic form of our government, is simply a proposition for our destruction. The wise Locrians ordained that any man who proposed to introduce a new organic law, or a change in the Constitution should come into the market-place with a rope about his neck, and repeat before the people the change he proposed, and if it was not agreed to, he was immediately strangled for his arrogance. There are now over one hundred propositions before the country for that number of changes in the Constitution Monstrous infatuation! Stupendous treason and crime! If those who propose these changes, or who advise submission to them, were obliged to come into the market-places with ropes about their necks, we are certain that the patriotism of the masses would very quickly settle the question for them.

But we are told in this letter that war has settled the question forever. It defines war "the highest of all human tribunals, and a decision has been rendered from which there is no appeal. We are concluded by the result." We think we are somewhat acquainted with the writings of statesmen, and with history, but we never heard before that war settled or "concluded" anything, so that it might not be opened again the next day, and "concluded" another way. The history of this world is little more than a record of the ferments which war never did and never could settle. A thing *concluded* by war is precisely left in a condition to be restarted at any moment, when the people find a will to move. When the Goths and Huns of Alaric pillaged the city of Rome, was the right of theft and murder "concluded," and fixed as a principle of justice for all time to come? When the throat of France was cut by the Revolution of '93, was the thing "concluded?" After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Saxons, by the force of arms, established a monarchy in England, the Franks in Gaul, the Visigoths in Spain, and the Ostrogoths, and afterwards the Lombards in Italy. All these, no doubt, thought they had "concluded" matters by "the highest of all human tribunals;" but history teaches us that they were not so "concluded,' that they have been re-concluded and overturned a hundred times since. War "concludes" nothing. A conquered people never lose the right to rise and cut the throats of their conquerors. Are matters so "concluded" in Hungary and Poland that the wronged and gallant people of those countries have lost their right to liberty? The right which war has given to Russia and Austria to rule those countries is the robber's right, and no more. Pliny says: "By war, justice and humanity are set aside, and rapine reigns; luxury is set at liberty, the most impious are in authority, the virtuous are oppressed, innocence is destroyed, virgins and matrons are violated, countries laid waste; all laws, both human and divine, are trampled on, and man seems to be governed by no other precept than his own voracious and unbounded will." And this, the American people are now told, they must regard as "the highest of all human tribunals." Horrid thought! But

our fathers did not so teach. They taught that "just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed," not from the tribunal of arms. Wherever arms decide against the consent of the governed, "common sense" proclaims that it is both the right and the duty of all men to "appeal" to whatever power God has given to their hearts, or brains, or *hands!* And a brave and virtuous people will keep up such an "appeal," if need be, to the last hour of their lives; and still failing, they will bequeath the sacred task to their children, that the struggle for liberty may never be abandoned as long as time lasts.

The tyrant Aristodemus took, by the "tribunal of arms," the beautiful Xenocrita, the daughter of a rich citizen, and compelled her to live with him as his wife, after having banished her father for complaining. But the resolute Xenocrita, not admitting this notion of the "new America," that the decision of arms is final, and that her fate was "concluded," found means to induce Thermistocles, and others, to strike for the liberty of their country; and, all things being ready, she opened the chamber-door at the dead of night, and the tyrant was cut to pieces. Thus the "tribunal of arms" was appealed *from* by a woman, and a whole people made free. It was this "highest of all human tribunals" which supported the tyranny of Nero, Domitian, and Caligula; but the "common sense" of Rome, instead of admitting its fate to be "concluded," nobly concluded the hated lives of the tyrants. We confess that we are shocked at this monstrous idea, that "war is the highest of all human tribunals," and that the American people must admit their fate to be "concluded" by it, and supinely, slavishly, give up the government of our fathers. Voltaire justly says: "War is the crime and scourge of all times, and of all men." In the scales of justice it weighs nothing, "concludes" nothing. A government based on the decision of arms, in opposition to the consent of the governed, rests upon a mine which is liable to explode at any moment. Were the American people to accept the counsel of those who talk so complacently of the "new America," they would bequeath to their children nothing but an inheritance of *revolutions.* All people have a natural and inalienable right to self-government; and they can never lose the right to cut the throats of all the scoundrels who attempt to govern them against their own consent. The decision of arms can never take from them this right. It is older than the invention of arms. It is coeval with the creation of man. It is the gift of God.

Nunquam satis fida potentia ubi nimia; an absolute government is, of all others, the most insecure, because it rests not upon the consent of the governed, but upon the caprice and violence of arms. That political condition only can be said to be "concluded" which rests upon law and justice. This enslaving notion that force is the "highest of all human tribunals" has in no country been more relied upon than in Turkey, where tyrants have always been flattered and filled with false confidence and security by it. The abominable doctrine is precisely worthy of Turkish grossness and barbarity. Yet where has power been so unstable and so little "concluded" as in that country? Where has deposing

and murdering been more frequent than there? The monarch is told his power is "concluded" because it rests upon force. The religion of that country tells him so The holy *musti*, who claims to speak by the authority of God, tells him so. But notwithstanding all these holy authorities, this person, so sacred, with power so safe, by the deeds of the "highest of all human tribunals," is often deposed or "butchered with less form than a common malefactor, and even with the holy msusti's consent and assistance." A learned author truly remarks that "had not the power of that government been so great, its security would have been greater." The "highest of all human tribunals" is *law based upon consent*, and the lowest and most unstable of all "human tribunals" is that of arms in opposition to the consent of the governed. The history of Sicily, under the French, and of Switzerland, under the yoke of Austria, is an illustration. As for that matter, universal history is proof.

When Theopompus, King of Lacedemon, voluntarily relinquished certain powers of his crown, his wife reproached him with leaving his kingship diminished to his sons; but he replied, "Yes, I shall leave it smaller, but I shall leave it more permanent." On this wise reply Valerius Maximus has the following remark: "In reality the authority which bounds itself, and offers no injuries, is exposed to none. The King, therefore, by restraining his power within the just limits of laws, did as much endear it to the affections of his countrymen, as he pruned it of all licentiousness and terror!"

Look at the fate of the Roman Emperors, who attempted to rule by the idea (held up for the American people to conform to by the Hon. Fernando Wood) that "war is the highest of all human tribunals!" From Cæsar to Charlemagne, between thirty and forty of them were murdered, and four murdered themselves. This is a pleasant piece of history for the contemplation of the Hon. gentleman, while endeavoring to persuade his countrymen that "war is the highest of all human tribunals," and that "common sense demands that they should conform" to its abominable doctrine. In God's name, "conform" never to the abhorred doctrine of force, as opposed to consent in government. Submit while you must, but do not conform; do not help adjust the machinery of government to the principle of despotism. If you must submit for the time, do it on precisely the same principle, and, perhaps, with as little resistance as you submit to give up your house to a band of armed robbers; but forthwith and at all times work diligently to bring law and justice to bear upon the case. Your great, your sure remedy, is law. Law and justice are not always very swift, but with a brave and virtuous people, they are sure to break the power of the sword, and to whip the licentious force of arms at last. Pamphlets, newspapers, and brave speaking, are often a thousand times more fatal to despotism than bullets. True, brave words have taken off the heads of more tyrants than cannon-balls. One who cannot lie has said: "He that taketh (governs) by the sword shall perish by the sword." Wait, oh, my countrymen, and you shall see them perish!

The advice of the true friend to our

country will be, to the people of the South and the North, to never abandon the determination to regain their rights, and to punish those who have attempted their destruction. For more than four years liberty was thrown down here in the North, where every man who stood by the Constitution was threatened with imprisonment and death; but the columns of this Magazine will show that we neither recognized nor admitted our fate to be "concluded." We have seen ourself surrounded by a whole community of lunatics, where every eye burned with the fire of fanatical hate and revenge; but "common sense" did not teach us "that we should conform to it," and make ourself a party to the stupidity and crime of the Republican mob. Nor do we mean to give up the cause of the Constitution and liberty now, by admitting the fate of our country to be "concluded," or in any way countenancing the accursed system of government which the war has produced, called "the new Americanism." We stand for the old Americanism—for the Union of our fathers—for the government that was made by Washington and his compatriots. We tell the people that the war has not rightfully made any change in the government. It has not rightfully imparted any new powers to the Federal Government, nor taken from the States a single right which they possessed before. The war gave the Federal Government no new powers, nor stripped the States an atom of sovereignty. This was declared by Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, (one of the ablest jurists connected with the courts of the United States,) in the Amy Warwick case, which came before him at Boston, April, 1862, when he said:

"It has been supposed that if the Government have the rights of a belligerent, then, after the rebellion is suppressed, it will have the rights of conquest, and a State and its inhabitants may be permanently divested of all political privileges, and treated as a foreign country, acquired by arms. This is an error—a grave and dangerous error. No nation ever makes such a conquest of its own territory. If a hostile power, either from without or within a nation, takes possession and holds absolute dominion over any portion of its territory, and the nation, by force of arms, expels or overthrows the enemy, and suppresses hostilities, it acquires no new title, but merely regains possession of what it had been temporarily deprived. The nation acquires no new sovereignty, but merely maintains its previous rights. Under despotic governments, the power of municipal confiscations may be unlimitted; but under our government the right of sovereignty over any portion of a State is given and limited by the Constitution, and will be the same after the war as it was before. When the United States takes possession of a rebel district, they acquire no new title, but merely vindicate that which already existed."

Mr. Seward, in his letter of instructions to Mr. Dayton, our Minister to Paris, affirmed precisely the same in 1861. He said: "There is not even a pretext for the complaint that the disaffected States are to be conquered by the United States, if the revolution fail; for the rights of the States, and the condition of every human being in them, will remain exactly subject to the same laws and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed or whether it shall fail. In the one case, the States would be federally connected with the new confederacy; in the other, they would be, as now, members of the United States; but their Constitutions and laws, cus-

toms, habits, and institutions, in either case, would remain the same."

Here we see the principle emphatically affirmed that the organic character of the States would be after the war just what it was before; that the war could make no change in the State or Federal Government, but was designed to preserve them as they were. It was to preserve old America, and not to make a new America. The organic character of these States is fixed by their own Constitutions, and can never be different except by their own consent. The idea that a war which, it is claimed, was carried on to "enforce the laws of the Union," has "concluded" in an entire organic destruction of the States forming the Union, is an absurdity which even Seward could not swallow. If Congress is trying to change these States into another sort of government, if it is preventing the States from the due exercise of their sovereign rights and powers, then *it* is the *rebel* and *traitor* which ought to be forthwith suppressed and punished. We say *ought to be*, in the sense of absolute justice, in the same sense that every State should be allowed to take and to hold its place in the Union with its Constitution and laws unimpaired.

This, as we have seen, is the conclusion of one of the most eminent jurists of the United States, and a citizen of Massachusetts, uttered on the United States Bench, under the solemn oath of his high office. He arrives at a very different conclusion from this of the Hon. Fernando Wood, when he affirms that the war has stripped all the States of their sovereignty, and enlarged the powers of the Federal Government into those of an empire, producing what he calls, without the expression of a regret, "the new Americanism." This new Americanism is old Federalism, which tried once before to revolutionize and destroy this government, in the time of old John Adams. Then it passed alien and sedition laws, imprisoned peaceable citizens, suppressed newspapers, and used United States soldiers to overthrow State sovereignty and resist State laws. But Jefferson and Madison were then alive, as was a generation of brave men, and they counseled the people very differently from Mr. Wood, when he tells them that "the new Americanism opens before us, and common sense demands that we should conform to it." That is, conform to the "death of State sovereignty," or the annihilation of the States! Conform to a "new Americanism" that overthrows the government of our fathers, and establishes one of despotic powers in its place! Conform to a government of arms, in the place of the consent of the governed! For one, we say, better a whole century of war than that the people of America should basely conform to such a cowardly betrayal of their Constitution and liberty! All that the war has done to violate that Constitution is null and void in law. All the assaults of this traitorous Congress upon that sacred instrument will be of no binding effect one hour after law assumes control again. These propositions are not amendments, but subversions of the Constitution. Under the style and title of an amendment to the Constitution, Congress and three-quarters of the States have no legal right to appropriate the wives, daughters, or property of the other non-concurring quarter, or to do any other thing that

amounts to the disturbance of the vested rights of any of the States. The Constitution cannot be amended in a thing that is not *in it*. The subject matter is not there. Matters which the States never put into the compact are certainly not subjects of amendment by Congress and three-quarters of the States. What we say is, that the article allowing amendments by a vote of three-quarters of the States never was intended to give to the *three-quarters* power to take from the other quarter their property, or to govern them by martial law; for this would be a subversion not only of the whole spirit but of the letter of the Constitution. Judge Baldwin, one of the ablest of the Justices of the Supreme Court, says: "We should impute little wisdom, foresight, or common prudence, to those who framed or adopted the Constitution, by ascribing its creation to a power so indifferent to its preservation as to make three-fourths of the States competent to throw off the shackles on their laws, which all the States, and the whole people thereof, imposed. * * Nor can the absolute sovereignty of the nation, which, when the Constitution was adopted, was in the people of the nation, be controlled by the residuary sovereignty of three-fourths of the States." A Constitutional amendment to hang Charles Sumner, Thad. Stevens, and Wm. Henry Seward, without due process of law, would be just as binding, in a legal way, as a majority of these so-called "amendments." A change in the organic character of this government can be effected only by the consent of all the parties to the compact. States not agreeing to such organic change could not be held to the new compact. When our present Constitution was adopted by the secession of nine States from the old Confederation, it was not claimed that the non-concurring States could be held to the new compact except by their own consent and choice. And if what Mr. Wood says be true, that we now have a new America, no State is bound, or can be bound, to support this new coercion, except by its own free choice. For our part, we stand by old America, by the Constitution as it is; and we counsel the people that they should unreservedly give their support and confidence to President Johnson in his patriotic endeavors to restore the Union complete and perfect, as it was before the war. In the language of Judge Sprague, *the States have lost no sovereignty by the war, and the Federal Government has gained no new powers by the war.* The programme of President Johnson is, if we understand him, to bring the States into their old places as they were, and to preserve the Federal Government what it was. All that Congress has done, or is doing, to prevent this preservation of the old government, and this restoration of the old Union, is null and void. A new America, of which Mr. Wood speaks, can be legally established only by a Convention of all the parties to the compact of old America. Congress, or the Federal Government, is not a party to that compact, and has only the power of a general agent *for* the compact. And these powers are all limited and specified. In their very nature they cannot be organic in their character. Congress is only a co-ordinate branch of the general agency for the sovereign States joined by compact, and every

member of Congress who proposes to change the character of this compact, to destroy the old, and produce a new America, if he takes measures to carry his purpose into effect, should be arrested and tried as a traitor. To provide money and keep armed men to destroy old America, is levying war against the government of the United States. The only legal government of the United States is old America. This thing called "new America" is a sedition, a treason, and an abomination! Let the people have faith in the government our fathers made. Let them believe and work only to this end—*the preservation of that government, and the restoration of the Union!* All opposition to the Union in the South is at an end. But here in the North we now have a *rebellion*, which not only prevents the restoration of the Union, but loudly proclaims the destruction of the old government, and the establishment of a new America. This is ten thousand times worse than the secessionists proposed to do; for they left unbroken and untouched the organic form of the government, claiming only to deny its *jurisdiction* over certain territory. Even had we lost that extent of earth, the organic beauty and perfection of the government would not be marred. The old temple of liberty, built by our fathers, would still stand a perfect shelter for all who remained, embracing more States, and covering a larger space than when it was first reared. But this northern, this Congressional *rebellion*, proposes to pull that grand old Temple down, and force a *new* America upon its ruins, the accursed spawn of war and a lunatic Congress! Let the people, North and South, believe that this tremendous treason will fail. Though all the changing, trading politicians, and all the devils besides, together with the whole herd of swine that of old were possessed, declare the government of our fathers dead, let every patriot proclaim with a loud voice that it is not dead! That old America lives! That the Union shall be restored! and that every State shall survive in its own sovereignty, and continue a co-equal member of a confederation of self-governing States! That is the government framed by our fathers. No other system can be the Union. To talk of restoring the Union, with dead States, with a mass of crushed sovereignties, is the unintelligible jargon of an ass To give up this government for the shallow vagaries of a *new America*, is the language of self-interest, of weakness, or cowardice. We speak with feeling, because we have suffered not a little for this cause. We have lived for months, almost for years, with nothing but the scowl of ignorance, fanaticism, and murderous hatred on every hand. For more than five hundred mornings we have left our home with no very strong assurance that we should be allowed to return alive at night. But we never, even in the darkest hour, doubted the final triumph of the sacred principles of self-government and liberty which were planted by our forefathers, and which were, for the moment, bent to the ground by the frightful avalanches of the senseless mob. We could no more believe the reign of such a party permanent, than we could imagine such a madness as Salem witchcraft to last forever. And now, certainly—when the signs of returning reason are everywhere apparent, when the very desperation of the

fanatics shows that they feel and fear the surges of the returning tide—it is not a time for the patriots and the friends of self-government to give up, and counsel acquiescence in the destruction of our system of free and sovereign States. Let all who love our country as it was, before disturbed by fanaticism, hold fast to those immortal principles which established the Union, and they will yet triumph, even over the implacable sedition and treason which have devoured the North. The northern masses, who were deceived, now begin to see where the most dangerous foes of the Union reside. Light is breaking fast. In a letter from one of the most distinguished and most respected of all the southern generals, under date of Jan. 5, 1866, there occurs the following sentence: "All that the South has ever desired was that the Union, as established by our forefathers, should be preserved, and that the government, as originally organ ized, should be administered in purity and truth. If such is the desire of the North, there can be no contention between the two sections, and all true patriots will unite in advocating that policy which will soonest restore the country to tranquility and order, and thus help to perpetuate true republicanism."

This is not only the language of the most distinguished of the southern leaders, but it is the spirit and temper of the southern people generally. Contrast it with the temper of Congress. Contrast it with the temper of the Republican party. Say who are the traitors now? Who are in the way of a perfect restoration of the Union? We can, with confidence, tell the southern people that they must not take the spirit of Congress, or the tone of the Republican papers, for an expression of the feelings of the more intelligent portion of the inhabitants of the northern States. There is, among that class here, a sincere desire to see the Union restored in its original perfection. This reign of blood and despotism has sickened them. A few years will, we believe, blot out the negro party, and restore the old Constitution practically throughout the country. The men who have inaugurated this revolution for the destruction of States, and to prevent the restoration of the Union, will render their names as odious as that of Benedict Arnold. If there can be degrees in such crimes, they are the more criminal. If the President stands firm, as none doubts that he will, the number who refuse to come to the standard of the Union in his hands, will be a detested and comparatively small faction. Hundreds of thousands of Democrats who have supported these revolutionists, under the delusion that they were working for the *Union*, now see that they were helping the base traitors to destroy both the *Union* and the *Government*. Those who went in for *old America*, and come out with a spiteful and treasonous concern called *new America*, and a political amalgamation of negroes and base white men, will never forget or forgive the cunning villains who have deceived them. "Common sense dictates" that all true men, North and South, should stand firmly by the true and sacred principles embodied in that splendid government of our fathers. The time of their complete triumph will surely come. Wait in hope. Cir-

culate documents. Print papers full of the truth. Watch, and work, and the redemption will come at last!

In conclusion, we wish to say that this article is no more addressed to the people of the South than of the North. We speak to our countrymen of all sections. All must, in the end, share a common destiny. The North cannot govern the South with despotic rule without becoming a despotism itself. There is no way in which the northern people can consent that the people of the South shall be despotically governed, without also, at last, bringing their own necks under the same yoke. There is no way for the northern people to strip the people of the South of the sacred right of self-government, without also stripping themselves of the same right. While helping the Federal Congress to become the master of those people, they are also making a master for themselves. This is the "new Americanism" of which Mr. Wood speaks, the *master of the American people!* Blistered be the tongue that counsels conforming to such an atrocious doctrine! Conform to no principle that did not belong to our system of government before the war! and trust to law and justice to bring us securely back to the immortal foundations laid by our fathers.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

[BY FANNY MURDAUGH DOWNING.]

The sun has fallen cold and deep,
  The night wind moans in murmurs low;
We've marched all day as only those
  Who follow Stonewall Jackson go.

I bore it all with patient strength,
  And cheered my men with spirits light;
Bear with me if within my heart,
  I feel a little sad to-night.

I'm thinking of my distant home,
  That Eden spot of earth to me,
And something comes across my eyes
  I would not like my men to see.

I shut them tight, while o'er my mind,
  As in the old magician's glass,
My life, with all its varied scenes,
  In fitful shadows seem to pass.

I see myself a happy child,
  With spirits light, untouched by pain,
I laugh and shout in sportive glee,
  A merry-hearted boy again.

The boy has changed into a man;
A glowing beam, from heaven above,
Illumes my life, and on it sheds
The golden light of youth's first love.

A fairy vision fills the glass,
And holds my sense in rapt delight,
I see her in her loveliness,
As on our happy bridal night.

From out her snowy, mist-like veil
Her soft eyes shine with starry ray,
While pearls and orange blossoms gleam
On neck and brow more pure than they.

We kneel before the altar now,
I hold her little trembling hand,
And vow a vow for life and death,
Then seal it with a golden band.

Oh! life of love and happiness!
Oh! days of pure, unearthly bliss!
How dark your purple memory makes
The horrors of a night like this!

I want you, darling—oh! I faint
And shrink before my bitter cup;
Come cheer me with your higher thoughts;
Come bear my drooping spirits up.

She comes, she takes me to her heart,
And in low accents, soft and mild,
She lulls my wearied frame to rest,
And soothes me like a little child.

She fills my soul with aims sublime—
She cheers me, then her mission wrought,
She kneels and prays to God for me,
And leaves me all alone with thought.

Not drooping now, but all imbued
With thought to suffer and be strong—
To shape my life in noble acts,
In shielding right, in crushing wrong.

The trumpet sounds! To arms my men!
Our haughty foes in triumph come.
We'll meet them with a welcome fierce,
Our battle cry, "The Loved at Home!

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER VII.

Secret Service.

On leaving the Seely mansion, Captain Randolph hastened down the avenue, and soon met one of his pickets, who held his horse, the picket himself being mounted.

"All quiet, Rains?"

"As a mouse when the cat is about, sir; but"—the man paused.

"But what?"

"You see that it has grown very dark since you went in, there is a storm coming up, and a man can hardly see his hand before him; but now and then it lightens, and in a flash just now I thought I saw a man running towards the house."

"I met a negro just now."

"This was a white man, in citizen's dress," responded the picket emphatically. "His face was as white as a sheet. I am looking now in the direction in which I saw him. When the next flash comes I may see him again."

"Well, keep a sharp eye, Rains. I am running down to the old hotel for a while. If anything unusual transpires, let me know at once."

He had turned his horse, and driven his spurs into the animal's flanks when a keen flash of lightning darted from a mass of clouds, and for an instant brilliantly illuminated the avenue.

Randolph saw nothing more than might have been expected, but a shrill, subdued whistle from his picket arrested his progress, and he immediately reined his horse by his side.

"What is it?"

"Speak low, sir. I saw him again. He was standing still, facing this way."

"How far off?"

"Hard to tell, unless acquainted with the grounds and position of the trees; but I should think not more than a hundred yards."

"You are sure he is not one of our men?"

"I know it, sir."

"Then we will watch for the next flash," said Randolph, as he bent his gaze into the dreary darkness.

The flash came at length, keen and searching, and both of the watchers detected a pale face looking not towards them, but towards the mansion.

"I know the man! It is Leighton the Spy," whispered Randolph. "Hold my horse. I shall try him again." And dismounting in haste, he was about to plunge into the darkness when another flash revealed the scene, and showed no trace of any form save that of the trees.

"It would be useless to attempt his capture now," thought Randolph, "and my friends in the house need instant attention. Besides, this fellow, Leighton, is a condemned and escaped spy, and is to be hanged as soon as caught,

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

and somehow I do not relish the business. Let him pass for the time. If any of my men capture him I cannot help it. Well," he continued aloud, "I will mount and attend to my first purpose. Keep good watch," and with these words he bounded away, the hoofs of his charger striking sparks of fire at every leap. He soon reached his first picket near the tavern, and exchanging the countersign passed rapidly on and dismounted at the door, where he found Mynheer Schampfer bowing as politely to his 'rebel' guests as he had to the discomfited Federals.

Randolph hurried through the bar-room, merely exchanging glances with the portly host, and ascending the stairs, paused before a door at which he knocked the same rap that had so much alarmed Mynheer Schampfer earlier in the evening.

"Enter," said a firm, feminine voice within, and obeying, Randolph stood in the presence of Mrs. Schampfer, the "rebel wife" of the host.

She was a tall, thin and resolute-featured woman, with very black eyes and pale complexion, an Alabamian by birth, proud, stern, grown callous in many of the softer traits of the female character, having no affection, sympathy, or congeniality of disposition with her husband, but regarding him as a fate imposed by the false pride of her parents, who had linked her to him because he was rich, though when she wedded him he was a graceful, good-looking man.

Madam Schampfer, as she was usually addressed had but two strong passions, love, blind, intense, excessive love for the South, and intense, bitter, unsparing hate for the North.

She had her likes and dislikes, but coldly, sternly, indifferently. Habit of years had reconciled her to the society of her husband, who feared her, and loved her—next to his money-bags. She had some natural affection for her daughter, a personage yet to be introduced to the reader; but her love for her was a mere feeling in comparison with her love for her country, and she would have given a thousand sons, were they her's, to fight and fall for that beloved country. Once she had a son, and many thought that she had loved him more than any other human being, though her love, even for him, had never been demonstrative. But that son was dead, frozen to death, report said, in a northern prison. But when the intelligence reached her that he was captured, she received the information with the sneering remark, "I am sorry that any son of mine has lived to surrender to a Yankee."

When further news reached her that her son was wounded to insensibility when captured, she smiled and said, "That is better news than the last."

When the report came that he was dead, this stern matron raised her haughty head to its fullest height and cried: "Better far for him to have died in his country's cause than to have lived a coward at home."

But when the report was confirmed, with the additional particulars of his death, frozen to death in a Yankee prison, with five others, on a bare stone floor and an empty stove, while the commandant of the prison revelled with his fellows, a fierce cry of rage, like the scream of a tigress robbed of her young, thrilled from her tongue, and the curse upon the men of the North which pealed from her quivering lips, rang like the shrill blast of a

trumpet; not a tear, nor a sigh, nor a groan for the dead one, but a deep and undying resolve for vengeance upon the living.

But with all this intense hatred of the Federals, she had never placed herself within their power, and beyond suspicion, they could allege nothing against her.

This, then, was the occupant of the room as Randolph entered.

"Back, so soon, Captain Randolph! Has that wretch been already recaptured, or have you so soon abandoned the pursuit?"

"Neither, madam; but I have found two friends of ours in great necessity, two days without food, one a wounded officer, the other a delicate young lady. You know them well—Colonel Seely and his daughter."

"And where are they, and why did they not accompany you?"

"Col. Seely objected."

"Ah, and I know why," interrupted madam, with a gloomy look. "It is a dreadful thing to have remorse upon the mind; but for that—but for that many a Federal had supped his last beneath this roof. I have not come to that yet, but I feel the time is approaching. Where did you say our friends are?"

"At the Seely mansion."

"Their wants shall be attended to; but here is the only flag beneath which the South can win this unequal struggle, and I am praying for the day when our chicken-hearted Congress shall feel bold enough to order it to be carried into every battle."

She stepped quickly to a closet and produced a large flag of black silk.

"This flag, the black flag, and its motto, 'no quarter!' would win the fight."

Her black eyes flashed as she spoke, and her handsome, though faded features glowed with the ineffable hate in her soul.

Randolph shook his heed decidedly, and a slight frown gathered on his brow.

"No, madam, may I never live to see my country proclaim to Christendom that she has relapsed from chivalry to barbarism. Let us fight as becomes a great and magnanimous people, not as outlaws, as pirates."

"Chivalry!" sneered Madam Schampfer, as she tossed the ebon-hued banner of death back into its gloomy hiding-place. "Our chivalry is made a scoff and a jest by the jackal Abolitionists of the North! Those human hyenas who dig up the bones of dead great men, and gnaw them to satisfy their insatiate hunger for destruction and defamation. Chivalry! They laugh at it, and when our men, prompted by chivalry, spare their wounded and prisoners, burn not their homes, treat well their wives and children, they sneer at us, and say that we dare not retaliate. Outlaws and pirates! They proclaim us as such. As well the gain as the name. Oh! Randolph, you are too tender-hearted for this war. What! heard you not how, the other day, a young southern lady in South Carolina, because she refused to unlock her bureau at the command of a Federal soldier, was shot down like a dog? Shall we endure all this, and hug chivalry? Have I not seen, here in this town, old, white-haired, palsied men, harmless, inoffensive, of high character, hanged by the neck, once, twice,

thrice, until left senseless, by these Federals seeking imaginary hoards? Have I not seen feeble women, about to be mothers, cruelly throttled, kicked, beaten with muskets, slapped in the face, pounded with fists, flogged with iron ramrods, spit upon, cursed, by those Federals; and all for what? Because their husbands were in the 'rebel' army. Do outlaws or pirates do worse than this? And must I submit and worship—chivalry?"

"Madam," said Randolph, "it is true that all these deeds have been perpetrated by Federal soldiers upon citizens of our unfortunate country, but let us remember that it is impossible in such vast armies, footing up over a million of men, there should not be some who are a shame to humanity. One moment, madam; I am not defending the policy of the North. She uses and advocates an ungenerous policy, a policy by which her leaders and her people must know that millions of inoffensive and helpless people must suffer, and in many cases perish. But because the North, in the persons of her military barbarians, has outraged the laws and customs of civilized warfare, is no sufficient cause why the South, as a nation, should declare herself savage. No; let us fight the battle even to the bitter end, as a brave and honorable, though unfortunate people, and leave no stain upon our memory at which posterity shall blush, and history grow pale. And if we fail, let us accept our fate with calm resignation and proud sufferance. But, madam, excuse me; my time is precious."

"Here comes tidings of some kind," interrupted Madam Schampfer, as a rap was heard at the door. "Come in." As she spoke the last words, the door was opened, and a youth, apparently fourteen or fifteen years of age, clad in well-made but loosely fitting clothes, entered.

He started back as he caught the clear and intelligent eye of Randolph fixed inquiringly upon him, and seemed greatly embarrassed until Madam Schampfer called out, in a severe and warning tone:

"Ralph, this is Captain Randolph, of the Randolph Rangers. Have you any papers, news, tidings?"

Randolph, who was much struck by the timid manner of the boy, and his gentle, blue eyes, as he lifted them to his face for a moment, and then gazed upon the floor, paused, expecting to hear him speak; but the lad remained silent, gave Madam Schampfer a package, and then was about to retire from the room, when a sharp glance from the lady arrested his steps. He retired to a chair in a remote part of the room, where the shadow was deep, and thus baffled the scrutiny of Randolph, in whose retentive and cautious memory was revolving the thought, "where have I seen this boy before?"

Madam Schampfer stepped to the door, called a servant, sent some message to her husband regarding the Seelys, and then returning to the lamp burning upon the table, broke open the package.

It contained several northern newspapers, which she threw aside, and a small and apparently blank piece of paper. She grasped this paper, and placing it in a basin, poured water upon it from a pitcher standing near. Then holding the paper close to the light of the lamp, she first read in si-

lence and then aloud :

"Camp of the Enemy.

"Stewart, with a force of ten thousand cavalry, is surrounded by three times his strength. He is trying to retreat, but the force in his rear is pushing him closely, and on his flanks; moving parallel with him are forces superior to his own, aiming to unite in his front. His situation is extremely dangerous. If Captain Randolph can be reached, let him leave all other business and join Stewart. A force of ten thousand cavalry, under Sheridan, will pass through Bratton to-morrow night. "Thursday."

"Important, if true," remarked Randolph, with a smile ;" but who is the writer ?"

"Do you recognize the pen ?" asked Madam Schampfer, placing the note in his hand. He glanced at it closely and then exclaimed :

"Belle Boyd ! Then the intelligence is true, and I must hasten to join Stewart. But the Seelys"—

As he uttered the name, the lad Ralph lifted his face from his hands, and darted an eager glance towards the Captain.

"The Seelys should not be in Bratton when Sheridan the burner comes through," said Madam, thoughtfully. "Black Rasp belongs to that command, or once did ; I think he has a roving ticket at present."

"I think he has, at *present*," said Randolph, with a meaning smile, and was about to say more when the lad Ralph arose and handed him a slip of paper, written on in pencil, with these words :

"Captain Randolph is in danger. Before midnight Sheridan's advance will be in Bratton. "PLATONA."

"Who gave you this, my son ?" asked Randolph.

But Ralph merely shook his head and retired to his corner.

"Ralph, who is my nephew," said Madam Schampfer, "can hear but not speak. He has been mutilated in palate since his birth. But what says the note, over which you seem quite surprised ?"

Randolph read it aloud, and then said, in a wondering tone, "This is the third time that I have received warning from this same person, 'Platona,' and I am wholly ignorant of the writer. But each warning, hitherto, has saved me from great danger. 'Platona' is my very good though unknown friend, and he or she has Randolph's warmest thanks for the interest manifested in his welfare. If this unknown friend is a man, I yearn to prove for him my friendship and gratitude. If it is a woman"—he paused, for the image of Bertha Seely rose in his mind. But Madam Schampfer, with as near an approach to a smile as she ever made, added : "You will love her."

Randolph smiled in return, but made no reply, still gazing at the note he held in his hand.

The eyes of the lad Ralph were eagerly fastened upon his handsome face, and an expression of sadness seemed to fall upon his features as he remarked the silence of the Captain.

"Let me see the note," said Madam Schampfer ; "perhaps I may recognize the hand."

The boy Ralph was about to start forward, as he saw the lady's fingers grasp the note, but he sank back undemonstrative in his chair.

A deep frown gathered on the brow of Madam Schampfer, as she perused

the tiny slip of paper, but whether from secret emotion or the dimness of the penciling, did not appear. She gravely returned the paper, with a slight accent of sarcasm in her tone as she said:

"A pretty, girlish hand, and admirable for its kind intention; but I fear 'Platona' will prove to be a maiden giving her love unsought."

"A maiden!" replied Randolph. "I am not so fortunate in winning favors as you would intimate—but I must away to give quick attention to Platona's hint; but, madam, you had better look to yourself, for the Federals are beginning to feel quite suspicious."

"I do not fear them," returned Madam Schampfer, scornfully. "It is true that they may burn this old house and destroy what we have here, but my husband has a long head, and the great bulk of his property is in Europe. Personal violence I may receive at their hands, but they can do no more than kill me."

"But, madam, you have a fair daughter; I saw her a few months ago. The raiders of the North are sometimes rough."

"Sometimes, indeed," said madam, with a glance of fire. "But my daughter, if aught shall befall her, can remember that her only brother died, was murdered for the cause. Oh, Randolph, could we but see into their prisons, think you that we could not return with a thousand fold interest all the outcry they raise over the hardships of southern prisons? But I detain you. Do not be uneasy as regards the Seelys, though it is my advice that they quit Bratton at once. Some Yankee marauder was shot by Mosby's men the other day, after fair and impartial trial, and the gallant Hampton has meted tardy justice to several others, so that the Federals are fierce in their threats of retaliation. Should so noble a prey as Colonel Seely fall into their hands, the mercy that he would receive would be the bullet."

"I will warn him, but I fear that I cannot move him," said Randolph. "But, adieu; I go to recall the pursuit. I fear the usual fortune of Black Rasp has carried him clear. I may not see you again."

"The God of Battles guard you, my gallant Randolph," said madam, as she grasped the hand of the soldier. "I am sorry that our plans to capture this Rasp have thus far failed, but I shall not rest till his head is in the dust. Farewell."

Randolph bowed and departed, but his farewell glance noticed the large, beaming eyes of the lad Ralph were fixed upon with an intensity of expression which he failed to comprehend.

"Ralph," said madam, in a severe tone, as the sound of Randolph's retiring footsteps ceased.

"Mother," was the timid reply.

"Ralph is my nephew, and has no right to call me mother," continued madam, in a tone still more severe.

"Aunt," said Ralph, in the same timid tone.

"You have passed through the enemy's lines, and have been to Washington."

"Yes, aunt."

"And saw Abraham Lincoln and all the great leaders of this mighty invasion?"

"I saw them all."

"You managed to pry into their secret meetings, their most confidential plans?"

"Your commands have been obeyed to the very letter, aunt."

"You were not suspected?"

"Never."

"In a few words, then, what new scheme have they hatched against my unfortunate country?"

"Grant is to continue the fight against Lee; Mead is to be removed; Sherman is to take Atlanta, and if he cannot hold it, to pierce to the seaboard, cutting the Confederacy in two. A great army is to sweep from the Mississippi to aid Sherman. No exchange of prisoners."

"You have full particulars of these plans?"

Ralph drew a packet from his bosom, and laid it before madam.

"Ralph, the Federals are to be in Bratton by dawn. You must not be seen. Ralph must not be in Bratton. Let your cousin Julia know that I wish to see her as soon as possible."

Ralph retired, leaving madam plunged in her packet of letters. With nimble hand she made extracts from each, as she read; sometimes with a dark and lowering brow, and at others with a scornful smile. "More men wanted," she muttered, "half a million more of men of the North to crush the rebellion. Half a million more muskets to make half a million more southern hearts desolate. Mobile to be attacked; Savannah, too. New levies secretly making in Europe; where is Greeley and his nine hundred thousand Wide-Awakes?"

Thus commenting and annotating, madam concluded her rapid perusal, folded the various letters into another packet, and sealed it; and then, in a bold, masculine hand addressed it to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Richmond, Va. As she laid down her pen, a gentle rap sounded at the door, and then entered a fair-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful girl, about seventeen years of age. Her features were perfect in their regularity, with a marked family resemblance in the mouth and brow to Madam Schampfer; and, withal their gentle softness, there was a look of calm resolution in the deep blue eyes, and about the curling nostril, of medium hight and admirable proportion; great elegance in movement and poise of the elastic form, Julia Schampfer was a girl of unusual beauty.

She was plainly but neatly clad in homespun, for the pride of her mother insisted upon her being clad in the general fabric used by the daughters of the blockaded South. Her complexion was brilliant and roseate, of the purest Saxon tint, made still more dazzling by the bandlan of black velvet which crossed the upper part of a ligh and spotless forehead.

She glided into the apartment, and timidly pressed a kiss upon her mother's cheek.

The stern woman did not seem to notice the gentle caress, but gazed severely upon her.

"Julia, Ralph presented to Captain Randolph a note signed 'Platona.' That note was, I firmly believe, written in this room. Now tell me, is not 'Platonia' Julia Schampfer?"

Julia made no reply, but blushed painfully, the tell-tale blood rushing in a volume to her fair and transparent cheeks, brow and neck. She dropped her eyes until the long lashes swept the burning cheek, and her bosom swelled with emotion.

"I am not answered," continued madam, in a stern tone. "Tell me, is not 'Platona' Julia Schampfer?"

"As much as Julia Schampfer is Ralph Blayman," was the indirect affirmative.

"Ralph Blayman is Ralph Blayman," said madam, as her nervous fingers played with her keys, and Iknow all about him. But answer my question —yes or no."

"Yes, mother, I am 'Platona.'"

"Very well; now I am satisfied—now I can speak to the point. Does 'Platona' know that Captain Randolph is betrothed to Bertha Seely?"

"She has heard so, mother."

"And that Captain Randolph loves her as the apple of his eye?"

The lovely read faded from the beautiful cheeks, and they suddenly grew ghastly pale. The drooping lids flew up, and the great, blue eyes burned angrily, as they looked the mother steadily in the face. The full, pouting, red lips grew thin, pale and compressed.

"I have heard that also, mother," and the timid, girlish tone, had changed o a shrill, harsh whisper.

"And is it possible that a daughter of mine dares try to win the love that is pledged to another?" demanded madam, with great bitterness.

"Did you ever love, mother?"

The question was unexpected, and cut to the heart, and Madam Schampfer, completely surprised, faltered:

"Your father—he—that is—"

Julia smiled, not a disrespectful but a very doubting smile, and continued:

"But neither you nor I have ever heard that 'Platona' loves Capt. Randolph."

"Then why does she take so great an interest in him? Why does she send him these warnings?"

"Have you not done the same, mother? Have you not sent warnings to hundreds? Is not that packet there a warning to our Secretary of State?"

"It is from love of my country that I do it," retorted madam, "and they all know the one who warns them. Silence, Julia. It is useless to prevaricate. You love Captain Randolph, and a more worthy, a nobler, a better man does not live. You asked me just now if I had ever loved. Oh, Julia, it is wrong, very wrong, for a daughter to attempt to lift the veil a mother wears over her heart. Do not speak; I forgive you. I have loved, Julia, and when women like me love they love for life, for eternity. My love was not returned—I know not why, for I was not without beauty; and it is the remembrance of the heart misery entailed upon my soul by that unreturned love which makes me now so opposed to your loving Captain Randolph. He does not love you; he scarcely knows that such a being exists; he devotedly loves Bertha Seely; she returns his love; she is more beautiful than you; nay, do not toss your head. I am your mother, and for all my sternness I am proud of your beauty; but I tell you your beauty cannot compete with that of Bertha Seely. It is of a different style, and will not please Captain Randolph."

"For all that," thought Julia, incensed at this disparagement of her charms, "I love him, and detest Bertha Seely. I feel a pleasure in such feeling."

"I know your thoughts, my daugh-

ter," said madam, shaking her head, "but you are wrong, very wrong. Yet," she said to herself, "how useless it is to attempt to coerce nature! Julia loves Randolph, and will not listen to reason; what girl ever did?"

Her musing was interrupted by the loud blast of a trumpet, and then, afar off, like the rolling of distant thunder, sounded the boom of cannon.

"That is Randolph's trumpet," exclaimed Julia.

"And that is a Yankee cannon," said madam, as both left the room to look forth upon the stormy night, from the upper piazza.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Spy.

The night had become one of storm and intense darkness, and though the rain had not yet begun to fall, the frequent glare of terrific lightning revealed the menacing masses of inky-black clouds lowering over the entire expanse of the heavens, and the sharp rattle of the quick thunder's peal spoke in awful tones of the approaching deluge; and as Julia and her mother stepped upon the verandah, a flash which seemed to fill the earth, air and sky with flame, blazed forth with a crash that hurled the daughter in terror upon her knees.

"Are you struck, Julia, or is it fear that makes you crouch and cling to my dress?" said Madam Schampfer, in her calmest tone.

"Oh, what a dreadful roar! what a shock! for an instant I thought my soul was driven from my body!" exclaimed the trembling girl, as she rose to her feet and pressed her hands to her eyes.

"Then you are not hurt, but scared," remarked Madam Schampfer, coldly, and with a slight sneer in her tone.

"And is it possible, mother, that you are not frightened?" cried Julia.

"Did you see that faint flash, far off towards the North coast?" asked madam, in reply. "Wait a moment and you will hear the only thunder that I fear."

There was no mistaking the dull and sullen boom of the distant gun, apparently speaking its muffled defiance of elemental wrath.

"The thunder of Sheridan's cannon is the only thunder that can quicken my pulse," said madam, with fierce earnestness, "and not because I fear him or any of Yankee blood and breed, but because it heralds the ruthless approach of my country's invaders. Oh! Julia, that Heaven had made me a man, with a man's strength of frame! then had I fought this arrogant, pitiless foe upon his own opulent soil; there would have been rare retaliation then, Julia. But I am a woman, weak and frail, and must content my yearning soul with playing a spider's role, weaving and spinning webs to entrap mere flies—blue-bottles!" she added, in high scorn, and with bitter emphasis. "Perhaps some day my web may entangle the greatest wasp of them all. God grant it."

She continued to mutter her thoughts, but her daughter could not trace them, though she well knew they were dark and aspiring.

Another flash, a roar, and then the boom of the distant gun.

"Coward!" said madam. "He is feeling his way as he crawls. He trembles lest every ravine, every cluster of trees may conceal the rebels he affects to despise. There again, ano-

ther gun, answering the last—and yonder red light—see how it increases—some helpless soldier's wife or widow is weeping there as she sees her beloved home wrapped in flame by the invader's unsparing torch. And yonder rises a beacon rocket, hissing hate and ruin as it leaps to the sky; and see again, far to the left, rocket answers rocket; and there on the right glows the red fire of another burning southern home. And there speaks Randolph's trumpet. Heaven grant that he may escape from the toils."

"And there rises a rocket far south of town," cried Julia, who had reached the west end of the piazza and turned her eyes towards the South.

"Bratton is doubtless surrounded," replied her mother, "but I have had no intelligence of any heavy Yankee force in that direction."

"Perhaps it is Kilpatrick," said Julia, but her mother made no reply, continuing to regard the various phases of the night in angry silence.

The clatter of horses feet now began to fall sharply and increasingly upon the ear, and soon after the quick, firm tones of Randolph, as he formed his troop, and suddenly wheeled his force so as to span the street.

"What means that rocket in our rear?" Julia heard him say, as he reined his horse at the tavern front.

"The enemy. We are surrounded," answered a voice.

"I meant to give him a brush, as a favor, before retiring," replied Randolph, calmly, "but it appears that he wants to force one upon me. Lieutenant, are any of the men missing?"

"No one but Ransom Huckleberry, sir, and unless he reports very soon he may be found hanging on a bush to-morrow."

"A bush! Say a tree, and that of the largest. None other could hold him," replied Randolph, laughingly.

"Private Rains is also missing."

"Here is his horse in line," cried a voice, as a keen flash illumined the scene, "but no rider—and the saddle is wet with something that feels very like blood."

"Bring a torch here, Mynheer Schampfer, and let Rains's horse be led up," commanded Randolph, feeling uneasy as he remembered the spy in the avenue.

"Mit der bleasure, mit all der bleasure," cried the host, as he swung his huge fist upon the chaps of a staring "American citizen of African descent." "Avay mit ye, and pring te dorches, te dorches—quick, quick, nigga."

A torch, flaring and blazing angrily, was instantly produced, and Randolph at a glance upon the saddle of the riderless steed saw that it was wet with blood."

A cry of rage burst from the Confederate troop, as the fact became known, for the missing man was a favorite, brave, mild, and generous.

"I have business at the Seely mansion," exclaimed Randolph. "Lieutenant, detail a squad of six from the right of the troop to follow me at once. Do you take command here until my return. Should the enemy suddenly appear, rally on the mansion; it is in that direction we must retreat, and it is there that we will wait the enemy's advance. What is the matter, Mynheer?"

"Dere is two dead Federals just inside of mine borch, and me likes not so

much as any someting—"

"I understand, Mynheer," said Randolph, as he drove his spurs into his horse. "You do not wish that any of their friends, who will soon be here, shall find Yankee dead in mine inn. You are right. Squad, forward!"

The clatter of hoofs following his words proved that Randolph had galloped off towards the Seely mansion. His rapid pace soon carried him into its avenue, and he halted as he passed its gateless entrance. In a moment after he was joined by his guard, to whom he gave some brief order in a low voice, and then hurrying on, dismounted at the steps leading up to the main door of the house.

He had barely placed his foot upon the threshold when a flash of lightning gleaming keenly, illumining every object with the minuteness of mid day, disclosed a broad knife held within a hand's breadth of his throat.

"Randolph! Great God!" exclaimed he who grasped the knife.

"Leighton, the spy!" cried Randolph, as he, almost as quick in his movements as the flash that had saved his life, grasped the wrist of the other, and placed the point of his sword against the breast of the spy. "Stir, and my sabre goes through you to the hilt," he ejaculated in a rapid, fierce tone.

"Better die by your sword than by the cord," retorted Leighton, in a tone of bitter despair, though he made no movement of resistance, and indeed it would have been sheer madness to attempt to escape from the iron pressure of those nervous fingers, as they clasped about his thin wrist like bands of living steel.

All was intense darkness, and neither could read the countenance of the other, but though the eye was useless, the ear told Randolph that his captive was fearfully agitated, doubtless with terror.

"Your life is forfeited by the laws of war," continued Randolph, sternly.

"I am within the Federal lines," said Leighton, in his whispering tone.

"You have slain or made away with one of my troop but now, and I take you in the act of attempting to stab me in the dark. You are an assassin."

"Had I suspected that it was you, Captain Randolph, I would sooner have taken my own miserable life than yours," replied Leighton, with a depth of earnestness in his voice which fell strangely upon Randolph's ear.

"I am highly favored," said he, sarcastically. "But my duty demands that I shall see justice done. You shall have a fair and impartial trial. But first tell me, have you killed Rains?"

"If you mean a man who attempted to arrest me, a few minutes ago," replied Leighton, "I can safely assert that he is not dead, but badly wounded. I stabbed him in self-defence. You would have done the same."

"Where is he?"

"I left him where he found me, under the thorn-hedge in the rear of this house."

"You are bold, and it well befits the calling of a spy. Come, I must see your face. Face about—the stairs are behind you. We will mount to a room above where there is a light."

"In the presence of Bertha Seely! But let it be so."

"You seem very well acquainted with that lady, from the manner in which you use her name; but go up; the point of my sword is between your

shoulder-blades, and it shall come out at your breast if you attempt an escape. Ah, there comes a light from above."

As he uttered the last words, Bertha Seely appeared at the head of the stairs, bearing a candle. She shaded her eyes from the glare of the light, and gazed wonderingly upon the scene below. Leighton, in the unrelaxing grasp of the Confederate Captain, slowly and reluctantly ascended the stairs, bending his eyes towards the earth, and holding his head much lower than was necessary merely to guide his footsteps. His imprisoned hand, painfully twisted by his captor's grasp, still clutched the broad-bladed knife which had so severely wounded the trooper Rains, but his left hand was unarmed, and grasped the balustrade as he ascended.

"What!—whom have you there, William?" asked Bertha, as she recognized the Captain."

"A dangerous fellow, I assure you," replied Randolph, as they reached the hall above. "But I must see Colonel Seely immediately, Bertha; no time is to be lost. Listen! You hear Sheridan's cannon. As for this fellow, he has not long to live."

Bertha Seely's experience of the sharp practice of war had not so habituated her to its horrors as to prevent her from casting a glance of pity upon the man who apparently stood so near the brink of an infamous grave, and as she did so she caught his own piercing eye riveted upon her face. She recoiled involuntarily from the intensity of hate for herself which gleamed unconcealed from those keen orbs, and a shudder of indefinable fear thrilled her frame for a moment, but in the next instant the boldness of the gaze was resented as an insult, and the hot southern blood that swelled her veins flew to her face with an angry flush.

"He has a bold and impertinent look," she said, turning away scornfully. "It is a pity that one seemingly so old should be so impolite, and," she added, with a glance full of meaning, as she again faced the captive, "so impolitic."

The grizzly beard concealed the sneer which the tone revealed, as Leighton replied:

"I am in great danger, I well know, but I shall never owe my life to Bertha Seely, I fervently pray."

"You know me, then?"

"Very well," was the curt reply.

By this time they had entered the apartment occupied by Col. Seely, and as they did so, Randolph freed his captive, saying:

"Place yourself in that corner for a moment—so. Now if you attempt to escape, a bullet will very soon object to your hasty departure. He sheathed his sabre, and placed his hand menacingly upon his repeater.

"Col. Seely, this is a well-known and thrice condemned spy; you have heard of him, his name is Leighton."

"Leighton!" exclaimed the Colonel, raising himself upon his elbow, and staring eagerly at the captive. "Leighton—the friend of John Rasp—the most untiring enemy I ever had! Randolph, if any fellow ever deserved hanging, this rascal does. For all the injury that he has done to me and mine I forgive him, but for his persistent efforts to ruin the hopes of my country I can not. But as he is in my presence I would like to learn from him why he

has marked me for his persecution"

"How have I ever persecuted you, Colonel Seely?" demanded Leighton.

"How? That is cool effrontery from a man who winds and unwinds the brain of John Rasp, as a woman does a thread upon her finger. You know that Rasp hunts me to the death, or would if he could," said the Colonel, with a grim smile of defiance, "and you are the drawer of all his plans. Come, I know all this, and if you deny it I shall despise you more than I do."

"I do not deny it."

"You are bold; I esteem you for it," replied the Colonel, "but I cannot divine a cause for your personal animosity to me."

"Colonel," interrupted Randolph, "excuse me for breaking in upon your investigation. Listen, you hear that."

"I have heard it several times; it is the report of cannon."

"True, Colonel, and I have cause to fear that we are almost surrounded by the Federals."

"Federals! Call them Yankees," cried the Colonel. "Call them anything you please, but do not dignify Sheridan's hordes by that honored name."

"You cannot mean to remain to be captured by them, call them what you please," replied Randolph. "Remember that your daughter—"

"Ah, my dear Randolph, my daughter will not remain. She shall accompany you."

"If you remain, father, I must remain with you," said Bertha, firmly.

The Colonel bestowed a glance of love and pride upon his daughter, and perceiving the unalterable resolve imprinted upon her lovely features, replied, though with great reluctance:

"So be it. We will both remain, Randolph."

A cloud gathered upon Randolph's brow, and his foot tapped the floor restively.

"Colonel," he continued, after a short pause, "I appreciate the chivalric sentiments which prompt you to remain, and were you alone concerned, I would not presume to advise in this matter; but the safety of one inexpressibly dear to both of us," he bowed to Bertha, who remained with her eyes fixed upon her father's face, "demands that she shall not be exposed to the rude treatment of Sheridan's troopers. She cannot—I would not ask her—leave her father upon what he believes to be his dying bed. Reflect for a moment upon the dreadful fate which has befallen many a woman, maid and matron, at the hands of a lawless and infuriated soldiery."

The Colonel closed his eyes and groaned. "Randolph, for weeks of torture I have firmly believed that this wound will prove fatal, and have prayed to live only to breathe my last within the walls of this room. I have been spared to reach this beloved spot, and shall I leave it now because these detested enemies of my country may taunt my final agonies? Never! If I am to die, death will be sweet here. Bertha has ever been a dutiful daughter. I cannot recall the time when she has refused to obey me."

He fixed his eyes imploringly upon his child, whose features began to betray the emotions a strong spirit in vain endeavored to hide.

"Father," she said, kneeling and taking both of his hands in hers, and

laying her tearful face upon his bosom, "do not put me to this trial. I cannot leave you."

A dark form, hitherto crouched near the hearth, and unnoticed by all, crept softly forward, and placed his hand reverently upon the hem of Bertha's robe.

"Young missus, listen to old Abram. Massa de Kurnel will never say go way to you—mind dat. He knows dat you will do what you nebber had afore-time done do—disumbay him—and dat would kill him right dar, straight off. Spar de ole man de trial. De trial is more for him dan de young missus. Miss Bersie, do as your dead mother told you ebber and always to do; make light de cares ob your fader. He gwine to die, he say; may be so, may be no; but 'spose he die, what good young missus agwine to be to him den? 'Spose he lib, as I truss um may, how he feel to see his dear chile pulled and hauled, an' all dat, afore his eyes, and he tied down to see it. He die in dat ten million times."

"Abram is right," said Randolph.

"More dan dat," resumed Abram. "Among dem dat's comin—hear de gun agin?—dar is nigger cavalry."

"Yes," broke in the Colonel, fiercely, "not satisfied with filling their armies with the ruffians of the old world, and the scum of the new, our civilized foe swells his ranks with hordes of brutal blacks, that no insult, no outrage may be spared the unfortunate South."

"And an officer among dem nigger cavalry is your ole runaway nigger Shadrach."

"Great heavens!" cried the Colonel, "is that monster approaching this house? Bertha, my child, I entreat, I command you to fly, and at once."

"Shadrach! Shadrach!" murmured Bertha, shuddering, and covering her eyes.

"Shadrach, young missus, who, fore he ran away dared talk of my young missus's beauty."

"Abram!" cried Bertha, angrily, but growing white with the emotions of horror suggested by the words of the faithful Abram.

"Means all for de best, my dear young missus," said Abram, deprecatingly.

"The hound of darkness," said the Colonel. "No better servant had I than Shadrach, until Yankee emissaries told him that he was at least the equal of the white man, and to aspire to—pah! it is too horrible for a Virginian to utter. I detected him in a plot to make a bloody rising among the blacks; the fiends had already drawn lots for a division of our property, and even of our women. The success of such damnable schemes would be called most righteous judgment by the Abolitionist divines of Holy Puritania. Bertha, if you love me, my child, obey me."

"Oh, my father, my dear father! to be forced to leave you, and you perhaps dying!" She pressed her lips in passionate kisses to his eyes, his lips, and his hands. "Oh, must I go? Must I leave you, dear, dear father? Duty bids me go, and duty bids me stay! What shall I do, oh, my father?"

"Be firm, my child. Never let me live to behold, to know, that child of mine has been insulted by negro soldiery. Will you grant me this prayer, my Bertha? Will you obey this command?"

"I must! I must!" murmured the weeping girl, her whole frame convulsed with sobs.

"To Randolph's care, then, I resign you, my noble-souled Bertha," said the Colonel, as he drew her to his bosom. Tears swelled from his eyes, and rolling down his furrowed cheeks, fell like jewels of love upon the bended neck of his daughter. Randolph averted his face with generous sorrow from the sad spectacle, and the aged servant, Abram, gazed with streaming eyes upon each alternately.

Motionless, but observant, in the distant corner, Leighton eyed the group with a cold and glittering eye, that gleamed from the obscurity of his position like the eye of a serpent reflecting flame. No emotion could be detected beneath his heavy beard and moustache, but the very intensity of his gaze, so cold and glittering, proved his great interest in all that was transpiring.

"Randolph," said the Colonel, drying his tears with a hasty but dignified gesture, "to you I commit all that I hold dear on earth. I would behold her your wife—there is a dignity in the very name which often defends feeble woman from the boldest. Remember, Bertha, to hasten to Atlanta, to seek David Elmore, and to secure the important papers of which I have told you."

"Atlanta, David Elmore, important papers," murmured Leighton, slightly leaning forward in his earnestness to hear more.

"The possession of these papers may secure to you the Scottish inheritance."

"Ah!" whispered, or rather sighed Leighton, so loudly that Randolph turned his glance upon him.

Leighton closed his eyes and shrank back into his corner, as if weary of the scene.

"Randolph, have you no chaplain in your troop?" asked the Colonel, suddenly. He felt the form of his daughter start in his embrace, but he pressed her nearer to his heart, as he awaited Randolph's reply.

"There is a chaplain in my troop, my dear Colonel, a good and worthy man, who left his quiet village to pursue his sacred calling amid the alarms of war. But he is a be ter fighter than preacher, if we judge from his success in the pulpit."

"None the worse preacher for being a good fighter," remarked the Colonel, grimly. "But we have no need of a sermon from him now. Do you intend to show fight to Sheridan's advance?"

"It was my intention to feel him slightly, but perhaps it would be wiser to retreat unobserved, if possible," said Randolph, anxious for the safety of Bertha. His speaking gaze, fixed upon her as he uttered these words, told her this, and her eloquent eyes returned his affectionate solicitude. Neither would she have that dear life exposed. The words of her father, though they could not add to the boundless love that filled her heart for Randolph, had seemed to her, and to Randolph too, a solemn ceremony, making everlasting the union of their souls—a rapture of hope often contemplated in the airy dreams of love, but never, till then, so vividly painted to their imaginations. The customary forms and church ritual of marriage could not have drawn their souls into dearer, nearer unison than

had the words of her father, Colonel Seely.

"Time presses," said the Colonel, "and Sheridan marches fast, where his only opposers are old men, women and children. It is my wish to see you married to my daughter; so please summon this chaplain, and let the ceremony be performed at once."

"And at the same time I will place this spy in the charge of a guard," said Randolph.

"Come, Mr Leighton; I am sorry for you, but must do my duty. Come, sir."

"From the tenor of your conversation, Captain Randolph, I presume you are immediately to be married," remarked Leighton, without moving from his corner.

"It little concerns you, sir," said Randolph, tartly.

"Perhaps not," replied Leighton, coldly. "But do you not know that I shall be put to death if placed in the hands of your men?"

"The laws of war pronounce your fate, sir; not I. You ran the risk; you must suffer the penalty. But this is wasting time."

"And will it be a pleasant remembrance for Captain Randolph and his fair bride, to recall the events of this night in future years, to remember that as they were made one in the sight of God, a fellow-being was being put to an infamous death?"

Leighton's voice rose as he spoke, and mounted to a sharp, shrill cry of warning, and the force of his appeal touched Randolph's heart, but to be merciful would let loose a most dangerous enemy of the Confederate arms—a foe thrice caught, and ever escaping to renew his pernicious career. Still Randolph's eye wandered, as if for advice, to the Colonel's.

"He is a rascal, a spy," said the latter, interpreting the glance. "I should think no more of ordering him to execution than of killing a snake."

"If it is consistent with your duty, Randolph, spare him," said Bertha.

"I have not asked the intercession of Bertha Seely," exclaimed Leighton, with a sharp gesture of disdain.

"I give it unasked, then," retorted Bertha, proudly.

"He does not deserve it, and I—"

"Stop, Captain Randolph," cried Leighton, as Randolph strode towards him with outstretched arm. "I wish to speak with Colonel Seely before I depart."

"With me? Alone?"

"Alone."

"I see you have your knife in your hand, but if you can stab me before I can shoot you, try it," said the Colonel, as he brought his repeater into position for instant use.

"I would not use it against you," said Leighton, as he buried the point of the knife in the floor, and advanced. "Allow me to whisper to you—if you fear—"

"Fear! you scoundrel!" roared the Colonel.

"Perhaps he has something important to communicate, father," said Bertha, "but I would not trust him."

"Fear! I fear such a thing as that!" muttered the Colonel. "Retire to the door, my daughter, with Randolph, and let this viper hiss in my ear. I suppose it is a great secret," he added.

"A most important one, which I ask you to keep for one hour only."

"Very well. Come on."

Randolph and Bertha withdrew to

the door, but kept their eyes fixed upon the movements of Leighton.

The latter drew close to the reclining officer, and bending down, whispered in his ear for a single instant.

"Great God!" exclaimed the Colonel, bounding almost to his feet, and staring at Leighton with dilated eyes.

"Has he hurt you? Oh! father, what has he done?" cried Bertha, rushing to the side of her father.

"Go back, Bertha, go back! I am unhurt."

"Remember your pledge, Col. Seely, not to reveal what I tell you for one hour," said Leighton, emphatically.

"I repeat the pledge. Retire, my child," said Col. Seely, still staring at Leighton. Now, sir, what proof can you give of this?"

Leighton placed himself so that neither Randolph nor Bertha could see his features, lifted his false beard from his face, and withdrew the black bandeau from his forehead.

"Are you now satisfied, Col. Seely?" he asked, as he replaced the disguise.

"Perfectly. You are—"

"Silence, sir! Remember your pledge."

"Randolph," said Colonel Seely, sinking back upon his couch, with a deep groan, "this, this man must not be harmed. Set him free, in the name of God, and immediately. Hark! I hear steps in the hall below; some of your troop are coming up; that window—the other—Randolph do not hinder him; I take the responsibility as senior officer, as Hart Seely; be quick, or yon will be too late, and capture is death. Ah, he is out! Thank Heaven that blood is not upon my head."

He groaned heavily, and Bertha hastened to his side, while Randolph, plunged in astonishment, stood gazing at the open window through which Leighton had escaped

(*To be continued.*)

TO UNA.

O, Una, round thy heart's blest shrine,
No bitter fennel blossoms twine,
By odor-breathing flowers divine
  It is embalmed;
Sere lies my heart, and sere its world,
Since thou wert from its altars hurled,
My spirit's pinions have been furled,
  Like sails becalmed.

Love on my heart its form did stamp
Thy beauty like a vestal lamp,
Within my soul's cell, dark and damp,
  Forever burns,
And unto thee, as to its goal,
Gazes athirst the stranded soul,
As points the magnet to the pole,
  My full heart turns.

MORAL EPIDEMICS.

Moral epidemics are probably as frequent, and indeed as fatal, as those physical ones that sometimes sweep away whole communities, and depopulate vast regions. Medical men really know but little in regard to the *causes* of material epidemics, and the plagues of the middle ages, indeed of the Asiatic cholera of to-day, are as wholly unknown to the faculty as they were when that dread monster first startled the European world with its horrors. Indeed, the *causes* of yellow fever, the epidemic that at intervals desolates the tropics and tropicoid regions of this continent, cannot be said to be understood beyond the loose and general assumption that they originate in the decomposition of vegetable matter. The laws that govern them, the results that follow, and the general experience of medical men, that certain remedies control or modify them, sum up all that is really known of those physical epidemics that so ravage society, and sometimes sweep away vast populations in their fatal course.

But if human knowledge is so imperfect, so feeble and glimmering, when it strives to grasp the *causes* of mere material *consequences*, how difficult it would seem to comprehend those subtler forces that generate the moral epidemics which at times afflict human society with their fatal and desolating presence.

There is, however, a striking difference in these respects, for while the real cause of physical epidemics is still buried in profound mystery, and while the cause of a moral epidemic is rarely ever sought for during its progress, the instant it has spent its force, everybody, learned and unlearned, understands its origin perfectly, and stand amazed at their own blindness and folly. How was it, they ask themselves, that such stupendous folly could have existed for a moment, and led otherwise good and sensible people to commit such sins and crimes? and the further posterity recedes from it, the more unaccountable becomes the madness of the generation that sinned and suffered from these fatal illusions.

For example, to us how utterly irrational the Crusades of the middle ages. An *idea* is set up by a crazy priest that the tomb of Christ is in the possession of infidels, and it is the duty of all Christian princes and all Christian people to arm and march thousands of miles through deserts and across seas to its deliverance. It required nearly a century of "agitation" to prepare the people for action. True, they did not start newspapers, nor issue tracts, nor form societies for this special work, but a vast company of zealots, priests and nuns, and indeed knights and ladies, traversed Europe for years, until the "educated" classes were thoroughly imbued with the "idea" they inculcated, and at last kings and nobles, the rich and great, those very classes who had most to lose by the illusion, were prepared to act and to sacrifice homes, lands, life

everything, to recover "a holy sepulchre," which of course had no existence save in their diseased imaginations. And this huge moral distemper lasted for more than a century, and probably involved more physical suffering and actual loss of life than all the physical epidemics together that have afflicted mankind.

The still more revolting illusion of witchcraft, of more modern times, had a similar origin. An "agitation," gotten up by weak but zealous minds, required a growth of a century before it seized upon governments or material agents to practicalize itself. The "idea" of witches as an abstraction was as old as the earliest history, but it needed a vast amount of preaching and teaching before mens' minds were prepared to carry it into practice. Like the Crusades, like all the illusions and moral diseases that have afflicted the world, the "idea" of witchcraft was propagated and practicalized by the "educated" classes.

It is sad, but it is true, that all the great illusions and moral distempers that have afflicted society have had their origin and their teachers among the "educated" classes, and though some neighborhoods and considerable populations have gone temporarily mad under the lead of ignorant men, all the great and fatal lunacies that have impressed themselves on governments have been the work of educated minds.

The witchcraft of New England not only began with the elders and magistrates, but was almost entirely confined to these classes ; and though the "common people" suffered from their hideous tomfooleries, especially if they happened to be old as well as poor women, the laboring classes seem to have been singularly clear of the madness that dominated in Church and State. And it is always so, not because knowledge leads to mental disease by any means, but because "learning," "education," the dry and sometimes rotten stuff of dead mens' brains often crowds out common sense, and still more often, perhaps, corrupts or perverts our natural and healthy instincts. But of all the illusions and moral epidemics that have afflicted the world, there has been nothing that can compare with the stupid and monstrous moral disease that at this moment holds the intellect of the American people in abject thrall, and impels the "educated" classes to regard the greatest blessing that Providence ever conferred on any people as a "national evil ;" indeed that impels them in the direction of social suicide, the most damnable, impious, and revolting that even devils could invent.

With the very beginning of British colonization in these States, negroes were introduced from Africa, and therefore not only the tropics proper, but the vast tropicoid region that we call the South was opened to civilization. The negro, though of course human, is a different human being, just as a crow is a bird as well as the eagle, but a vastly different bird. He is a creature of the tropics, and his organism is adapted to the products of the tropical and semi-tropical regions, hence he is innoxious to malaria, and safe from all that long catalogue of febrile diseases which renders the white laborer incapable of tropical production. It is not the vicissitudes of heat and cold, nor mere degrees of latitude, that render the negro incapable of labor in the

North, or the white man in the South, for the negro may live and increase in New England, and the white man, as a mechanic, and laboring in his shop, may even more certainly preserve his life and the full energy of all his faculties within the tropics. It is the great, vital, and immovable law, on the contrary, of industrial adaptation that fixes each in his own centre of existence, and forever forbids that the white laborer shall grow sugar, cotton, coffee, &c, or the negro the products of the North. Ignorant and foolish persons have fancied that negroes were brought to America through the influence of Las Cases, a Spanish philanthropist, who desired thereby to relieve the aboriginal or native population from the excessive burdens imposed by their Spanish task-masters. The negro was brought to America because he was needed in America. The few that accompanied the Spanish conquerors were seen to be healthy, strong and happy, when white men were dying daily from fever, and when the native population were becoming extinct, and therefore they must abandon Hispaniola, Cuba, &c., or employing those agencies of production that nature and their own experience pointed out, go to Africa and bring over negroes. The British Colonists, though they needed them less, followed the Spanish precedent, and that ship load of negroes that sailed up the James was the starting point of a civilization that has spread from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and will yet revolutionize the world. The presence of this negro element, this natural distinction of society, showed the Colonists the folly and wrong of those artificial distinctions which in the old world separated men into classes of Kings, Lords, and Commons, and enabled the few to live in idle luxury at the expense of the toiling and down-trodden many. If there had been no negroes introduced into these Colonies, the British habits of class distinction would of course have continued, though perhaps less marked than in the mother country, for with vast regions spread out before them, and land to be had for a trifle, the poorer people had always chances to improve their condition. But without this great natural distinction of race, which met them everywhere, and showed them daily how poor and paltry, and unnatural, were the pretensions of those who continued their European habits, and claimed superiority over their less fortunate brethren, the grand ideas of Jefferson and his Virginia cotemporaries would have been impossible. All our ideas are the results of comparison, and with the negro before them, with this great natural landmark of race, fixed and fashioned by the hand of God, they of necessity saw the nonsense, indeed crime, of assuming superiority over their brethren, whom from the same necessity they saw were "created equal" with themselves. Hence the Washingtons, Lees, Jeffersons, Randolphs, Masons, &c., whose fathers had been the most loyal of the loyalists, and most abject worshippers of European habitudes, became the authors of the grand idea of independence, not only of British rule, but of the British system of class distinctions, and the champions of American Democracy. Without this negro element, independence of England would hardly have been dreamed of at that time, and when it finally did come, it would have been a very different thing, and

though probably assuming a Republican form, would have been a modified or whitewashed Britishism, such as Adams and the eastern delegates struggled so desperately for in 1788.

But not only was this negro element, or this so-called slavery, the starting-point, and very foundation of our American system, but those populations that had it in their midst have been the champions and defenders of that system. As for example, from the foundation of the government Virginia has been its defender, and Massachusetts its enemy. The former has invariably sought to confine it within its original orbit, and to preserve its original purity and simplicity, while the latter has just as steadily sought to corrupt and undermine it, and to pervert it, as in England, into an instrument for the benefit of certain classes at the expense of the many.

Then again, the States having the negro element in their midst have been those who extended the national boundaries, and carried the government through all its foreign wars, while those without this so-called slavery have just as uniformly opposed the national growth, and more still, opposed all the wars to uphold the national honor and interest.

But the still more vital question of settlement and production is directly involved, for without this negro element, or this so-called slavery, the better, if not the larger portion of this country would at this moment be a barren wilderness, prowled over by savage beasts, or still more savage natives. The negro, as a pioneer, guided and governed by his master, has opened the great southern land to a certain extent for the white laborer, and rendered white labor possible where, without the previous advance of this black column, it might have required centuries, and the sacrifice of several generations before malaria was expelled by cultivation. The peninsula between the York and James, indeed a large portion of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, would probably at this moment be barren wastes, had not the negro element preceded the white emigration, and prepared the land for the white laborer. The whole tide-water regions, the whole South Atlantic coast, the great Southwest, indeed the whole vast country from the Ohio to the Gulf, would at this moment be a wilderness, were it not for this so-called slavery. Even the country north of the Ohio has required the sacrifice of a generation before it was opened to permanent settlement, and though in a century or two parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, &c., would no doubt be opened to white settlement it is absolutely certain, if there had been no negroes brought to America, the entire country, from the Ohio to the Gulf, would at this moment be an unbroken wilderness.

Then again, without cotton, sugar, rice, the great staples produced by this negro, we should have little if any foreign commerce, and the great northern cities built up on this trade would never have existed. New York, with its fine harbor, would import some foreign goods, no doubt, but as Europe can generally grow breadstuffs cheaper than we can, it would have nothing to pay with, and instead of its marble palaces and voluptuous churches, had there been no negroes in these States, it might now perhaps contain a population of a hundred thousand.

In short, had there been no negroes, or so-called slavery, the country would have been bounded by the Ohio and Alleghanies, and at the utmost could not have had a population of over ten millions, even were it independent of England, and a bogus Republic, after the fashion of Adams and Hamilton.

It was the great Providential blessing of a race in our midst, adapted to the soil and climate, and production of the vast and fertile southern land, that enabled us to extend our civilization to the Gulf of Mexico, and to the shores of the Pacific ocean, and in less than a century to become one of the first powers of the earth. The acquisition of Louisiana, of Florida, removing the Indians, and opening up plantations, the vast cultivation of the Southwest, not only resulted in the production of those great staples that formed the basis of our commerce, and built up New York and other great commercial centres, but opened almost boundless markets for New England manufactures, and for the pork and beef and cereals of the western and middle States. Finally, the annexation of Texas resulted in not only vastly increasing the national industry, but her two Senatorial votes repealed the black tariff of 1842, and relieved the laboring classes from the robberies of eastern manufacturers, and finally resulted in the acquisition of California, and added a gold region to the common stock of American progress and power.

What a country! the largest upon the earth, embracing all degrees of latitude and climatic production, and what of course was equally vital, the human forces adapted to all these productions, and under a political system where each human being, whether white man, woman, child, or negro, was in his normal condition, and permitted to live out the life to which God had designed, it multiplied accordingly. All equally free in fact, for that is freedom of course where human creatures fulfill the primal command of the Creator and multiply their kind. There was only a single drawback, or rather incompleteness in this grand civilization and glorious spectacle of advancing humanity. We really needed more tropical territory, and thus securing a monopoly of sugar and coffee production, as we already had that of cotton, breadstuffs and gold, but this would have come in a few years, and with Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, &c., added to the grand federation of States, the world would have been at our feet, and kings and emperors as cheap and contemptible, compared with the dignity of American Democrats, as they were in the grand old days of the Roman Republic when compared with a Roman citizen. Before this century completed itself, we should be one grand federation of co-equal States, based on an equal citizenship, from the northern lakes to the burning equator; all degrees of climate, and all degrees of production, with absolute control of all staples, of the breadstuffs of the West, the cotton, rice and tobacco of the tropicoid regions, the sugar, coffee, and fruits of the tropics, the gold of the Pacific regions, and better than all besides, if these things can be separated, every human creature among these hundred millions in the condition to which God has designed and adapted them, and therefore rapidly multiplying their species, and without kings or national debts, or taxation to cramp or blight their energies, fulfilling the pur-

poses of the Almighty, and enjoying their existence.

Such was the condition and such the prospect only five years ago, but instead of completing that glorious picture spread out before us, and marching forward in the fulfilment of a glorious destiny, a moral epidemic, more horrible than all others together that have afflicted the race, is now sweeping over the land, threatening its destruction. A notion, or "idea," is set up that negroes should be white men, or beings like ourselves, and after thirty years of "agitation," a majority of the "educated" classes have gone to work to reduce it to practice. Of course the uneducated classes, or "common" people, could never get bewildered on such a subject. They saw the negro before them, with his black face, woolly hair, and ebo-shin, and could no more form a conception that he was a creature like themselves than they could of crows being eagles, or grey hounds bull dogs, or shad salmon. They saw that he was a negro, a human being, of course, but a different human being, and not only different but a morally inferior being, and their instincts as well as their reason utterly forbade that they should commit such a sin against God, and crime against their own natures as to equalize with this subordinate creature. When the "agitation" of the "idea," therefore, began, they mobbed and lynched its apostles, and if they had not been restrained by the laws, no doubt would have exterminated them from the land.

All errors, delusions, and untruths of any kind, among an intelligent and self governing people, should be met by argument and reason; but there are some things so impious, monstrous anti-social and disgusting, that their teachers should either be exterminated at once, or confined in a mad-house by themselves, for even the unfortunate lunatic should not be subjected to such loathsome companionship. *Abolition* is one of these things, and if the healthy instincts and outraged manhood of the "common" people had not been restrained, and the leaders of this damnable delusion had been slaughterd thirty years ago, a million of God's creatures now in bloody graves might be walking God's fair earth, and rejoicing in the existence He blessed them with. But the "educated" classes, the Church, the men of wealth, the men who accepted European traditions and abstractions, and call them knowledge, stood in the way, protected the preachers of the Abolition crusade, and at last have become so utterly besotted that they regard its leader and embodiment as the great martyr of liberty. If it was proposed to "abolish" the negro element, or simply to annihilate four millions of these child-people, that itself would needs be the destruction of a vital portion of national power. The best and most fertile portion of the South would needs be abandoned, and though the high lands of Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, &c., might be occupied by white laborers, all that portion of the South that furnishes the great semi-tropical staples would become a wilderness, and remain a wilderness until future generations opened the African "slave trade" again, and restored them to production. But the horrible madness of the day does not propose to directly exterminate the negro element. It proposes, on the contrary, to "abolish" its normal condi-

tion, and force it into that of the white man, or in other words, to set aside the order of the Almighty, and compel beings He made different, and *therefore* designed for different purposes, to fulfill a common purpose. It would be a great sin against the Creator to slaughter four millions of negroes, but it is a vastly greater sin to kill them gradually by forcing them to an equality with whites. It is furthermore a frightful and awful sin to gradually kill off four millions of negroes by forcing them to a level with the superior race, but it is an immeasurably greater crime against God and ourselves to gradually exterminate an equal number of our own race by forcing them to a level with negroes. For example: suppose this monstrous moral malady had broken out in 1788 instead of 1860, and all the States had adopted what lunatics, fools, traitors and cowards call the Constitutional amendment—taking the census returns as a basis, the entire negro population would at this moment be less than fifty thousand instead of four millions, and and as the white people are the authors of the sin, and therefore at least an equal number are punished with the victims, the entire white population of these States could hardly be above ten millions. Of course with no negroes to cultivate it, we should not have acquired the Louisiana territory, and France, or some other European power at this moment would probably own all the territory west of the Mississippi. Of course Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, all the great cotton region, would still belong to the Indian, and without Texas the gold of California would still remain a buried treasure.

If, in fact, the States had "abolished slavery," and adopted the Constitutional amendment in 1788, we at this moment might be ten millions of people, bounded by the Mississippi on the west and the Ohio on the south, with some scattered settlements in parts of Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas, and with some fifty thousand perishing negroes, like the vanishing Mohawks and Iroquois, to put us in mind of our sins and crimes. But in truth this disgusting and horrible lunacy is vastly more deadly than the "abolition of slavery" in 1788.

We have not only made paupers and non-producers of four millions of these hapless beings, but we have loaded the northern laboring classes with a debt of four thousand millions to degrade them into an equal citizenship with these negroes. When or how, or where this most horrible, most sinful, and most disgusting of all possible national suicides may end, is only known to Him who holds all human destinies in the hollow of His hand, but it is so monstrous, unparalleled, and utterly diabolical, that it will be worked out rapidly either in national ruin and social disintegration, or in the recovery of the national reason and the moral restoration of our people. Meantime, and in conclusion, let every man, and woman too, who believes in Democracy, hold everybody equally criminal, and equally responsible with Garrison, John Brown, and Abraham Lincoln, who would change the condition of the negro to that of the white man. *God has made them different beings, and therefore designed them for different conditions, and all those who strive to abolish that design are equally mad, impious and sinful, and traitors to their blood as well as country.*

BY THE SEA.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHOOTING AN ANGEL."]

"Along the shore, along the shore,
I see the wavelets meeting;
But thee I see, ah, nevermore,
For all my wild heart's beating;
The little wavelets come and go—
The sea of life ebbs to and fro,
Advancing and retreating,
But from the shore, the steadfast shore,
The sea is parted never;
And mine I hold thee evermore,
Forever, and forever!"

Only dreams! Well, yes. I suppose we all have our "dreams." All those dear, passionate experiences of the heart, in its youth and ecstacy, are, after awhile, only like dreams to us. They come in their beautiful glory and fire of vehement youth and vitality, like the sun to the earth; they warm, electrify, enchant, absorb us. They take possession of and make slaves of us. They overwhelm, overpower us as it were, in a strange, delirious bondage, that is exquisite and terrible. Sometimes the simplest accident in ordinary daily life creates the profoundest sensations of which the human heart is capable. Then come those mysterious and hidden histories that appear to us like dreams when the years have, by and by, drifted them away from us. They came to us gloriously; suddenly we started and were miserably awake. Yes, Christie, I suppose our dear memories are like dreams. You need not question me so eagerly with your eyes. I know what you want, and what you are wondering in your heart. You, who are so young and so charming, fail to comprehend a simple possibility. Your lovely eyes cannot pierce this heavy, sombre, unlovely veil of middle age, that hangs so naturally upon me. You think there *never* could have been anything else. Beyond it, I assure you, beats a heart crammed with secrets of another time, secrets that you just now called dreams. By and by Time will make a nun of you also. It is the fate of woman. After youth has vacated this house, the new tenant, age, comes to us veiled; it is the shroud time awards youth and beauty. Christie, I have two things to advise you: marry now in your warm, fresh, joyous prime. Stock your heart with *living* treasures. Hem your pure life strongly and effectually around with those living and natural ties that make and bless the good woman. They are the best teachers, the best safeguards you can have, depend on it. Give yourself to your

lover. He is altogether worthy of it. A woman in wronging such a man, when she has learned to love him, is a fool, and worse, a sinner. My other advice, which, by the way, should have come first, is, that you walk out of reach of those pretty little waves; you will wet your feet and catch cold. There, that's a good girl. Charteris would commend my advice and your sweet obedience. Now for it; I will tell you a true story, while the sea sings us its wonderful hymns. Tuck your arm under mine, and give your scarf a closer acquaintance with your throat. How things come and go! Twenty years ago I was walking just such an evening as this along the sea shore at Etretat. A young English girl, lovely, piquant, fascinating, like yourself, was leaning on my arm. We had formed, months before, an odd, sudden friendship, under the strangest circumstances, away, up high in the clear air, like two birds. Like two young simpletons, we had defied good advice and started on a pilgrimage to the clouds, *via* the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. It gives me vertigo to even think of it now. I can see the scared, pallid face of Maud, as she felt the horrible vibrations of the shaft in the high wind that was whistling around us. She dared not take her terrified, steadfast gaze from the face of the guide.

"Take me down," she said, spasmodically clutching his hand, "or I shall lose my senses."

With our feeble womens' fingers grasping each other in terror and trembling, we made our slow descent from the monstrous position. When our feet touched the solid, welcome earth, we turned instinctively to each other and burst into tears. It was a bond of sympathy that ripened into friendship. We became like two sisters, and henceforward traveled in company, with our complacent parents, who had no other wish than to please and indulge us. After many and pleasant wanderings, we found ourselves, in the summer of 1832, at the quaint old fishing town of Etretat. We had gone there for the bathing, which is very fine, and for rest, which we all sorely needed. An English gentleman, Mr. Stewart Vesey, to whom Miss Winslow was betrothed, was there to meet us.

Unfortunately we found many others like ourselves in search of quiet. We came intending to be recluses, and found, by a ludicrous accident, material sufficient in quantity and quality to make a gay and fashionable company. With the fervor of youth we plunged into amusements and gayeties that would have been in place at the most elegant watering resort.

Maud and I became the petted and flattered belles of an unexpected season. All the idle, charming pleasures of a sea-side sojourn enlivened our young lives, and accomplished us in the foolish little arts and flirtations that grow out of such nonsensical and dangerous living. We were both born coquettes, and soon had a thousand little secrets to discuss about our conquests. In Maud, I have since learned, this was culpable, for she was the promised wife of one of the most elegant and accomplished gentlemen I ever knew.

The evening I speak of, we were chatting over these silly affairs, there, by the grand, terrible, dangerous sea. It was thundering its ceaseless and solemn anthems in our giddy ears, the

enduring, changeless, sublime dirge of ages, that simply to listen to, and think of, should awe and subdue such poor, frivolous souls as ours were. I can never bear the sea now, shining, treacherous, and cruel as death, with calmness. There is something so terrible in its lonely and sublime monotony—this desolate niobe of nature.

That evening, at Etretat, the pretty feline waves licked our feet, as we walked along the beach and talked so flippantly, and watched the blue dome overhead, across which, now and then, a gull swept. To the left we saw the high cliffs, crowned by the Chapel Notre Dame de la Garde. Far out, here and there, appeared on the shining waters the little boats of the fishermen. One nearer the shore than the rest displayed the stalwart, fine figures of three men, one in a gay, bright fishing shirt, whose regular and vigorous strokes attracted and charmed Maud's attention. Her lively tongue rattled pleasantly, as she condemned the inactive and effeminate result of gentle breeding upon the men of our class and age. Holding up the magnificent physical perfections and noble prowess of the Knights of the Round Table, in contrast to the men of these days, she mourned that there was nowhere a Launcelot, Percival, or Sagermore, to love.

"To think of such, and then to come down—well, let me say, to—Vesey! A fine fellow enough; handsome and brave, but—but—"

She hung her head involuntarily and went on: "So whimsical, so tyrannical! Julia, I have broken my engagement."

She gave a little spasmodic sob as she made this announcement.

"Don't scold me, dear, I am right about this. He is a jealous, unreasonable creature, who would render me miserable after marriage. If I but look at any other man he is afire in a moment, and then comes such a scene! Let me tell you the whole story. We quarrelled last night, all because that stupid Blelock, with his title and empty head, hung about me all the evening, until he persuaded me to four dances and a promenade. How furious Vesey was, to be sure! He called me a shallow flirt, and I called him a monster, I believe, and—well, that was all; we separated."

She closed her lips with a sort of defiant sigh, and swept the sea with her large eyes, that were as blue and looked as deep.

"It is all over now," she continued directly; "he is free to go, and I to flirt as much as I please. I presume he will leave Etretat, and then I shall be delivered from the devouring surveillance of his angry eyes. How the wind is beginning to rise! I feel positively chilled. Let us return to the hotel."

She drew her shawl about her, and turned suddenly from the beach, and walked away from the sea. The sun had gone down, and there was a dull, ominous roar from the waves that struck gloomily upon our ears. One by one the little boats were putting in, all but one that went out further and further, as the night and wind came on.

"My three knights are three fools, after all, Julia," she said, as we hurried along; "for they are going out in search of a 'tough time,' when it is a great deal easier, and much wiser to come back and bid good night to their

piscatory victims." She turned and looked over the waters to where the one boat appeared a dot. The sudden gust lifted the yellow curls from her forehead, and threw them back, and then catching her fleecy-white shawl in its strong fingers, fluttered it like some graceful flag of truce. She began to sing softly "Three fishers went sailing out into the West." "How I pity the sweethearts of those three, for we all know what happened in the song. Julia, you look so serious! Is it about the little boat and her foolhardy crew, or is it about *me?*"

"About you, Maud. Do you not feel sorry for this about Vesey? Do you hope, tell me from your heart truly, that Sir George Blelock will leave Etretat, and so break up this gossip about you two? Do you believe in your soul that Mr. Vesey will come back to you? Are you trusting in *that?* Only think a moment—is a pleasant flirtation worth all this bother? Do you know my heart misgives me? I don't think it is worth it; nor do I think you will ever find just such a lover as Vesey again. And this Blelock! why, Maud, he is as stupid as an owl, and has such an odious way of staring one out of countenance."

She laughed lightly, and played with her soft, light hair.

"Last night we walked along the beach in the moonlight. I never saw such a great luminous moon as we have here at this odd old Etretat. It is so bright that my body is like a piece of glass through which its beautiful rays shine right into my heart and infect it with the sweetest sentiments. It makes me romantic, and romance is what ignorant people call flirtation. Perhaps Blelock, like the moon, saw into my heart, for he began to say such quaint, lovely things to me. You cannot imagine how he warmed up, and how jealous he professed to be about Vesey. He said he would throw himself into the sea if he thought the report of my engagement true. With a furious roar, like a great hungry lion, the sea came tossing and growling up to our very feet, as if in demand of its prey. He actually stood still and let the waves lave his feet, and splash over his immaculate pantaloons. Such is the nonchalant heroism a man can display when bent on conquest. The moon looked placidly down upon us, and sent a brisk little breeze to snatch Sir George's hat off, and carry it away provokingly and drop it into the sea. He had the *sangfroid* to let it go without a look, and went on pleading so earnestly and eloquently that I was tempted to believe him in earnest. For my own part, I was thinking how uncomfortable his feet must have felt, and my attention was chiefly given to the keeping of my own dry, and my 'flat' upon my head. He said I was heartless to remain so calm, and will you believe it? he actually knelt down and prayed me to answer him candidly about Vesey; at the same time urging his own claims to my heart and hand. Can you imagine anything more absurd? A novel courtship and bath, upon my soul! I began to dread he was really in earnest, and was getting alarmed. I did not want it to go that far, and was striving to calm the torrent of his protestations, and at the same time to preserve my gown from the advances of the water, when he began to upbraid me *in verse.* I saw at once that

he was only for flirtation after all ; for no *real* lover talks whole poems to his lady-love. It was *apropos*, and I believe I can give it to you, verbatim."

I can hear now the mournful and passionate cadences of her liquid, smooth-flowing voice, mingling with the gloomy thunders of the ocean, like some pure, clear soprano, harmonizing with a grand, full, organ-like bass. It was the rarest duett and prophecy I ever heard. She said :

"He calls it 'Apres,' a pretty and appropriate name, but with just that touch of affectation that one looks for in everything Sir George Blelock does and says :

"I hear the sea as it breaketh
  Drearily over the shore :
Truly its great heart acheth,
  For *rest* cometh nevermore—
Rest, with its peace and blessing,
  Cometh, ah! nevermore!

"Cold, cold heart, on your sleeping
  Breaketh the sound of the sea ;
Do you dream that a soul is weeping
  In its last, last agony?
Do you dream that my soul is weeping
  Here, by the desolate sea?

"Do you dream that death is about me?
  I am far from you and the town ;
The great world could do without me ;
  The night cometh wearily down :
And a thought that hath promise and terror—
  Draggeth me down—down!

"A thought that hath promise and terror :
  Hear! I am calling you, Maud,
Promise for me in my error.
  Pardon and mercy from God ;
But for you, cruel, and beautiful,
  Never the pardon of God!

"Thrill his warm lips with your kissing,
  Kindle his soul into flame ;
Only a man shall be missing—
  Only a man full of blame ;
Only a weak, sinful mortal,
  Dead, in his anguish and shame!

"Cold, cold, white, when to-morrow
  Breaketh along the shore ;
Dead in his desperate sorrow—
  Resting for evermore!
But for *you*, lo! the sea moaneth,
  Rest cometh *nevermore!*"

Her voice dropped away mournfully in the last line, but directly sounded naturally and pleasantly, as she said :

"You see how very melancholy he can be, as occasion requires ; only the sea was *not* breaking on my *sleeping* ears ; and in one verse he drifts into coarseness. If this is poetic license, I do not like it, and without other criticism than an inane 'oh! Sir George,' I put my hand through his arm and urged him to take me back to the hotel. Something had cooled his ardor ; either my want of expressed appreciation, or his wet socks. No doubt the latter were very uncomfortable, for he turned, without remonstrance, from the beach. At the door of the hotel we met Vesey. How cold and composed he was. Every particle of feeling for me seemed frozen, at the sight of us, entering arm-in-arm at such a quiet gait. It was, yes I'm sure it was that coldness which sealed my lips, and shut my heart against penitence and a prayer for reconciliation ; and when he turned, with his icy manner, and left me without a touch of the hand, or a tender change upon his austere face, I thought him a cold tyrant, and as ungenerous as cold."

Two tears fell down her cheeks as she said this.

"Yes, it is all over now. Let it go as fast as it can. In a few days I shall no longer be baby enough to mourn for this man, who could not pardon and pity."

"And you could not pity either. No,

do not look so proud ; you have acted unwisely, and will be sorry for it, Maud. Vesey is the best man you have ever known ; and depend upon it, a 'few days' will not end your mourning."

She threw up her beautiful head, just as you do, Christie, when you are offended, and darted the bright light of her eyes into mine.

"So you are blaming me too, Julia," she exclaimed, petulantly. "Well, good night. I shall read a portion of the Psalms ; wishing, at the same time, my 'lover and friend' pleasant dreams and forgiving hearts."

She bounded gracefully up the stairs as she spoke, looking half smilingly, half angrily over her shoulder at me. On the landing she turned, and kissed her hand playfully, while she repeated the last verse of Sir George's "Apres." God help us all ! it was the last smile I ever saw on her face, poor soul ! Cold, cold, white indeed, on the desolate shore to-morrow revealed, in its sorrowful light of dawn, three bodies of the men we had seen in the fishing boat far out at sea ; and one, in the gay amateur fishing costume, whose white hands looked like a woman's, beside the horny, brown ones of his humble companions in death, was Stewart Vesey.

I saw him, *she* saw him, when they brought him up in solemn procession from the beach ; the two fishermen carried on, stark and dripping, to their desolate cots, and Stewart Vesey to the hotel where we were.

I saw his poor body carried reverently, silently, by four strong men, the sunlight playing mockingly over the calm, handsome face, and the wanton wind lifting the dank, heavy hair from the icy forehead. Then, mingled with the roar of the sea, and the muffled tramp of feet, as they bore this solemn weight, I heard the shrill shriek of the girl at my side split the air, and startle the silent funeral throng. But he whom they bore moved nor eye nor hair as the signal of her anguish rent the air, and vibrated despairingly in every ear for hours after.

This tragedy drove us from Etretat. There was a pall over the place ; we hurried out of the presence of death. Sir George Blelock went to Paris. Maud went too ; but her vocation and sphere were new and solemn. A devout Catholic, and a broken-hearted woman, she sought rest and comfort in a convent. We returned to America. Thus ended our summer in that fishing town, where we searched for rest and found sorrow. The sea still thunders its endless requiem upon the sands at Etretat. *It* is unchanged, unchangable. The people come and go there, and the same grand hymn greets them as they come and greets them as they go. It is never ending, never still. Truly, "rest cometh nevermore." Never does its monotonous voice smite my ear, but I can see that brave young victim of its treachery lying on the white sands of Etretat, and that pallid, heart-sore woman wasting away in the gloomy walls of a French Convent. Let us trust that death has found her out and given her rest.

Come, let us go. Let me whisper one wise admonition in your ear. My English friend was not a bad, cruel woman at heart ; but for all that her folly and coquetry drove a brave soul to death. Take care. If *your* coquetry converts *your* lover into a fisher-

man, and he goes out upon those feline waves, and they, with the help of the merciless winds, put death forever between you two, where, outside of your grave, could you find rest? What, Christie! are you really crying? Come, then, like a good, brave girl, forget the picture, and resolve to be true to that true man, who walks yonder, smoking so disconsolately. I am an old woman, and I know what most impoverishes a woman's life; *your* escape from that fate, God willing, stands waiting in the moonlight on the beach yonder. Tie your handkerchief over your pretty head, and run down to him, Christie; and promise to pain him no more with your silly frivolities. Give him your dear love and faith, and believe me, you will do the best thing in your power. All the men in this place are not worth that true heart; and your coquetry will wreck you as surely as it wrecked Maud, if you ever forget that for a moment again.

There, you are off, with your sweet cheeks aflame, and your penitent heart in the right place. Make your peace by the sea-side to-night; and may God bless it, and you, and him, Christie.

DEAR MEMORIES.

Oh, say does the cottage yet peer from the shadow
Of ancestral elms on the side of the hill?
Its doorway of woodbine, that looked to the meadow,
And welcomed the sun as a guest on the sill;
The April-winged martin, with garrulous laughter,
Is he there where the mosses were thatching the eave?
And the dear little wren that crept under the rafter?
The earliest to come, and the latest to leave.

Oh, say, is the hawthorn the hedgerow perfuming,
Adown the old lane? are the willows still there?
Where briery thickets in spring-time were blooming,
And breathing their life on the odorous air;
And runs yet the brook where violets were weeping?
Where the white lily sat like a swan on the stream,
While under the laurel, the shepherd boy sleeping,
Saw only the glory of life in his dream.

Hath the Reaper been there, with his sickle relentless?
The stern reaper Death in the Harvest of Life!
Hath his foot crushed the blossoms, 'till withered and scentless,
They lay ere the frosts of the Autumn were rife?
Ah, yes, I can hear the sad villagers hymning,
A requiem that swells from my heart on my ear;
And a gathering shadow of sorrow is dimming
Those scenes that must ever arise with a tear.

GEN. SHERMAN'S OFFICERS AMONG THE LADIES OF RALEIGH.

After Johnson's surrender, the officers of the United States army seemed to feel a general desire to conciliate the citizens whenever they came in contact with them. Of course among so many there were necessarily some who had not a spark of generosity, and were to the last degree rude and insulting when their anger was excited. But acts of courtesy and kindness were more numerous in private intercourse than the reverse. Officially we had much to complain of; the town, it is true, was not plundered, but organized bands swept through the country, and under pretence of foraging, seized all they chose. Many bitter feelings were then excited, which will never cease to burn, and for years to come each individual "Yankee," as all who does not come from the Southern Confederacy are called, will have to conquer his way singly with every southern woman he meets. He will not be rudely treated, he may, indeed, be cordially welcomed by Mrs. A., whose good will he has won by some act of kindness, but that will not advance him one inch with Mrs. B., who is convinced that the only gentleman, or very nearly the only one, in the United States army, is her Colonel, Captain, or Major, who, when she was in trouble, was as kind to her "as if he had been a Confederate."

For my own part, I am certain that General Sherman had just as many "good fellows" in his army as there were families in Raleigh when he entered it, and that he scrupulously allotted one to each household, the ladies of which were convinced that possibly there might be others who would not steal, or be guilty of an ungentlemanly act, but they had not come in contact with them, and did not care to take them on the endorsement of any one else. Their Colonel or Captain had been kind to them, and self-respect obliged them to be so to him, but it did not by any means follow that they should receive or entertain the Colonel or Captain who had done the same for their next door neighbor, or expect her to receive theirs.

It was amusing to mark the different manner of the ladies; some were haughtily polite, others boldly defiant, others timidly conciliating, carefully avoiding all disagreeble subjects of conversation, and blandly saying the war was over, and it was best not to talk of it; while others again were innocently sarcastic and impertinent, with smiles as sweet and bland as a May morning, and tones as soft as the cooing of a dove; only one wicked little sparkle of the eye proving they were aware of the force of their words.

"Julia, did I see you walking with a Yankee officer the other day?" asked one girl of another.

"Yes, but I could not help it. Pa was away, and I was afraid to say no, when he asked me to show him the way to the hospital. You would have gone too, if you had been in my place."

"No, I wouldn't; I would have gone

off all smiles to get my hat, and kicked over half a dozen chairs, and when he rushed out to see what was the matter, he would have found me in the most graceful of attitudes at the foot of the stairs, so sorry I had sprained my ankle so as to prevent my walking out with him; and that sprain would have lasted me to fall back upon as long as he staid."

"Oh Sally, I wish to goodness I had thought of that; but I was not smart."

"One, two, three, four Yankee officers!" exclaimed a sprightly lady, raising a magnificent pair of eyes, as she spoke, to the face of a Brigadier General, and beaming the sweetest of smiles at him. "My goodness! what would I have thought, if any one had told me a week ago that I would be sitting in a room with four Yankee officers to-night, doing my very best to entertain them?"

"Terrible! is it not?" was the smiling reply.

"Terrible! terrible!"

"I was just saying to your daughter that if her father were to step in now he would be very angry."

"No, he would not be angry, he is a sensible man; but he would be like me, cut to the heart, and would say, my child, what can't be cured must be endured with the best grace possible."

"Then it is only because you can't help yourself that you endure our company," replied the General, flushing with anger.

"Yes, that is it. Pray don't be offended." And the beautiful eyes went up again, while the small, white hands were clasped, as if in an agony of fear and supplication.

"You know I am only a visitor in this house, and some gentlemen came to me and said, 'if you do not receive the visits of these officers, who are quartered here, your friend's house will perhaps be burnt; at any rate, you will be exposed to insult and annoyance, which you will certainly escape by allowing these officers to visit you.' As soon as I heard this I said, 'Oh, my God, Mary! run, run, child, and dress yourself in your very best, for we are going to invite some officers to tea to keep this house from being burnt, and if you don't be polite to them, I vow I shall shut you up on bread and water, and tell them you are very ill.' I hope, General, she has been polite; if she has not, I assure you I will lecture her well; these girls are so giddy they can't understand the necessity of concealing their feelings. I am a terrible coward; there is nothing I fear more than Yankees. Pray, tell all your friends to excuse any little indiscretion in those girls; I assure you the mistress of this house, like myself, wishes to be polite to you."

"There is no need for you to be so, madam, to save your friend's house; *we* should not burn it, no matter how you behaved," replied the General, scarlet with suppressed rage.

"Pray don't be angry; pray don't; of course *you* would not, but the gentlemen all tell me that you say if the ladies don't behave better to the United States officers, that you can't restrain the soldiers; now we all know that you can, if you chose to do so, and what I want is to treat you so politely that you will choose to do it."

The General's feelings can be better imagined than described.

"Look here, Auntie," said an officer to an old negro woman, "where on

earth are all those pretty Raleigh girls we heard so much of before we came here? I'm blest if I have seen one of any kind, pretty or ugly."

"Lor bress you, massa, dey's all shut up in de houses, an got de blinds shut to keep you all out ob deir sight."

"Well, but if a fellow went to see them, and behaved himself like a gentleman, don't you reckon he could get a sight of them?"

"Bress your soul, massa, if you was to see 'em you wouldn't never know dey was pretty. Dey's every one of 'em got deir hair strained right strait back ob deir faces, and twisted up in a little knot on de top ob deir heads, with old faded calico or home-spun dresses on, without no collars, a trying of themselves to see how ugly dey can look. But you just wait till Lee's boys come home, and den you'll see dem abloomin on de streets long side ob dem grey coats, like lilies and roses agin a rock wall."

As a general rule, the negroes, until demoralized by the workings of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the "school marms," behaved very well. But for these two curses they would, in most cases, have been willing to remain with their masters for fair wages, which, in most cases, they would have received. But they were taught to look on their old owners as enemies and tyrants, who would, if possible, defraud and ill-treat them, and encouraged to run, with trifling complaints, to their deliverers, who, believing the negro in preference to the white man, committed so many acts of gross injustice, and were so insulting in their language and deportment, that, having neither protection nor redress, masters are glad to get rid of their old servants and hire others whom they feel no attachment to, and can without regret or compunction dismiss the moment they are impertinent.

The day after Gen. Sherman took possession of the place, I heard an old woman who had lived thirty years in one family, say to one of the ladies, as she snatched a towel out of her hand, with which she was wiping a plate, "Miss Annie, quit that this minute, and go in the parlor and sit down and behave yourself like the lady you is." Then violently wiping the plate, she added for the benefit of two or three soldiers who stood near, "If these here Yankees is a-turning up Jack, and a-raising the devil ginrally, I bress de Lord dere aint no 'casion for *my* young mistress to sile her white hands with work while this nigga is alive." And following the lady out of hearing of the soldiers, she said, in a most imploring tone, "For de Lord's sake, Miss Annie, hunny, don't you insult us niggers by letting these here good for-nothing Yankees think you can work."

In less than a month this same woman refused to do one atom of work for her mistress, whom she finally, to the lady's great relief, left. She was over sixty, and her mistress felt that as long as she chose to remain with her, and behaved herself with propriety, she was bound to support her; she was released from this obligation as soon as the servant voluntarily left her, and as she would not do the light work, which was all that had for years been required of her, her departure to cook for the proprietor of an eating-house was a relief. In less than six weeks, work so much harder than she had been accustomed to broke her down, and she was only too glad to

hire herself for her food and clothes, where she still does more and harder work than would ever have been appointed by her former mistress.

Well might Mr. Calhoun say that he "regarded slavery as a divine institution, which elevated both the white man and the black," for every good trait of the negro character is rapidly disappearing under the influence of the Freedmen's Bureau and the school-teachers. These last are a decided nuisance to the community, black and white, and the fact of a negro girl having attended a school kept by one of them, will soon be a sufficient reason for excluding her in any capacity from all respectable families.

Nor are the negroes as well satisfied in their 'freedom' as they were in their 'slavery.' They are beginning to feel that they have been cheated and defrauded of their rights, and are more anxious to be saved from their new friends than from their old tyrants.

"Now I know what you mean when you talk about elevating the negro," said a lady, when she saw a negro man tied up by the thumbs till he fainted, "and I must confess that I think the degrading process pursued by the southern planter is, to say the least, less cruel than the elevating one adopted by the United States officials."

I have no doubt that were it put to the vote to-morrow, whether 'slavery' should be restored or not, there would be more negroes than white men who would vote in the affirmative.

Gen. Sherman deprived Raleigh of the light of his countenance because he discovered that his sable equals were preparing to give him a dinner, but before he left he reviewed his army for the benefit of the citizens.

"What do you think of Sherman's army now?" asked one of his officers of a lady who was watching them from her window.

"That it is the largest, most perfectly drilled, disciplined and equipped army of modern days," was the prompt reply. "But tell me," added she, in the most innocent way imaginable, "does the United States supply all the silver cups I see among these soldiers?"

"Oh, no, they got these from home."

"Or South Carolina, which?"

"Well, but how did Johnson's army compare with ours? Were his men as well equipped?"

"By no means. I doubt if there was a silver cup to a thousand of them; oh, there can be no comparison," she continued, her whole face beaming with exalted enthusiasm. "Sherman commands *men*, Johnson *heroes*. When I look at this splendidly appointed army, and think of our ragged, half rationed handfull of troops, who teased, tormented, and held it at bay so long, I feel like going down on my knees and worshipping General Joseph E. Johnston as a god, who commanded demi-gods!"

"Well, but what do you think of Grant? You must admit that he is a great General, for he conquered your idol, Lee."

"Great! As great as Xerxes, at Thermopylae, and with him he will rank in future ages, when men will judge with their reason, and not with their passion."

"Is there no such thing as conquering the southern women, either by servility or kindness?" asked an officer, one day of one of them. "What makes you, ladies, behave so absurdly silly?"

"I don't know, unless it is from a sincere desire to render ourselves suitable companions for you gentlemen of the United States army."

"This is certainly the most God-forsaken place on earth," was the last rejoinder.

"Yes; the devil took possession of it last month, and has never let go his hold on it for an instant since you have been here."

"I wish, madam," said a surgeon, politely, to a lady who was ministering to the wants of some Confederate soldiers in the hospital, "I wish you would use your influence to induce these boys to take the oath and go home. I tell them the thing is all up, and there is nothing dishonorable in doing so now; but they won't believe me."

"I'll take it," said one soldier, "if that lady tells me to, for I know if she says it, it is right, and I'll tell my mother so when I get home; she won't blame me for doing it."

"Yes," replied the lady, "take it by all means, boys, and go home to your families, and tell them that I told you to do so; you know the old proverb, 'needs must when the devil drives,' and if ever he held the reins on earth, he does now."

The surgeon bit his lip and walked off, but all the Confederates took the lady's advice.

A gentleman went one day to Gen. Schofield, to complain that a very handsome piano had been removed from his parlor while the mistress of the house was absent, and to enquire whether he could reclaim his property.

"Certainly," replied the General, "and if you will point out the parties who committed the theft they shall be punished."

The gentleman named two officers who lodged in his house; they were immediately summoned to answer for the offence. With the most perfect candor and frankness, they asserted that they were quietly seated in the parlor, when two men entered, and began taking the instrument apart preparatory to moving it, that they had asked no questions, but seeing they were injuring the piano in their ignorance, they, out of regard to the owner, had given such advice and assistance as was in their power, and had seen it put safely into a wagon and driven off.

"Where to?" thundered Gen. Schofield.

They really could not tell, as they had supposed it done by the owner's orders, and had not enquired.

"Do you know where your piano was carried?" asked he, of the gentleman.

"Yes; it is in such an officer's quarters."

Never was there a more injured individual than this second officer. "Certainly there was a piano in the apartment he occupied, but it had been put there in his absence, and he supposed belonged to the lady who owned the house, who, finding he was fond of music, and not likely to injure a handsome instrument, had, he presumed, sent it there for safe keeping."

It was amusing to see and hear the futile efforts of the gentlemen, northern and southern, to induce the ladies to moderate their language, or hold their tongues. A Hungarian, who had served in the Confederate army as surgeon, said to a lady, with great earnestness:

"Ah, my child, I know what it is

that you suffer, for I have been through it before in my own country, but what for you strain and struggle, till your pretty little wrist, all sore with the rub of the fetter? Take my advice, and when you want anything out of the devil, pat him on the back and call him uncle. Be polite, be suave to these Yankees out here in the parlor, and then when they gone, go in your bed-room, shut all the windows down, lock the door, and then get in bed and put the pillow over your head, and abuse them to your heart's content; but if you do say such sharp things as you did last night, you be shut up *tout de suite* in prison, and then what become of your little children?"

He would pinch up little bread crumbs and hand them around, saying with comic gravity, "Mrs. A., pills for to make you hold your tongue. Miss B., pills for to help you keep your temper. Mrs. C., pills for to help you from abusing the Yankees. Take them, dear ladies, take them, and I will pray God to keep you out of the guard-house, for I see very well men cannot do it."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PENITENT MOTHER.

[BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.]

Rest sweetly now, my darling child,
Warm as a flower of sunny South;
White dreamy smiles, all soft and mild,
Dimple with joy thy coral mouth—
Which never yet, my darling child,
Deceived with such false words of art
As those thy father spoke, so mild,
They won, and broke thy mother's heart.

They say thou art a "child of shame,"
But oh, thou art my darling child;
I cannot hear them speak thy name
With such a look; oh, I am wild,
That I must be, my child, to thee,
At once thy mother and thy shame!
Sleep, sleep, my pretty babe—for me
There is no sleep—but sleepless pain.

My soul is dark, child of my heart!
Ah! smile and dream such things have been—
I cannot dream so sweet a part,
Nor smile not even in a dream:
O, could my breast thy bed of rest
For ever be, child of my love!
For that would still the deep unrest
With which my aching heart has strove.

Sleep, sleep, my pretty babe, and smile—
I'll mingle with thy smile a tear;
They'll plead with injured Heaven awhile,
For me thy guilty mother, dear:
A tear and smile, so free from guile,
Mayhap will gain the ear of Heaven,
And even one so stained and vile,
May feel her bleeding heart forgiven.

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER II.

Do I, then, hate the negro? No, except when the soul is killed out of him, I decidedly like poor quashee; and find him a pretty kind of man. With a pennyworth of oil, you can make a handsome glossy thing of Quashee, when the soul is not killed in him! A swift, supple fellow; a merry-hearted, grinning, dancing, singing, affectionate kind of creature, with a great deal of melody and amenability in his composition. This certainly is a notable fact: the black African, alone of wild men, can live among men civilized. While all manner of Caribs and others pine into annihilation in presence of the pale faces, he contrives to continue; does not die of sullen, irreconcilable rage, of rum, of brutish laziness and darkness, and fated incompatability with his new place; but lives and multiplies, and evidently means to abide among us, if we can find the right regulation for him. We shall have to find it; we are now engaged in the search; and have at least discovered that of two methods, the old Demerara method and the new Demerara method, neither will answer.

Alas, my friends, I understand well your rage against the poor negro's slavery; what said rage proceeds from; and have a perfect sympathy with it, and even know it by experience. Can the oppressor of my black fellow-man be of any use to me in particular? Am I gratified in my mind by the ill usage of any two or four-legged thing; of any horse or any dog? Not so, I assure you. In me too the natural sources of human rage exist more or less, and the capability of flying out into "fiery wrath against oppression," and of signing petitions, both of which things can be done very cheap. Good heavens, if signing petitions would do it, if hopping to Rome on one leg would do it, think you it were long undone!

Frightful things are continually told us of negro slavery, of the hardships, bodily and spiritual, suffered by slaves. Much exaggerated, and mere exceptional cases, say the opponents. Exceptional cases, I answer; yes, and universal ones! On the whole, hardships, and even oppressions and injustices are not unknown in this world; I myself have suffered such, and have not you? It is said, Man, of whatever color, is born to such, even as the sparks fly upwards. For in fact, labor, and this is properly what we call hardship, misery, &c., (meaning mere ugly labor not yet done,) labor is not joyous but grievous; and we have a good deal of it to do among us here. We have, simply, to carry the whole world and its businesses upon our backs, we poor united Human Species; to carry it, and shove it forward, from

day to day, some how or other, among us, or else be ground to powder under it, one and all. No light task, let me tell you, even if each did his part honestly, which each doesn't by any means. No, only the noble lift willingly with their whole strength, at the general burden; and in such a crowd, after all your drillings, regulatings, and attempts at equitable distribution, and compulsion, what deceptions are still practicable, what errors are inevitable! Many cunning, ignoble fellows shirk the labor altogether; and instead of faithfully lifting at the immeasurable universal hand-barrow with its thousand million handles, contrive to get on some edge of it, and be lifted.

What a story we have heard about all that, not from vague rumor since yesterday, but from inspired prophets, speakers and seers, ever since speech began. How the giant, willing spirit, among white masters, and in the best regulated families, is so often not loaded only, but overloaded, crushed down like an Enceladus; and all his life has to have armies of pigmies building tabernacles on his chest; marching composedly over his neck, as if it were a highway; and much amazed if, when they run their straw-spear into his nose, he is betrayed into sudden sneezing, and oversets some of them. [Some laughter, the speaker himself looking terribly serious.] My friends, I have come to the sad conclusion that *slavery*, whether established by law, or by law abrogated, exists very extensively in this world, in and out of the West Indies; and, in fact, that you cannot abolish slavery by act of parliament, but can only abolish the *name* of it, which is very little! In the West Indies itself, if you chance to abolish slavery to men, and in return establish slavery to the devil, (as we see in Demerara,) what good is it?* To save mens' bodies, and fill them with pumpkins and rum, is a poor task for human benevolence, if you have to kill their soul, what soul there was, in the business! Slavery is not so easy to be abolished; it will long continue, in spite of acts of parliament. And shall I tell you which is the one intolerable sort of slavery, the slavery over which the very gods weep? That sort is not rifest in the West Indies; but with all its sad fruits, prevails in nobler countries. It is the slavery of the strong to the weak; of the great and noble minded to the small and mean! The slavery of Wisdom to Folly. "Be silent, or thou shalt repent it! Suppress thyself, I advise thee; canst thou not contrive to cease, then?" That also, in some anarchic epochs, has been seen. When, of high and noble objects, there remained, in the marketplace of human things, at length none; and he that could not make guineas his pursuit, and the applause of flunkies his reward, found himself in such a minority as seldom was before.

Minority, I know, there always was; but there are degrees of it, down to minority of one,—down to suppression of the unfortunate minority, and reducing it to zero, that the flunkey world may have peace from it henceforth. The flunkey world has peace; and descends, manipulating its ballot boxes, negro suffrages, quoting its Dismal Sciences, Statistics, and other satisfactory Gospels and Talmuds, into the

*The result of abolishing negro slavery in the West Indies is not inaptly called establishing slavery to the devil.

throat of the devil; not bothered by the importunate minority on the road. Did you never hear of "Crucify him! crucify him!" That was a considerable feat in the suppressing of minorities; and is still talked of on Sundays—with very little understanding, when I last heard of it. My friends, my friends, I fear we are a stupid people; and stuffed with such delusions, above all, with such immense hypocrisies and self-delusions from our birth upwards, as no people were before; God help us! Emancipated? Yes, indeed, we are emancipated out of several things, and into several things. No man, wise or foolish, any longer can control you for good or for evil.

If precisely the wisest man were at the top of society, and the next wisest next, and so on till we reached the Demerara nigger (from whom downwards, through the horse, &c., there is no question hitherto,) then were this a perfect world, the extreme *maximum* of wisdom produced in it. That is how you might produce your maximum, would some god assist. And I can tell you also how the *minimum* were producible. Let no man in particular be put at the top; let all men be accounted equally wise and worthy, and the notion get abroad that anybody or nobody will do well enough at the top; that money (to which may be added success in stump oratory) is the real symbol of wisdom, and supply and demand the all-sufficient substitute for command and obedience among two-legged animals of the unfeathered class: accomplish all those remarkable convictions in your thinking department; and then in your practical, as is fit, decide by count of heads, the vote of a Demerara nigger equal, and no more, to that of a Chancellor Bacon: this, I perceive, will (so soon as it is fairly under way, and *all* obstructions left behind) give the *minimum* of wisdom in your proceedings. Thus were your minimum producible, with no god needed to assist, nor no demon even, except the general demon of *Ignavia* (unvalor,) lazy indifference to the production or non-production of such things, which runs in our own blood. Were it beautiful, think you? Folly in such millionfold majority, at length peaceably supreme in this earth. Advancing on you as the huge buffalo-phalanx does in the western deserts; or as, on a smaller scale, those bristly creatures did in the Country of the Gadarenes. Rushing, namely, in wild *stampede* (the devil being in them, some small fly having stung them,) boundless—one wing on that edge of your horizon, the other wing on that, and rearward whole tides and oceans of them:—so could Folly rush; the enlightened public one huge Gadarenes swinery, tail cocked, snout in air, with joyful, animating, short squeak; fast and ever faster; down steep places, to the sea of Tiberias, and the bottomless cloacas of nature: quenched there, since nowhere sooner. My friends, such sight is *too* sublime, if you are out in it, and are not of it!

* * * * *

I am prepared to maintain against all comers, that in every human relation, from that of husband and wife, down to that of master and servant, *nomadism* is the bad plan, and continuance the good. A thousand times, since I first had servants, it has occurred to me, how much better had I servants that were bound to me, and to whom I were bound! Doubtless it

were not easy; doubtless it is now impossible; but if it could be done! I say, if the black gentleman is born to be a servant, and, in fact, is useful in God's creation only as a servant, then let him hire not by the month, but by a very much longer term. That he "hired for life," really here is the essence of the position he now holds! Consider that matter. All else is abuse in it, and this only is essence; and the abuses must be cleared away. They must and shall! Yes; and the thing itself seems to offer (its abuses once cleared away) a possibility of the most precious kind for the black man and for us. Servants hired for life, or by a contract for a long period, and not easily dissoluble, so, and not otherwise, would all reasonable mortals, black and white, wish to hire and to be hired! I invite you to reflect on that; for you will find it true. And if true, it is important for us, in reference to this negro question and some others. The Germans say, "you must empty out the bathing-tub, but not the baby along with it." Fling out your dirty water with all zeal, and set it careering down the kennels; but try if you can help the little child!

How to abolish the abuses of slavery, and save the precious thing in it; alas, I do not pretend that this is easy, that it can be done in a day or a single generation, or a single century; but I do surmise or perceive that it will, by straight methods or by circuitous, need to be done, not in the West Indian regions alone, and that the one way of helping the negro at present (distressed needlewomen, &c., being quite out of our reach) were, by piously and strenuously beginning it. Begun it must be, I perceive; and carried on in all regions where servants are born and masters; and are *not* prepared to become distressed needlewomen or Demerara niggers, but to live in some human manner with one another. And truly, my friends, with regard to this world-famous nigger question—which perhaps is louder than it is big, after all—I would advise you to attack it on that side. Try against the dirty water, with an eye to *save* the baby! That will be a quite new point of attack; where, it seems to me, some real benefit and victory for the poor negro might, before long, be accomplished; and something else than Demerara freedom (with its rum-bottle and no breeches—"baby" quite *gone* down into the kennels!) or than American stump-oratory, with mutual exasperation fast rising to the desperate pitch, might be possible for philanthropic men and women of the Anglo-Saxon type.

AN EPIGRAM FOR THE SOUTH.

Take care, commit no crimes!
And learn how not to wink!
For, in these blessed times,
'Tis sinful e'en to think.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

We quote the following from the *Daily California Express*, one of the ablest papers in the United States, as a text for some remarks on the pernicious influence of the literature of our country upon its future peace and well-being:

"We neglected to notice the change made in that brave Democratic Magazine, THE OLD GUARD, of New York city, edited by the fearless writer, C. Chauncey Burr. In these days of trashy literature and vile political pictorials, thrust into every nook and corner to vitiate our finer taste and destroy our better nature, it is refreshing to find so worthy an applicant for admission into the Democratic household as THE OLD GUARD, and we commend it to all true Democrats as a medium of amusement, instruction and good, that may well find a place on the family table. Here is where Democrats err, that they pay dollar after dollar for falsehood and vituperation against themselves and their principles, in the shape of political nastiness of the negro suffrage school of politics, dressed up in pictured papers, instead of paying their money to the newspapers and publications of their own side. The wrong is not simply in this, although this is great enough, but the worst of it is, such procedure throws before the opening mind of youth, in the most tempting shape, the basest and most malignant partizan falsehoods, instead of true, ennobling Democratic principles. Our readers should give these matters serious thought, for if the adage is true, 'just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' parents are in duty bound to see that little feet are started on the right path in life, and that little hearts are not moulded in the wrong direction."

Where the literature of a people is generally bad, we must never expect to find a correct state of public opinion. Our own unhappy land is a painful illustration of the truth of this remark at the present moment. This barbarous war was brought upon us by books, pamphlets and newspapers. Through a course of years the public mind of the North was poisoned by the vilest literature that ever demoralized and disgraced a people; and for four years the flames of destruction were fanned by cheap books and newspapers, filled with the most abominable falsehoods, and with the cunningest devices of hate. Tales of the ignorance and brutality of the white men and women of the South, and of the virtue, intelligence, and wrongs of negroes, were almost the sole burden of our books, and of our magazine and newspaper literature. Hundreds of thousands of northern boys and girls, and foolish old people too, were made to believe that the southern people were in the habit of torturing negroes by thrusting them in barrels stuck full of sharp spikes, and rolled down steep hills. This was indeed one of the mildest tales of "southern barbarism." The New York *Tribune*, *World*, *Times*, and *Post*, were filled with these lying stories, and they were copied into almost every country paper in the North. Then came tales of poisoned wells and of shocking brutality to "Union soldiers," by which the war fever was kept up to a burning point. The countenances of men and women were so distorted with hate and rage that they were a good deal less human than devilish. It was truly disgusting to a man in his senses to be compelled for so many months to be the daily spec-

tator of such a wide-spread ignorance and brutality. All this was the work of the newspapers and magazines. The mission of literature for the time seemed to be to *diabolize* the public mind. The whole North was a great simmering, seething pot of lies, tainting the very atmosphere with the contagion of murderous hatred! And even now, if our magazines and newspapers are a little more disguised in the distribution of their poison, their influence is not the less depraving upon the public mind. The virus is more subtle, but not the less fatal. Almost the whole literature of the northern States would seem to be directed to the sole purpose of keeping the northern mind in ignorance of the real character of the people of the Sonth, and of fostering perpetual hatred of all that belongs to that portion of our common country. We have now before us the last issue of that series of bad romances known as "*Beadle's Dime Novels*," which we believe has an immense circulation throughout the country. The story is called "Jo Davis's Cliant," a title which would impress no one with what is the real design of the tale, viz., to exhibit life in the South as wanting in all the decency of civilized society. The scene is laid in Kentucky, and what is called the "*F. F.'s of Kentucky*" are represented as "ignoramuses," "forgers," "counterfeiters," "thieves," and "assassins," while the only characters in the book for which any respect is intended, are two old runaway negroes. The "lawyers," "hotel-keepers," "farmers," "doctors," and "ministers," are all alike fools or knaves. Courts of justice are mere lynch trials, and the judges are made to violate both grammar and law. The white women are generally execrable, but when an old negro wench, whose hero of a husband always wears a large pair of deer-horns on his head to frighten the silly whites, is brought out, she is graced as follows: "The negress was then called to the witness-box, and made a quaint but impressive picture, as she stood there, tall, dark, and queenly, as majestic in her fawn-skin tunic as if she wore the imperial purple." We should make our readers an apology for mentioning the above-named book, if it were not in keeping with nine-tenths of the popular literature of our northern States at the present time. We have seen this very book praised, not only by Republican papers, but by Democratic papers, and by at least one southern paper. The publisher of this trashy but pestilent series of cheap books, is also the publisher of a magazine called "Beadle's Monthly," which is in keeping with his Dime Novels. He would be glad to see every southern man, woman and child scourged, and he sends out legions of pamphlets every year charged with the virus of his principles. He is only one of hundreds of publishers doing the same business. The vermin were not thicker in Egypt than these pestilent books are in the United States at the present day. We use this publisher's name, not because we suppose him to be either better or worse than the numerous class of similar publishers, but merely to illustrate what we wish to say of this kind of literature. The more we have of such books and magazines, the less chance for the return of the public mind to a condition of intelligence, peace, and good neighborhood. A political union between States socially

estranged, and hating each other, is a monstrocity which must be odious to every sensible and virtuous man. Such a union cannot last. It indeed is not a *union* at all. The Union can never be in reality restored by armies, by legislation of Congress, and God knows, much less by despotism ; it must be the work of papers, magazines, pamphlets, and public lectures, and whatever else restores sense, candor, and good-will to the public mind. The South has been acting on the defensive against the aggressive, seditious, and lying literature of our own northern section for more than a third of a century. Is there not sense and virtue among us to stop this thing? We are aware that this bold language will give offence to those who are governed by their prejudices, and who are also ignorant of the true cause of all our suffering ; but the truth must be told by somebody, or we shall never get back into the peaceful paths from which we have been led by fanaticism. If it be true that "the sin of ignorance shall be winked at," we fear that we have wearied the eye of Omniscience already. The remedy for this bad-spirited ignorance will not be found in the triumph of the Democratic party on platforms constructed to catch spoils rather than to support great principles. It must be the work of education. It took the Abolitionists thirty years to educate the northern mind into this malignant ignorance, and if it takes us thirty years to educate the virus out, no patriot will hesitate to begin the task at once. Begin to-day. Keep it going to-morrow, and on, till the great work of regeneration is accomplished. We know that cowardice will shrink away from this noble task, and that sloth will lie down in the gutters of sleep, while the mere demagogues of party will skulk about in by-places, hunting after the favoring currents of "policy" to set them over into the ocean of *spoils;* but the true patriot, the real friend of the Union our fathers made, will neither skulk, nor go to sleep, nor dodge about after temporary party success, but will set himself, as to the work of a life-time, to the business of disseminating the truth, and vindicating the immutable principles of justice and right. Vindicating justice and right upon their own foundations, and not as mere auxiliaries of partizan success. This is the curse and shame of our land, the universal thirst for mere partizan triumph. The great battle of *principle* has now first to be fought. Books, pamphlets and papers must constitute the army in this noble warfare. It was the pressure of this conviction that led us, four years ago, to start this Magazine, with its appropriate title of The Old Guard. We have been called "rash" by cowards, "ultra" by time-servers, "seditious" by fools, and "disloyal" by traitors and scoundrels ; but we have been encouraged and supported by a constantly increasing patronage of the most intelligent and patriotic in every section of our country. While many literary projects of a timid and time-serving character have gone down, ours has gone on vigorously from the start. It is proof that there is left, even in these bad times, an Old Guard—an army of brave and true men—who can neither be bribed, intimidated, nor, from any other motive, led to forsake the glorious old standard of liberty and self-government.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LATE WAR: Traced from the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States. By George Lunt. New York: Appleton & Co. 1866.

The author of this book is a distinguished citizen of Boston; was in former days a leading member of the Whig party, a friend of Webster's, and a gentleman of acknowledged ability. This book is a candid and straightforward account of the controversy between the North and South, which led to the war, and is the only work we have seen of an entirely satisfactory character upon the subject. All the *facts* are given which can be required to enable the intelligent and the fair-minded to form a correct opinion as to where the responsibility of this terrible conflict chiefly lies. The merits of the work are so great, and its faults so few, that we do not hesitate to give it an unqualified approbation. If it could be read by the masses of the northern people, it would produce such a revolution of public opinion as would not only drive the leaders of the party now in power from office, but would probably drive them from the country, as the real authors of our ruin. The book is unanswerable. Besides the invaluable proofs it presents in support of its main design, it contains much that will be useful to the politician and the statesman in the future management of parties. It shows that both the old parties, the Whig and Democratic, were demoralized and destroyed by the policy of nominating for "availability" instead of principle. Even a bad cause, consistently and logically supported, is stronger in the end than the best of causes maintained chiefly by tricks, dodges, and what is known by politicians of easy virtue as "availability." This policy of "availability" assumes that all the people who are not *rogues* are *fools*. They must either be *cheated* or *wheedled*. A party which proceeds upon such an idea will not be long in making itself unworthy of the support of anybody but rogues or fools. If man is without logic, nature and providence are not; and the character of all things human gradually but inevitably squares itself with the logic of its own actions. This book shows that the great Democratic party fell, or rather sacrificed itself, upon the shoals of "availability." But we think the author fails to place the responsibility of disrupting the Democratic party in 1860 upon the right shoulders, when he lays a considerable portion of it upon the South. We think that Mr. Buchanan's book proves beyond doubt that the chief blame of that most fatal disruption lies at the door of northern Democrats, and especially of the delegation of the State of New York. When these things transpired, we were in Europe, and, on our return, we were deceived by the papers of our own section into the belief that the southern branch of the Democratic party was in the greatest degree to blame for the disruption of the party. But this opinion was entirely changed by reading President Buchanan's history of his administration. His proofs on this subject appear to us unanswerable. We think Mr. Lunt also mistakes the character of Mr. Lincoln; he thinks he was a weak but honest man. On the contrary, we think Senator Douglas defined him exactly when he applied to him the words, "unscrupulous, cunning." We know not what page of history displays such matchless cunning as is shown in the skill with which Mr. Lincoln used the American people to destroy their own government, under the delusion that they were "saving the Union." The man that uses so many people to accomplish a fell design, is not himself *the fool*. While he was living, he held in check the madmen of his party, and even managed such intemperate fanatics as Stevens and Sumner, so that they did not break their treasonous designs to the people faster than they were educated to receive them. Had any other man in his party been President, the whole bag of black cats would have been let out at once, and the public mind put on its guard. When Lincoln countermanded Fre-

mont's infamous order in the Department of the West, the reason he gave to the Radicals was "the public was not yet prepared for it." But he "pegged away" until the public was prepared. The things he professed he would never do in the first year of his administration, he did in the second year. That which he denounced in the second year he performed in the third. He took monstrous strides in the overthrowing of all civil government, but they were all taken as in the dark. While he cunningly said he was going one way, he was going precisely the other. The moment that he perceived the public mind was so intoxicated or so debauched that it would permit the suppression of free speech and free press, he locked up nearly every man and suppressed every newspaper in opposition to him. When he found the public was sufficiently debauched, he boldly declared that he banished men "not for what they had done, but for what they might do." Compare his utterances and his acts of the first year of his administration with those of the last year, and we see the march of a cunning that was as stealthy as it was devilish. And this was all *Lincoln himself*. We have in our possessien a letter in his own hand which he wrote twenty years ago, advising a client to take a false oath in order to cheat his creditors, and save Lincoln a *fee*. If the Republican press calls for the letter, we will publish it. But enough of Lincoln—alas, our country has had too much of him!

We commend Mr. Lunt's volume to our readers as a work which no patriot should be without. The author is temperate and cautious in his inferences and conclusions, but mighty in his *facts*.

NAMELESS. A Novel. By Fanny Murdaugh Downing. Second edition. Raleigh, N.C.: Wm. B. Smith & Co. 1866.

We have allowed this volume an amount of our time which we seldom bestow upon a novel; we have read it through. The plot is exceedingly interesting, and is so well sustained that the interest and curiosity awakened in the first chapter, are constantly increased to the end, and so skillfully managed as to produce the most delightful surprise and satisfaction. The characters are drawn with such unpretending originality and distinctness of coloring, are so warm, glowing, and life-like, that we must accord the book a first rank in the species of literature to which it belongs. The almost too voluptuous beauty of Lady Haughton is toned down with such a skillful blending of the lines of sorrow, that a character which would seem to trench hard upon the verge of the sinful, is made to partake of the saintly—a strange and fascinating embodiment of the warmest sunshine and the coldest moonlight.

MOSSES FROM A ROLLING STONE; or Idle Moments of a Busy Woman. By Tenella—Mary Bayard Clarke. Raleigh, N. C.: W. B. Smith & Co. 1866.

The first merit to be named in connection with this little volume is its entire freedom from all the quackeries, affectations and *imitations* which mar so many of our books of poetry. The author sings her feelings, her passions, and her sentiments in numbers that are her own. No such absurd straining after the peculiarities of Tennyson, or the author of "Festus," as mark the verses of so many of our American poetasters. Mrs. Clarke's muse is her own. If it is not wild and passionate, it is gentle, genial, and refined. If it sweeps not with a daring wing over precipices and stormy seas, it hunts up the quietest nooks of pleasant thought, and sits down on the banks of those streams of memory and feeling which are ever welcome to the sensible and the cultivated. The following opening verses of a poem entitled "My Children," we think beautiful:

I have two little darlings,
With eyes of deepest blue,
There's just a year between them,
And the younger is not two.
Like fragrant little blossoms,
Whose petals daily ope,
I watch their minds expanding,
With fond and earnest hope.

Frank says he's mother's rose-bud;
And little brother Willie,
With skin like alabaster,
Is my budding water-lily.
I call them both my mock-birds,
For, like magic to my ear,
Are their merry little voices,
So silvery and clear.

The volume contains several translations from French and Italian poets, very cleverly done.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We present our readers this month with what is considered an excellent likeness of Lieutenant-General Richard Stoddart Ewell, who was the commander of Stonewall Jackson's corps, after the death of that great leader. At the commencement of the Abolition war, Ewell was a Captain in the regular army of the United States, a position in which he served with great credit in the Mexican war. He was born in Prince William County, Virginia, in 1817. He graduated at West Point in 1840. After he returned from Mexico, he was entrusted with the command of some United States soldiers in New Mexico, where he distinguished himself against the Indians. He was kept on duty in that territory about twelve years, from 1847 to 1859.

After Virginia had failed to get any satisfactory assurance that the bloody programme announced by the Helper Book and the leaders of the Republican party, would not be carried out by the Lincoln administration, and the State had seceded, Captain Ewell resigned his commission in the United States army, and tendered his services for the defense of his native State. For gallant services, he rose rapidly from grade to grade until he became a Lieutenant-General. During the war he was several times severely wounded; and at the fierce battle at Warrenton Turnpike he lost a leg. As soon as he had recovered strength enough to return to the field, by being strapped on his horse, he rejoined his corps, by which he was received with the wildest demonstrations of joy by the gallant veterans of Stonewall Jackson's old corps. But his too early return to the hardships of the field produced an inflammation in his dismembered limb that left him on his bed for several months. He rejoined the army in April, 1864, and served with unremitting energy to the end of the war. He did a great deal of desperate fighting in nearly all that series of terrible battles where Lee won so many supernatural victories over Grant, "on the road to Richmond." General Ewell's last command was that of the immediate defences of Richmond.

—Charles Sumner, the apostle of negro freedom, threatens that "we will correct the temper of the South, if we have to rule them by laws as severe as England passed against the Irish Catholics." Notwithstanding the terrible and bloody laws passed by England against the Catholics of Ireland, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, even to that of James I., not over sixty Irish embraced the Protestant religion in all that long time, so we are told by the Abbe Geoghegan, though Ireland contained over two millions of inhabitants. That is an illustration of the benefit of cruel laws. None but madmen or fools ever attempted to *correct temper* by cruelty. And then, is it any of our business what the *temper* of the South is? Under our Constitution we cannot legislate to "correct temper." If we could, it would be a blessed thing to pass an act to correct the brutal temper of the Radicals in Congress. The only bad temper shown anywhere in the United States is here in the North. The only enemies to the restoration of the Union are here. If those who are opposed to the restoration of the Union are "rebels," and if the President has a right to restrain or arrest "rebels," he would capture the vilest nest of traitors at once by locking up the disunion villains of Congress. If the Congress which illegally passed an act to allow the President to suspend the *habeas corpus* should find the rope they have made twisted around their own necks, it would cause a thrill of ineffable delight to run through the heart of every patriot in the land.

—A Colonel, who is the editor of one of the organs of the mind-everybody's-business-

but-your-own party, wants to know why the editor of this Magazine wears his hair so long? Because he is neither a military man nor a convict.

—A United States Senator says he is determined "to represent the opinions and feelings of his constituents." Of such a representation Chancellor Livingston said, in the Constitutional Convention of New York: "As to the idea of representing the feelings of the people, I do not entirely understand it, unless by their *feelings* is meant their *interests*. If they have *feelings* which do not rise out of their interests, I think they ought not to be represented. What! shall the unjust, the selfish, the unsocial feelings be represented? Shall the vices, the prejudices, the passions of the people be represented? Then government, sir, would be a monster." The present Congress is just such a monster. Instead of representing the *interests* of the States, they represent the irrational feelings, the bad passions, the vengeance and vices of faction. Alas, wretched country! when only the violent and irrational passions are represented in the national Legislature! If the present Congress were to be swallowed up by an earthquake, or, in the absence of earthquakes, be dispersed by the outraged people, it would be a blessing to civilization. If President Johnson were to say to them as Cromwell did to the Rump Parliament, when he dispersed it, "For shame, get ye gone; give place to honester men," the voice of the people would shake the heavens with the thunders of their applause. If it should be said that such an act would be revolutionary, we reply, not a hundredth part as much so as the existence of this present Congress. It has made itself an illegal body which deserves scattering, as a thief deserves to be ejected from a house which he is plundering.

—The Jersey City *Times*, edited by a brilliant-*faced* genius of the distressing and characteristic name of *Pang-born*, calls us the "Right Reverend." That is correct—we are *right*, and, in these profane times, we are very *reverend*, although we never belonged to any church. But when we do become a church member, we intend to pray for the conversion and salvation of the drunken and scurrilous vagabond who edits the Jersey City *Times*. However, when such a creature was *born* decency received a *pang* that it is to be feared the prayer of no one saint can remove.

—A negro who was told by a "philanthropist" that "the people were going to insist on his exercising the right of franchise," replied in dismay, "O, golly, massa, don't go done that, case I hates *exercisin* like de debble."

—If the Germans of Missouri have not "caught a tartar," they have caught something worse to them, that is, a *Yankee Legislature*, which has enacted a law forbidding them to drink *lager* on Sunday. The Germans of that State were ready to pass all kinds of oppressive laws to help the Abolitionists tyrannize over the people; but this taking from them the right to drink *lager* whenever they please has set them on fire. We can but laugh at their calamity. Having supported all the horrible despotism of the Republicans of that State, it is only just that the iron hand should, in the end, fall on themselves. We hope they will fight sooner than submit to the despotic laws of the "Republican" madmen of Missouri, for that would probably open their eyes to the abominable wrongs which they have helped the same party to inflict upon others.

—Professor Taylor Lewis, whose pedantries and blunders in classic history we have had frequent occasion to expose, tells his young gentlemen that "as a historian, Thucydides is to be preferred to Livy." What comparison can there be between the two? The subject of Thucydides' history is the Peloponesian war, which lasted twenty-seven years, between the rival cities of a little Peninsula in the Archipelago; while that of Livy is the entire history of the masters of the world for many ages. The work of Thucydides is a small lake; that of Livy is a vast and unfathomed ocean. It is one of the most stupendous attempts of the human mind. Not to have read Livy, may almost be said is not to have read history. Though a man may well regret, yet he need not despair, that he has not read Thucydides.

—Several Republican editors, and among them a postmaster in Wisconsin, advise President Johnson to "resign." In one sense

he will do that for his country; for *resign* means to re-place, or declare back, (from *re*, back, and *signo*, to declare.) Despite all these enemies of restoration, he will declare the States all back in the glorious old Union; and he will be re-elected as a testimony of the gratitude of the American people, for having saved our country from the fell designs of its worst enemies—the negro-equalizing traitors. Then he can contemplate his triumph with something of the spirit of one of the noblest of the Romans, Camillus, who said, "'Tis Rome that calls me back, not to reinstate me in my place, but that I may re-establish her in hers."

—An old Scotch preacher once took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his subject into three parts, "1st, all men are somewhere; 2d, some men are where they ought not to be; and 3d, unless they take care, they will soon find themselves where they would rather not be." We commend this last division to the thoughtful consideration of the anti-Union Republicans.

—The following is said to be the tender and characteristic language of one of the Puritan "reformers" of St. Louis: "Wife, put the baby to sleep with some laudanum, then bring me my Bible and pistols, and come with me; I'm going to attend a meeting for the relief of the freedmen, and the amelioration of the human race."

—A Yankee minister, who has been out as chaplain in the army, says when he first read Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation he "was carried to the very gates of heaven." The fool had better have dodged in, for he may never get such a chance again.

—King James I., in his speech to Parliament in 1609, said, "A king leaves off to be a king, and degenerates into a tyrant, as soon as he leaves off to rule according to the laws." That is a very great truth, from which we also glean a moral for our republican style of government. The very moment that Congress ceases to legislate according to the Constitution of our country, it ceases to be a *Congress*, and becomes a mob of traitors and scoundrels. As a matter of justice, the people of every State have an undoubted right to put themselves in a position to resist the edict of such a law-breaking body.

—A cotemporary thinks that as Stanton has made up his mind to keep his place in the Cabinet, if possible, he may for the future do better. Can the leopard change his spots, or the negro his skin? Just as easily as Stanton can change his brutal nature. The horrible tyrant, Justinian II., was doomed by the people to have his nose slit, and be banished. Afterwards the people were foolish enough to recall him to the throne; and every time he had occasion to blow his nose he fell into such paroxysms of passion that he caused some of the people to be put to death. While Stanton has an ounce of power some innocent man will suffer wrong oftener than the brutal Secretary blows his nose. The truth is, that the poor wretch is the escapement pipe through which all of Seward's hate and enmity is let off, which, together with his own vengeance, makes a frightful current of cruelty and oppression.

—We have received from Louisville, Ky., a Requiescum entitled, "In Memory of the Confederate Dead," composed and published by Jules C. Meininger. The title-page is adorned with the portraits of Generals Sidney Johnston, John H. Morgan, Jeb. Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, Leonidas Polk, A. P. Hill, and C. J. Rains. In a neat scroll around these portraits are the names of thirty-four deceased Confederate officers. The music is appropriate and excellent. The publishers, Messrs. McCarrell & Meininger, advertise that they will forward the sheet, post-paid, to any person remitting them the price, 75 cents.

—Rev. Dr. Cheever, who is the superlative degree of the clerical blockhead, says that "the modern notion of the infidel, Thomas Jefferson, that no people can rightfully be governed against their consent, is now abundantly refuted." Why, sir, that doctrine of Democracy which you call a "modern notion of the infidel Jefferson," is thousands of years older than Christianity. The first kings of the world were elected by the free suffrages of the people; and when they proved tyrants, or attempted to govern the people against their *consent*, they were universally, and very justly, killed. The doctrine was familiar to all the great authors of antiquity, as Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Polybius, Cicero, Livy, Justin, Pliny, Strabo,

Plutarch, Diodorus Liculus, Pausanius, Alexander ab Alexandro, Herodotus, Herodian, and indeed all writers of antiquity. In order to cover up the damnable crime of the North's attempt to govern the southern people against their consent, all history must be falsified, and reason itself denounced as "infidelity." If the sin of ignorance were not winked at by the Divine eye, what damnation would swallow up nearly this whole generation of pulpit babblers, together with their profane allies in stupidity and crime, the politicians.

—Congress has appropriated $15,000 "to reimburse Miss Clara Barton for money spent in looking up missing soldiers" on the day of battle. If she had a sweetheart who ran away from battle, and has forgotten to return to her, there is more or less reason in her search; but there is no reason why Congress should saddle the expense upon the people of the United States.

—A correspondent asks us to believe that Seward is a changed man, and that he is now really a patriot. There is but one ground on which we could possibly believe W. H. Seward to be a patriot, and that is stated in these words of Tertullian: *Certum est quia impossibile est; i. e.*, "It must be true because it is impossible."

—*De Bow's Review* for April is promptly issued, and contains articles on a variety of subjects. The *Influence of Commerce on Civilization* is an elaborate discussion of especial interest to merchants. *Equatorial Regions of America* is from the pen of T. R. Warren, Esq., who has explored the entire country. Geo. Fitzhugh, of Virginia, has an entertaining article entitled "*Boys.*" "Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina," is the subject of a graphic sketch. His reputation is that of one of the chief founders of our Federal Constitution. The *Review* is published at Nashville, Tennesse, and New York.

—An exchange paper says, "nothing will satisfy the bloody Radicals of Congress but the extermination of the southern people." To save themselves, they will have to exterminate more than the southern people. De Foe says: "He that will be a tyrant, should resolve to kill all the people at once, for if he leaves but a few, that few will at last destroy him."

—A lady from Rochester, N. Y., writes us to ask where she can find a copy of "*The Culpril Fay,*" as the work is thought to be out of print. There is a *culprit Fay* who edits a scurrilous negro paper at Trenton; but then this creature is not *out of print;* on the contrary, he is always in print, a fact of which the community where he resides has as realizing a sense as they would of the presence of a *skunk.*

—The *Daily Gazette,* of Nashville, a very ably edited paper, thinks "old Thad. and Brownlow will burn out some day." Does not the Bible say that the "*burning*" of such sinners shall be "*everlasting?*"

—There is a paper called the *Union Flag,* published at Jonesborough, East Tennessee, which is the organ of Brownlow's Yankee party in that region. The following editorial is a specimen of the wisdom which we "eastern people" have exported to Tennessee:

"That man must be smittten with the blindness of imperceptibility who cannot discern by the plain foreshadowings of the future that American institutions, now purified by their hindrances to moral elevation and progress, are destined by their genius of freedom, justice and equality, to overturn the despotism of the old world."

Much as we dislike the political institutions of the "old world," we still must sincerely pity the people of that hemisphere if the fools and asses which have had control in this country for the last five years have turned their thoughts in that direction. The "old world" threatens to send us the cholera, but, if the above editorial scrap is not a vain threat, we are about to send them a worse scourge.

—The Norfolk *Virginian* well says that "great as are the vexations of a territorial condition, North Carolina can live as long out of the Union as Stevens and his party can live in the Union." And the longer the South is kept out, the shorter will be the political life of the Stevens' disunionists. They are only treasuring up wrath against a day of wrath. Thad. is old enough to have one foot in the grave, and his soul is vile enough to have been a good ways beyond the grave long ago.

LT. GEN. LONGSTREET.

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—JUNE, 1866.—No. VI.

POLITICAL AND FINANCIAL LESSONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE IN 1848.

It was a political revulsion that drove Louis Philippe from the throne of France in 1848. The history of that event may be reviewed with profit and alarm (alarm to one class and hope to another) by us in the United States at the present moment. In its last years, the monarchy of Louis Philippe was nothing else but a joint-stock company for working up the national wealth of France, the dividends of which combination were shared amongst ministers, Chambers, 240,000 parliamentary votes, and their more or less numerous dependents. Louis Philippe was the George Hudson of this company—*Robert Macaire* on the throne. Trade, manufactures, agriculture, shipping, the interests of the manufacturing middle classes, were necessarily and constantly damaged and endangered under this system. And while the jobbing interests made laws, directed the public administration, disposed of every organized public power, dominated public opinion by the press and by the power of facts, there was initiated in all spheres of society, (as in this country at the present hour,) from the court down to the *cafe-borgne*, that very same prostitution, that same shameless imposition, that same avidity for accumulating wealth, not by production, but by cheating others of produce already existing. There was let loose—particularly in the most elevated regions of society, and coming, at every moment, into collision with *bourgeoise* law itself—an universal outburst of those disorderly, unsound lusts and appetites, in which wealth acquired by gambling very naturally looks for satisfaction where enjoyment becomes a fever, where gold, mud, and blood flow mixing together. The financial aristocracy—for the aristocracy of France was then only financial—in its mode, both of appropriating and enjoying, was nothing but the reproduction of "mob" in the elevated spheres of society. In no society in the world can such a condition of scandalous extravagance long go on without producing a ferment that is full of all

kinds of explosions. This went on in France until at last the outbreak of universal unsettled feeling was ripened into revolt by two great and general domestic events. The first of these was the potato disease, and the bad harvests of 1845 and 1846. The all but famine of 1847 provoked in France and other continental countries numerous bloody conflicts. *Here* the orgies of the financial aristocracy, *there* the people struggling for the first necessaries of life! Wealth rioting and labor starving side by side. At Buzancais the mutineers of hunger beheaded their rich oppressors; at Paris, aristocratic thimble-riggers were saved by the royal family! But the second and the final blow came in a universal commercial and industrial revulsion. It began in England in 1845, by the wholesale breakdown of railway speculation, interrupted during 1846 by the repeal of the corn laws; at last, in 1847, it broke out in the failures of the large London colonial firms, followed up by the failures of country bankers, and the shutting up of the factories in the English manufacturing districts. The reaction of this crisis upon continental trade was not exhausted at the time the revolution broke out. This devastation of trade made still more insupportable, in France, the exclusive rule of the moneyed interests. The opposing factions of the masses united in the banquet agitation for a reform in Parliament, which should secure the majority to them. The commercial revulsion in Paris threw a number of the manufacturers and wholesale dealers upon the home trade, as the foreign market offered for the moment no chance of profit. These capitalists set up large retail concerns, the competition of which ruined hundreds of smaller shop-keepers. Hence the numerous failures which brought on the revolution that drove Louis Philippe into exile. The monster that banished the king proclaimed his fierce edicts from the stomachs of the hungry masses; or if not from hunger, from a savage desperation growing out of the exactions, the impudence, the haughtiness of the moneyed aristocracy. Of all aristocracies this is the most implacable and the most unbearable, because the most ignorant and foolish. With an aristocracy of birth there has generally been connected a certain dignity of character and freedom from insolent display, which has rendered its manners not personally offensive to the million. But an aristocracy of mere wealth was always insolent, socially exacting and oppressive, and therefore the object of the especial contempt and hatred of the masses. A class which sees no virtue but in wealth, and feels no pride but in the display of its gaudy trappings, is, of all societies, the most profligate and the most contemptible.

Louis Philippe was not a bad man; not a tyrant; but he was the head of a bad system. He was the chief of stock-jobbers; of government bankers, of interest-mongers, in a word, of swindlers, who had elevated wealth into an aristocracy, and made honest poverty disreputable. As long as this moneyed aristocracy could keep up its system of inflation, it was safe enough; but the first moment of financial collapse swept away the frothy aristocracy and the throne, king and all.

The financial condition of the United States is at the present time like that of France just before the great crash

that produced the revolution of February, 1848. We have the same recklessness of expenditure, the same boundless inflation, the same universal display of means, the same financial roguery, and the same confidence and impudence on the part of the rich. Indeed in this republican country to-day there are greater strides making to fasten upon the people an aristocracy of wealth than there was in France even during the latter days of the monarchy under Louis Philippe. The laws that govern finance, the laws of inflation and collapse are the same in all times and in all lands. Our millionaire of to-day, loaded with greenbacks, five-twenties, and other baseless bits of paper, swims proudly on the sea of pride and insolence, in idiotic blindness, to the inevitable storm that will one day drive him upon the shore. If you quote history, he gazes at you with a vacant stare. If you tell him in plain words that a day of collapse and financial ruin is inevitable, he answers you with a sneer. If you tell him that the same thing that is now going on here has swept away a thousand kings before now, he laughs outright. But this poor fool will not be able to laugh away the doom that will fall. Of the day and the hour when it will come, no man can tell. An interruption in any one of the channels of inflation, or of this baseless prosperity, may precipitate it at any moment. The events that swept away the throne of Louis Philippe began with the potato crop. As slight a thing may at any time prick our bubble. It may come this summer if the pestilence of cholera should so far interrupt trade and commerce as to check the fiery wheels of our inflated system. We can't stop. To stop is to collapse. We are now on a mad momentum that we must keep up to the end, which means until the frail machinery is worn out. Finance is the last thing in this world that can stand long upon nothing, much less upon a basis of universal swindling. These wild-cat concerns called "*National Banks*" give sharpers and rogues an unlimited field for the exercise of their skill in swindling. And they will be, if not destroyed, what they were intended for, the source of power in the hands of capital to oppress labor, by rendering the poor mere pensioners on the pleasure of the rich. It is a device to make permanent political consolidation through financial consolidation ; and if it were possible to keep up the present system of inflation, extravagance, and universal swindling, without a final collapse, it would succeed. This, however, is impossible, unless the experience of mankind is at fault. And let us pray that whenever the collapse does come, it will be so thorough in its character as to tear up, by the roots, the whole swindling system of finance invented by the gamblers now in power. The mistake of the Democrats of France was, that when, in 1848, they overthrew the monarchy and the financial aristocracy of 1830, they did not make clean work of the whole financial system which had oppressed them. The revolution was simply a rising against the financial aristocracy. The rising was a success. The establishing of the republic was a failure, because it left the roots of the financial system on which the monarchy was built still in the gronnd. The first ambition of the leaders of the republic was to assure the property-holders of France

that the public debt would be respected and faithfully paid. They even paid the public creditors the interest of the debt before it was legally due. This act aroused to new life the self-reliance of the capitalists again. They saw the anxiety with which the new government sought to buy up their confidence, and they at once resolved to profit by it. The financial aristocracy who ruled under Louis Philippe had their cathedral church in the bank. As the exchange governs public credit, the bank governs private credit. Directly menaced by the revolution, not only in its dominion but its very existence, the bank tried at once to discredit the republic by destroying credit everywhere. It immediately refused credit to the private bankers, to the manufacturers and merchants. But this maneuver, as it did not succeed as was expected, in producing a counter revolution, recoiled upon the bank itself. Capitalists withdrew the coin they had deposited in its vaults, and holders of notes ran upon the bank to have them changed for coin. This was the time for the republic to strike its final blow at the last hope of the financial aristocracy it came to destroy. Without any forcible interference, and in a strictly legal manner, it could have forced the bank into bankruptcy; it had simply to remain passive and abandon the bank to its fate. The failure of the bank would have caused a deluge which would have swept away from the soil of France in an instant the moneyed aristocracy, which was the most dangerous, and the only real enemy of the republic. That was the golden pedestal on which the monarchy of Louis Philippe rested, which of all things should not have been spared. But on the outcry the republican government suspended cash payment, and made the notes of the bank a legal tender. It went further and made all the provincial banks branch banks of the Bank of France, and allowed it thus to spread its nets all over the country. This act was a complete surrender of the young republic into the hands of the financial aristocracy which it had been its aim to destroy. It was, in one word, the *death of the Republic!* Put into the hands of its enemies to be strangled by the very aristocracy it had just overthrown. What did the poet Lamartine know of the tremendous power of finance? What did any leader of the French republic (who was really a friend of the republic) know of them? The infant republic was now entirely at the mercy of the moneyed aristocracy and its banks. The first step was the necessity of seizing the sums deposited in the savings bank, and declaring them a consolidated public debt. By this the small trader was at once made the enemy of the republic. Instead of his money he received government securities, which he was obliged to sell on 'Change at a discount, where he found himself again a prey to the same class against whom he had helped to make the revolution. The taxes fell most heavily upon the peasantry, who formed the large majority of the French people. They had to pay the expense of the revolution, and they henceforth formed the chief material for the counter revolution. The tax was a vital question to the peasant, and he soon made it a vital question for the republic. The republic to him became identical with the obnoxious tax. He swept it away, as he had just before swept away the

monarchy. So it was a question of finance, of taxes, of prices, which swept away and then restored monarchy in France in the revolution of 1848. The oppression and impudence of the financial aristocracy swept away the monarchy; and the timidity, want of thoroughness, and blindness of the popular leaders of the republic brought it back again. Had the French Democrats dug up, root and branch, the financial system of the aristocracy, France would undoubtedly be a republic to-day. There is no such subtle and fatal tyranny as that which has its supporting pillars impregnably set in the finance of a country. Where despotism holds the stomachs of the people in its hands, it may count on an easy victory over the scruples of conscience, or even over the traditional love of liberty. In his Farewell Address, President Jackson said: "Recent events have proved that the paper money system of this country may be used as an engine to undermine your free institutions; and that those who desire to engross all power in the hands of the few, and to govern by corruption or force, are aware of its power, and prepared to employ it." These words of the sagacious Jackson were both history and prophecy at the time he uttered them. As prophecy they are being fulfilled at the present time. This system of finance, this whole accursed machinery of national banks, must be overthrown, must be dug up root and branch, or the masses of this country will never know genuine liberty again. Under this system from one-fourth to one-third of the earnings of the poor must always go to "support the government." That is what the stupendous swindling of the people is to be called, *supporting the government!* A government that becomes a machine to oppress the laboring masses does not deserve to be supported. And such a government never can stand, except as a soulless and grinding despotism. It must lay upon the bosom of society with the dead weight of mere muscular force. It is an eternal *coercion*, and not a *government* at all. In connection with this subject, it will naturally be asked, what is to become of these pretty pieces of paper called *five-twenties*, *ten-forties*, &c.? Well, as they are only pretty pieces of paper, they will probably remain such, at least until they are worn out. As only about five persons in a hundred of the whole population have treated themselves to such highly ornamental bits, their precise final value will undoubtedly be determined by the interest and supreme will of the *ninety-five* in the hundred aforesaid. But the five in the hundred say "the debt must be honestly paid." The ninety-five may some day take it into their heads to ask, "was it honestly contracted?" Was it honestly and constitutionally incurred? That is a great question in the final settlement of this matter. The people are under no more moral obligation to pay a debt that is contracted in violation of the Constitution they have agreed to be bound by, than a man is to pay a note forged in his name. This is simply the rule of right in the matter. It is very hard for a man to pay away his money for a forged note, but it is his business to take care that he is not thus cheated. So it is a very great misfortune to the *five* in the hundred that they should be saddled with an amount of unconstitution-

al and illegal "government paper;" but would it not be a still greater misfortune if the *ninety-five* poor people should have to pay the illegal or fraudulent debt? Undoubtedly, among men of honor, all debts, honestly and lawfully contracted, are to be faithfully paid. But no such rule exists in relation to debts unlawfully and fraudulently created. There is no exception to the general rule in favor of illegal government debts. Suppose, (what is now of late quite supposable,) that a swindling faction gets hold of the government, and keep themselves in power by force, fraud, and intimidation, and that certain parties help the thing along by advancing money on the faith of these swindling usurpers, are not the creditors, to say the least, in as bad a predicament as the man who has a forged note on his hands? If you have assisted usurpers to contract an illegal debt in the name of the people, you cannot, with any justice, come into Court and insist that the people shall pay the unlawful debt.

In President Jackson's Farewell Address to the people of the United States, that great and wise patriot said: "Congress has no right under the Constitution to take money from the people, unless it is required to execute some one of the specific powers entrusted to the government."

No one will question the soundness of this rule; and no one will contend that the Constitution gives Congress the power to tax the people to abolish "slavery." The Constitution does not allow Congress to spend the people's money in educating, and feeding, and clothing negroes. Every dollar spent in support of the Negro's Bureau, is an unconstitutional spending of the people's money. No such power was ever delegated to the Federal Government as this establishment of a negro government within the government of the United States, and at the expense of the poor white people of the country. Since the accession of this negro party to power, we are safe in saying that it has expended, wasted and swindled away more money every month, than a constitutional expenditure would have consumed in a year. The question is, shall the victims, *i. e.*, the people, be bound by the illegal acts of these usurpers and revolutionists? When you talk of paying honest debts, it is always fair to ask what is an *honest debt?* Money unconstitutionally expended, and the amount thrown upon the shoulders of the poor, is no more an honest debt than a forged note is an honest debt. Five or six thousand millions of dollars to be "honestly paid," principally by those who cannot possibly have any interest, either immediate or inherited, in the expenditure! That surely seems to be an absurd proposition. Were the debt contracted for those objects which multiply the elements of national wealth, there would appear to be less hardship and injustice in the matter. But the principal of our debt was blown away in smoke, expended in ruinous waste, for mere party triumphs, and profligate speculations. Shall the working class, (for on those the debt all falls in the end,) who cannot be held either in their own persons or in those of their ancestors, to be in any degree responsible for this unnecessary, unconstitutional, and unjust expenditure, be charged in perpetuity with a burden not to be levied on any property presumed to have been protected or improved by that expen-

diture ; but on their muscles, brains, and sinews, generation after generation ? A debt contracted in educating and feeding negroes ! Who talks of "honest payment" in such a connection ? To carry on this unconstitutional business, the "government," *i.e.*, the Republican faction, borrow from the rich, and pledge the muscle and sweat of the poor to pay the loan ; and to induce the rich to lend, they are saved from paying the same taxes as the poor, by the exemption of the government bonds from taxation. Stripped of all delusion, this debt is one owing by the poor to the rich ; and a debt contracted not by the poor themselves, but by a *party* which calls itself "the government !" Where is this debt which we are told the poor must "honestly pay ?" Laid up in the iron safes of swindling contractors. Glittering in diamonds on the idle bosoms of politicians ; or may be on the fingers of harlots ! And this is the debt that we are told the poor must so honestly pay!

Do we then recommend repudiation? We no more *recommend* repudiation than we recommend *death*, when we honestly tell a man who is sick with consumption that it is time for him to make his will. As an independent and honest journalist, we warn the people of what appears to us to be inevitable at no very distant day. We have sowed financial wind and we must reap the whirlwind. The ocean is not more sure to swell when pressed by the wings of the hurricane, than this storm is to fall upon us at last. To suppose that it will never come, is to say that despotism, like an eternal night, will settle upon the American people. It is to say that the people will never have power to throw off an unjust and oppressive load. In the story of France let the money-mongers read their fortune. And in that story also, let the people be warned, not to leave the smallest root of this abominable bank system, invented for their ruin, in the ground, to sprout again, and bear another harvest of oppression. It was invented to enslave the poor, and as a tempting bait to induce unscrupulous capital to furnish the means to carry on the revolution for the benefit of a party. The sooner the people are taught to look upon the whole system with jealousy and abhorrence, the quicker will come again the old days of Democratic prosperity and liberty. But before those days, we must pass through a season of great suffering. Bankruptcy and revulsion are the only road out of this condition of balloon currency and swindling banks. We are made of paper, and there needs but the igniting of a match to set us in a conflagration. Only let us have patience to endure the privation that must follow, until we have made sure that the whole worthless paper edifice is burned to the ground. The only way for the people to overthrow the black party, and to make sure of its complete destruction, is to upset its whole system of finance. While there is a root or branch of that left, finance is king, and the poor are its slaves.

A CALL FOR DEMOCRACY.

Come, Democrats, rally from mountain and plain,
The tocsin has sounded to battle again ;
The foes whom before you have tramped 'neath your foot,
Have sprung from the earth, and now grasp at your throat.
Prepare for the combat, our cause is the right,
And justice and honor will nerve in the fight ;
The Past as a star will gleam over our path,
And give for the Future a beacon of faith.
No new-fangled notions or secrets we claim,
The principles guiding are ever the same ;
Our fathers before us have taught us their weight,
The white man shall rule in the councils of State.

Come, Democrats, rally, for shame, do you dread
A clash with the hydra, or fear ye his tread ?
Oppose him undaunted, your courage at length
Will conquer his numbers and loud-vaunted strength.
From all let the battle-cry loudly be heard
'Till through our vast nation its echo is stirred ;
'Till freemen from mountain, and city, and plain,
Rush into our vanguard from Texas to Maine.
If even the Past has no pride in its glance,
The Future no glory, or fortune, or chance,
Then *honor* should sway you to something of worth,
To scorn for the foe who would tread you to earth.

Ye backsliding sons, when defeat was at hand,
When the *prestige* of power was reft from your band,
Who went to the flesh-pots your foe had prepared,
Deserting your friends for his tempting reward,
Come back to your mother, come join in her cause,
She moulded your nation, and gave it its laws ;
For shame! you have bartered your conscience, and owe
A blush for the friendship you've struck with her foe.
Yes, fling out our banner against the blue air,
And gather the friends who once welcomed it there
We'll prove, as in days ere our glory was marred,
The *hope* of the Union, the nation's OLD GUARD !

Let heart-burnings cease, with the turmoil and strife
That vexes your sections, discordant and rife ;
The friendship you cherished so nobly of yore
Let mutual interest and danger restore.
Cement the cleft members, rouse up from their sleep
The lethargic masses from valley and steep,
Let the din of your coming, like notes of the blast,
Awaken each soul from its fetters of rest.
And so shall the days of our glory return,
Those days ere the darkness had taught us to mourn,
For then our vast party in triumph shall roll
A Union *united*, a nation made *whole !*

Forest Lodge, Georgia.

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER IX.

"Steady, men! steady!"

Gazing forth into the darkness, he was able to perceive, as a flash lighted the sky in a broad blaze of electric light, the radiance quivering with several successive illuminations, the form of the flying spy, as he sped towards the distant woods. As the deep darkness wrapped in the scene, Randolph, amazed, turned to the Colonel for an explanation.

"You heard my pledge, Randolph," said Colonel Seely, "and though made to—to Leighton, I shall hold it sacred. The hour must elapse before I can explain this matter."

"An hour. In an hour, my dear sir, I hope to be miles away, and as you are resolved to remain, I shall have to wait longer for an explanation," remarked Randolph.

"Cunning wretch!" suddenly cried Colonel Seely. "He pledged me to an hour, believing that within that time I might die, or that none but foes would be around me. And he knows what the papers are, and who has them! I have been overreached; but better that, than to have his blood upon my head. But some one comes."

As he spoke, a soldier stood at the door and called out:

"Captain Randolph, our scouts report the enemy, in heavy force, moving up the road, and will probably enter the edge of the town within half an hour, if not less time."

"From what direction?"

"The north, sir."

"Captain Randolph! Where's the Captain?" shouted a voice in the hall below.

"See what that noisy fellow wants," said Randolph, "and then send two men to the thorn-hedge, you know where it is, and have Rains brought in."

"Rains brings himself in," exclaimed that individual, as he staggered into the room, feeble and bloody, and sank upon the floor. "Ah, Captain, my day is run; the spy struck to the hollow. Captain, good bye to all—help the old man if ever you see him—I am the fifth and last of his boys—all killed in this cursed war, Captain—killed for the nigger, Captain—my wife and my poor little children—help them, Captain."

"You are not so badly hurt, Rains, I trust," said Randolph, kneeling to examine the bleeding soldier.

"No hope, Captain. I have been hurt before, you know; but it's done, and I am willing to die if it can help the South. Captain, I wrote a letter to Emma, my wife, yesterday—in this breast-pocket—take it, and give it to her yourself, if possible." He fumbled in his pocket, and produced a letter soaked in his blood. "No, do not give

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1686, by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

hert hat; poor girl! she could not stand the sight of her husband's blood; no, tell her to remember the cause I die for, and to raise my two boys, God bless them, raise them to hate the Yankee, and to teach their posterity to hate him—"

"Captain," said a soldier, entering hastily, "the Lieutenant sends me to say that a heavy force is entering the town from the east."

"The Lieutenant has his orders," replied Randolph, calmly. "Give way to that lady."

"Captain," said Madam Schampfer, as she entered, followed by Julia, disguised as Ralph, "I have come to attend to the wants of Colonel Seely and his daughter. My servants are so much excited by the approach of the Yankees that all commands are lost upon them. I do not presume to advise so good a soldier, yet I must urge your departure at once. A strong force is marching on Bratton from the south, and—"

"North, east and south," said Randolph. "We have the west."

"Not so. The signal lights of the force on the north are answered by those on the west," replied Madam Schampfer. "You are surrounded; depart at once. Trust yourself and troop to the guidance of my nephew Ralph. No doubt every known avenue of escape is now in the possession of the enemy, but Ralph knows one which will hardly be suspected."

"Randolph," said the Colonel, eagerly, "the chaplain, the chaplain; have him here at once."

"A chaplain! What use for him, Colonel? You are not dying," exclaimed madam.

"Ah, my dear madam, I think I am. But it is not for that that I wish the chaplain. I wish to see my daughter married immediately to our friend Randolph.—"

Julia uttered a sharp cry and sank to the floor at these words.

"Ralph," cried Madam Schampfer, grasping the collar of the coat of the stricken girl, "will you never learn to see a bleeding soldier without crying out? Get up, Ralph, Captain Randolph is looking at you."

"Oh, mother," whispered Julia, as she regained her feet, "I am very ill; let me go away unobserved. You know all; you will not force me to stay to see him—" She did not finish the sentence, but shuddered as if smitten with a chill.

"Child," whispered madam, sternly, "you will make me hate and despise you! I think it would cure you of this misplaced passion to see him placed forever beyond your hopes."

"I would rather die," replied Julia, bitterly. "Oh, my mother, how can you be so cruel to me? I love him."

"Does he love you? See how impatiently he awaits the coming of the chaplain. What hope for you? This is madness; worse than madness, it is unmaidenly, it is immodest."

"Mother, I pray you, I beg you to let me go home," pleaded Julia.

"Hush! they will hear you! They will suspect you! There are tears on your cheeks. Turn your face towards the wall. Dry your tears with this handkerchief. Child, would you ruin all? Do you not know that unless you guide him to the ravine creek he will be captured; and do you not know that he has sworn never to be taken alive!"

"Oh, I will guide the troops, mother,

but do not force me to remain in this room to see—to see Bertha Seely made his wife. I feel faint; I must have air. Let me go out upon the balcony, anywhere, but to see him and her so near each other."

"Go, then, but be within call," said Madam Schampfer, as Julia hurried from the room.

The storm long brewing now let fall its torrent of rain, and with angry lightning and howling of wind roared around the dilapidated mansion.

"The chaplain!" said Col. Seely.

"Has been sent for," replied Randolph, who still knelt by the side of the dying soldier.

"I hope he may be in time," muttered the impatient Colonel. Randolph, Bertha, it is all-important that Bertha should hasten to Atlanta; more important now than it was before I let Leighton escape."

"Father," murmured Bertha, as she kissed his eyes again and again, "can I not persuade you to go with us?"

"No, my dear girl. I shall die here, I trust, unless these Yankees carry me off. Madam Schampfer, I thank you for your kind attention—ah! is that a volley of musketry? or was it thunder?"

"The enemy is nearer than I expected," said Randolph, rising somewhat uneasily, as the unwelcome sound of small arms fell upon his ear. "But here is the chaplain."

A tall, gaunt-looking trooper, but with a kind and intellectual countenance, bearing the impress of much thought upon his weather-browned features, had entered.

"You must have been very near, Mr. Dillin," said Randolph.

"I was on my way hither, Captain, with a message from the Lieutenant, and had reached the entrance of this house when your messenger met me," replied the chaplain. "What! is that Rains, and dying?"

"Dying, parson; most there, parson," said Rains, in a feeble voice; "but it was not for me that you are wanted. You are to marry our Captain to that young lady, there."

"A marriage!" exclaimed Mr. Dillin.

"And a hasty one, my dear friend," said Colonel Seely. "But one which has been delayed a long time, and vitally necessary to be hurried now. Are you, ready, sir, to perform the ceremony?"

"Is it your command, Colonel Seely, and yours, Captain Randolph, and yours, Miss Seely?" inquired Mr. Dillin.

"It is; I answer for all," cried the Colonel.

"I will celebrate the marriage, but cannot in this apartment," said Mr. Dillin, firmly.

"But first, Captain, let me deliver my report from the Lieutenant. He is falling back upon this house, as he apprehends a speedy attack from the enemy in front, flank and rear. The men are becoming restive, and almost clamorous for your presence.

"The ceremony, the ceremony!" exclaimed Colonel Seely. "Why can you not perform it in this apartment?"

"Never in the presence of a dying man. The union begun under such auspices—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Col. Seely. "I have seen maidens married on their death-beds; aye, men too."

"Don't mind me, parson," said Rains, as he raised himself upon his elbow,

and glanced at the party. "Not marrying them won't do me any good, nary particle, and I shall think hard of it if—"

"Fly! run away! to horse!" cried Julia, suddenly appearing at the window from the balcony, as a rattling volley of carbines and repeaters was heard, far up the street.

"My place is the head of my troop," exclaimed Randolph, starting towards the door.

"Randolph!" said Colonel Seely, almost fiercely, "obey my dying request. Order this punctilious chaplain to perform the ceremony; it can be done in an instant. It must be done. I demand it of you as the father of the woman you love."

"He pauses; he hesitates; he consents!" murmured Julia, with pallid lips, as she gazed upon the chaplain, to whom Randolph was speaking rapidly.

"I will yield, Captain Randolph," he said, as he drew a small book from his pocket, and took a position near the Colonel, "but I protest—"

"Haste, man, haste!" cried Colonel Seely, rising upon his couch. "Stand there, my daughter; so. You stand here, Randolph; so. Now Mr. Dillin, make them man and wife in a breath."

"Let us pray," began the reluctant parson, beginning to kneel.

"No time for that now. Haste, haste!" exclaimed the impatient Colonel, as the rattle of small arms grew nearer and nearer, and as he observed the restlessness of Randolph. "Talk fast, and to the point."

Thus urged, Mr. Dillin began the service, but had merely uttered the preamble when a round shot crashed through the walls of the apartment, showering the plastering all round the group.

"Proceed, parson," said the Colonel, with a fierce coolness, as the preacher paused.

"The enemy is upon you! He is within the house!" cried Julia, springing into the apartment. "Come with me, if you would escape," she continued, grasping the preacher, and striving to pull him towards the door.

"Go on with the ceremony," roared the Colonel, as the house echoed with the tramp of rushing feet, the crack of pistols, and shouts of angry men.

"Too late; no time for anything but fighting now," said Randolph, drawing his sabre, and rushing towards the door. "Steady, men! steady! Randolph! Randolph!" he shouted in a voice that rang like a trumpet. Then turning for a parting word to Bertha, who had knelt by her father's side, he said rapidly, "Remain with your father. If I live I will return," and again shouting his well-known battle-cry, "Steady, men! steady!" he darted from the room.

"Randolph forever," shouted Rains, as he crawled to a corner, and propped his bleeding form against the wall. "Whoever meets him will meet his master. Here Jack Rains will fire his last shot for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy. Amen."

He prepared his pistol for action, and with a firm face kept a steady eye upon the door. The blood oozed darkly from the wound in his breast, and the depth of his breathing proved the agony he felt, but the fire of undaunted patriotism burned undiminished in his defiant gaze.

Old Abram, cowering and trembling at the feet of his master, mumbled his

disconnected prayers for preservation, while the Colonel, sitting erect upon the couch, with one hand supporting his weight, held his repeater in the other.

"Be firm, my child," he said, as Bertha seemed praying, with her arms about his neck. "Free me, Bertha, I want a fair field."

"I was praying for your safety, father," she replied, as she rose to her feet, pale but untrembling. "I fear not for myself."

"What a brave girl!" thought Madam Schampfer, as she gazed upon the beautiful woman. "No fear in that face, nor quiver in that firm lip. Oh, that my daughter had a soul like hers! She grasps her weapon as firmly as a soldier of ten battles."

And the Madam herself, stern, undismayed, resolute, haughty, was a study. The soul of a warrior seemed to breathe from her handsome though faded features, and if she felt fear it was invisible. Glancing around, she missed Julia, whom she expected to see trembling, if not fainting, in some corner. But Julia was not in the room. When Randolph sprang forth to mingle in the strife whose sounds filled the great mansion, followed closely by the preacher, Julia had not delayed to keep pace with him.

"Back, boy, you are too young and delicate for this work," Randolph had said, as he noticed the boyish form at his side.

"To die in your service," was her rapid and vehement response, "would be bliss to me."

Randolph heard the words, but their sense dwelt not upon his mind amid the uproar around, though he recalled them afterwards.

"Steady, men! steady! Randolph!" again pealed from his lips, as he saw his soldiers struggling in the light of many flaming torches of resinous pine, as he glanced down into the hall below.

"Push on, boys, the Union forever," shouted the leader of the assailants below, and Randolph recognized the voice of John Rasp, though he could not distinguish his form amid the confusion. "Kill the damn rebels."

"Beat them back, men, steady!" and at a bound the Confederate leader was in the heart of the strife.

"Here's the Captain at last," roared a brawny son of the Alleghanies, as he recognized his chief. "Ten to one on Billy Randolph!"

Until his arrival the tide of battle had been steadily bearing back the Confederates, for Rasp, having made his escape to the woods, and falling in with many of his defeated troop, had rallied them to avenge his disgrace, as he discovered the advance of Sheridan's forces, and then surprising Randolph's Lieutenant, routed him as far as the mansion. But the appearance and prowess of the Confederate Captain instantly put a new face upon affairs.

"Are you running like hounds from one rebel?" cried Rasp, as his advance reeled back from the rapid sweep of Randolph's sabre, every flash of which seemed a death or a wound. "Push on; Phil Sheridan and his army are already in the town. Shoot down that rebel officer; let me reach him; who is he?"

"Captain Randolph, the toughest rebel in the service," growled a trooper, as he made way for the Federal Major. "You offered a thousand dollars for

him, dead or alive; take him yourself and save your money."

But Rasp had not waited to hear this sarcastic speech, for, inflamed with rage by the nearness of his enemy, he had no sooner heard his name than he sprang forward and discharged his pistol at his head. The ball missed its aim and buried itself in the shoulder of the parson, who fought nearest to Randolph. The next instant the sabres of these formidable leaders clashed as they crossed for deadly fight.

"Rasp!"

"Randolph!"

Such were their brief salutations, and their blades clashed and gleamed as each strove to slay the other. The fight around them went on, for the sharp crack of repeaters, singling out foes on either side, gave no time for observance of the sword-play of the chieftains. But this duel, as it were, was soon over, for the skill of the Confederate, backed by a strength fully equal to that of the Federal, soon overcame the unwieldy ferocity of the latter, and Rasp felt his blade wrested from his grasp, he knew not how, and saw the keen, long-bladed sword of his enemy quivering over his head as it poised for the death stroke.

"Die, dog of a ruffian!" cried Randolph, fierce with the heat of battle, and the sabre came down like a doom upon the skull of the unflinching Federal. But a bullet flying through the air struck the blade in its descent, and turned its edge aside, so that the flat of the sabre alone encountered the head of John Rasp, otherwise he had been cloven to the chin. As it was, the tremendous force of the stroke hurled him stunned upon the floor, and a shout of triumph arose from the Confederates. Somewhat disheartened by the supposed death of their leader, the Federals began to fall hastily back, when the voice of Ransom Huckleberry, in the rear of the house, as he rushed up the steps ascending from the yard, gave a fresh and fearful alarm.

"Nigger troops acomin' on your rear, boys—that black devil, Shadrach!"

Shadrach! That name of ill-omen, shouted by the trumpet-lungs of the corpulent cavalry-man, reached the ears of Colonel Seely and his daughter. He compressed his lips, and glanced towards his daughter uneasily.

"Fear not for me, father," she said, in a resolute voice. "I have five shots, four for him, if he enters this room, and they failing me, the last—" She paused, and her father noticed the increased fire of her eye, and the firmer curl of her lip.

"And the last, my child?"

"The last is for myself!" she replied.

"Right!" exclaimed Colonel Seely. "Death before dishonor."

The orders of Captain Randolph, as he learned of the nearness of this fresh and doubtless overpowering enemy, were brief and rapidly made. His enemies in front were preparing for another charge, and he knew that to attempt to divide his small force, so as to oppose his foe in front and rear, would only precipitate the destruction or capture of every man.

"Steady, men, steady!" The cry sounded as clear and encouraging as ever, and its very tones inspired confidence. "Rally in the hall above. Up, boys, up, every soul of you."

"Very easy to say, but dratted on-easy to do," groaned Huckleberry, as he swung one huge leg after another in climbing the broad stairway, aiding

his toilsome ascent by clinging to the banisters. "When a fellow of my heft, nigh onter three hundred, hez runned not a jiffy less nor ten miles afoot, in the last hour, considering the ditches I've jumped over and into, and crawled outen of, and the fences I've clumb, and the stumps I've butted over, and the creek I had to swim over, and innumberless other spicy little deadfalls I've tooked into atrailing that red-headed swine, Johnny Rasp, whom may the devil untwist, multiplying 'em all by my heft, dog blast my trumpet if playing flyin' squirrel up these steps is a trifle to write down in a diaree as an item done did. Woa!"

This last ejaculation was caused by the snapping of one of the banisters, and after sundry elephantine attempts at recovering his balance, Mr. Ransom Huckleberry involuntarily achieved an extraordinary somersault, and rolled like a bale of cotton to the foot of the stairs, and as he was, as was his custom, in the rear in the retreat, he did his friends some temporary service in carrying down with him every Federal that had began to ascend. Amid the confusion caused by his unexpected descent, he was the first upon his feet, and knowing that it would be vain to attempt to reach the hall above, he turned his attention to paying his respects to those about him. Of immense strength, though unwieldy, he grasped by the legs a Federal who was struggling to regain his feet, and swinging him around as if a club, he charged pell-mell into the very centre of the enemy, yelling like a panther, and as irresistible in his onset. Men sank before him like pins on a bowling-alley, until one of the many balls aimed at him struck him on the head, and felled him senseless, but not dead, to the floor.

As he fell, a tumultuous crowd of negroes, in United States uniform, led by a powerful dark mulatto, who sported the insignia of an officer, rushed from the rear yard into the house, and filled it with yells and horrible blasphemy.

CHAPTER X.

The Retreat.

Colonel Seely had remained calm and collected during the progress of the fray, which was so rudely desecrating his home, having yielded to the belief that he was totally unable to take any active part in opposing the enemy, but as the shouts of the reinforcements of the assailing force, yelled in the peculiar tone which distinguishes the voice of the negro, fell upon his ear, he forgot his feebleness and seemed to regain his strength.

"Father, father, what are you about to do?" exclaimed Bertha, as he rose to his feet and turned towards the door.

"Do you not hear them? It is Shadrach and his negro band. Great God! to what indignities are you, my child, exposed. Fly, fly at once. Randolph."

"Here, Colonel," replied Randolph, as he hastily entered. "Decide instantly, for we must retreat. Will you go with us?"

"Never!" firmly replied Col. Seely. "It is useless to ask me. Away. God bless you, my child. Remember Atlanta."

Bertha sprung into his arms, and clung so tenaciously to him that he cast an imploring look upon Randolph.

"Come, Bertha, we have no time to lose," said Randolph, as he clasped her

hands, and tenderly forced them from her father's neck. "The signal may be given at any moment, and upon its success depends our escape."

"What signal, Randolph?" asked the Colonel.

"A few of my men have hurried from the house to make a rear attack, as if a fresh force, upon these fellows below, who, though they far outnumber us, are but a small advance of the enemy. Ah! they cannot so soon have gained the fit spot, and yet I hear Confederate shouts."

"It is a true attack. It is Mosby!" exclaimed Madam Schampfer, who was listening at a window. "He has arrived in time to cover your retreat. How fortunate!"

"How prompt!" said Randolph, "for he promised me this morning to reach Bratton before midnight, or I would not be here. Come, Bertha. Rally, boys, rally for the charge." So, with Bertha clinging to his left arm, her eyes fixed upon her father, he hurried from the room, as a rapid volley from the newly-arrived force, under the celebrated Colonel Mosby, was poured into the black masses clustering at the foot of the main stairway. At the same instant his own troop poured in their fire from the hall above, creating great dismay and confusion among the enemy.

The negro troops and their white allies hastily retreated from this double fire, with the exception of a powerful mulatto, decked with a Federal officer's uniform, who, having caught sight of the pale face of Bertha Seely, as the Confederates above gathered around her and their leader for a charge down the steps, boldly stood his ground to meet it, and with repeater leveled, singled her out for his aim.

"Mine or nobody's!" roared this fellow, the much-dreaded Shadrach, who had drowned his prudence in brandy; and the words were his last, for as the Confederates rushed like a living torrent down the bloody steps, the dying trooper, Rains, who had dragged himself from the room after his Captain, leaned over the balustrade and shot him dead, the ball passing through his head. He fell without drawing trigger, and the whole force of the retreating Confederates trampled upon the body as they rushed from the house.

"To horse!" was the cry, and beating down the few Federals who made any resistance, the troopers of Randolph, somewhat diminished in number, were soon mounted and dashing back towards Hubert's House, for the moment unpursued by the panic-stricken enemy.

Randolph had placed Bertha upon the horse of some missing trooper, and she pressed on at his side, while he exchanged a few words with the leader of the comparatively small Confederate force.

"Just in time, Randolph," said Col. Mosby, "to make my promise good, but who is to keep us out of this net into which we have run our heads? You see the signal lights. Gods, how it rains! We are surrounded."

"I had a guide," began Randolph.

"He is here," said a boyish rider, who kept near him. "I am Ralph. I will guide you to the creek ravine, and if this deluge of rain has not made it a river, we shall soon be nearer safety. Captain, it is almost impossible to see, and I must trust much to me-

mory ; but as soon as we have passed Hubert's House, and we are nearly there, we shall take a narrow and rugged road in single file."

"We yield the lead to you, Ralph, knowing that the lady who recommended you places implicit faith in you," said Randolph.

No more was then said, for the darkness of the night, the pelting rain, and the speed at which they boldly plunged along, made conversation almost impossible.

The point spoken of by Ralph was soon reached, and at the young guide's suggestion the Confederates fell into single file, the guide in advance.

The darkness was fearful, and rendered still more so by the plunging rain, which fell like a deluge, while the strong wind forced it with blinding violence into the faces of the riders ; but the nerve, skill, and coolness of the guide, aided by the rapid and vivid lightning, enabled the party to continue the retreat at a sharp trot.

The sudden shriek of a shell as it hurried through the air, passing high over the heads of the Confederates, told them that the direction of their retreat had been suspected or discovered by the leaders of Sheridan's forces, which were then pouring in heavy masses into the unfortunate town of Bratton. Another shell, roaring high above them, and bursting with an angry boom as it neared the earth, warned them that the retreat was becoming dangerous, and their speed was increased when a red glare began to illumine the sky in their rear.

"It is the Seely mansion," thought Randolph, as he glanced towards the rapidly increasing flames, but he kept the surmise to himself, unwilling to wring the heart of the fair girl by his side. The glare of the conflagration increased until a dim light began to be shed upon the party, and the voice of the guide, shrill and clear, rang along the line :

"Gallop. They are firing the town to give light to find us. Gallop, for your lives."

It was rough riding along the muddy and winding road, a narrow, tortuous path, long unused save by cattle, across fenceless fields, through miry ditches, over half-cleared grounds, among dangerous stumps and fallen trees ; a terrible place for cavalry, and but for the unerring precision, and never-faltering coolness of the guide, the party would have become hopelessly bewildered and lost. Randolph saw the rapidly increasing glare, as house after house was fired by the "military necessity" in the war, and the roar of the flames, mingled with that of the storm, made hideous music, to which was soon added the shouts of infuriated men, shrieking women, and screaming children, driven from their blazing homes. The frequent roar of heavy thunder, and the sharp lightning, added their terrors, and soon the fierce, short speech of the cannon joined to swell the infernal chorus, as the Confederates were espied by the enemy.

"We will have it now," said Randolph, as a solid shot ploughed the earth near them, scattering the moist dirt high in the air, and burying itself in the dead timber with a spiteful crash.

"Ay, this will not do," replied Mosby, who was near him, as a second ball swept a horse and rider to the earth, for the light of the burning town

gave forth a radiance which encircled them with fearful distinctness.

Turning in his saddle, Randolph gazed back upon the devoted Bratton. The ground upon which he and his friends were retreating was considerably higher than the town, and its public square was plainly visible. The time-honored Court-House, which had listened to the eloquence of a Henry, a Wise, a Hunter, and the gifted tongues of many a noble Virginian, was wrapped in flames, while nearly every house flanking the square was feeding the mounting demon of fire. Dense masses of Federals were moving in every direction, and in a neighboring field the trained eye of Randolph detected the battery which was pouring its well-directed fire upon the retreat.

"Courage!" rang that shrill, girlish voice, as the Confederates seemed about to fall into the confusion of a "save-who-can" flight.

"Steady, men, steady," pealed the deep battle-notes of Randolph, as he dashed along the line, while Mosby, the bravest of the brave, added his well-known cheer, which rang like a clarion.

"Courage!" cried the guide again, and wheeling the head of the line so as to throw a thicket between the Confederates and the spiteful battery. Thus sheltered, they sped on rapidly, in the shade of the woods, unseen by the foe, and heard the continued firing, and the hurtling of the solid shot, as it shattered the trees above their heads. The violence of the storm began to abate as rapidly as it had exhausted its fury, and nothing but the dampness of the air, the wet and sloshy earth, and the dripping leaves, told of the just-ceased deluge, save the drenched garments of the riders.

"Who is this guide who has thus far proved our preserver?" asked Mosby of Randolph.

"A nephew of a lady friend of ours, Colonel," was the reply. "Ralph—Ralph—I forget his name."

"Ah, the nephew of Madam Schampfer," said Mosby. "I have seen him before. He gave me a hint once which led to the bagging of over a hundred 'Feds.' But, my friend, look to the left. What mean those signal lights?"

"Bratton is now in our rear, Sheridan's forces on our right, and those lights are certainly from our enemy," said Randolph, musingly. But the voice of the guide was heard commanding a halt, and soon after the boyish rider rode up to the two leaders.

"I wish to note those signal lights on the left," said the guide, "and as they are of course in answer to others, I wish to ride where I may observe both. Be patient for a few moments and I will return."

"I will accompany you," said Randolph, in his quick, authoritative tone, as he rode off by the side of the guide towards an elevated spot in front, leaving Colonel Mosby in command of both troops.

The guide was silent until they reached the knoll, a bare and exposed spot upon which the glare of burning Bratton shone dangerously clear.

"Captain Randolph's life is too precious to his troop and to others," said the guide, with a faint emphasis upon the last word, "to allow him to expose himself here. Doubtless the glasses of the enemy are scrutinizing every spot that the eye can reach, and our presence here will not long escape notice."

"Captain Randolph is much obliged to you, my young friend, for the interest you express in his welfare," replied the officer, rather curtly, as he swept his eye around him, "but he likes to observe for himself. I fear I have been rather fool-hardy in my attempt to capture that bull-dog, Rasp; certainly very culpable in allowing him to escape after looking him up. Ah, there are Sheridan's signal lights."

"Which means an enemy is attempting to escape" said the guide.

"Oh, you know the key to the signal lights?" asked Randolph, as he noted the waving of the enemy's signal fires. "Well, here on our left replies another enemy."

The guide watched the rising and falling, curving and angles made by the signal lights on the left, and replied:

"They read, 'We are on the alert, and know his position.'"

"It seems our own is discovered," said Randolph, with a smile, as a ball from Bratton, from a long-range gun, whizzed over their heads. "But what says Sheridan? I see his lights dancing."

"'His capture or destruction is important,'" translated the guide.

"Thank you for your flattering opinion, Phil. Sheridan," said Randolph, grimly. "But he signals again."

"He telegraphs your names, 'Randolph and Mosby,'" replied the guide. "Let us return to the troop, for the wood will soon be a dangerous spot. We must leave it for the ravine."

No more was said, and they soon rejoined Col. Mosby, the guide riding to the head of the line, and giving the command.

"Forward!" in that clear, shrill voice, which made every soldier leap as he heard it.

"That boy was born to be a soldier," said Randolph, as they moved on.

"A noble guide," replied Mosby, with a quiet laugh, "but he will never live to be a man."

"Ah, and why not?" asked Randolph, at a loss to account for the tone and meaning of his friend. But the voice of the guide in question was again heard, and this time it said, "Silence in ranks."

The party now moved rapidly, and with all possible silence, soon plunging into what was usually a dry ravine, but which the recent rain had swollen into a noisy stream, not deep, but swift and roaring, as the water swept around the hollow caves of rock and clay. Along this, with painful caution, and lighted only by the glare of Bratton's reflected fire, the Confederates pursued their dangerous way, hearing the deep booms of the enemy's guns on the left, as they opened fire upon the woods they had just quitted.

The water in the ravine grew deeper as they proceeded, until it surged around the flaps of their saddles, and Randolph began to be seriously apprehensiue of further progress, when the guide left the ravine, and led the troop into a second thicket, and by the louder roar of waters Randolph judged that they had left the spot where the ravine torrent was poured into a larger stream.

The Confederates being halted, the guide rode to the side of the chiefs.

"We have reached Ravine Creek, now almost a river. Three hundred yards below this wood are the shallows, over which we must cross to escape. They are very slippery and

dangerous, even when the creek is low. It is now high, and rising every minute. Once across the creek, and we are safe from immediate pursuit, for this is the only ford within several miles. The smoke from the town, you perceive, has settled down upon the course of the stream, and will be our friend, as under its cover we shall cross unperceived.

"But, my young friend," remarked Randolph, "suppose some one in the force upon our left knows of this ford."

"It is probable, for men from Bratton and its vicinity have joined the Federal army since the war began," replied the guide, "but that is a risk we must run. Daylight must not find us on this side of Ravine Creek; the shallows will be impassable within an hour—perhaps are so now. But I have little fear that any large force of the enemy can reach them before we do. You, Captain Randolph, are greatly interested in the safety of this lady."

"Dearer to me than my life," said Randolph, with a sudden burst of affection, which caused a smile upon the firm lips of Mosby.

The guide sighed, and the gloom of the hour concealed her feelings. Randolph little dreamed that his words cruelly wounded a proud and devoted heart, which deemed life a trifle in his service, as the guide continued:

"She is worthy of your devotion, Captain Randolph."

"Thank you, sir," said the sweet voice of Bertha Seely, upon whose sense the tone of the speaker fell with a mysterious sympathy. But the guide resumed:

"It is best to place the horse of the lady between your own and that of Colonel Mosby, with each a hand upon the bridle, for the passage is dangerous. Be watchful; the stream is rapid, and the falls below the shallows very deep. Forward!" And the party was again in motion.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness," said Bertha, as the officers reached out to grasp her bridle, "but my unknown friend, the guide, knows little of a Virginia woman, if he thinks she cannot ride as well as he. Your hold upon my bridle will only embarrass me."

Yielding reluctantly to the firm refusal, Randolph rode on at her side, and the voice of the guide startled him by its sudden shrillness, as it rang out the alarm:

"The enemy! By fours! Gallop!" and at full speed the head of the column plunged into the stream, just as the sharp crack of a Minnie revealed the fact that their projected route had been anticipated by the enemy on the left.

"My place is in the rear on retreat," said the gallant Mosby, as he wheeled his horse and galloped back to look to the rear.

Randolph felt a hard struggle in his bosom as he scented the imminent danger, for he shrank from leaving the side of the fair girl, who had been so solemnly confided to him by Colonel Seely, and yet he knew from long experience the power of his presence in the rear on a retreat.

"Go, William, where duty calls you," said the heroic daughter of Virginia, as her quick mind comprehended his feelings. "God is with us everywhere."

He paused no longer, but exchanging a fond pressure of the hand, dashed away to the rear, and Bertha soon

heard that deep, clear voice cheering the men, upon whom a dropping fire was falling.

"Steady, men, steady! Push on boldly. Safety lies before you"

Fortunately those who made the attack were but few in number at first, and before their ranks were greatly augmented, the Confederates had all reached the opposite bank, the two leaders being the last to ascend from the rising stream. The passage had been full of peril, but not a man was lost, the obscurity of the night, added to the deep smoke from the burning town, rendering the fire of the Federals at random and ineffectual. The depth of the stream and the rapidity of its rush, its whirlpools, and the deep hollows scattered here and there in the shallows, had unhorsed several of the riders, but their courage, coolness, and experience had carried them through without loss of man or horse.

Bertha Seely had guided and sat upon her steed with all the bravery and nerve that she had promised, and though more than once she had felt that the animal was swimming beneath her, her firmness never failed, nor her calmness wavered.

Hardly had the Confederates crossed, and retreated into the obscurity made by the dense growth of laurel and ivy, which deeply fringed the banks, where they paused to recover breath, both for themselves and their horses, when the moon burst brilliantly from the dark masses of clouds, her light seeming to dissipate them right and left as if by magic; a steady breeze swept along the stream and rolled the heavy smoke aside, as if a curtain, and the Confederates, hidden in the dark foliage, perceived the massing of fully five hundred cavalry on the opposite bank, which was sandy and sloping.

"They mean to cross," said Bertha, as she whispered to Randolph.

"Ah, you may speak louder, Bertha," said he, pressing her hand, "for the roar of the water would drown even a yell. It is true that we are not much more than a hundred yards from our friends over there, and if they suspected that we were here, they would pour a volley—down, every man!" he shouted suddenly, as his quick eye detected the gleam of hundreds of rifles falling to a level, and as they crouched low, a line of fire flashed from the Federal ranks, and a storm of bullets whistled among the laurels.

A deep groan from one of his men startled Randolph, and hastening to the man, he found him dead. One of those hundreds of random balls, and but one, had struck; but that had been fatal, passing through the trooper's breast. One groan, and he lay there silent, motionless, dead.

"Poor Moreland," said Randolph, as he softly let fall the lifeless hand. "The only man exposed, ever reckless of his life; and well he might be, home destroyed, wife outraged and dead; his children starved. But men, we will avenge him."

He moved among his command, stationing his troops for a deadly fire, and at his earnest desire Bertha Seely withdrew to the rear.

"It will be butchery," remarked the guide, "for the stream is not fordable now, and is full of floating timber."

"It will be war," said Mosby, as he gave his brief orders.

The Federals, most of them new recruits, fresh from the bounty offices of the North, bought and sold by the de-

mon of fanaticism, and led by inexperienced officers, to whom the wily warfare of Mosby and Randolph was a new thing, a supposed bugbear, plunged into the dangerous and swollen stream after their feeling fire, and were in disorder near the middle of the broad creek, when the flash of a carbine, and then the blaze of a hundred amid those treacherous laurels, emptied a score of saddles, and told them that, Parthian-like, the Confederate warriors struck in retreat.

All became utter confusion then, and as the foremost sought to spur on their horses to dash across the shallows, they plunged over into the deep water amid floating timbers, sharp and jagged logs, rushing swiftly with all the strength of a torrent. The centre of the mass was a vast struggle to reach the shore, and the rapid firing of the well-armed Confederates—arms won on many a battle-field—emptied saddle after saddle, and the riderless horses, many dreadfully wounded, swam and pawed here and there, until scores of unwounded men were hurled over the falls below. To add to the horrible confusion, great masses of clouds swept over and swallowed up the moon, thus adding the terror of total darkness to the panic.

"We can see no longer how to aim," said Randolph. "Let us leave them with this night's experience to remember Ravine Creek."

"Your route is now clear," said the guide, as they galloped away from a hasty-made grave, in which slept "for aye" the unfortunate Moreland, "I will attend you but a short distance farther."

"And then, my brave young friend?"

"I must return to Bratton," replied the guide.

"To Bratton! You will be captured."

"I do not fear," was the quiet answer.

"Ere we part, my young friend, let me give you some token of my appreciation of your services," said Randolph. "I have a watch"—

"No, no," returned the guide, in an earnest tone. "I would not deprive you of that. I, like you, have devoted myself to serve my country, and in extricating Captain Randolph from danger, think that I have done good service."

"You will take no reward?" asked Randolph, somewhat hurt. "A ring"—

"Ah, if you can spare me a ring. The ring once worn by Captain Randolph will indeed be ample reward," said the guide, in a low tone.

"You are right heartily welcome to it, and to anything that I can give," remarked Randolph, as he drew off his glove, and placed a ring, a plain ring bearing his name within it, in the delicate hand of the guide.

"Anything that he has to give," thought the unhappy Julia, as she placed the ring upon her middle finger. "He has no heart to give, or I might ask that."

They soon reached a point at which the guide bade them adieu, and Randolph sighed as the boyish form disappeared, hastening towards that red glare which still hung over distant Bratton.

"A strange boy," said Randolph to Mosby.

"Very," curtly replied the great guerrilla chief, and then added, "but he

will never live to be a man."

"Colonel, you have twice made those remarks. What do you mean?" asked Randolph.

"Because the guide is a girl," said Bertha. "I suspected it as soon as she asked for a ring."

(*To be continued.*)

THE INN-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.]

Three students were journeying far over the Rhine,
And stopped at a wayside inn to dine.

"Dame hostess, thou sellest good beer and wine
But where is that pretty daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are both fresh and clear,
But my daughter's form lies cold on the bier."

Then the three young men with softened tread
Went to the room where lay the dead.

And one from the cold face the white shroud took,
And stood gazing there with sorrowful look.

"Ah! wert thou still living, oh, beautiful maid!
To thee my vows of love would be paid."

The next o'er the pale face replaced the shroud,
And turned him away and wept aloud.

"Alas! that thou shouldst lie on thy bier!
I have loved thee so dearly many a year!"

The third youth approaching uplifted the veil,
And tenderly kissed the lips so pale.

"Oh, rarest maiden! I loved thee ever!
I love thee still—I will love thee *forever!*"

—:o:—

EPIGRAM ON OLD ABE.

"Abe's fame's immortal," they will have us understand;
"And so," says Pluto, "are torments of the damned!"

PEN PICTURES OF PURITANISM.

(*Concluding Chapter.*)

To carry out this scheme of making the poor forever poor, a most villainous system of what is called banking has been inaugurated. Instead of one monster, like that which old Hickory slew, an uncountable breed of reptiles, of all forms and sizes, have been scattered broadcast throughout the land: all linked together under the control of the centralized despots of party, and in direct antagonism to labor. These so-called banks have not a dollar of specie in their vaults; but they loan their certificates of indebtedness, the borrower paying interest thereon, on the strength of another species of debt, which also draws interest; both classes of interest to be paid, in the end, by the laboring poor, in the form of taxes and high prices. As an expedient to ward off immediate bankruptcy, it served the purpose of reckless gamesters and charlatan statesmen; but as a system to be perpetuated, it is more soulless and blood-sucking than any recorded in the annals of finance. It has raised up swarms of speculators and extortioners, who, by forestalling and monopolizing, have destroyed the natural relation between supply and demand, thus forcing the poor upon half allowance of food, fuel, and raiment, that would be plenty and cheap but for this rag currency.

Thus has haughty Federalism, at least for the time being, realized its most sanguine dreams. We are cursed with a large standing army, a huge national debt, an oppressive tariff, a worthless circulating medium, a most oppressive system of direct taxation; the independence of the States is ignored; all together creating as black a despotism as ever tyrant could desire.

As a fitting climax to all these crimes against true republicanism, against State sovereignty and individual liberty and happiness, these enemies of the laboring white people have, at least nominally, set free three or four millions of the negroes of the South, a large part of whom, in their unnatural state of emancipation, must be supported by taxes wrung from the laboring poor of the North; and thousands will be brought hither to degrade manly white labor by an unnatural competition. The act of so-called emancipation, however it may be applauded by zealots, bigots, and fanatics now, will be universally condemned by posterity as the most unwise, impolitic, and unjust act ever committed by any people, in any age, country or clime, and far worse for the black man than for the white.

And now, that the Democracy-haters have forced upon the country, at the point of the bayonet, their abhorrent systems, against which the people have fought for eighty years, we are grave-

ly told by superloyal numskulls, that all old issues are settled ; that we must not raise a voice against our oppressors ; but that it is our duty meekly to bow the knee, and submissively lick the boots of our Puritan masters; that we must tamely submit to be slaves to the hypocrisy, infidelity, and interests of Massachusetts *forever*.

But, notwithstanding the fearful darkness that enshrouds us, a bright ray of hope, in some measure, dispels the otherwise impenetrable gloom of the hour. The hand of God has raised up a man who may be the inheritor of the mantle of Andrew Jackson. He stands with the flaming, two-edged sword of patriotism, guarding the Eden of our hopes against the fierce assaults of that hideous satan, Consolidation, and the tortuous approaches of the subtle and slimy serpents of radicalism. He has set his face, as a flint, against the favorite twin-measures of the hate-inspired, money-loving Puritans, confiscation and negro suffrage ; and if the monarchists and radicals cannot crush him, and that quickly, they fear that they will be overwhelmed by the waves of retribution, by a defeat more disastrous than ever yet befell any party in this country : hence they are as savagely bent upon confiscation as were their malignant ancestors under the revolutionist Cromwell.

The fanatic favors negro suffrage, because he really believes that the negro is as good as the Caucasian ; or, in other words, because he is a fool ; the strong-government man is in favor of the scheme because he knows that, if successful, it will inevitably degrade the poor white man to the negro's level ; or, to speak plainly, because he is a knave. This wing of the negro party is composed of authors, editors, clergymen, and other professional gentlemen, who never come in contact with negroes only as masters meet their servants. From the foundation of our government till the present time, it has been the aim of that faction to create an artificial bar between their precious selves and the hard-working masses, as impassable as is the gulf the Almighty has placed between the black and the white species.

The negro-suffrage men pretend to believe that the only difference between the negro and Caucasian is that of color. Now, these men either knowingly utter falsehoods, or they are too ignorant to talk or write on the subject. There is not an anatomist or physiologist, whose opinion is worth a straw, but who knows that the color of the skin of the two species is the least of their differences. The brain of the negro is not only smaller, by far, than that of the white man, but it is utterly unlike in both color and shape. Besides the monkey-skull and baboon-countenance of the negro, the nerves and pulmonary apparatus of the two species are so unlike, that those physicians who know not of it have no success, unless by chance, in treating negro patients. The diseases of whites and blacks differ as widely as do those of horses and horned cattle. One is subject to diseases that the other is not. The negro is like the white man, as the ass is like the horse. In general shape their bodies are similar ; but the negro lacks the spirit and mind of the white man, as the ass lacks the spirit and grace of the horse. Combining body, spirit, and mind, the negro is as like the white man, as the

cur is like the mastiff; or as the polecat is like the tabby.

If the disgusting heresy of negro suffrage prevail, it will as certainly superinduce anarchy as darkness succeeds daylight; and anarchy will be the prelude to the erection of a monarchy, aristocracy, or despotism of some sort; and this is precisely what is desired by these men.

The present Congress is not notable for the superiority of its members. From the first Colonial Congress in Philadelphia, to the present, not one has had so few men of mark, nor so many of small minds and narrow souls. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there ever was so large a body of law-makers, with so few superior minds. The giants have been left at their homes, the pigmies sent to Washington. There is, in the majority, scarcely a Senator or Representative who ranks above mediocrity; and like all small great men, clothed with a little brief authority for the time being, too many of them are as unscrupulous and overbearing as they are insignificant and iniquitous. These men are fair representatives of the dominant party in the northern States, which is no respecter of minorities; nor does it feel bound by constitutional obligations. Having accidentally rode into power, it seems bent upon perpetuating its rule by any and all means, whether of trickery or force. It disfranchises great cities to strengthen party, and depopulates them by false census returns for the same purpose. Indeed, the late war, so far as the northern instigators of it are concerned, was but a party war for party purposes. Having gained the ascendancy by false pretences, the Radicals must retain it at all hazards; for the retributive vengeance that punished their forefathers in England after the restoration, haunts their guilty souls, and incites them to desperation. It stares them in the face, like Banquo's ghost glaring at the conscience-smitten Macbeth; for they know that they must either ruin the true Union men, the Democratic masses, or be ruined themselves.

The malignant and money-loving leaders of this piebald party of real disunionists, are now roaring for confiscation, and the disfranchisement and expatriation of white men, for their own benefit and their party's. They would make it appear that the rank and file of our late armies were not American heroes, fighting for their own and their country's glory, but robbers intent upon plunder.

The Jacobins of Congress, not having before their eyes any fears of being Cromwelled, may thwart the reconstruction policy of the President. If they do, the next congressional campaign will be the most important ever known in our history. It will afford the opportunity for our late veterans to declare, by their ballots, whether they fought for our country or for *niggers*; whether glory or booty was uppermost in their minds. If they decide for nigger, (but they cannot be so mean and soulless,) then will they have been the tools of the Abolition Puritans, the purse-proud Federalists of Massachusetts, to ruin themselves and their children forever. They will have freed the negroes from the state of subordination ordained for them by the Almighty, and *elevated* them to a state of wretchedness and woe unutterable; and at the same time have taken the steps that will degrade their own chil-

dren to the beastly negro's level; both negroes and poor whites having become, *de facto*, slaves of the Puritans of Massachusetts. And in want and misery, like that which curses the poor of the old world, will our children curse the memory of their forefathers for having suffered themselves to be led astray by knaves, instead of having followed the lead of patriots. If the confiscation and negro-suffrage scheme of the Radicals be carried out, large standing armies will be necessary forever; high tariffs will be unavoidable; taxation and exorbitant prices will grind the face of the poor; and the people will be ruled with a rod of iron by the Puritan-Abolition oligarchists of Massachusetts.

MAUDE.

A penny, "Queen Maude," for thy dreams to-night,
I know you are dreaming of me;
You dream of me, lovelorn, thin and pale,
Where we used to wander down in the vale,
There sighing I list to the nightingale,
Yearning for what ne'er can be.

Maude, O, Maude! thy dreams to-night,
They're false as false can be;
White arms caress—the entrancing kiss
Is answering mine, 'till I'm drunk with bliss;
The present a glory, the past a mist,
A *mist* floating far from me.

I will not dream, but I'll preach to-night
A sermon, Queen Maude, for thee.
When love bids adieu, wave a gay "good-bye,"
Give a smile for a tear, a song for a sigh,
Kiss, drain the brimmer, when Beauty is nigh,
And you'll ne'er forget—with me.

Petersburgh, Va.

—:o:—

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'll think of thee, when in my noon-tide rounds
I pluck the rose;
And then again, when spirit-tinkling sounds
Lull to repose,

GEN. SHERMAN'S OFFICERS AMONG THE LADIES OF RALEIGH.

(*Concluded.*)

Many ladies were warned, but I heard of but one who was arrested for impudence of speech, and she was only doomed to be lectured for half an hour by the then commandant of the post, and dismissed with an injunction to behave better in future.

"What are you doing with those buttons?" said a Colonel to a lady who was ostentatiously covering some Confederate navy buttons with thin Italian crape.

"I'm putting them in mourning for the death of my country," was the demure reply. "I understand there is an order out forbidding the wearing of grey coats with brass buttons, and as I am too poor to buy my son a new suit of clothes, I am showing my sorrow for my great wickedness in encouraging him to rebel against 'the best government in the world,' by putting his buttons in mourning."

"Yes, that's a fair sample of the loyalty of the South; at heart you are all rebels, like these buttons, and you only draw a thin veil over your real feelings, just as you are doing over them."

"The United States Government has just about as much right to cut off my head as it has to cut off my buttons; and has no more to do with the state of my heart than with the state of my stomach. I obey its behests only because I wish to escape its punishments."

And this is the general feeling of the southern people. There is not and cannot be any cordiality between the North and the South. Policy, self-respect, or circumstances over which we have no control, may induce us to conceal our dislike at the presence of the United States army officers among us; individuals among them may, and often do, render themselves acceptable to individual southerners, but we can no more mingle socially than oil and water.

"Does it not make your blood boil to see negroes in the United States army uniform?" asked an officer of a lady.

"No," was the haughty rejoinder, "I would rather see it there than not. I intend to adopt it as my livery, and insist on my waiter and coachman wearing it. Grey in future for the southern gentleman; blue for his valet."

There is no reasoning with feelings like these; the South is like a man terribly wounded, wounded almost unto death, the surgeons may plaster and dress his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, but with all their skill, nature demands time to heal the gashes which have almost let out life. But are our conquerors pouring in wine and oil?

Are they striving to assist the healing process of time? No, a thousand times no; they are tearing open the wounds and irritating the sores in every possible way. Where the interest of the North, and northern men is likely to be injured, they yield, and only then; and then they turn and prate of their generosity to "conquered rebels."

They imprison our friends for words and deeds that they would never dream of noticing in a northern man, allow our first gentlemen to be summoned before petty officials, and held answerable for any crime that a negro may choose to accuse them of. The Hon. Kenneth Rayner was summoned to appear before the Freedmen's Bureau to answer for stealing a pig from a negro. Even the officers of the army cried "shame." Indeed, the regular army officers refuse to associate with the Freedmen's Bureau men, whose *ipse dixit* can condemn any southern gentleman to fine or imprisonment. Camps of idle negroes, who positively refuse to work, are formed in our midst, and rations regularly issued to them to this day. Even in our religion we are not free; and churches are closed at the will of a petty tyrant, and our prayers dictated to us by military orders.

"Why don't you pray for President Lincoln?" asked an officer of a lady.

"I do; I pray for him whenever I hear the Litany read, for I respond audibly to the clause that implores God's mercy on our 'enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.'"

"But you don't say amen to the prayer for the President of the United States."

"No; and so help me God I never will."

"Won't you kiss me, little lady?" said an officer to a little girl of ten.

"No."

"Why not?"

Before the child could reply, the mother answered, "Oh, she's getting almost too much of a young lady to allow gentlemen to kiss her."

"Don't you let any gentleman kiss you? Not one?"

"None but Confederates," replied L'enfant terrible.

"Ah! But why won't you kiss a Yankee?" was the pleasant rejoinder.

"I would not have the girls in school to get it on me that I had let a Yankee kiss me for anything on earth," replies Missie, coolly, while mamma diplomatically dismisses her to order a glass of water to be brought.

Had the United States, secure in its mighty strength, and the utter prostration and exhaustion of the Confederate States, passed a general amnesty, and held the conquered States under military rule only until the State government could be organized, the sea of blood and the ridge of graves which divide the people of the two sections would have filled up and levelled a generation sooner than is now possible. Without the curse of the Freedmen's Bureau, the planter who is now seeking to import white labor, would have preferred hiring his former 'slaves,' while the negroes, whose heads are now full of false notions of their importance, would soon have found their proper level, and become what God has fitted them but to be, field laborers under a southern sun. The old ties would not have been so violently rent asunder, and society would have escaped a shock from

which it will take it a long time to recover.

The uncomplaining cheerfulness with which the people of the South have taken up the burden which the Almighty has seen fit to lay upon them, is a remarkable feature of the times. It has always been the fashion in the North to regard the "slaveholders" of the South as a lazy, inert population, living in idleness, supported by the labor of the negro. The northern lady who had never been South, pictured the southern one as passing her life in luxurious indolence; while the southern supposed it was only the wealthy families of the North in which the mistress did not do the cooking and washing. Neither of these pictures is correct; but there was certainly a wide difference in the domestic arrangements of the two sections. None but the poorest white women at the South ever think of doing the menial work of their families; they may have cooks and washerwomen who can do nothing without their personal supervision, but still they always have them. Any respectable journeyman mechanic would feel disgraced to allow his wife to do her own cooking and washing, while the necessity of training servants from childhood obliged the wealthy to keep twice as many as were really needed for the work of the household. Every southern mother who could afford it, felt it incumbent on her to train one female servant at least for each of her daughters, so that when they married and went to housekeeping they might have one domestic on whom they could rely. Then, too, the very nature of 'slavery' forced owners to keep many more servants than they will now be obliged to do. There's Betty, the chambermaid, who ought to do twice as much work as she does, but then she has five children whom she must look after; so she must have Susan to help her. Well, it does not matter, Susan will be learning, so as to be ready to become Miss Annie's maid when she needs one; and then, too, Betty needs her to take care of the baby when she is in the house. Jenny, the nurse, is feeble, and can't really do more than take care of the baby, but she is the "mammy" of the family, and to dismiss her to the plantation, or hire her out, could not be thought of for a moment, for her supervision in the nursery is indispensible to the comfort of the mistress; so Jenny has an assistant, whose duty it is to run after the three and four year old toddlers, and "tote wood and water." And so it goes on through the whole establishment. Persons living in towns, who had no plantations to send their surplus servants to, were, whether willing to do so or not, often obliged by their interest to keep more servants about them than they needed. Suddenly, slavery is abolished, and the negroes, like a parcel of school-boys unexpectedly turned out of school, rush off, to prove their freedom, by changing their homes. Almost all of them wished at first to live to themselves; the constitutions of the women gave way at once, and not one in twenty was able to cook or wash. The Freedmen's Bureau built shanties for them, where they were allowed to live in idleness, drawing rations of hard tack, coffee, meat, sugar, &c., from the commissary department. It was summer, and they did not suffer from exposure, to which they had never been accustomed. Music was to be had for

the asking, and Yankee officers very willing to attend their balls, and polite enough to teach the black and yellow misses the new dances; so the cooks, washerwomen, seamstresses, and ladies-maids, determined to have a good time, believing in their ignorance that it would last forever, and, that before very long their former mistresses would be acting as their servants. What they could not draw from the government, they stole, and until the small-pox broke out among them, and winter pinched them, it was indeed a fine thing to be free, and see the ladies doing their own work.

"Aye, Miss Mary, you can work just as good as if you was fotch up to it. When did you learn to sweep and make bread? You ain't never done it afore the Yankees come," said an old negro woman to her young mistress.

"No, Peggie, I never did, and that's the difference between you and me. I am a lady, and if necessary can play a servant's part as well as you can, but you can't make a lady out of a negro, no matter how hard you try."

"And that's God's own truth you are talking now. I tell these gals that's a taking music lessons, and larning grammary, tain't no use. God made 'em niggers, and niggers dey'll stay in spite of all de Yankee schoolmistisses in creation. The Yankees is done made 'em free, but dey can't make em ladies nor white folks."

For the first few weeks after the conquest, many ladies who had always lived in affluence were supporting themselves and their families by making pies to sell to the soldiers, while the sons of the first gentlemen in the land might be seen selling newspapers, cigars, lemonade, and other trifles, in the street.

"You must not feel badly at having to do such things, dear," said the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the State, to her son, when he was starting off with a bundle of papers for the first time. "It's our share of the trouble we are bearing now; let us bear it as well as our noble soldiers did their privations and sufferings."

"Feel badly, mother! Poverty is a badge of honor now. If father had staid at home and speculated, instead of going into the army and fighting to the end, he would not have been shut up in a Yankee prison now, and you would have gold instead of Confederate money. I was not old enough to be in the army, but I am old enough to work for you, and proud to do it."

In this spirit have the southerners met the utter pecuniary ruin which involves the nation.

"Are you not sorry you ever used your influence in support of this rebellion, when you see the misery which has followed it?" asked an officer of a lady.

"No; we have done what we could, and my sorrow is, not for the effort we made, but for its failure. Better, ten thousand times better, the present sufferings than the degradation of submitting tamely without a struggle. We feel that we were right, and that is a great thing, let the conviction cost us what it will."

The Southern Confederacy is dead, and all that its mourning lovers asked was to bury their dead reverently. They did not seek to conceal their grief at the loss they had sustained, but wept such tears as only strong

men can weep. They did not attempt to apply galvanism to the corpse that they might bring about spasmodic action, and cry—

"There is life in the old land yet!"

Nor do they now reverence its flag as a standard round which to gather and fight desperately on. No; it is to them the winding sheet of their dead glory, over whose grave they have raised a monument of noble deeds which will defy malice, oppression and time. They love their grey coats, their military and navy buttons, and their battle-flags, as the widow loves the honorable distinctions won by her dead husband on the battle field of life. Had they been allowed to do so, they would have turned from the grave of their dead hopes and buried joys with tearful eyes and sad hearts, to take up the heavy cross which God has laid upon them, and borne it manfully, trusting that He, in His own time, would bring good out of their present evil, saying with true and heartfelt earnestness:

"God help us all, we pray!
With aching hearts we've hid
Under the coffin's lid,
Our dearer parts away.
God help us all.

Was ever woe like ours?
Was ever known such grief,
So hopeless of relief,
So fierce in all its powers?
God help us all.

Upon her shield
A hundred quarterings shone,
Of noble deeds well done
On many a field.

* * * * *

From noble race she came,
And through all ages Fame
Shall proudly tell
The glories of her name.
God help us all.

Help us to take
Our lot with spirits brave,
To bury in her grave
For her dead sake,
All thoughts less good than she.
God help us all."

LIFE'S DAY,

[BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.]

O, come, in life's MORNING,
Be glad at the dawning:
Why list to the warning
Of time's future storms?

The NOONTIDE approaches!
Its sorrow encroaches,
On hearts it reproaches
With useless alarms.

The EVENING is falling;
Old age is appalling—
Eternity calling,
How solemn and loud!

NIGHT! night is oppressing!
Poor life is distressing;
God grant us Thy blessing,
For Thou art our aid.

POE AND HIS BIOGRAPHER, GRISWOLD

Both have long since *gone out from among us;* and we would not, on this occasion, lift the veil of death which ought, perhaps, to cover their faults, if not their virtues, only that we are called upon, rather in the way of duty, to do so. Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, Rhode Island, whose blessed little book, entitled, "Edgar Poe and his Critics," we trust many of our readers have taken among their household treasures, writes to us, herself just ready, as she declares, to slip from "this bank and shoal of time," asking the publication of a piece of testimony about Poe's *College Career*, which she had gathered from a reliable source. It came into her possession after her volume went to press. We gladly give it; for we, too, have the biographer entered upon our record as a falsifier of the departed poet, whether the untruths were told from malice aforethought, in the heart of the writer himself, or dealt at second hand. Mrs. Whitman introduces her evidence thus:

"I have abundance of proof that Dr. Griswold purposely *falsified every anecdote, and altered every purported note or assumed manuscript of his much maligned author.* You will perhaps remember a paragraph in the 'Memoir,' which Griswold says, '*He* (Poe) *would have graduated with the highest honors, had not his gambling, intemperance, and other vices, induced his expulsion from the University.*' This passage, blindly accepted on the authority of Dr. Griswold, has passed through nearly all the leading European reviews, and has again and again been cited in proof of his hopeless and early depravity. I have been favored with the perusal of letters from Dr. Maupin, Mr. Westenbaker, and other gentlemen of the faculty of Charlottsville University, in which they affirm that he never at any time came under the censure of the University, and that he did not graduate there, *simply because at that time the University gave no degrees.* I have also in my possession a letter from one of his classmates, Mr. John Willis, of Orange County, Virginia, written on the 8th of April, 1861, confirmatory of their favorable statements."

So much from Mrs. Whitman to remove the stain, *sent down to the generations*, upon the good name of her friend. For ourselves, individually, we needed not this to convince us of Griswold's twisting from their rightful bearing of the facts furnished him as a foundation of his Memoir; for the article itself has "internal evidence" of its own want of truth. On the strength of such evidence, alone, we wrote the following introductory to our Proving of the Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace:

The term Universe, as employed by Mr. Poe, signifies, in his own language, "the utmost conceivable expanse of space, with all things spiritual and material, that can be imagined

to exist within the compass of that expanse." It is not our design, of course, to go into an investigation of the whole of this broad ground. We shall bring under examination a portion only of it—that covered by the theory of Laplace. In doing this, however—in refuting the arguments offered by Laplace—we shall, in effect, remove the only tangible support of Poe's beautiful fabric. We say *beautiful fabric*, meaning what we say. It *is* a work all-pervaded with a beauty of the loftiest order. It is beautiful in its language. It is beautiful in its construction. It is beautiful, above all, in the innumerable glimpses which it gives of the mysteries and the majesty of that Beauty outspread forever in the soul of its author. Had Poe brought the speculations of Laplace and of Newton under that searching analysis of his, which has never failed him when he has given it proper freedom, instead of adopting them without examination, and had he, in two or three instances, put a little check upon his own soaring imagination, he would, in Eureka, have produced a work which would have been not only one of the sublimest of poems, but a treatise without fault upon the mechanism of the physical universe. As it is, we claim for Eureka a place among the noblest productions of modern times; and we enter now the name of its author, Edgar Allan Poe, upon *our* fame-roll as that of the greatest genius to whom America has given birth—as that of a critic, a philosopher, and a poet, in the true sense of those most shamefully misapplied terms; and, besides, as that of a real gentleman; the Reverend Rufus Wilmot Griswold, his traducing biographer, and his clique, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Among the strangest of the many strange proceedings noticeable in the accompaniments to the Memoir, is the presentation of a certain paper as having been written by Russell Lowell, present editor of the *North American Review*. And still more passing comprehension is the fact that Lowell has permitted it to go as his, without a word of dissent, up to this time; right in the face, too, of an item, supplied him at our hand, calling his attention to the matter. The whole drift of that article is to hold forth its subject as having quite diminutive talent—a mind moulded much after the fashion of a piece of machinery in the shop of rather an ingenious artizan; while the one *actually* contributed by Lowell (with a portrait, in the number of *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1845,) awards *genius*, of a high order, to his author. More especially with reference to Poe's *critical* abilities does this *give the lie* to the other. We will copy a few paragraphs from it for such of our readers as have it not at their disposal, but who may take an interest in collating its matter with that of corresponding passages (we should say, *contrasting* passages) in the Divinity-Doctor's spurious offspring. Lowell continues:

"We were very naturally led into some remarks on American criticism by the subject of the present sketch. Mr. Poe is at once the most discriminating, philosophical and fearless critic upon imaginative works who has written in America. It may be that we should qualify our remarks a little, and

say that he *might be*, rather that he always *is;* for he seems sometimes to mistake his phial of prussic-acid for his ink-stand. If we do not always agree with him in his premises, we are, at least, satisfied that his deductions are logical, and that we are reading the thoughts of a man who thinks for himself, and says what he thinks, and knows well what he is talking about. His analytic power would furnish forth bravely some score of ordinary critics. Had he had the control of a magazine of his own, in which to display his critical abilities, he would have been as autocratic, ere this, in America, as Professor Wilson has been in England; and his criticisms, we are sure, would have been far more profound and philosophical than those of the Scotsman.

"Mr. Poe has that indescribable something which men have agreed to call *genius*. He has two of the prime qualities of genius, a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination. The first of these faculties is as needful to the artist in words, as a knowledge of anatomy is to the artist in colors or in stone. This enables him to conceive truly, to maintain a proper relation of parts, and to draw a correct outline; while the second groups, fills up, and colors. Both of these Mr. Poe has displayed with singular distinctness in his prose works, the last predominating in his earlier tales, and the first in his later ones.

"In his tales, Mr. Poe has chosen to exhibit his power chiefly in that dim region which stretches from the utmost limits of the probable into the weird confines of superstition and unreality. He combines, in a very remarkable manner, two faculties which are seldom found united; a power of influencing the mind of the reader by the impalpable shadows of mystery, and a minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or a button unnoticed. Both are, in truth, the natural results of the predominating quality of his mind, to which we have before alluded, analysis. It is this which distinguishes the artist. His mind at once reaches forward to the effect to be produced. Having resolved to bring about certain emotions in the reader, he makes all subordinate parts tend strictly to the common center. Even his mystery is mathematical to his own mind. To him ⋈ is a known quantity all along. In any picture that he paints, he understands the chemical properties of all his colors. However vague some of his figures may seem, however formless the shadows, to him the outline is as clear and distinct as that of a geometrical diagram. On the other hand, he is a spectator *ab extra*. He analyses, he dissects, he watches.

> '——— with an eye serene,
> The very pulse of the machine;'

for such it practically is to him, with wheels and cogs and piston rods all working to produce a certain end. It is this that makes him so good a critic. Nothing balks him, or throws him off the scent—*except now and then a prejudice*. This analyzing tendency of his mind balances the poetical, and, by giving him the patience to be minute, enables him to throw a wonderful reality into his most unreal fancies.

"Besides the merits of conception, Mr. Poe's writings have also that of form. His style is highly finished,

graceful and truly classical. It would be hard to find a living author who had displayed such varied powers."

Why *does* Lowell allow his really discriminating judgment of 1845 to be perverted into the Griswold *damning-with-faint-praise* of 1849? Has the fact of his conversion from a large-hearted poet, whose song could breathe upward to the southern sun as well as out to the boreal blast, into a narrow-minded disclaimer against every commodity outside of "Yankee Notions," anything to do with the decision of the question? We re-invite him to express himself upon the matter in issue. Let him insert, side by side, *the two sketches* in the next number of his *Review*, indicating which comes nearest to give his *present* estimate of Poe's powers as an author.

We will conclude our rambling bit by adding a portion of testimony touching another statement found in that very peculiar fancy-piece called a "Memoir." It was procured in December, 1852, while we were sojourning for a short period in Baltimore. Mr. Latrobe we had the pleasure of an interview with. Mr. Kennedy was, at the time, at Washington, in President Fillmore's Cabinet. We give only an extract from his note, which is this:

"I have no time, on account of pressure of duties, to answer you in detail on the subject of your inquiries relating to Poe. I concur in the statement Latrobe has already forwarded to me.

Yours truly,

"J. P. KENNEDY."

Latrobe's communication in full follows:

"BALTIMORE, *Dec.* 7, '52.

"DEAR SIR:—I have your note of yesterday, referring to Mr. Griswold's relation of the circumstances under which the late Edgar A. Poe received the prize offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor*, at the hands of a committee, of which I was a member.

"The point to which you call my attention, particularly, is the assertion that 'it was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid to the first of geniuses who had written legibly. Not another manuscript was unfolded.

"Certainly, the fact is not as here asserted. I can not be mistaken; for I was the reader on the occasion. The manuscripts, as received from the Editor, were laid in a file on the table. Each one was opened as it came to hand. Sometimes, the first few sentences would condemn it as unworthy. Sometimes several pages were borne with. In some cases, the whole production was read. Two only of the prose pieces were laid aside for re-examination. I recollect them well. One was clever, but watery, evidently a woman's work. The other was terse, and the denouement terribly original. The poems were treated in the same way. But two of these were put by for review—one the Coliseum, by Poe, and the other, to which the prize was awarded, by J. H. Meritt, though the authorship was not known until afterwards. The loose MSS. having been gone through with, I turned to the Book, which contained many tales, and read it from beginning to end. It was so far, so very far, superior to anything before us, that we had no difficulty in awarding the first prize to the author. Our only difficulty was in selecting from the rich contents of the

volume. We took the 'MS. found in a Bottle.'

"This was eighteen years ago, about; but the impression made on my mind by the wonderful power and originality of the writer is as vivid as an occurrence of yesterday. The caligraphy, to which Mr. Griswold refers, was certainly remarkable. It was not *writing*. It was *printing* with a pen. But it imparted no interest to the productions in the volume. It formed no part of the consideration on which the prize was awarded, so far, at least, as I understood at the time, and now believe. The prize was recognized, and given, as the right of *Genius*. I have taxed my memory more than once, since Mr. Griswold's Memoir first appeared; but can recall nothing that corresponds with his statement of the grounds on which Poe received the prize—not one thing.

"The author of a new style, if it is a good one, or even an exciting one, gives to us a new truth, which craves nourishment of the same sort—originality creates its market, only to destroy it. The 'MS. Found in a Bottle,' 'The Maelstrom,' 'The Murders of the Rue Marque,' are now *every-day affairs*."

[The idea involved in the two last sentences is to be taken, *with an explanation, we think;* for the sense, as expressed, is, that "originality" being attainable by imitation, *therefore* those tales of Poe, the creations of such *conveyable* quality—that is to say, tales equal in merit with them—have come to be "every-day affairs." *Our* belief is that originality *cannot* be copied; and our reading has failed, thus far, to find us *any* productions of other writers which come to the standard of Poe's—his, even now, stand alone in their individuality.—Ed.]

"To the committee, they were novelties for which they were wholly unprepared. Hence the admiration which, I well remember, the reading of them produced.

"In this statement I hardly think I can be mistaken, so far as the action of the committee can be looked upon as a recognition of Mr. Poe's merits. Mr. Kennedy sent for him at once, and became his most useful friend. At my instance he called on me several times, and entered at length into the discussion of subjects on which he proposed to employ his pen. When he warmed up, he was most eloquent. He spoke, at that time, with eager action; and although, to judge from his outward man, the world was then going hard with him, and his look was *blaze*, yet his appearance was forgotten, as he seemed to forget the world around him, as wild fancy, logical truth, mathematical analysis, and wonderful combinations of facts flowed, in strange commingling, from his lips, in words choice and appropriate as though the result of the closest study. I remember being particularly struck with the power that he seemed to possess of identifying himself with whatever he was describing. He related to me all the facts of a voyage to the moon, I think, which he proposed to put upon paper, with an accuracy of minute detail and a truthfulness as regarded philosophical phenomena, which impressed you with the idea, almost, that he had himself just returned from the journey which existed only in his imagination.

'I have been led into this detail as a corroboration of my impression, that Mr. Poe's merits as an author, on the occasion referred to, were certainly not overlooked by the committee's regard for his penmanship.

"I remain, very respectfully,

"JNO. H. B. LATROBE."

THE REAR-GUARD OF THE ARMY.

The hills were touched with sunset tints, the sky was painted too,
When the rear-guard of our army came marching into view.
All the Army of Potomac had passed us by but these ;
The faint sound of their drum-beat was dying on the breeze.
Now Manasses was deserted, not a Southron left, not one!
Save the still forms in silent graves, whose marchings then were done.
The pine-huts with their roofing green are empty, quiet, sad,
They that all winter echoed with voices gay and glad.
Manasses! proud Manasses! and near by her battle plain!
Shall she ne'er hear the Southron shout of victory again?
Shall the foe triumphant tread the soil where patriots' blood was shed,
Where many a noble hero sleeps, where Bee and Barton bled?
We fain would see the rear-guard, but our tears were flowing still ;
But hush! they give the word to "halt," they pause upon the hill,
They wave the flag above them, but its folds *will* droop to earth,
They shout, but ah! it is no shout of victory or mirth.
The band strikes up our national air, and the tired soldiers sing,
Once more along our vales and hills the words of Dixie ring.
But alas! full mournfully it grates upon both ear and mind,
For the southern army *all* have gone, and we are *left behind!*
Left to the foeman's mercy, left to their cruel hate,
Left helpless babes and women to such a dreary fate.
Cease your triumphal music, play a dirge for those you leave,
For those who in this parting hour, have naught to do but grieve,
And breathe a dirge in plaintive tone, for our fair Virginia land,
That some will feel a tyrant rule with a bold and heavy hand,
Keep back your stirring anthem till you have passed us by,
We have no cheer or smile to give, only a tear and sigh.
Ah! no ; we had forgotten, we send our prayers with you,
Alas for woman! this is all now left for her to do.

IRIS.

Charlestown, Va.

LENORA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Lenora, from her sleepless bed,
  Started at break of day:
"Oh! William, art thou false, or dead?
  Why wilt thou from me stay?"
He'd gone with Frederick's warlike might
To join in Prague's disastrous fight:
From him no word had come to tell
That he was still alive and well.

And Austria's queen and Prussia's king
  Decreed that war must cease:
O'er both their realms, with sheltering wing,
  Brooded the dove of peace.
Their armies marching homeward sang,
With roll of drum and trumpet clang.
The hosts were decked with branches green,
That gleamed amid the warlike sheen.

And every where, from every tongue,
  The words of welcome sounded;
With shouts of joy the old and young
  To meet the wanderers bounded.
"Thank God!" the wife and children cried,
And "welcome," many a joyous bride.
Alas! but none to poor Lenore
A kiss of kindly greeting bore.

She asked the soldiers, one by one,
  She asked of all who came;
But in Frederick's army there was none
  That knew her lover's name.
The host is gone! In fierce despair
She wildly tore her raven hair,
Her lovely form to earth bowed low,
An image of the deepest woe.

Her mother hastened to her side—
  "May God His pity shew!
My child, what aileth you?" she cried,
  And her arms around her threw.
"Oh, mother! mother! all is o'er;
This world I soon will see no more.
To others God may gentle be,
But oh! most cruel is to me!"

"Help her, oh, God! such thoughts to quell!
Child, say a paternoster!
Our God who doeth all things well
Us will protect and foster."
"Oh, mother! God does well for thee,
But He has not done well for me.
In vain are all my prayers—in vain,
To calm my soul, or ease my pain."

"To God, our Father, thou must go;
He helps His children often—
The Holy Sacrament, I know,
Thy wretched heart will soften."
"Oh, mother! no. The pangs I feel
No sacrament can ever heal.
The sacrament would be in vain
To call the dead to life again."

"Hear, child! Perhaps the faithless youth
In Hungary still doth bide,
Forgetting all thy worth and truth,
And claims another bride.
His image from thy soul erase:
Thou ne'er canst love a man so base;
And when his mind and body sever,
His perjured soul will burn forever."

"Oh, mother! mother! All is drear!
Thy child is all forlorn!
Death, death is all my portion here,
Would I had ne'er been born.
Go out, forever out my light;
Go out in horror and in night!
To you our God may gentle be,
But oh! most cruel is to me!"

"May God not into judgment go
With this poor stricken child!
What her tongue speaks she does not know,
Be to her errors mild!
My child, thine earthly grief suppress,
And think on God and blessedness.
Then to thy soul serene and clear,
The bridegroom will at last appear."

"Oh, mother! What is blessedness?
And what the soul's perdition?
By William's side is blessedness—
His loss is my perdition.
Go out, forever out, my light!
Go out in horror and in night!
Bereft of him, there's naught for me
In earth or heaven but misery."

And so in wild despair she raved,
Madness in heart and brain,

And rashly God's displeasure braved
His goodness dared arraign.
She wrung her hands and beat her breast,
Until the sun sank in the west,
And bright along the heavenly arch
The golden stars began their march.

But hark! without. Those hoofs of speed
Bring tidings to Lenore.
A horseman checks his foaming steed
Before Lenora's door.
And hark! the portal bell doth ring,
Distinct but gently ting-ling-ling.
Listening, she seemed to hear her name,
And then these words distinctly came:

"Hallo! hallo! undo the door!
Art waking, love, or sleeping?
Dost thou my absence still deplore?
Dost smile, or art thou weeping?"
"Ah! William, dear, so late at night!
I've watched and wept till morning light—
And oh! my sorrows have been great;
But tell me, whence come you so late?"

"In the midnight hour my love to see
From Danube's banks I rode.
Before to-morrow's morn thou'lt be
With me in my abode."
"William, come in, and comfort find,
For through the thorn-tree sweeps the wind.
Come in, my love, on this poor breast
Thy worn and weary body rest."

"Let the winds whistle through the thorn,
For all their noise I care not;
My steed's impatient to be gone,
And linger here I dare not.
Come! Up behind me quickly spring,
And close your arms around me fling;
A hundred miles must swift be sped
This night to reach our bridal bed."

"Why ride so far, my William, dear,
To reach our bridal bower?
And hark! from yonder turret near
Peals forth the midnight hour."
"Look here! look there! the moon shines bright,
We and the dead ride swift by night.
Come! Mount with me and feel no dread—
I'll bring thee to thy marriage bed."

"Where is thy little chamber? Where?"
(Her heart with terror swelling.)
"Far, far from here. With me thou'lt share
A quiet, narrow dwelling!"

"And room for me?" "For me and thee!
Come! come! be quick and mount with me.
The wedding guests not long will bide;
Our room for us stands open wide!"

The maiden robed herself and sprung
Behind him quick and light,
Round her loved William's form she threw
Her arms so lily white.
Away! away! o'er bog and steep,
Through field and forest on they sweep!
Panted the horse and rider too,
And sparks of fire beneath them flew.

And right and left, on either hand,
The horse's footsteps under
How swiftly backward flew the land!
The bridges, how they thunder!
"Does my love fear? The moon shines bright;
We and the dead ride swift by night—
To meet the dead hast thou no dread?"
"Oh! no—but speak not of the dead!"

Why flaps the raven's ebon wing?
What mean these omens dreary?
And hark! unearthly voices sing:
"Let us the body bury."
And see! a funeral train draws near:
They bear a coffin on a bier,
And like the raven's dismal shriek,
In hollow tones their voices speak.

"With tolling bell and song," he cried,
"Of woe, the corpse you bury—
I carry home my fair young bride
To nuptial banquets merry!
Sexton, come here, come with that throng,
And chant for us a bridal song;
Come. priest, your benediction shed,
Before we press the bridal bed."

The tolling ceased—the song is hushed—
And with his call complying,
The crowd of phantoms headlong rushed,
And after him came flying.
And on! on! on! o'er bog and steep,
Through field and forest on they sweep!
Panted the horse and rider too,
And sparks of fire beneath them flew!

How flew on left, how flew on right,
The hedges, trees and fountains!
How quickly vanished from the sight
Hamlets, and towns and mountains!
"Does my love fear? The moon shines bright.
We and the dead ride swift by night!

To meet the dead hast thou no dread?"
"Oh, William! speak not of the dead!"

See there! What breaks upon the sight?
A spectral crowd advancing;
Round the gallows' foot by the pale moonlight,
The airy crew is dancing.
"Ho! ho! ye phantoms, here! come here!
We wish your merriment to share.
A wedding measure must we tread,
Ere we lie on our bridal bed."

On, on the crowd of spectres rush
Behind him with a clatter;
As whirlwinds from the hazel bush
The withered foliage scatter.
Away! away! o'er bog and steep,
Through fields and forests on they sweep!
Panted the horse and rider too,
And sparks of fire beneath them flew!

And all that feels the moon's pale beam,
How swiftly did it fly!
The very stars of heaven did seem
To rush along the sky.
"Does my love fear? The moon shines bright.
We and the dead ride swift by night.
To meet the dead, hast thou no dread?"
"I pray thee, speak not of the dead!"

"My steed, methinks upon my ear
Falls faint the cock's shrill warning;
Methinks I scent the morning air;
Away, ere breaks the morning.
Our journey now is done, is done;
Our resting-place at last is won.
Our bridal room stands open wide.
The dead! the dead! how fast they ride!"

Before an iron-grated door
The horse stood tired and spattered;
The rider's hand gave one slight blow,
And locks and bolts were shattered.
The folding-doors, with jarring sound,
Open and show a burial ground,
Where o'er the monumental stone,
The moon's effulgence faintly shone.

But see! but see! on earth there's none
Hath seen so great a wonder!
The rider's garments, one by one,
Fall from his limbs asunder:
Drops from his head the waving hair,
Flesh from the glistening bones. And there
A grinning skeleton's displayed,
With hour-glass and with scythe arrayed.

Snorted the horse in wild affright:
Back on his haunches reared,
As the horrid vision from the sight
Sank down and disappeared.
A long, low wail through the air is borne,
And up from the grave a hollow groan;
Then to Lenora's trembling heart
The summons came from life to part.

And the airy phantoms madly dance
In circles round and round;
Through the churchyard's bounds in the moon's pale glance
These solemn words resound:
"Be patient! Though the heart should break,
With God in heaven no quarrel make!
Thou'st passed, poor child, thine earthly goal—
May God have mercy on thy soul!"

THE PROBLEMS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

There are many incidental and accidental problems to be solved during this century, but there are two that dominate and include all others, and both of which will no doubt reach their culmination, if not entire solution, within the present century. These are, 1st. The political relations of white men in Europe; and, 2d. The political relations of races, or rather of species, in America. Or, in other words, the grand problem of the Old World is to establish a political equality harmonizing with their *natural equality*, and the grand problem of the New World is to establish, or rather to organize a legal inequality of races harmonizing with their *natural inequality*. The people of Europe are homogeneous, all Caucasians, or white men, for even the European Turks of this day are virtually Caucasians, and the few Tartar tribes within Russian Europe are Caucasian. They are all of the great master or bearded race, and properly the sole historic species of human kind; for though the Hindoos and Chinese affect historic records, these records, with all their defects, are essentially Caucasian, and it may be doubted if the traditions of any Mongol people are of any value beyond a couple of centuries, or of half a dozen generations.

The European nations, therefore, are all homogeneous, all naturally and *specifically* alike, as lions are alike, or eagles, or any species in the animal world are alike. They have the same physical structure, and the same mental qualities; in a word, have the same specific nature, and the same specific wants, whether they be kings or beggars, lords or peasants, and therefore these latter, like nations, language, &c., are wholly accidental, having not only no origin in natural laws, but exist in opposition to the order of na

ture, and therefore of the designs of the Almighty Creator.

Having made them all alike, or equal, all with the same bodily structure, and the same faculties, it is, of course, as Mr. Jefferson declared, a self-evident truth that they should have the same liberty. Indeed a time must come when it will be regarded as a sacred and imperative duty, as well as right, to practice Democracy, and demand equal rights with their fellows. This great foundation truth, or *fact* rather, this natural equality fixed by the hand of the Almighty, is also the foundation truth of Christianity. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," or grant to all other men the rights you claim for yourself, is the fundamental idea of Christianity as well as of Democracy. How plain, or as Mr. Jefferson said, how self-evident! God having made them alike, of necessity designed them for the same purposes, to enjoy the same liberty, and to be responsible to the same duties. How then is it that we find, 1st, all Europe divided into separate nations, speaking different languages, having different customs, &c.; and, 2d, find each nation having widely separated classes, nobles and peasants, kings and beggars, and while the few enjoy all the power, wealth and luxury, the masses are buried in profound animalism, and their entire existence is one of extreme toil, if not of abject misery?

The Romans had advanced in their notions of government so far, that Roman citizens had equal rights. There had been a long contest between the patricians and plebeians; the former, being the "Know-Nothings" of their time, claimed certain privileges over the later settlers in the "Eternal City," and the numerous conflicts between these "orders" finally led to imperialism, or that permanent dictatorship which, often temporarily resorted to to "save the life of the nation," at last became hereditary in the family of the Cæsars. But while imperialism, or rather despotism, thus subjected the whole Roman people to the absolute power of a single person or family, it also reduced, in fact if not in form, the old patrician body to a dead level with the plebeians. Still the external policy of the empire was the same as that of the republic, and while the democratic principle was more fully carried out by the Cæsars than by the Catos and Brutuses of the republican era, the provinces and all the conquered populations were presumed to have no political rights whatever. And it was these latter, these Goths, Gauls, Belgians, Germans, &c., so long robbed and plundered by "Roman citizens," that finally revolted, and in course of time beat the rulers of the world and swept away the Roman power. Of course the Roman writers call them northern barbarians, and Gibbon and other modern authors thus represent them, but the conquered populations that finally invaded Italy and sacked Rome, were doubtless but little different from other people of the time. They had not the remains of Greek scholarship, as the Romans had, and were rude enough, no doubt, but save in the luxury and effeminacy of the Romans, there was little if any difference between the Italian populations of the time and the so-called northern barbarians. But be this as it may, the overthrow of the Roman empire broke down the foundations of social order, and for a long period af-

ter the social elements drifted about in blind confusion rather than conforming to any social law or political affinities. The strong and audacious carried the day, and finally caste, education, all the things that at a later day ruled the world, were disregarded. A robber chief, whose father was an hostler or peasant, if he had the bodily prowess, courage and audacity to assume the lead, was sure to be followed by hordes of adventurers ready to do his bidding, and all such seized on some of the floating elements of the old civilization, and held them by the strong hand, without regard to right or justice. This general upheaving of the social elements finally subsided into feudalism, that is, the priests finally recognized and gave their blessing to the lucky party, who by sheer physical strength had seized and held the lands and possessions of their old Roman masters. And for centuries after feudalism had thus become a system, and the feudal chiefs were recognized by Papal Rome as the rightful owners of the soil, and the people of little more account than the beasts they toiled with, the successful land pirates clung to the traditions of their order, and regarded war and violence, and brute force, as the sole tests of nobility. As late as the tenth century, even in England, it was deemed low and vulgar to be able to read and write, while the higher accomplishments were thought to be more or less associated with sorcery, and the high order of nobles settled all disputes with each other either by single combat or by arming their vassals and fighting pitched battles.

It seems singular indeed, in these days, when "education" is deemed so essential to civilization, that even negro "schools" are advocated by some, to find that for several centuries the governing class was not only without education, but regarded it with contempt, and whatever education was to be found in Europe, outside of the Church, was generally confined to the low and obscure.

But a count or baron who owned all the land of a county or province, and was surrounded by a thousand armed vassals, and lived in a castle that could stand a siege against the most powerful prince or king of the day, though he could not write his name or read his Bible, had in these externals as potent an influence on the popular imagination as if he possessed all the knowledge of the world.

The people saw and felt his power, and unable to penetrate beyond these externals, they accepted him, as he seemed a being superior and inscrutable, and though often base and brutal, and intrinsically inferior to the general crowd, and perhaps the son or grandson of a peasant like themselves, they saw only the embodiment of physical superiority, and bowed to it as to a god. And this became so universal, so deeply rooted, not only as a habit but as a sentiment or opinion, that princes and great nobles were regarded as something approaching divinity. Thus a prince in disguise was sure to be found out by this supposed innate superiority, however concealed in rags, and certain diseases were supposed to be curable if by any chance or favor the king were to touch the unfortunate subject.

We in these times, and especially in this country, find it difficult to comprehend this utter abasement of the European mind in the days of feudalism, but its traces are still plainly dis-

cernable, and it has sank so deep into the heart especially of the English masses, that it may be doubted if they can ever be regenerated save from without. The discovery of America in the fourteenth century, and the great movement of Martin Luther, were the beginnings of the European mind to cast off the tremendous weight which the union of the church and feudalism had so long imposed on the masses. The long and terrible wars that followed of course were deemed religious, and multitudes gave up their lives, as they believed, from a religious conviction, but it was all the same contest from the beginning, and they were blindly striving for that natural equality that God endowed them with, and which the fraud and force of the few had for so many generations denied to them.

The English, from their insular position, were more forward in this respect than any other people. The most intelligent and virtuous people of the continent had for centuries striven to recover their natural rights of equality, and failing, found a shelter in England, and thus carried with them a large share of the intelligence, virtue, and manhood of the continent. These Lollards, Flemings, Huguenots, &c., really laid the foundations of the modern English ascendancy. They brought with them not only the virtues but the science of the continent, and intermarrying with the conquered Saxon element, their descendants, to a great extent, became the "Puritans," who, under the lead of Cromwell, destroyed the remnant of the old Norman aristocracy, and lifted up England into a first-class power. The more extensively a people are mixed or amalgamated with those of other countries, the more vigorous and enterprising they become, and the large infusion of the best elements from the continent, and which went on for several generations, prepared the materials in England for sloughing off the old hereditary and effete classes that had governed the country since the Norman conquest. The civil War of the Roses had been fatal to many of the great Norman nobles, and the "great rebellion," as ignorant and foolish writers call the grand uprising of the English masses, under the lead of the Parliament, disposed of the remnant of Normanism, and though their titles remain, and of course numbers of them trace back their origin to the Conquest, the present British aristocracy are the descendants of the shoemakers and tinkers of the times of Cromwell. The Romans, who conquered the world, were the descendants of the fillibusters, land pirates, and offscourings of Italy, who squatted down on the Tiber and laid the foundation of the great city. The Normans, or Northmen, were fishermen, pirates, and sea robbers, who finally getting a lodgment in Normandy, afterwards conquered Naples, reigned in Sicily, and invading England, robbed the Saxons of their lands, and ruled the country with a rod of iron, until, in subjection to that universal law that finally renders an aristocracy effete and feeble, they are sloughed off, and the nation or people assert their vitality, so long oppressed and burdened by this dead weight of a worn out and enfeebled aristocracy. The English aristocracy of to-day, though of quite modern origin, and certainly remarkable for their energy and enterprise, in their day have cul-

minated, and are now a dead weight on the people, though it may be doubted if the latter have sufficient energy themselves to cast off the burden without external aid.

The popular notion that a nation has its origin, culmination and decline, has grown out of this universal law that dooms a dynasty or an aristocracy to perish sooner or later. A horde of adventurers, like the "Norman thieves" who conquered England, invade a country, conquer the people, take possession of their lands, and found a hereditary aristocracy, and to preserve their prestige, as well as from the promptings of pride, they intermarry within the "order," and this violation of the laws of consanguinity enfeebles their descendants. They become effeminate, not merely from the indulgence of luxury and idleness, but the physical organism is feeble, leading to idiotcy, lunacy, impotency, and the people revolt and cast them off or destroy them. It is a wonderful thing to realize, but nevertheless an absolute truth, that England, Austria, Prussia and Spain, and indeed nearly all the European nations, are at this moment ruled over by (naturally considered) the meanest families in the kingdom. To preserve their prestige, the relics of the old idea of divinity, they must mate only with "royalty," and having done so for several generations, and violated a vital law of their physical natures, they must bear the penalty, and thus we witness, even in these enlightened days, the absurd anomaly of regarding the meanest family in the nation as the only one having the right to rule over it! The grand French Revolution of 1789 was a mere sanitary movement of the masses to cast off an effete aristocracy, and to recover their natural equality. Robespierre, St. Just, &c., made much more radical work of it than did the English Reformers under Cromwell, and though the ambition and selfishness of the Bonaparte family have given an imperial form to democracy, it is none the less real in its essential nature. Sloughing off the effete and worn-out aristocratic material, it has left France unembarrassed with traditions and habitudes, and developed an enormous national vitality which renders France the leading power of the Old World, and which, though the Bonapartian dictatorship should continue for some years yet, will never tolerate aristocracy again. Indeed all the European people are struggling continually to cast off the rotten materials that weigh upon them, and though all of them, save France and Switzerland, have great efforts to make, and great sufferings to undergo, they will finally succeed, for that which is natural must of course prevail, unless indeed chance and human fraud and contrivance can outwit nature and dominate the Creator.

There are three great influences or forces in the scale against the people. 1st. The traditions and habits of dead generations. 2d. Standing armies, in which a very considerable portion of the people are turned into instruments for their own enslavement; and finally, most potent and sinister of all, national debts, which are simply mortgages of the ruling class over the muscles and bones, and bodies and souls of the people. But however distant, or whatever the sufferings to be endured, all of these obstacles to the natural order must give way, and the

people of Europe, sooner or later, must needs be restored to their natural rights of equality, obviously designed by the Almighty Creator who has made them equal. Ignorant and foolish writers sometimes say that if democracy were recognized everywhere, and all property, &c., equally divided, it would soon be found again in the hands of the few; but at any rate, it would not be the few who now have it in England, but on the contrary, the very class that now owns the national debt would, to a very large extent, become paupers, if they were forced to contend on equal terms with the rest of the people for a livelihood.

It is useless to speculate what may be the condition of society when democracy is universal. *It is enough to know that human society may become as perfect as we ourselves are by nature, and as the Almighty Creator has sent us into the world equal with each other, that equality may be secured by society, and when it is realized, as it needs must be some time or other, for surely man cannot always defeat the designs of the beneficent author of his being, then we shall reach that glorious millennium that poets and enthusiasts have dreamed of.* And though it may require many generations of men to reach this point, and render man's social condition harmonious with his natural condition, before this century closes, no doubt the general problem will be solved, and all European nations will recognize the fundamental principle of natural equality as the basis of their political institutions, however far they may be from its practical application. But if this mighty problem is to be solved within the present century in the Old World, and the remaining years of the century are likely to be crowded with events of startling interest and stupendous consequences to many millions of people, the New World is confronted by a problem that involves even more tremendous consequences still, and whose solution does not admit of delay, and for good or evil will doubtless be determined by the present generation.

The early colonists, especially the British, were more or less disaffected to the government and the institutions they abandoned, and coming to a new world of boundless extent, they naturally felt disposed to revel in freedom and cast off the traditions and habi tudes of the European system. But beside this tendency to escape from the rigid and arbitrary rules of European society, they confronted *facts* that not only modified their opinions and the habits brought from the Old World, but that originated new thoughts and created new habits altogether. Unlike the old, with its homogeneous people, here were Indians and negroes, that is, not only different but two widely different species of human kind. The white, or Caucasian man, and the negro, stand respectively at the head and at the base of the human creation, that is, they are specifically wider apart than any other of the human family, and their moral relations and social adaptations *must of course* correspond with their natural relations. In presence of these facts, these Indians and negroes, these natural destinctions of race, or species rather, of course the old habits of class brought from Europe became absurd. What were the petty human distinctions of "kings, lords and commons," when contrasted with this handy-work of the Almighty Creator. A man might have wealth,

education, cultivation, &c., and trace back his ancestry to an English baronet or duke perhaps, but what were these things, made by a Charles the Second, or a George the Third, when weighed in the scale against the distinctions of race made by the hand of God? Of course nothing, less than nothing, and therefore while the accidental advantages of wealth, cultivation, &c., carry with them a certain social prestige, the idea of their own natural equality, and *therefore* equal rights, as declared by Jefferson in 1776, was a self-evident truth to Americans, and the fundamental basis of their political system. If there had been no facts of this kind, no Indians or negroes here, no doubt the American mind would have formed clearer conceptions of their natural equality than in Europe, but in the presence of these facts, and daily and hourly confronting the natural distinction of race, the equal rights of their own became so obvious that it was declared a self-evident truth. Thus, not only in 1776, but from the hour that a ship loaded with negroes sailed up the James River, the grand idea underlying our institutions, the natural equality, and therefore equal rights of all Americans, became a self-evident truth to the American mind, to all who were in juxtaposition with these negroes.

Such was the starting-point and fundamental basis of American society; the negro element was naturally subordinate, and the political system rested on this foundation, and when the States united and formed the federation of 1788, this condition, this domestic status of the negro element was universally recognized and provided for.

What might have been the *political* condition without this negro element, it is hardly necessary to conjecture. Suffice it to say that having no negro labor, we should not have acquired Louisiana or Florida, or Texas or California, or advanced west of the Mississipi, and save, perhaps, a few settlements in Kentucky, Tennessee, &c., the whole mighty region below the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico would now be an unbroken solitude, and the terms American cotton and American gold unheard in our midst. But not only did the presence of this negro element give us clear conceptions of our own natural equality, and save us from the European habitudes of *class* distinctions, but its natural consequences have constantly tended to preserve the purity and simplicity of democratic institutions.

In Europe capital is cast on the side of hereditary aristocracy, and in England especially the wealth of the middle classes presses more heavily on labor than did feudalism in the middle ages. The same tendency, to a certain extent, exists at the North. The manufacturers, bankers, &c., press the State Legislatures into their service against the laboring classes, and have long sought to pervert the Federal Government in a similar way. But here they have been met by the great planting and producing interests of the southern States. Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer, and retained by capitalists, gets elected to Congress, and advocates national banks that shall enrich his clients at the expense of the producers; but Jefferson Davis, a planter and producer, votes down his banks, and saves the people from the robbers. Or Charles Sumner, whose

property is invested in manufacturing stock, advocates a tariff that shall rob the laborers and producers, but Robert Toombs and Andrew Johnson vote down his tariff and save northern laborers as well as themselves from the plunderers. Indeed in view of the tyranny of capital over labor in the Old World, and to a certain extent at the North, the presence of the negro element in our midst, this so-called slavery, which secured the wealth, talent, and statesmanship of such men as Jefferson, Jackson, Macon, Benton, Calhoun, Johnson, and Jefferson Davis, on the side of labor, is the most fortunate conjuncture of human affairs the world ever saw. Nine-tenths of the votes against national banks, tariffs, and other schemes to plunder the people, have been cast by so-called slaveholders, and it is just as true that the Adamses, Giddingses, Sewards, and Lincolns, have invariably voted for every scheme and contrivance gotten up in Congress from the foundation of the Government to defraud and plunder the laboring classes of the country. It is therefore certain, as a historic FACT, that the negro element in our midst, or in other words, this natural distinction of race, saved us from the European habit of class distinctions in our own race, and by its presence rendered the grand American doctrine of equal rights a "self-evident truth." It is equally a historic fact that "slaveholders," or planters, who owned the services of these negroes, and therefore represent labor, have been the defenders of the rights of labor, and the true and reliable champions of American democracy at all times; and finally, it is certain that without this negro element the mighty regions below the Ohio and to the Gulf of Mexico would now be a solitude, and the American flag, instead of floating on the shores of the Pacific, would most likely never have crossed the Mississippi. In short, the presence of this negro element, this natural substratum of American society, this industrial force that has enabled us to extend our boundaries and to multiply our productions both in quality and quantity, and to build up a mighty civilization in the wilds of the New World, based on the natural order, the grand foundation fixed from the beginning by the hand of God, is the greatest blessing and the happiest combination of human interests the world has ever witnessed. For the negro himself, it is sufficient to say that even the Abolition lunatics will readily grant that his welfare is vastly greater than in Africa, and for ourselves, for the cause of Democracy, the progress and prosperity of the northern masses, and for the countless myriads of the Old World, whose hopes of the future rest on us, this condition of things, this subordination and protection for the inferior race, and citizenship of our own, were a spectacle that even the gods themselves might envy. But a wonderful madness has gotten possession of the American mind. A theory, idea, or abstraction, that the distinction of race is wrong and should be ignored or abolished, and negroes forced from *their* condition into that of the white man, has become a belief with a large portion of the people, and to realize this belief, four millions of negroes are torn from their homes, and a debt of four thousand millions is laid on the laboring classes of the North, or in other words, to annihilate

the productive forces of the South, a mortgage of four thousand millions is laid on the productive forces of the North, and self-government, equality of States, in a word, the political system established by Washington, is trampled under foot in order to accomplish the national ruin and social destruction of the American people.

But we shall recover from this madness, and restore the status of 1860, the negro to his natural relation to the citizen, and the old relations of the States, or we must utterly perish as a nation, for mongrelism, as we witness in Mexico is not only political ruin but social death.

The great European problem of the true relations of white men to each other may be gradual in its solution but the terrible American problem of the true relations of races cannot wait an hour. We must retrace our steps with President Johnson, or advance with the madmen to utter ruin, and this generation must solve the problem.

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER III.

For the rest, I never thought the "rights of negroes" worth much discussing; the grand point, as I once said, is the *mights* of men—what portion of their "rights" they have a chance of getting sorted out, and realized in this confused world. We will not go deep into the question here about the negroe's rights. We will give a single glance into it, and see, for one thing, how complex it is.

West India Islands, still full of waste fertility, produce abundant pumpkins; pumpkins, however, you will observe, are not the sole requisite for human well-being. No; for a pig they are the one thing needful; but for a man they are only the first of several things needful. The first is here; but the second and remaining, how are they to be got? The answer is wide as human society itself. Society at large, as instituted in each country of the world, is the answer such country has been able to give: here, in this poor country, the rights of man and the mights of man are—such and such! An approximate answer to a question capable only of better and better solutions, never of any perfect, or absolutely good one. Nay, if we inquire, with much narrower scope, as to the right of chief management in cultivating those West India lands: as to the "right of property" so-called, and of doing what you like with your own? Even this question is abstruse enough. Who it may be that has a right to raise pumpkins and other produce on those islands, perhaps none can, except tem-

porarily, decide. The islands are good withal for pepper, for sugar, for sago, arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon, and precious spices; things far nobler than pumpkins; and leading towards commerce, arts, politics, and social developments, which alone are the noble product, where men (and not pigs with pumpkins) are the parties concerned! Well, all this fruit too, fruit spicy and commercial, fruit spiritual and celestial, so far beyond the merely pumpkinish and grossly terrene, lies in the West India lands: and the ultimate "proprietorship" of them—why, I suppose, it will vest in him who can the *best* educe from them whatever of noble produce they were created fit for yielding. He, I compute, is the real "Viceregent of the Maker" there; in him, better and better chosen, and not in another, is the "property" vested by decree of Heaven's chancery itself!

Up to this time it is the Saxon British mainly; they hitherto have cultivated with some manfulness: and when a manfuller class of cultivators, stronger, worthier to have such land, abler to bring fruit from it, shall make their appearance, they, doubt it not, by fortune of war, and other confused negotiation and vicissitude, will be declared by nature and fact to be the worthier, and will become proprietors, perhaps also only for a time. That is the law, I take it; ultimate, supreme, for all lands in all countries under the sky. The one perfect eternal proprietor is the Maker who created them; the temporary better or worse proprietor is he whom the Maker has sent on that mission; he who the best hitherto can educe from said lands the beneficent gifts the Maker endowed them with, or, which is but another definition of the same person, he who leads hitherto the manfullest life on that bit of soil, doing better than another yet found can do, the eternal purpose and supreme will there.

And now observe, my friends, it was not black quashee, or those he represents, that made those West India Islands what they are, or can, by any hypothesis, be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. For countless ages, since they first mounted oozy, on the back of earthquakes, from their dark bed in the ocean deeps, and reeking saluted the tropical sun, and ever onwards till the European white man first saw them some three short centuries ago, those islands had produced mere jungle, savagery, poison-reptiles, and swamp-malaria: till the white European first saw them, they were as if not yet created—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper, black and grey, lying all asleep, waiting the white enchanter who should say to them, awake! Till the end of human history and the sounding of the trump of doom, they might have lain so, had quashee and the like of him been the only artists in the game. Swamps, fever-jungles, man-eating Caribs, rattlesnakes, and reeking waste and putrefaction, this had been the produce of them under the incompetent Caribal (what we call Cannibal) possessors, till that time; and quashee knows, himself, whether he could have introduced an improvement. Him, had he been by a miraculous chance wafted thither, the Caribals would have eaten, rolling him as a fat morsel under their tongue; for him, till the sounding of the trump of doom, the rattlesnakes and savageries

would have held on their way. It was not he, then; it was another than he! Never by art of his could one pumpkin have grown there to solace any human throat; nothing but savagery and reeking putrefaction could have grown there. These plentiful pumpkins, I say therefore, are not his; no, they are another's: they are his only under conditions. Conditions which Exeter Hall, for the present, have forgotten; but which nature and the eternal powers have by no manner of means forgotten, but do at all moments keep in mind; and, at the right moment, will, with the due impressiveness, perhaps in a rather terrible manner, bring again to our mind also.

If quashee will not honestly aid in bringing out those sugars, cinnamons, and nobler products of the West India Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the powers permit quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but will sheer him out, by and by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground; him and all that partake with him—perhaps in a very terrible manner. For, under favor of Exeter Hall, the "terrible manner" is not yet quite extinct with the destinies in this universe; nor will it quite cease, I apprehend, for soft sawder or philanthropic stump oratory now or henceforth. No; the gods wish besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies—infinitely more they wish, that manful, industrious men occupy their West Indies, not indolent two-legged cattle, however "happy" over their abundant pumpkins. Both these things, we may be assured, the immortal gods have decided upon, passed their eternal act of parliament for; and both of them, though all terrestrial parliaments and entities oppose it to the death, shall be done. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one,) and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work. Or, alas, let him look across to Hayti, and trace a far sterner prophecy! Let him, by his ugliness, idleness, rebellion, banish all white men from the West Indies, and make it all one Hayti—with little or no sugar growing, black Peter exterminating black Paul, and where a garden of the Hesperides might be, nothing but a tropical dog-kennel and pestiferous jungle—does he think that will forever continue pleasant to gods and men? I see men land one day on these black coasts; men *sent* by the laws of this universe, and inexorable course of things; men hungry for gold, remorseless, fierce as old buccaneers were; and a doom for quashee which I had rather not contemplate! The gods are long-suffering; but the law from the beginning was, he that will not work shall perish from the earth; and the patience of the gods has limits!

Before the West Indies could grow a pumpkin for any negro, how much European heroism had to spend itself in obscure battle; to sink, in mortal agony, before the jungles, the putrescences and waste savageries could become arable, and the devils be in some measure chained there! The West Indies grow pine-apples and sweet fruits, and spices; we hope they will

one day grow beautiful heroic human lives too, which is surely the ultimate object they were made for: beautiful souls and brave; sages, poets, and what not; making the earth nobler round them, as their kindred from old have been doing; true "splinters of the old Harz Rock;" heroic white men, worthy to be called old Saxons, browned with a mahogany tint in those new climates and conditions. But under the soil of Jamaica, before it could even produce spices or any pumpkin, the bones of many thousand British men had to be laid. Brave Colonel Fortescue, brave Colonel Sedgwick, brave Colonel Brayne—the dust of many thousand strong old English hearts lies there; worn down swiftly in frightful travail, chaining the devils, which were manifold. Heroic Blakt contributed a bit of his life to that Jamaica. A bit of the great Protector's own life lies there; beneath those pumpkins lies a bit of the life that was Oliver Cromwell's. How the great Protector would have rejoiced to think, that all this was to issue in growing pumpkins to keep quashee in a comfortably idle condition! No; that is not the ultimate issue—not that.

The West Indian whites, so long as this bewilderment of philanthropic and other jargon abates from them, and their poor eyes get to discern a little what the facts are, and what the laws are, will strike into another course, I apprehend! I apprehend they will, as a prelimiary, resolutely refuse to permit the black man any privilege whatever of pumpkins till he agree for work in return Not a square inch of soil in these fruitful isles, purchased by British blood, shall any black man hold to grow pumpkins for him, except on terms that are fair towards Britain. Fair; see that they be not unfair, not toward ourselves, and still more not towards him. For injustice is for ever accursed: and precisely our unfairness towards the enslaved black man has, by inevitable revulsion and fated revulsion of the wheel, brought about these present confusions. Fair towards Britain it will be, that quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labor. The State has plenty of waste soil; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result, which includes all. Not a black Ireland, by immigration, and boundless black supply for the demand; not that—may the gods forbid—but a regulated West Indies, with black working population in adequate numbers; all "happy," if they find it possible; and not entirely unbeautiful to gods and men, which latter result they must find possible! All "happy" enough; that is to say, all working according to the faculty they have got, making a little more divine this earth which the gods have given them. Is there any other happiness, if it be not that of pigs fattening daily to the slaughter? So will the State speak by and by.

To state articulately, and put into practical lawbooks, what on all sides is *fair*, from the West Indian white to the West Indian black; what relations the Eternal Maker has established between these two creatures of His; what He has written down with intricate but ineffaceable record, legible to candid human insight, in the respective qualities, strengths, necessities and capabilities of each of the two: this will be a long problem, only to be solved by continuous human endeavor and earnest effort gradually perfecting itself as experience successively yields new light to it. This will be to "find the right terms;" terms of a contract that will endure, and be sanctioned by heaven and obtain prosperity on earth, between the two. A long problem, terribly neglected hitherto; whence these West Indian sorrows and Exeter Hall monstrocities, just now. But a problem which must be entered upon, and by degrees be completed. A problem which, I think, the English people also, if they mean to retain human colonies, and not black Irelands in addition to the whites, cannot begin too soon. What are the true relations between negro and white, their mutual duties under the sight of the Maker of them both; what human laws will assist both to comply more and more with these? The solution, only to be gained by earnest endeavor, and sincere reading of experience, such as have never yet been bestowed on it, is not yet here; the solution is perhaps still distant. But some approximation to it, various real approximations, could be made and must be made: this of declaring that negro and white are *un*related, loose from one another, on a footing of perfect equality, and subject to no law but that of supply and demand according to the dismal science; this, which contradicts the palpablest facts, is clearly no solution, but a cutting of the knot asunder; and every hour we persist in this is leading us towards *dis*solution instead of solution!

What then is practically to be done, by us poor English, with our Demerara and other blacks? Well, in such a mess as we have made there, it is not easy saying what is first to be done! But all this of perfect equality, of cutting quite loose from one another; all this, with "immigration loan," "happiness of black peasantry," and other melancholy stuff that has followed from it, will first of all require to be *un*done, and the ground cleared of it, by way preliminary to "doing!" After that there may several things be possible.

Already one hears of black *Adscripti glebæ;* which seems a promising arrangement, one of the first to suggest itself in such a complicacy. It appears the Dutch blacks, in Java, are already a kind of *Adscripts*, after the manner of the old European serfs; bound, by royal authority, to give so many days of work a year. Is not this something like a real approximation; the first step towards all manner of such? Wherever, in British territory, there exists a black man, and needful work to the just extent is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of better, should be brought to bear upon said black man! How many laws of like purport, conceivable some of them, might be brought to bear upon the black man, with all despatch by way of solution instead of dissolution to their complicated case

just now! On the whole, it ought to be rendered possible, ought it not, for white men to live beside black men, and in some just manner to command black men, and produce West Indian fruitfulness by means of them? West Indian fruitfulness will need to be produced. If the English cannot find the method for that, they may rest assured that another will come (Brother Jonathan or still another) who can. He it is whom the gods will bid continue in the West Indies; bidding us ignominiously, "depart, ye quack-ridden, incompetent!"

Oh, my friends, I feel there is an immense fund of human stupidity circulating among us, and much clogging our affairs for some time past! A certain man has called us, "of all peoples the wisest in action;" but added, "the stupidest in speech:"—and it is a sore thing, in these constitutional times, times mainly of universal parliamentary and other eloquence, that the "speakers" have all first to emit, in such tumultuous volumes, their human stupor, as the indispensable preliminary, and everywhere we must first see that and its results *out*, before beginning any business.

LIEUT.-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

General Longstreet was born in South Carolina, in 1820, and entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842. He was breveted Second-Lieutenant of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, and in March, 1845, he was transferred to the Eighth Regiment. He served with distinction in the Mexican war. After the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco he was breveted Captain, for "gallant and meritorious conduct," and was, three weeks after, breveted Major for "gallantry" at the battle of El Molino del Rey He displayed an almost reckless courage at the assault of Chapultepec, and was named in Gen. Scott's official report in these words: "The following are the officers most distinguished in those brilliant operations: Lieutenant Longstreet, badly wounded, advancing, colors in hand."

At the beginning of the Abolition war, he was Paymaster in the United States army, with the rank of Major; but he resigned his commission, and was at once appointed Brigadier-Gen. in the Confederate army. He greatly distinguished himself at the first battle of Bull Run, after which he was made a Major-General. He soon won the reputation of being not only one of the most dashing but also one of the most obstinate fighters in the whole army. He bore a most gallant part in nearly all the desperate battles on the Peninsula. In February, 1863, he was made a Lieutenant-General. He was called the "War-horse," not only by his own soldiers, but became

known by this name quite generally throughout the Confederate army

Gen. Longstreet is not only an eminent military commander but he is a man of high mental attainments, and of a most elevated moral character. He realizes quite in perfection the grand idea of "a gallant soldier and high-toned gentleman." While his army was stationed in East Tennessee, the Federal authorities contrived to get into circulation a great number of hand-bills, for the purpose of inducing his soldiers to desert. Gen. Longstreet wrote a very handsome letter to the Abolition General, Foster, who had command of the northern troops in that section, that it would be more in accordance with the rules of propriety and custom for the Federal Government to communicate any views it entertained through him, instead of throwing hand-bills among the soldiers. To this very respectful and dignified letter Gen. Foster returned a reply replete with insult and jest. In answer, Gen. Longstreet said: "You cannot pretend to have answered my letter in the spirit of frankness due to a soldier, and yet it is hard to believe that an officer commanding an army of veteran soldiers, on whose shoulders rest in no small degree, the destiny of empires, could so far forget the hight of this great argument of arms, and so betray the dignity of his high station as to fall into a contest of jests and jibes. I have read your order announcing the favorable terms on which deserters will be received. Step by step you have gone on in violation of the laws of honorable warfare. Our farms have been destroyed, our women and children have been robbed, and our homes have been pillaged and burned. You have laid your plans, and worked diligently to produce wholesale murder by servile insurrection. And now, the most ignoble of all, you propose to degrade the human race by inducing soldiers to dishonor and forswear themselves. Soldiers who have met you on so many honorable fields, who have breasted the storm of battle in defence of their honor, their families, and their homes, for three long years, have a right to expect more honor, even in their adversaries."

These severe but entirely just words would have burned into the soul of any man possessing in the smallest degree the honor and instincts of a gentleman; but they were thrown away upon such a tool as Gen. Foster has allowed himself to be made by the directors of the barbarous Abolition war.

At the end of the war General Longstreet commenced business as a general commission merchant in New Orleans. He enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him as an upright and honorable gentleman, and his fame as a military commander can never lose its lustre when the honest history of our late terrible conflict is written. We have only to wait for the free negro to illustrate the vices and the helplessness of his race in this country as he has done it in the West India Islands, and wherever else the useless boon of emancipation has been forced upon him, and all the Generals who steeped their hands in the blood of the white race to effect this monstrous wrong, will sink to their right place in the estimation of mankind. And then too those who fought for the honor and the natural supremacy of the white race will receive the crown due to their valor and virtue.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

POETRY, LYRICAL, NARRATIVE, AND SATIRICAL, OF THE CIVIL WAR; Selected and Edited by Richard Grant White. New York: The American News Co. 1866.

The first, and about the only thing to be said in praise of this volume, is, that it is very handsomely gotten up. Its contents are certainly no better than two or three other similar volumes which have preceded it; and they are marked throughout with the ignorance and spite of the editor. As a specimen of the culture of the editor's style, we will quote what he says of the national song of the Abolitionists, Old John Brown: "the alternate *jig* and swing of the air caused it to stick in the uneducated ear as burrs stick to a blackberry girl." This figure would have been quite as elegant and classical, and a good deal more forcible, if he had said, "as filth sticks to a swine's belly."

The great majority of Mr. White's selections are the most stupid and spiteful drivel of the ultra Abolition poetasters. Prejudice and spite are sorry inspirers of poetry. The best poetry called forth by the war, even here in the North, was written against the war. Had Mr. White really wished to make a book of the "Poetry of the War," he would have found more excellent specimens of satirical poetry in the files of Democratic newspapers. His book is a fraud. Instead of being entitled "Poetry of the Civil War," it should be "Abolition Poetry of the War." In an appendix he gives a few specimens of southern poetry, but, with two or three exceptions, they are by no means fair specimens of the war poetry of the South. He tells us that "no poem of conspicuous worth, elicited by the war will be found *lacking* in these pages." "Poems of conspicuous worth" are not, we believe, generally "found *lacking*" in anything. But the reader will understand what the editor wishes to express, though he fails to express it correctly himself.

As a specimen of the trash of this volume, which is especially commended by the editor, we give the following from "An Horatian Ode," in praise of Mr. Lincoln, by R. H. Stodard:

> "And this he was who most unfit,
> (So hard the sense of God to hit!)
> Did seem to fill his place,
> With such a homely face."

There are forty-nine verses, of which this is a fair specimen. "Horatian Ode!" Alas, poor Horace, that so much senseless, limping twaddle should be put forth in thy name! But these poetasters have made, generally, as bad work with verse as they have with history, justice, truth, and Christian morals. Two-thirds of the specimens in this book are, in their temper, brutal, and even fiendish, justifying theft, arson, and slaughter. If our Puritan butchers ever come to their senses, they will blush that such a collection of viper rhymes was ever made.

The following closing verse of a poem on Massachusetts ought to make a horse laugh:

> "God bless, God bless the glorious State;
> Let her have her way to battle
> She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
> Or where thick rifles rattle.
> Give her the right, and let her try,
> And then who can may press her;
> She'll go straight on, or she will die,
> God bless her, and God bless her!"

We certainly have no objection to the prayer for Massachusetts to become the recipient of the infinite mercy of the Almighty, (perhaps no spot on earth needs it more,) but we cannot say that we have the same charity for the wretch who could write such execrable poetry, or for the noodle who could collect such specimens into a volume.

SOUTH SONGS; From the Lays of Later Days. Collected and edited by T. C. De Leon. New York: Beelock & Co., No. 19 Beekman street. 1866.

This beautiful little volume of only a hundred and fifty pages, (it should have been swelled to double the size,) proves what we have before said, that the poetry of the South, produced by the late war, is altoge-

ther of a higher character in nobility of feeling, and freshness of spirit, than that of the North. It could not very well be otherwise. The poetry of the South was inspired by a love of liberty, and by suffering for its sake; while ours of the North was mainly the inspiration of malice, intolerance, and revenge. With shame we are compelled to say that it is precisely worthy of the cause of *negro equality*, to which it is devoted. We cannot point to a single northern poem which has come out of the war that is to be compared to such southern poems as "Maryland," "Your Mission," "The Lone Sentry," "Somebody's Darling," "Melt the Bells," and "The Conquered Banner." These, merely as *poems*, are of superior mould. There stalks through all the pages of this little book a brave and mighty spirit, which makes us ashamed of the petit larceny and house-burning that flicker and flame in the negro-lauding war poetry of our own section. There is hardly a tamer verse in the volume than the following stirring lines in a poem on the death of Zollicoffer:

"But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story—
And fame to shout with immortal voice:
Dead on the field of glory."

Or the following, from a poem entitled "The Guerrillas:"

"In God's hand alone is judgment,
But He strikes with the hands of men,
And His blight would wither our manhood,
If we smote not the smiter again.

By the graves where our fathers slumber,
By the shrines where our mothers prayed,
By our homes and hopes and freedom,
Let every man swear on his blade—

That he will not sheath nor stay it
Till from point to heft it glow,
With the flush of Almighty vengeance,
In the blood of the fallen foe."

Beechen Brook; a Rhyme of the War. By Margaret J. Preston. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet, publishers.

This is a very interesting tale of the war, well, and in some parts passionately told in verse. It is a beautiful little book of ninety-four pages. The correctness and force of the performance, as a *poem*, may be judged of by the following lines, which we think a fair specimen, and above the average of war poetry:

"The wild tide of battle runs red—dashes high,
And blots out the splendor of earth and of sky;
The blue air is heavy, and sulph'rous, and dun,
And the breeze on its wings bears the boom of the gun.
In faster and fiercer and deadlier shocks
The thunderous billows are hurled on the rocks;
And our valley becomes, amid spring's softest breath,
The valley, alas! of the shadow of death.
* * * * * * * * *
What need for dismay? Let the live surges roar,
And leap in their fury our fastnesses o'er,
And threaten our beautiful valley to fill
With rapine and ruin more terrible still:
What fear we? See Jackson! his sword in his hand,
Like the stern rocks around him, immovable stand—
The wisdom, the skill, and the strength that he boasts,
Sought ever from Him who is Leader of Hosts.
He speaks in the name of his God—lo! the tide,
The red sea of battle is seen to divide:
The pathway of victory cleaves the dark flood—
And the foe is o'erwhelmed in a deluge of blood!

The Cholera; A Familiar Treatise on its History, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment, with the Most Effective Remedies and Proper Mode of their Administration without the Aid of a Physician, &c. By G. T. Collins, M. D. New York: 165 William street. First National Manufacturing and Publishing Co., Cincinnatti. J. R. Hawley & Co. 1866.

This is undoubtedly a useful and timely book, especially to families in the country, who reside at a distance from any physician. The work contains a good deal of interesting and important historical matter, which may be read with profit by everybody, in times of health or sickness.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—We have received several letters in relation to the importance of a thorough union of the Democratic party; and certainly the importance to our country of such a thing cannot be overstated. But how can it be brought about? Is anybody blind enough to suppose that the Democratic party can ever be thoroughly re-united except upon a platform of Democratic principles? The party became divided by a portion going off after the Abolition war; and such have been, for four or five years, standing upon the platform of the old Federalists of 1798; while those who refused to be sloughed off into the cess-pool of Black Republicanism have remained firm on the platform of principles laid down by Jefferson, and which has been the creed of Democracy ever since. Now, if any body supposes that the Democratic party can ever be re-united, permanently, on any other platform than that of DEMOCRACY, they have not reckoned sufficiently upon the integrity and fidelity to principles of those who have never wandered from the true path. It may as well be understood that these men never will wander from that path. They are Democrats, not for the spoils of office, but for a great and glorious principle, and they will sooner die than infamously forsake it. Let the wanderers return, and the party is whole again. The resurrection of the dead will not find the party whole on any other terms. The elections last fall ought to have convinced the mere *spoils Democrats* of that. To the masses of the Democratic party the war is, and ever will be, odious beyond expression. Whether we contemplate the object for which it was waged, the manner in which it was carried on, or its results in the overthrow of the white man's government, it is a thing accursed. The pages of all generations of history will curse it. The Democrat that don't curse it has forsaken the great American principle of *consent* for the European principle of *force*, in government—has forsaken *freedom* for *despotism*. To attempt to reunite the masses of the Democratic party on these principles is as foolish as to think of compounding a new religion out of Christianity and Atheism. There stands the great principle of Democracy and self-government, sublime and beautiful even amid the smoke and blood of battle—more sublime and more beautiful in contrast with the horrid despotism of the war for State annihilation and negro equality. To that standard we must go to rally the old Democratic party. In the first place, the sympathies of nine-tenths of the Democratic party of the North are there; and the sympathies of *ten-tenths* of those of the South can never be rallied to any other standard. The man who imagines that the Democratic party of this country can ever be re-united on the basis of this war is as good as a lunatic. The war has sunk the freedom of our country infinitely below what it was before the American Revolution, and it has rolled back civilization to a point scarcely less detestable than that of New England in the days of witchcraft. We are to get ourselves and our country out of this African jungle with all possible dispatch. But this can never be done on the basis of endorsing the war. The work may be started by all sorts of Democrats agreeing to hold silence mainly on that bloody subject for a single campaign. That is, all might rally together in support of President Johnson in his patriotic endeavors to save our country from the grasp of the negro-lauding traitors to whom the war has given power. A simple platform of supporting the President in his fight with the revolutionizing vagabonds of Congress, is such a thing as all Democrats ought to be able to stand together upon. But it must be such a platform, and nothing else. The one portion must give up their hypocritical and silly whine about "loyalty," and the other must

keep silence on the "crime of the war." On such a platform all might in good faith, and without the sacrifice of any principle, rally to the support of President Johnson. In this way undoubtedly the country might be triumphantly carried against the negro party. But let none deceive themselves with the delusive idea that the full force of the true-hearted old Democracy can ever be brought out on a platform that by any construction squints at the endorsement of the war, or any part of it. Bury all that in silence and keep it out of sight, and we believe the Democracy will be, in a majority of the northern States, triumphant this fall. The lesson of the late election in Connecticut should not be disregarded. In that State we think we may say that three-quarters of the Democracy, under a strong desire to sustain President Johnson, in his policy of restoring the southern States to their place in the Union, voted for Mr. English with a bitter protest in their own hearts. Under the pressure of this desire many voted for him who had helped to burn him in effigy less than two years before for recreancy to the principles of his party. But there were still at least from five hundred to one thousand Democrats in that State who did not vote at all. A Democratic campaign in the State of Connecticut, in which the voice of Hon. William W. Eaton, the ablest political orator in New England, was not permitted to be heard, (but instead, such *Democrats!* as John Van Buren and one General Rousseau were preferred by the managers of the campaign) was a very suggestive as well as a very sickening sight. There is not a more sterling Democracy in our country than that of Connecticut; we hope never to see it so badly used again. We believe that the staunch men of the party will never go so far again to accommodate a policy of hiding both Democratic principles and Democratic men.

—We are accused of "not standing by our section;" but we cannot, thank God, be accused of not standing by our whole country, in defending its constitution and laws. Had the South attempted to deprive our section of its property and its rights, we should have stood by it to the death, just as we say the South had a right to do in defense of her property and the lives of her people. The man who "stands by his section" in waging an unjust war upon others, is a scoundrel and a robber; and that will be just the niche he will fill in history, when the madness, stupidity and rage of the present hour are passed away. Those who took a hand in the abominations of New England witchcraft thought they were doing great things for themselves while the delusion was going on, but, poor wretches, their memory has been cursed and kicked ever since, and will continue to be kicked all along the path of generations. If the inspirers and managers of this accursed Abolition war escape a similar fate, it will be because reason has quit the world, and virtue is extinguished in the human heart. But we trust to God and time to settle this matter between ourself and the noisy fools who have bellowed "traitor" in our ears. Thank heaven, these wretches will never smile upon us; nor shall we ever be caressed and pensioned with the spoils of our murdered and enslaved countrymen. The thieves of pianos and ladies' wardrobes will never look at us except in frowns; or if they do, we shall be tempted to beat the rascals. We shall "stand by our section" the first minute we can do so without forsaking our manhood and our honor. And that will be when it ceases to be a *section*, and becomes again an unselfish and friendly portion of a union of sovereign and co-equal States.

—Parson Brownlow says: "I am not afraid to endorse Sumner and Stevens on my own dunghill." Of course not; and that is a very happy instance of "*the right man in the right place.*"

—A humorous correspondent of West Jersey writes us that whenever he thinks of the pass to which the Black Republicans have brought our country, he finds himself "biling over with indignashun, and feels as if he could kick the backsides of all creashun." We wish while his spunk is up at such a roaring pitch he would just make an application of the toe of his boot to the *rump* of Congress.

—Another correspondent innocently asks us to "favor the public with a pen sketch of the present Congress." Alas! our friend knows not what an impossible thing he asks.

Painters have before now given a likeness of the devil; but no pencil ever attempted to picture such a monster as this Congress. Persius opens his fifth satire with these boisterous lines:

Vcbitus hic mos est, centum fibi poscere voces,
Centum ora & linguas optare in carmina centum.

O! for a hundred pair of brazen lungs!
O! for a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues, &c.

But even all these extraordinary endowments would poorly fit a man to do justice to the abominations of this Congress.

—A correspondent from Ohio sends us the following:

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

GABRIEL, CHARLOTTE CORDAY, BOOTH.

Scene—"*Over Jordan.*"

GABRIEL—The American executioner has just dismissed the soul of your lady associate, Mrs. Surratt. She is yonder coming over the river.

BOOTH—Ah, indeed! But she has done nothing that could by any rule of law have brought her here at this time. Miss Corday, our gallows is getting quite equal to your guillotine.

CORDAY—Not quite. We made the guillotine an altar. We did not seek to run away with the price we were willing to pay as an offering to the country and to liberty.

BOOTH—Was it dishonorable for me to try to escape from those who would have torn me in pieces?

CORDAY—Certainly. Your flight inclines people to believe that you thought yourself guilty. This idea alone strips all the Roman off your actions. If you wished them to believe in your high purposes it was necessary, on the spot, to offer them your life. As it was, your leap "broke you down," notwithstanding your "*sic semper.*"

BOOTH—You are severe.

CORDAY—Those who act unselfishly in perilous times for the benefit of others are not expected to regard the cost, which always sets the value upon the action. If Lincoln was what you pretended, you would have sold your life for more than it was worth. But I see Gabriel has gone to meet your lady acquaintance, and is bringing her up the bank. I decline an introduction, and will retire. She petitioned for her life. You Americans have yet to learn how to clothe your gallows with a halo, and its victims with glory.

—A lady who writes us a very sensible and feeling letter on the misfortunes of our country, calls liberty "a relic." A most appropriate name, especially if we take the literal meaning of the word, which is compounded of *re*, behind, and *linquo*, to leave. In this mad chase after the impossible and the unattainable in negroes, liberty and the white man's civilization are indeed left a good ways behind.

—A scholastic correspondent from Cambridge writes us that we are mistaken in supposing that there were republics in Asia, and and quotes from *The Spirit of Laws* to prove it. The author of the *Spirit of Laws* is certainly in error if he says there were no republics in Asia. All the hordes of Arabs and Tartars were wandering republics. Asia had in ancient times very flourishing republics, some of them superior even to those of Greece and Rome. *Tyre* and *Sidon* were republics. And these stood firmer and flourished longer than any contemporaneous monarchies. Our correspondent is also, we think, in error in supposing that republics have never flourished except in a land of mountains. Poland was once a flourishing republic, and that is a level country. The splendid republic of Venice, which lasted twelve hundred years without a revolution, was in the midst of a flat country. The republic of Holland, which was the proudest period of that country's history, had few mountains. We could give many such examples.

—Thad. Stevens says that "notwithstanding the malice of the Copperheads and the perfidy of the President, he sees the future glory of a newly enfranchised race." Where does he see all this? Voltaire describes numerous sects of monks and contemplative pietists who gave out that they frequently saw the radiancy of Mount Tabor at their navel, as the Indian Faquiers see a celestial light at the tip of their nose. At what portion of his body does old Thad. look to get a view of the future glory of the negroes? At his great toe, or at the end of his nose?

—The *Saturday Press*, the spiciest and best of our literary weeklies, says: "The strongest thing you can say in New York of a man who persists in defending a fallen cause is that he sticks to it like a Burr." We are proud of such a distinction. But our cause, which is simply that of *Constitutional liberty and self-government*, is not so badly fallen yet, as Christianity appeared to be when the Pharisees crucified its founder. Not apparently near so badly fallen as our own glorious revolution was in the dark winter of 1777. Not half so badly fallen as reason and common sense were during the reign of witchcraft in New England, when every man who would not swear that he saw old women riding broomsticks a mile high in the air, was in danger of being hanged for a wizard himself. No, certainly the cause of common sense, and justice, and liberty, to which we "stick like a Burr," is no worse off now than the same good cause was then. Wait, my friends, until you get the verdict of returning reason! Wait, until these delusions of the negro-equalizing witchcraft are ended! Already they are ending. Soon it shall be plain to all, who has stuck to the white man "like a *Burr*," and who has stuck to the negro like a *louse*.

—During the passage of the very *uncivil* Civil Rights Bill, the Black Republican Senators appeared in their seats, or strutted up and down the Senate chamber with their bosoms or their hands ornamented with huge boquets of gaudy flowers, each presented as a "token of respect" by the hand of a *fair*, warm, glowing, bouncing and gushing daughter of Africa. Senators Foster and Trumbull were especially honored in the receipt of *floral baskets* from some of these "lovely lilies" of Ethiopa. Some of the white ladies who occupied seats in the gallery in the neighborhood of the happy female darkey friends of the Senators, declared that they, after all, had the chief benefit of the sweet odors of the African bouquets. They are having lovely odorous times in Washington. Indeed our whole country, just now, if not "perfumed with all the spices of Araby," is with those of the next country to it, Africa.

—A Virginia paper asks "What will become of such a creature as Judge *Underwood* when the rule of law and right is restored in this country?" Served, we trust, as all *underbrush* sooner or later is, and ought to be.

—Rev. Dr. Vinton cannot conceive that a Christian's instincts have any such repugnance to negroes as some politicians evince. That is probably because the Rev. Dr. Vinton's *instincts* and a negro's *outstincts* have a remarkable affinity for each other.

—A western member of Congress calls Lincoln "the great law-giver of modern times." How proud we Americans ought to be that we too have a name in the great fame-roll of law-givers! Moses was the first law-giver of the Jews; Trismegistus, of the Egyptians; Phoroneus, of the Greeks; Solon, of the Athenians; Lycurgus, of the Lacedemonians; Anacharsis, of the Scythians; Numa Pompilius, of the Romans; Pharamond, of the French; and *Lincoln*, of the Americans! But Lincoln far outlames all the rest: for, being by profession a mighty *splitter*, he was enabled to be as great a law-breaker as law maker. As a *law-breaker* he shines transcendently. In fact he was universally great at the *splitting* business. Whether splitting rails, splitting law, splitting logic, splitting grammar, splitting sense, or splitting his country, he was a genius that Beelzebub might be proud of.

—Miss Anna Dickinson, in a newspaper card, calls the negro, Fred. Douglass, her "*dear* personal friend." We had heard before that such was the case, but as she is a white woman, we took it for a piece of scandal; but as the woman herself admits it, we give her the benefit of her public confession.

—The inimitable poem entitled "The Conquered Banner," we are informed was written by a Catholic priest, who was a chaplain in the Confederate army.

—A contemporary critic gives the following as one of the specimen beauties of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry:

> "Who ruled her like a thing of life
> Amid the crested waves."

But we think Byron's line much finer:

"She walks the water like a thing of life."

GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—JULY, 1866.—No. VII.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE OLD GUARD ENDORSED BY LEADING REPUBLICANS.

The political heavens, and all other heavens, have been very black in this country for the last five or six years. Even the conscience of man seemed dead, or gone into a long slumber. Principles held sacred by our fathers, principles even held sacred by ourselves, until within these six abominable years, have been trampled upon as though all our past record were a lie, and liberty were but a nick-name, or a politician's convenient and impudent cheat. What loud boasters of liberty we were, and yet how we cringed and shrank away before the usurpation and threats of a buffoon and a merry andrew! With what pride we lauded our *government of laws*, and yet, so far as we in the North may speak, without a single hour of manly resistance we allowed the laws all to be swept under, and the will of an implacable imbecile to become both the government and the law! Peaceable, unoffending, and virtuous citizens were thrown into dungeons by the thousand, and the wretches who did these deeds are alive at this day, and, instead of being, as they ought, thin shadows by the Stygian river, are sleek bodies, plethoric with plunder, and shining with the blood of their countrymen! Not only were we recreant to our own liberty and our own honor, but we urged the black legions on in the infamous work of subjugating others, burning their houses and their wheat fields, murdering their men and scourging their women, stealing their libraries, their pictures, their wardrobes, their pianos, their jewelry, and their spoons! "O, generation of vipers!" And even now there are clergymen and generals among us who entertain their admiring friends at tables furnished with silver ware stolen from the southern people! "O, generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell!"

Our heavens have indeed been very black for a long time now; but there is, at last, a streak of light here and there breaking out through the dense blackness. Here and there a feeble ray struggling amid the circumambient

gloom. Some who shouted for blood the loudest during the reign of war, begin to show signs, if not of repentance, at least of returning reason. Some who, for five black years, denounced the editor of this magazine as a traitor, and often called upon the "authorities" to "lock him up," or "hang him," are now forced round upon essentially the same platform of principles occupied by us during all that reign of terror.

A thousand times have we been denounced as a "traitor" and a "rebel sympathiser," for saying that the Constitution gives no authority to the Federal Government to attempt to preserve the Union by war upon retiring States, and that *coercion* was a thousand times greater evil to our system of government than *secession*. Now this position, for which we have been so long maligned, is fully assumed by the *Commercial Advertiser*, the oldest and most respectable, and, at the present time, by far the ablest "Republican" paper of this city. In a recent leader on this subject, the *Advertiser* says:

"The only real argument that has ever been presented for the maintenance of the Union by main force, is that the Union will prevent wars. Therefore, to prevent future wars, we rushed into a war of fearful magnitude! The fact is that violence never brings anything but evil, and it brings evil to those who are in the right just as much as to those who are in the wrong. Therefore, violence should never be resorted to except in self-defence against the violence of others."

This is a broad confession that the only "real argument for the war" was no' based upon the Constitution at all, but upon the gratuitous and usurped policy of preventing "future wars." And this policy, the *Advertiser* admits, turns out to be a mistake, and to have brought as great evils upon those who have waged it, as upon those who have suffered it. This admits the whole ground occupied by those who opposed the war. Perhaps, in the end, we shall discover that those who have waged the war are to be the greatest sufferers. To the narrow vision of selfishness, and despotic ambition, the South, it must be confessed, seems to be the greatest sufferer. But wait until the scales are readjusted, and then see where the light weight is found. This subject, however, has already been fully discussed in this magazine, and will not be reargued here.

Another thing for which we have been howled at and barked at, by all the great wolves, and small dogs, in the Black Republican kennel, is the argument, oft repeated by us, that the ambition to belong to a great and despotic nation, rather than to even a small and free one, is a great mistake and a great foolishness. It would seem to require no argument to persuade a virtuous and sensible man that it is a million of times better to have a Union of only five States, held together by mutual interest and esteem, than to have a body of fifty States held together only by the point of the bayonet. Indeed the larger the political body held together by force, the worse for all parties belonging to it; for the larger it is, the more grinding and the more terrible must be the despotism. Now, after five or six years of the reign of blood to overthrow this sacred principle of local self-government, and to establish that of a general despotism, the ablest of the Republican journals in the United States,

the old *Commercial Advertiser*, squarely endorses the doctrines of *The Old Guard* in the following language :

"Is not the desire to belong to a great and powerful nation an error inherited from despotism, which invariably seeks to rule over extended, rather than over contracted, territory ? In what manner is an individual benefited by being a member of a large rather than of a small State, except so long as brute force rules, and the natural rights of man are disregarded? Would not the loyal States, by themselves, have possessed ample power to defend themselves against the aggressions of others ?"

Every line of this extract is like a picture of silver, except the question as to the ability of the "loyal States," (say rather *royal*) to resist aggressions from others. This is a needless consideration, as there was no threat and no danger of "aggression of others." The spirit of aggression was all with the Abolition States. The others, for many months, sought and vainly sought, for almost any terms of peaceful and amicable adjustment, that would leave them the sacred right of self government and liberty. For a thousand years those States would never have made any aggressions upon us, could we have been content to let them alone. Aggression was neither consistent with their theory of government, nor with their State policy. No, the crime of aggression is ours. We went to war to overthrow State sovereignty, to crush the defensive rights of States, and to centralize the powers belonging to the States, in the Federal Government. Every month during the progress of the barbarous Austrian kind of war, *The Old Guard* denounced it as a usurpation, a revolution and a crime. Then we stood almost alone in the North; but now see how such staunch old organs of Black Republicanism as the *Commercial Advertiser*, comes to this old standard of political truth.

We have many times been threatened with death, with being thrown out of the cars when going at full speed, with being thrown from the ferry-boat in the middle of the river, with being hanged to the lamp-post, and we know not what other violence which the war-fiends could invent, for saying just this truth, now so excellently well said by the venerable *Commercial Advertiser*, in the following extract :

"The fact is that human laws are perfectly unbearable when made to act far beyond the locality whence they emanate, because they then generally encounter different circumstances from those which they were intended to meet or control. The Federal Government will be endurable only so long as it does not attempt to exercise the ordinary functions of Government, but limits itself to the administration of our foreign relations ; to the maintenance of free trade and free intercourse between the various States of the Union ; and to the dispensation of equal justice to the inhabitants of all the States. We believe that the centralization of power which the war has produced *will create a dozen causes for the disruption of the Union in the place of every one which existed before the war.*"

Our readers will recognize this as being pure and simple, the doctrine of *The Old Guard.* Upon no other doctrine can this Union stand ; and upon no other ought it to stand. Upon its present basis, as jerrymandered by the malignants of Congress, it ought not to stand an hour. No, not another hour ! Every man has a natural, inalienable and eternal right to rid himself of such an intolerable and impudent despotism, by whatever means the

Almighty has placed within his reach. There is no weapon which a man may not use in the necessary defense of his most sacred rights. In all ages of the world, even the *dagger* and the *phial* have been held as the rightful, last resort for the defense of a man's liberty and life. We can conceive of no remedy which a man may employ against a mad dog, that he may not, with equal right, use against a *mad tyrant!* Of the two, the *tyrant* is the least to be pitied—the least deserving of mercy. We speak now of the rights of individuals; but when we ascend from the individual to the State, the same principle applies. A State may rightfully do all to defend its own constitution and laws, that a man may do to defend his life. To be a little minute and personal in these meddlesome times of ours, we will say that a State which has its laws overthrown, and the rights of its citizens destroyed, by the interference of such a foreign thing as the *Negro Bureau*, has a clear right to hang the officers of said Negro Bureau, whenever and wherever they attempt to overthrow the laws of the State with military power. The State may not, for the time, possess the means of enforcing its laws, or it may not be policy to do so, but there stands the *right* of the matter. No officer of this black abomination, the Negro Bureau, has any more right to override the laws of Virginia, than old John Brown had. The claim that Congress sends him there, is no legal excuse; because Congress has no right, under our Constitution and system of government, to create such an institution. Now these conclusions inevitably follow the premises so clearly laid down in the extracts we have given from the *Commercial Advertiser*. A late number of the New York *Tribune* has also admitted premises which lead to the same result. It is well known that before the war, Mr. Greeley was clear in his advocacy of the right of States to declare their adhesion to the Union ended, and to set up for themselves. The New York *World*, which is an advocate of the old Anti-Jeffersonian principle of government, throws this thing in the *Tribune's* face as a reproach. But Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune* of May 7th, thus powerfully defends his former position:

"What we did believe and maintain in the premises is the doctrine tersely set forth by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence—as follows:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed;* that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, *it is the right of* THE PEOPLE *to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government,* laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

"Now that doctrine may be answered, as Hobbes, and Dr. Sam. Johnson, and other great men have held and taught; and, if we should ever be convinced that they are right, we shall publicly confess and recant our error. As yet, however, we hold with Jefferson and the Continental Congress; and, if they were right, and their fundamental assumption justified the Declaration of Independence which they based thereon, we cannot see why a larger number of people inhabiting the Southern States (a far larger area than that of the Old Thirteen), have not the natural, indefeasible right to 'alter or abolish' a form of government which they deem prejudicial to their rights and safety, 'and to

institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

"This faith has been grossly misrepresented and a thousand times coarsely assailed · but abuse is not refutation. Who has ever shown it to be unsound or sophistical?"

This is precisely the great and sacred truth we have been endeavoring to impress upon the people during all the late reign of despotism and blood. We join the editor of the *Tribune* in asking, "Who has ever shown this doctrine to be unsound or sophistical?" But we leave it for the editor of the *Tribune*, with such views, to justify the support he has given to the war which was intended to overthrow the very principle he defends. This attempt at justification is painfully insincere and foolish, it strikes us. It is simply that the southern States did not want to secede. He says, "We must emphatically deny that secessisn was the deliberate act of the people of the southern States." We shall not pause here to discuss the wishes of the southern people in relation to secession. Mr. Greeley finally admits, that if such had been their wish, they had the *right*—the same right, he says, that our forefathers had to break off from England, and establish a government of their own. Mr. Greeley challenges the *World*, or anybody else, to show that his position is not sound. But the *World*, prudently, does not take up the glove. Nor does anybody dare to take it up. *The Old Guard* has been challenging for three or four years in the same way, but no takers. Plenty of abuse, and such infinite froth-oceans of stupidity, ignorance, and rant, as the world never saw before, but no one venturing to come into the field of argument on the matter Those who supported the war, swallowed it whole, as the great snakes of Asia and Africa do their food. It was the only thing to do, for the war could not survive logical mastication. All who supported it, shut the eyes of their understanding, and opened their wide mouth of lust and revenge. It was a grand carnival of all the beasts that are in man, while the angels were hooted into silence, or thrust in dungeons.

Weak and timid people believed that the world of peace and virtue had come to an end, and sadly yielded to hopelessness and despair. But now see how, already, the current changes! It is but the first faint motion of a returning tide that will, before long, sweep all before it. The waters that were driven over the banks with such furious winds and storms, are returning to their channel, where they will flow resistlessly on, leaving heaps of all sorts of light timber and brushwood high and dry upon the sandy banks. Thus ever with the drift of events in this world. The tidal movements of the moral and political world are like those of the physical. The waters that swing so far one way, must, in time, come back just as far the other. In the Senate of the United States the other day, Mr. Cowan, a Republican member from Pennsylvania, and one of the ablest gentlemen of that body, while combatting the position of the majority of his party, said:

"What authority is the honorable Senator clothed with to make conquest of his fellow-citizens? He (Mr. Cowan) thought if the object of the war was to compel the Southern

people to fulfill their constitutional obligations, it had failed according to the Senator from Michigan (Mr. Howard). But if, on the other hand, the war was for the purpose of conquering these people, then it was an outrage upon all rights, and all authority, and had no justifying foundation anywhere. It was an act unworthy of enlightened men, especially of those descended from the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He did not know where the right of conquest was vested in any part of this Government. We of the American nation had abnegated the right of conquest and of subjugation. How did we justify ourselves in the first revolution? Was it not by asserting that every community, every people, had the right to choose their own form of goverument. He had heard the Declaration of Independence quoted in the Senate to establish absurdities which it was never intended to establish. But here was a great historic fact, which no man dare to deny, that the Revolution was based upon the right of a people to govern themselves, and that nobody else had the right to govern them."

Now, this is a wonderful improvement upon the most liberal and enlightened doctrines put forth in the Senate less than a year ago, especially from the Republican side of the Chamber. It logically justifies all that we have ever written in opposition to the war. For the principle once admitted, of "the right of a people to govern themselves, and that nobody else has a right to govern them," carries with it the absolute denial of the right of anybody to make war on a people to prevent them from governing themselves as they please. We are the more rejoiced to see these admissions from so eminent a Republican as Mr. Cowan, because we are persuaded that there can be no real permanent restoration of liberty in this country, until that doctrine is as fully recognised by us, as it was by the founders of our Government. There can be, and there must be, no settled peace until the Federal Government is forced back into its old place of entire subordination to the Constitution ordained by the States for its limitations. The *States* are the first great fact discernable in our system. The Federal Government, so to speak, is only a secondary fact. The Federal Government might be struck out of existence, and each State Government would still remain as perfect a government as ever; but strike out the States, and the whole Federal system vanishes. As civil communities, these State Governments are now just what they have been ever since government existed in this country. The State of New York, for instance, is the same as it was a century ago. When and where was any fraction of its rights, as a free sovereign State, ever surrendered? The control of certain matters, as its foreign relations, postal affairs, and a few other general interests, have been transferred, not to an independent government by any means, but to a government of its own appointment, and which is still only a part of itself. The Federal Government is no more than the *Foreign Minister* of each State, acting by and with the authority of the States. The Federal Government has no iota of authority that is not the property of the States. All its offices must be filled by the citizens of the States, and in such form and manner as have been prescribed by the States in convention assembled. It is competent for the States to come together again, whenever they please, and cancel this whole Federal structure, each State resuming its delegated powers. What would that amount to? Why, only that each State should take charge of its own

foreign affairs, of coining its own money, of regulating its own postal matters, and a few other of these general interests, which have, under the Federal system, been carried on by this *general agency* acting by the joint authority of the States. That is all. The Federal system is a convenience but not a necessity. The State systems are all perfect without it. They were perfect governments before the Federal system was made. They would remain perfect governments if the Federal system were destroyed. And even while the Federal system remains, the accountability (let us abjure this nasty word *loyalty*) of every citizen is due to his State, in all things except such outside and general matters as we have before named, which the States have delegated to the Federal Government. In all the internal affairs, in a word, in all that necessarily belongs to *government*, the accountability of the citizen is to his State. The State only has a right to govern him. To impose limits to his social actions. To make laws for the regulation of his marriage, for the protection of his property, for the security of his life, and for everything that regards his *home*. The State is like a mother to a man; all the protecting laws that shield his infancy or guard his manhood are born of it. To it his filial love is due. The Federal Government is only the foreign agent of his State, to which he owes nothing except in the few external matters transferred by his dear old mother, the State. It is the business of the State to protect its citizens when their liberty or their rights are in any danger, whether that danger proceeds from an alien enemy, or from the Federal Government. The principle is the same. It is as much the duty of the State to protect its citizens from the unjust or oppressive acts of the Federal Government, as it is to shield them from the oppression of any other foe. For instance, it is the duty of the State to see that the Federal Government does not deprive any of its citizens of the benefit of the *Habeas Corpus*, except where there is a rebellion or an insurrection—to prevent the Federal Government from interfering with the rights of its citizens to assemble peaceably, to petition for redress of grievances—to see that the Federal Government does not prevent its citizens from keeping and bearing arms for self-defense—to see that the Federal Government does not render its citizens insecure in their persons, houses, papers, effects, and that they are not, by the Federal Government, subjected to unreasonable searches and seizures—to see that the Federal Government does not seize and search its citizens except on warrants, supported by oath, particularly describing the place to be searched and persons or things to be seized—to see that the Federal Government shall hold no citizen of a State to answer for any crime, except on presentment and indictment of a Grand Jury—to see that the Federal Government shall deprive no citizen of liberty or property, without due process of law—to see that in all criminal prosecutions, the criminal shall have a speedy and public trial by jury—to see that the Federal Government drags no citizen out of his State or district to try him—to see that the Federal Government attempts to try no man without informing him of the nature and cause of the accusation—to

see that the Federal Government tries no citizen of the State, without being confronted with the witnesses against him—to see that the Federal Government does not deprive the citizen of the State, of freedom of speech and the press—to see that the Federal Government shall pass no *ex post facto* law, etc. These are among the things which the Constitution expressly declares the Federal Government shall not do ; and it is the business and the duty of the State to protect its citizens from every such aggression or crime on the part of that Government.

Now, it is shamefully true, that during the whole of Mr. Lincoln's administration, every northern State permitted the Federal Government to violate the Constitution, and to overthrow the rights of its citizens, in every one of these specifications. There was no exception. All practically acted upon the idea that the citizens of a State had no rights except such as pleased the will of Mr. Lincoln, or his hireling subordinates. It was a day of the greatest darkness and humiliation ever witnessed by a free people. And it was all a part of the tremendous infatuation and crime which permitted the Federal Government to make war upon its sovereign founders and owners, the States. Now, what we contend is, that the whole theory and principle on which the war was based must be repudiated and abandoned, before we can have a return of the country to a condition of rest and peace. The right of the Federal Government to do the deed it has—to make war upon States—must be denied. While that right is claimed, or admitted, we must remain in a condition of perpetual war, or of perpetual despotism. And despotism is war upon all within the grasp of its power. We shall never have rest again until we back squarely down from the *war-theory*. This, the venerable *Commercial Advertiser* has manfully done. And it is virtually sustained by the admissions of Mr. Greeley and Mr. Cowan. Other eminent Republicans, we know, are ready to make similar avowals. Such examples as these, it is to be hoped, will go far to keep Domocratic conventions hereafter from the stupendous folly of endorsing the war, or anything that belonged to it. But if it does not, if the deluded war-struck leaders have still sufficient influence to commit the party to the Black Republican theory of government, then let them still be taught the severe but wholesome lesson of defeat. Better go through ten, twenty, aye, a hundred years of revolution and anarchy, than to suffer the coercive despotic European principle to be grafted upon the Government of the United States.

ON THE RUMP CONGRESS.

Wise men suffer, good men grieve,
The knaves devise and fools believe ;
Help, O Lord ! send aid unto us,
Else knaves and fools will quite undo us.

THE WAR GOES ON.

The battle cry and cannon's roar are hushed
To peaceful sounds ;
Stayed is the rapid, crimson tide, that gushed
On battle grounds.
The warring hosts, that once in conflict met,
Have homeward gone ;
Peace reigns through all the southern land—but ye,
The war goes on!

Where once a woman's cry for help was heard
In piteous notes,
In woodland groves the music of the bird
Harmonious floats.
The smoke of burning houses, that hid the sun,
Is swept away ;
The sunbeams o'er a landscape waste and dun
Serenely play.

The snowy flag, that thousands swore to keep,
No longer waves ;
The stalwart forms that once upheld it, sleep
In unknown graves ;
And Stonewall's fiery soul rests glory-wreathed
In still abode,
And he who led the southern arms, has sheathed
His stainless sword.

On Appomattox' field the victor said :
"The war must cease."
The winged winds the joyous tidings spread,
And whispered "Peace!"
Awhile the widow's tears and orphan's ceased to flow ;
"The war is done."
From Congress Halls a wild voice answers, "No!"
'The war goes on!"

The war goes on against a stricken land
All drenched in blood!
Her few survivng sons cannot withstand
Oppression's flood.
They, who to save their country's honor tried,
The good—the brave—
Sleep in the soil for which they fought and died,
But could not save.

See then the valiant hosts, arrayed to strike
A prostrate foe!
Their leaders in blind fury raving, like
The fiends below.

Thersites right and left his venom flinging,
On all the good—
The voice of Paris through the Senate ringing,
Calling for blood!

Warriors, that on their country's battle fields
Have never trod!
Priests of a horrid faith, that homage yields
To an ebon God!
Statesmen, whose highest aim is to be
Successful knaves!
Lovers of freedom, who the black make free,
And white men slaves!

Well may the Keystone State in silence weep,
And veil her face
In shame, that on her head her son's should heap
Such foul disgrace.
Her HERO's praise let Massachusetts sing
In phrases meet;
But patriots blush to see this poor, vile thing,
In Webster's seat.

Must Freedom, Honor, Justice, Law, and all
We hold most dear,
Assailed in this unholy warfare, fall
And disappear?
No! Freedom's voice to all her sons proclaims:
"Defend the right!
Drive demagogues from earth, and sink their names
In endless night!"

A SONG OF 1600.

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly Paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

"These cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow,
Yet there no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

"Her eyes, like angels, watch them still:
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER XI.

Capture of Colonel Seely.

The sudden and successful retreat of the Confederates from the Seely mansion, to which we will now return, temporarily freed that house from the presence of the Federals; for, apprehensive of ambuscade, and quite severely punished, they had retreated from the mansion and fallen back upon the main body of the advance.

During this brief interval, Madam Schampfer, finding Colonel Seely immovable in his resolve, had hastened homeward, where she found her husband quietly awaiting the approach of the Federals.

"Tere comes pad times mit Pratton dis night," said he, shaking his head. "Te town vill pe purnt sure as I am alive, and berhabs dis house, too. Put ve vill see, ve vill see. Go mit your room, mine wife—tat is te pest blace for vimmen. Purn all te rebel bapers, and scatter vere all shall see tem te New York *Tribune*, and babers like as tat, te red mit hot Abolition babers—mind mine eye. Vat is tat pook tere?" said he, eyeing a magazine, "te *Old Card*—to te tevil mit te *Old Card;* and tere's te *Day Pook*, purn dat, and shpreat out to *Liberator*."

"That for the *Liberator*," exclaimed Madam Schampfer, tearing that unlucky sheet into shreds, "and would to God that I could send its editor, the scoundrel Garrison, from top to toe, as I rend his vile sheet! Yes, Mr. Schampfer, this firebrand, and torches of hell like this, have destroyed the country of my fathers, hurried our children to bloody graves, and substituted war for peace, havoc for prosperity, and starvation for plenty. Away with them!" and suiting the action to the word, the indignant woman scattered the fragments of the so-called *Liberator* to the winds, and hurried to her private apartment.

"Mine Gott! vat a vomans!" said Mynheer Schampfer, shaking his head, and sweeping the torn paper into the street. "Tat comes of vimmin readin' newsbabers and bolitics! Mine hummel, vat a vomans is mine vife mit ter steam up!"

Leaving Mynheer, we return to the Seely mansion.

The rapid advance of the Federals soon filled that portion of Bratton, and the sight of many dead men in blue uniform, though most of them had black faces, created an intense desire for revenge.

A party of soldiers charged into the presence of the wounded Virginian, whose stern aspect somewhat checked them, but it would have fared hard with the Colonel, had not an officer

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

quickly followed the soldiers and become spokesman.

"You are my prisoner," said the officer, "and shall have kind treatment."

"I am not your prisoner yet," calmly replied the Colonel, as he raised his revolver. But the faithful old negro, old white-headed Abram, had resolved in his own mind that his beloved master, the father of his beloved mistress, should not bring death upon himself, and as he saw the pistol raised, he sprang upon the outstretched arm, and wrenched the weapon away.

"Clever fellow," laughed the officer, who was a noble-hearted gentleman, and who at a glance comprehended the feelings of both. "He has saved the life you wished to throw away, and some day you will thank him for it. You seem wounded. Ah! he has fainted," he continued, as the Colonel sank back in a swoon of rage and fatigue.

"Better put a bullet in the old reb," growled a rough fellow, who had no more mercy in his composition than the Spencer rifle he grasped.

"No doubt the old scoundrel has put many a bullet in a blue coat."

"Dat am truf," chuckled old Abram, "spread out de Abolitiomers many a time. But de old man wounded now, sick and cross. Mity good man when he well."

"Well, you are free now, Snowball," said the soldiers.

"Who say my name Snowball? My name Abram Seely. Massa officer, while de old man in de faint let him be toted ou er dis house, for he done swar he gwine to die here. Mity obstinate man when he make his mind up—tell you dat now, for sure."

"You'd better skedaddle," said a soldier, as he thrust his head into the room. "The boys have set fire below and this old house will burn like a barn full of hay."

"Lift up that officer," said the leader to the men. "We must not leave him here to be burnt up."

"Jus de deff de foolish old man would shout glory to die in," muttered Abram, as he thrust the pistol into his pocket, and placed himself at the end of the couch, which being a mere frame was easily lifted, Colonel and all. "I'se sorter rejoiced that the house gwine to be burned down, seein' the ole man nebber gib me any rest for talking 'bout comin' here to die. I kin die in one place as well as in anodder—an' its all foolishness in de ole man 'termined to die in dis house. Tote him easy, white man; you ain't totin' poor white trash—you're totin' a Culnel."

"Oh, he is a Colonel, is he?" asked the officer, as the unconscious Virginian was being thus borne from his blazing home.

"Colonel Hart Seely," said Abram, touching his woolly head.

"Colonel Hart Seely! My father's old friend!" exclaimed the officer, as they reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Is that the old rebel?" demanded a harsh voice, as the speaker suddenly came in. "Is he dead? So much the worse. I wanted to do that job for him myself."

"You did! And who are you?" said the young Federal officer, confronting the new-comer with an indignant gaze.

"I am John Rasp, Major in the Federal service. Who are you?"

The great bulky frame was drawn haughtily erect, the torch-light flaring upon his harsh and blood stained features, for since he had fallen under Randolph's sabre, he had experienced

anything but gentle usage, lying there in the hall, until slow returning consciousness had enabled him to seek the open air.

"I say who are you?"

"I am ——— ———, Major-General of the United States Army," was the stern reply, "and this wounded gentleman and officer is under my special protection."

"You are not in active service now, I believe, General," said Rasp, somewhat abashed. "Retired, they call it, I think."

The General did not heed the sneer, but hurried on with the party bearing the wounded man.

"A straw for you and your rank," muttered Rasp, as he snatched a torch from a soldier near, and sprang up the stairs. "It is some comfort to know that I can amuse myself in setting fire to the old rebel's roost. He shall never crow in it again." With these words the ruffian Major began to apply the torch to the most combustible parts of the mansion, which was already on fire in the lower story. He hurried from room to room, and wherever the plastering had fallen from the laths he thrust in fire, filling the air with oaths, and apparently deriving great delight from his fiendish work.

The flames were roaring now in every room save one, and he had entered that to finish the firing. It was a small room, opening upon a balcony which hung over the garden of flowers in the front yard, and though every other apartment of the house had been defaced with foul inscriptions, ribald songs, and obscene pictures, scrawled upon the walls by the gentle invader, with charcoal, or pencil, or steel, this room had been spared, whether by design or chance, who can tell? True, its furniture, its locks, its shutters, its mantel-piece, and all things removable had been carried off, but the snowy white walls were spotless. Its unmolested sanctity struck the fierce marauder of New England as a rare thing, and he paused for a moment to seek some spot at which to apply his torch, and as he paused he felt a light touch upon his shoulder. He turned, and recognized Leighton.

"How! So you are back again," said Rasp.

"Do you know whose room this used to be?" answered Leighton, not noticing the remark.

"Not I, and care less," replied Rasp, kicking the iron heel of his boot against the wall to break off the plastering. "It seems to have had an easy time of it so far, but I have sworn to set fire in every room of Hart Seely's house, so here goes."

He thrust the blaze of his torch into the opening he had made, but Leighton quickly interposed.

"The house is in flames, and it is useless to fire this room," said he.

"And why do you take suck an interest in this room?" demanded Rasp, angrily.

"This was the sleeping room of Bertha Seely," replied Leighton.

"And what of that? I think you are a fool," roared John Rasp.

"She is a woman. You shall not fire this room. See, there is not an apartment in this great house which has not been defaced by the rude, unsparing hand of war, save this. Let it be reduced to ashes in its undefiled purity. John Rasp, is there not a spark of refined feeling left in your bosom?"

John Rasp laughed scornfully, but yielded the point, Leighton undoubtedly exercising some mysterious power over him, and both left the room, and then the honse, for the flames had made further stay dangerous.

Carried by his enemies upon the rude couch along the avenue, with the rain beating upon his face and form, Col. Seely soon recovered from his swoon, and perceiving at a glance how matters stood, groaned inwardly, though his noble features, clearly seen in the glare of the burning mansion, revealed no emotion but stern defiance.

"Pause for one moment," he said to the bearers.

"Obey him, men," said the young General, who rode at his side, and the couch was placed upon the ground.

"Abram, raise me and support me for a moment," continued the Colonel. "I wish to see the last of the Seely mansion."

Old Abram raised his master in his arms, and sitting upon the couch by his side, held him half erect, the long silver locks of the white man blown by the wind against the black and withered cheeks of the negro.

"This is the way they fight to free you, Abram," said the Colonel.

"Cuss 'em and dar freedom," replied the negro. "De good ole house done gone now, massa."

"It is but a type of my unfortunate country," said Colonel Seely. "This is Civil War. This is to teach us to love the Union. This is the enforcement of the 'Higher Law,' coupled with Yankee civilization. We have spent many happy hours in that blazing ruin, Abram."

"Many more of dem happy times, massa," replied Abram, weeping.

"I was born in that house, Abram, and my children after me. You, too, old friend, first saw light beneath its protection, and your children, and your grand children. Where are all your descendants, Abram?"

"When dis war broke out, massa, old Abram had a wife, old and wrinkled, for true, but she was young and smooth when you seed us married—married in de great parlor ob dat burning house, massa, 'fore all de big white folks; when dis war broke forth, Abram had dat wife, and ten sons and five daughters, and twenty grand-children, all happy dar, and well cared for, and lubbin de home—yes, we was happy. Old Abram is de only one left ob all dat family, massa."

"You are?" asked the young General, who was paying attention to the conversation. "And where are all the rest?"

Abram touched his white woolly head with true politeness as he replied, but there was fire in his eye, hate in his heart, and gall in his tone:

"De Yankees freed 'em, and dey died."

The young General made no reply; the climax was too true and overwhelming, but the aged negro continued, as he turned his face to the ground:

"All died. Old wife died in de fields, died hungry, starved and worn out, for you massa Colonel, was in de army, and your place ruined. My ten boys was forced into de Federal army—dare bones is scattered around Richmond and Yorktown, and Winchester, and God only knows whar. My five daughters—well dey died one arter de oder in dem Federal camps; who dar keer for sick nigga? My twenty

gran' chilren, dey died of fevers, small pox, an' all dat, 'cept one—he was my darter Lucy's baby. He nebber die; but he's dead too."

"What became of him?" asked the General.

"Lucy, bad woman arter she lived in dem camps, nice woman at home; got desperate and frowed de baby into de riber, and died herself de nex' day, roarin' distracted. Dar may be heap of fine things in dat freedom dey gone gib us niggas, but we ain't seed it yet, massa."

"Abram," said the Colonel, starting, "who are those two men standing in the blazing piazza?"

"One is Major John Rasp, an' de oder is de spy, Leighton"

"Ah! this is not simply war," groaned the Colonel. "This is vengeance. I have seen enough, Abram. Let me lie down again. Would that I could die now. What is that cannonading for?"

"Upon the escaping enemy," said a soldier, as the bearers raised the couch.

The remark recalled the thoughts of Col. Seely to his daughter, and he muttered a prayer for her escape, and the preservation of her escort.

The soldiers bearing the couch respected the commands of the young General accompanying them, though that officer had not at that time any connection with Sheridan's forces; but his rank and popularity were well known. Private business had led him to Virginia at this time, but true to his reputation as a high-toned and affable gentleman, he never allowed an opportunity to alleviate suffering to escape him.

"Bear the Colonel into the nearest house, and see that a guard is placed for his protection," said he to a Lieutenant. "There is a house which will answer. I see that many houses are in flames; this is barbarous warfare, fit only for savages, totally unworthy of the army of the United States. Can it be by the command or consent of General Sheridan?"

"Let the Valley of the Shenandoah answer that question," said Colonel Seely. "Phil Sheridan has achieved a name there."

"I must see him," replied the General, galloping away

"Where are you taking that old reb?" asked Rasp, as he rode up to the party. "Ah, into that house. Come, I must see General Sheridan," said he, as he rode away, followed by Leighton.

What influence the young General's remonstrance had upon the Federal General in command, we do not know, but a portion of the unfortunate town was saved, but not until over two-thirds of it, including the Court-House, Academies and Churches, were in flames. Hubert's House was spared, thanks to the vehement protestations of Mynheer Schampfer, and the interposition of Major John Rasp.

Colonel Seely, worn out with fatigue and care, had sunk into a feverish sleep, when the harsh voice of the Major aroused him.

"Ah, you sleep well for a man who has so much on his conscience," growled Rasp, as the Colonel opened his eyes and beheld the powerful soldier standing near him, torch and sword in hand, fit symbols of his ruthless character.

"Had I the tenth-thousandth part of the evil deeds that John Rasp has done or planned, upon my conscience," re-

plied the undaunted Virginian, "I could not sleep at all."

"Bark and growl, old hound, your teeth are drawn," said Rasp. "Here, some of you men, lift the couch and carry the old reb to Hubert's House."

It must not be forgotten that this noble Major never uttered more than ten words without an oath, fierce and hot, for he prided himself in the art of profanity, and sometimes almost choaked himself in striving to outdo his well-known prowess in that respect.

"Bear a hand. This house is to be used for a hospital. I have Gen. Sheridan's written orders. Carry this tough specimen of secession and damnation to Hubert's House. You will repose, my dear old rebel friend, this night, upon the bed my father died on."

"Fate again!" murmured the Colonel, "or is it expiation?"

"To-morrow you will be sent North, to rest awhile in Fort Delaware," continued the brutal Rasp. "You will find it a delightful place to reflect upon the results of secession."

Colonel Seely bore the taunts of his enemy in scornful silence, and in due time his couch was placed in the "Nailed Room." He smiled sternly as by the command of Rasp he was lifted from the couch, and placed upon the mouldering and rotting bedclothes of the bed which we described in the second chapter.

"You have much refinement of barbarism in your revenge, John Rasp," said he.

"Do you think so? Thank you," sneered Rasp.

"Massa offishur," remonstrated old Abram, with tears in his eyes, "de Colonel am soakieg wet, an' if he sleeps dat we he will die for true."

"Let him die," replied John Rasp, with a fierce oath. "A better man than he died on that bed, and his pistol put him there. Hart Seely, I have obtained a transfer from Gen. Sheridan. I go to join Sherman. Do you wish to know why?"

The Colonel replied with a cold glance, but said nothing.

"We are going, Leighton and I—you know who Leighton is now—we are going with Sherman to Atlanta, Ga. Your daughter has escaped, and will hasten to see David Elmore, in Atlanta. Perhaps we may reach Atlanta before she does. You are safe now, for a ticket for the war, for board and lodging at Fort Delaware, unless you die before you get there, and I think from your looks you will; and if you don't—well, I have a friend or two at Fort Delaware. Here, doctor," said he, turning to a young surgeon who had accompanied him, "examine this rebel, and tell me if there is any chance for him to live a week."

The surgeon, experienced in his profession, and a kind-hearted gentleman withal, was much shocked by the savage manners of Rasp, and as he drew near to the sufferer, Colonel Seely read his character at a glance. As the surgeon bent over him, Col. Seely whispered—

"Tell him that I must die, if you wish me to live."

Acting upon this hint, the kind-hearted surgeon completed his examination, and said:

"He must die."

"Aye, but when, doctor?"

"He may die this night."

"There is no possibility of his recovery, then?"

Approaching Rasp sternly, the sur-

geon whispered: "It is very brutal in you to ask these questions in his presence. If it is any satisfaction to you to know that his chances are few, I say he will die."

"Good," growled Rasp, not seeing the equivocation of the reply, nor liking the reproof. "You attend to your business and I will attend to mine. I shall be at least ten miles on my way to join Sherman before sunrise. So farewell Hart Seely; I do not think we will meet again."

"I sincerely hope not, John Rasp," replied Seely, with cool detestation.

"Remember who died on the bed you lie on, and whose hand caused that death, and reflect that his son rejoices in knowing that you will probably breathe your last on the same bloody bed." Then approaching the Colonel, he leaned over him and whispered: "Did I not believe that death is near you, waiting for you every minute, and were it not for the looks of the affair, Hart Seely, I'd dirk you where you lie."

The Colonel made no reply, but the haughty eyes flashed their defiance.

Wheeling upon his heel, and darting a parting glance of hate upon the Colonel, John Rasp strode from the room, the hall shaking beneath his massive tread, and meeting Leighton below, both mounted their horses and galloped towards the rear of the Federal army, having thus hastily set out to join Sherman's army, then hanging upon the Georgian border like a tempest cloud of ruin, concentrating its forces for the most devastating march recorded in the annals of modern warfare.

CHAPTER XII.

Concealment.

Old Abram had stolen out after the fiery Rasp, and having seen him depart, he hurried to the private apartment of Madam Schampfer, who evinced much joy on learning that the revered Colonel Seely had not been harmed, and that he was then beneath her roof.

Mynheer Schampfer was below, having by his artful way of managing affairs succeeded in making his house the headquarters of the chief officers, and thereby securing both great profit and perfect protection from outrage.

Madam Schampfer hastened to the Colonel, who remained unguarded, as it was the received opinion that he was dying, and on perceiving his deplorable condition, and conversing with the surgeon, would have had him removed to another apartment. But Col. Seely declined the proposed arrangement, upon the surgeon's temporary departure, saying to Madam Schampfer:

"John Rasp effected his escape from this room, and why can not I? I need strengthening food and rest. The Federal army will doubtless resume its march in the morning, and I shall be left behind to be sent to Fort Delaware. I do not intend to see Fort Delaware if I can avoid it. My parole hus not been demanded, because I am thought to be a dying man, save by that young surgeon, and I am sure he does intend to betray the truth."

"You do not feel so near death, then?" asked Madam Schampfer, taking his hand.

"My dear friend," replied he, returning the kind pressure, "since I have seen the home of my fathers a blazing ruin, I feel that I have something to

live for, something to avenge. Send me dry clothes, fresh bedding, and strong food and wine, and daylight will not find me in this room."

"I will do all I can for you," replied Madam Schampfer, "and as secretly as possible. No idea of your attempting to escape can possibly enter the minds of the Federals, unless the surgeon—"

"Never fear for him; see, he returns."

"Madam," said the surgeon, "I have received orders to report at one of our hospitals, and must depart. I do not think that my presence here can do any good. The belief is general that Colonel Seely will die before morning." He looked at his watch. "It is now after twelve. Within an hour—ah, they are coming now—several officers who have expressed a desire to see the Colonel before he dies."

As he concluded, a party of staff and field officers entered the room, and gazed in silence upon the supposed dying man.

Most of them were young men, under the age of forty, though here and there appeared a gray head. One of these gray heads advanced and took the Colonel's hand kindly, saying:

"Sorry to hear you are so ill, Seely. Know me? Don't? Remember James Barbour. Met you often in Washington in old times. Eh?"

"Old times," repeated the Colonel, in a sad tone. "These are new times."

"He is out of his head, poor fellow," said the officer, "knew him well. Dined with him a hundred times. D—— this war. Wish it had never begun. Bad day for North and South."

"North and South," repeated the Colonel. "Two brothers trying to cut each other's throats."

"Fact, if you don't know what you are saying," cried Barbour. "Wish it was over. Good bye, God bless you, Seely. Tell him farewell, gentlemen. He cannot last long."

The other officers advanced and pressed the feeble hand, which returned no greeting, and having paid this honorable tribute to noble merit, they left the room in silence.

"You will not need me any longer," said the surgeon, with a quiet smile. "Should any of my brother soldiers ever require a friend, Colonel, and you be near, remember Dr. Donnelly."

"I will, kind man," said the Colonel, grasping his hand.

"Take these powders, one now, and the others at intervals of half an hour. I notice a great change in the expression of your eye. You will do well not to fatigue yourself. Farewell," and the surgeon hastened away, followed by Madam Schampfer.

"Colonel," said Madam Schampfer, as she returned an hour after, the Colonel having changed his dress and partaken of the refreshments she had sent in to him, "what are your plans? You may make your escape from this house, but you are too feeble to travel far."

"I shall not leave this house," said the Colonel, who was now seated in a chair. "This is my plan. There is a trap door under that bed, which leads to the room below, a lumber room; I am perfectly acquainted with this house; it was by that egress that John Rasp made his escape. He and Leighton leaped from the window of the lumber room into the stable yard. I

wish it to be believed that I and Abram have escaped in the same manner. Please contrive that the Captain of the guard below shall see how I am; he will, I hope, report me dead. It is not probable that anything further will be done until morning, if then, when men may be detailed to bury me. Shortly after the departure of the man detailed to inquire after me, I and Abram will descend to the lumber room, thence we shall enter the small room beyond."

"It is to be used by two Federal officers," said Madam Schampfer.

"Ah, you must contrive to entertain them in your room, my dear Madam. As hostess you can readily accomplish that."

"It shall be done, Colonel."

"From that room we will find our way across the little hall to the stairs leading to the room adjoining your own."

"My daughter's room, Colonel."

"I must claim it for a few days, until I shall have regained my strength to escape to the Confederate lines."

"Give me some article which may be recognized as yours, Colonel."

"For what, my dear Madam?"

"To drop in the stable yard, that it may be believed that you escaped in that direction."

"Really, I have nothing—ah, Abram has my pistol in his bosom; I see the handle. Take that, Madam"

Madam Schampfer hastened away, and soon after some hint dropped in his hearing, the curiosity of the guard officer was aroused, and he ordered a soldier to go up to the room and see how that rebel officer was.

A horseman who at this instant rode up and gave the countersign, heard the order, and called out:

"I wish to see him also. Wait a moment. Why was he moved from where I left him?"

The speaker was the young General whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and tossing his bridle to his orderly he dismounted and followed the soldier, who, being one of those who had helped to bear the Colonel to the room, knew its location.

On entering the room they found old Abram sobbing bitterly.

"Done gone at las'," said Abram, pointing to the bed, over which was spread a sheet, beneath which could be traced the outline of a form apparently rigid and cold in death. The dim candle barely made visible surrounding objects, and suspecting no deceit, the visitors made no examination.

"He was a good and brave man. I feared that he would die," remarked the young General. "Remain with the body, old man, until morning, when I will see it properly cared for."

"Bury him in de Seely vault, massa General," sobbed Abram. "He always wanted to be buried dar, wid he kin."

"It shall be done, my good fellow," replied the kind-hearted young General. "And he shall have an honorable soldier's burial."

"An' don't let de curus come pokin' roun' de room, an' 'sturbin' de dead. I'se done laid de good ole man out—ready for de coffin. 'Sides, massa, I wants to be alone for to shed de tears, and dem strangers will laugh at de poor ole nigga."

"You shall be alone with your sorrow until daylight, my friend. Rest easy," and withdrawing in reverential silence, the visitors departed.

A few minutes after this, Colonel

Seely threw off the sheet, and arose from the bed.

"That officer has a noble heart, and I blush to deceive him," whispered he, as Abram drew near.

"Wait till he cotch you tryin' to escape—dat de proper time to de blushin'," said the matter-of-fact Abram, as he plunged under the bed to examine the trap door.

"Wonderful small hole," said he, surveying it. Must hab squoze dat Rasp mity hard." He showed his head to say, "stay dar till I come back. Nigga used to dis kind ob work."

The Colonel awaited his return with impatience, but the negro soon returned and told him to descend through the trap, beneath which he had placed a table, and which the Colonel readily reached, and thence was helped to the floor. The adjoining room was entered, and the door of the lumber-room locked, Abram taking the key with him. Leaving this room, they had reached the foot of the stairs, and were about to ascend when they heard a voice which made them shudder, the voice of John Rasp.

John Rasp had proceeded some distance on his projected route, when being halted by one of the rear pickets of the Federal army, he missed a certain important paper, no other than his "certificate of transfer" to Sherman's army. With many curses upon his misfortune, he was forced to return to his headquarters to rectify the loss, and riding swiftly had reached Hubert's house soon after the visit of the young General to the supposed dead man.

"He is dead, is he?" growled Rasp, in the hall below that in which stood Seely and Abram. "Well, I will go and look at him before I go. But I must attend to this transfer first," and the listeners heard the heavy stride as the cavalry Major walked into the bar-room.

"Our escape will certainly soon be discovered," thought the Colonel, as he and Abram crept up the steps and entered into the room appropriated to Julia.

They heard voices in the adjoining room, and Colonel Seely catching a word here and there, perceived that Madam Schampfer was entertaining two or three Federal officers. He and Abram crouched in silenc, and awaited the explosion which they knew would soon come, since that firebrand Rasp had returned.

Meanwhile, John Rasp had adjusted the loss of his important document, and started towards the "Nailed Room." He found a sentry in his way.

"You cannot pass, Major."

"Why not? I wish to take a farewell look at the dead rebel"

"My orders are to allow no one to pass that room till morning."

"Who gave that order?"

"General ————."

"Bah! He has no command here. I have determined to see how Hart Seely looks when dead, and I will. I will get an order from Gen. Sheridan. You will respect that, my man."

"Of course, sir," replied the soldier, "but why you wish to look at a dead man is a mystery to me. You must have seen plenty of them by this time."

"Did you ever have an enemy, a bitter enemy, my man? Well, had you not rather see him after death than a thousand live friends, eh?"

"Well, he's dead. That's enough. I saw the body."

"It is some gratification to see a man who has seen the body of a bitter foe," growled Rasp, "but not enough for me. I'll see Sheridan."

He hurried away, but soon returned with the order.

"Pass on, sir," said the soldier, and as he gazed after the powerful cavalry man he muttered, "Just such blood-hounds as that disgrace the Federal service, and make the Union a detestation to the South. Curse the war and all who begun it."

John Rasp strode along the narrow hall leading to the "Nailed Room," and neither slackened nor subdued his heavy stride until he stood within it. Little respect had he for aught living or dead, sacred or profane.

The dim light was still burning, and he peered around, saying:

"Hallo, here! Nobody with the dead man. Where is the negro?"

He glanced around the room, and seizing the candle, advanced to the bed. A glance was sufficient to arouse his suspicions, but still the body might have been removed. He returned to the sentry.

"Where is the body?"

"What body?"

"The body of Hart Seely! And where is the negro he kept about him? The room is empty. Speak, man! don't stand there staring at me. Where is the body? Bah! your dead man has escaped."

"Escaped!"

"Aye, just as I did a few hours ago from the same room. Alarm the guard, and have the yards examined. Search everywhere. I would not have the old dog outwit us in that way for a year's pay."

The alarm soon became general, and the stable yard was alive with men bearing torches seeking traces of the fugitives. The pistol of Colonel Seely, with his name engraved upon the silver mountings, was found in the yard near a fence, and men, in the false trail, were soon hurrying in every direction.

"He is not far off, and will be caught before sun-rise," said Rasp, as he returned to the bar-room. "Here, Dutchman, I may as well sleep here to-night. Can you let me have a room?"

"Vell, my tear frent, tares de 'Nailed Room'"—

"Do you think I'd sleep there, you Dutch dog?" exclaimed Rasp, advancing threateningly.

"Tis all de empty room, but te lumber room, in mine house, Major."

"Very well," said Rasp, looking about him, "I will sleep on the counter there;" and so saying, he stretched his bulky form along the counter.

"Mine Got! vat a mans!" thought Mynheer, as he stole a glance at the recumbent form. But I must see mine vife. For sure she has had one finger in de Colonel's escape—mind my eye."

He hastened to his wife's apartment and found it unoccupied, but in an instant after she entered from Julia's room.

"What now, Mr. Schampfer?" she asked, coldly, as she carefully closed the door behind her.

"Mine vife," replied Mynheer, "vere's our daughter? I vish to see her."

"She is not here."

"Ah, ten I can give te room to mine frent, Major Rasp," said Mynheer, suspiciously.

"Will you? Well, come and see the room, Mr. Schampfer," replied his daring wife, as she opened the door.

Mynheer advanced and looked in. His eyes met those of Colonel Seely, as the latter reclined upon a sofa, and near the Colonel sat Abram, who touched the white wool politely, as Mynheer stared at him.

"Mine himmel! dis is de treason!" said Mynheer, rolling his eyes in dismay.

"You know. Now betray if you dare," said Madam Schampfer.

Mynheer drew his great shoulders above his ears and spread out his hands.

"But vere is Julia?"

"Guiding Mosby and Randolph. She may return before morning. If so she will remain in my room. Go, attend to the house below."

Mynheer shook his head and withdrew, long experience having proved to him how useless it was to attempt to bend the iron will of his rebel spouse.

"Tare vill pe ter tevil unt his angels to bay, if John Rasp schmells dis rat mit mine daughter's room. Vat a vomans mine vife is ven she minds to bleases pe."

He returned to his great chair in the bar-room, and sat down ill at ease, occasionally stealing a glance at the powerful cavalry officer, who had fallen into a profound sleep and snored lustily. Mynheer objected to the snore, for it seemed to be but a loud repetition of the words "traitor! traitor!"

The hours stole on, and all sounds of wakeful life had ceased in the great old rambling inn, and still Mynheer remained wide awake. A trooper had now and then dropped into the room, yawned and retired, and it was near the hour when day should dawn, the darkest, most silent hour of the night, when Mynheer felt a gentle tapping upon his shoulder, and raising his eyes he beheld his daughter Julia, in the garb she had worn as guide to the retreating Confederates.

"Father," she whispered, "is my room occupied? Or are there Federals in mother's room?"

Mynheer, quivering with fear as he rose and glanced towards Rasp, beckoned to his daughter, and, followed by her, noiselessly stole from the room, and hastened to his wife. He found that stern and vigilant dame awake and dressed.

"Tanks mine Got," gasped Mynheer, "here is mine daughter."

"You are wet and weary, my child," said Madam Schampfer, with a look beaming with more admiration than woe, as Julia sank into a seat. "You must hasten to change your dress to one belonging to your sex. Your room is occupied at present by our friend, Colonel Seely and his servant. Mr. Schampfer, your presence may be needed below; keep your eyes over John Rasp."

"Mit all my life I do dat," muttered the obedient husband, as he departed.

"My child, you need food and wine, and rest, continued the mother. "Here are your garments. Our friends reached safely?"

"Yes, mother."

"That is good news. I see you have a ring upon your middle finger. You did not wear it when you left to act as guide."

Julia bent her head to hide the deep blush on her cheek, and her mother resumed:

"Is it Randolph's?"

"It is mine, mother," was the evasive answer.

"But it was his, was it not?"

No reply from the maiden, and the mother frowned.

"You will not answer, but your silence replies. You are foolish. Randolph loves Bertha Seely. Dismiss that folly. But it is waste of time to speak to you upon that subject. Here is food; there is water and wine, too. Refresh yourself, and then sleep in my bed."

"And you, mother?"

"I cannot sleep, with the smell of Bratton's ashes in my nostrils," replied Madam Schampfer. "Sleep well, my child, for I have a journey for you to begin very soon."

"Not to Washington I hope, mother," said Julia.

"What matters it, so you are serving your country? No, not to Washington, but to Atlanta. But I will tell you more to-morrow."

Not long after this conversation, Julia was happy in her dreams, which held no rival of her love, but floating in the airy realms of a young maiden's pure imagination, depicted a future of boundless happiness, as spotless of evil as the fleecy sun-clouds of a bright summer's day; while below, stretched in brutal repose, dreamed the vindictive John Rasp, burning and slaying even in his dreams, as his incoherent mutterings betrayed to the listening ears of Mynheer Schampfer.

The morning dawned, and as the light grew stronger, the Federal army was again in motion, John Rasp, surly and savage at the escape of Col. Seely, of whom no trace had been discovered, resumed his journey to the rear, full of his hate and hateful plans.

By noon the rear of Sheridan's forces had swept through the unfortunate town, leaving the ruined and homeless citizens, nine-tenths of whom were women and children, and the remainder old white-haired, feeble men, to stare in helpless dismay at the ashes of their late happy homes, or to weep in sad groups over the pitiful wreck left behind, as tokens of brotherly love by the Union army.

By night not a Federal soldier, save a straggler now and then, had been seen for hours, and still Colonel Seely and his faithful Abram remained unsuspected in their concealment at Hubert's House.

(*To be continued.*)

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Friend of my heart thou art not dead;
Though buried is thy loving breast,
From which the throb of life has fled,
But not the name they virtues blest.

Thou art immortal in my love,
And I immortal am in thine;
Thou hast happily gone above,—
I am the pensioner of time.

UNCIVILIZED WARFARE

When fresh from his savage war-trail, with the excitement of rapine and murder still flushing his heart, and his ears filled with the shouts of the mob, which he mistook for fame, honorable fame, General Sherman and his admirers gloried in the fate of Columbia, and the "just retribution" which he had poured out on the stronghold of secession, and the home of Wade Hampton. But now, when they find that there is a small but respectable minority in the North whom it would be good policy to conciliate, who condemn the atrocities of the "great march," and side with the majority of the world in their opinion as to the meaning of the term, "civilized warfare," they blunderingly attempt to cast from his name the stigma of Columbia, by circulating the slander started by his apologists, that Gen. Wade Hampton, before leaving it, himself set fire to his own house and the cotton placed in the streets. We say, "started by his apologists," because as long ago as April, 1865, there were men, officers in General Sherman's army, who were present at the taking of Columbia, who had manhood enough to avow that they blushed whenever they thought of the scenes enacted there; and excused them on the plea that General Sherman could not restrain his men when they entered fighting the capital of South Carolina, and found that to deprive them of a portion of the glory of taking it, General Wade Hampton had fired it before he retreated. Two gentlemen of Raleigh, hearing this report before Sherman left that place, asked a Colonel of his command (whose name, for his own sake, we will not mention,) whether it was true. "No," was the prompt reply, "my regiment was the first to enter Columbia; we stacked arms at the Court-House, and after halting there ten or fifteen minutes, were ordered to march up to the State-House. As we did so, I saw the cotton stacked in the centre of the streets ready to be fired, but it was not then burning, nor was the alarm of fire given until after we had a second time stacked arms. It is true that Columbia was burning when Gen. Sherman entered it in person, but it was set on fire by his bummers after Hampton left it."

Now, as we suppose no one ever imagined that General Sherman, in full uniform at the head of his staff, himself applied the torch to either General Hampton's house or his cotton, he must still bear the shame of burning Columbia. Some, whose admiration of his "military genius" was such that they believed his laurel wreath would forever cover all his defects, are slowly discovering many a "thorn of shame" beneath its already withering leaves, and posterity, more just always than the present generation, will rank him with the Indian chief Oseola, or at best regard him as the

"Rival and peer of Attilla the Hun."

Any one who will take the trouble

to study the plan of Lord Cornwallis's last campaign, will see at a glance that General Sherman can lay no claim to originality of conception in his "grand march from Atlanta to the sea;" and while Xenophon and Wellington rank among the first generals of the world for the prudence and ability they displayed in restraining their troops from plundering, and protecting private property from destruction, Gen. Sherman's admirers must be content to see him stand head and shoulders above the North American Indian chief, and first in that

"Triad abhorred of ———

The General who seriously offers as an excuse or paliation of any continued excesses, that he could not restrain his men, proves himself unworthy to command. This General Sherman knows, and he does not therefore seriously offer it; he puts it out merely as a blind to deceive "the old women of both sexes," as he doubtless regards all who think his atrocities derogate from his claim to be regarded as a great General. We are happy to be able to believe that there are some such old women north of Mason and Dixon's line, though the plea of "military necessity," which justifies all thefts, from the stealing of the contents of the State Museum in Raleigh, after its surrender, to the "confiscating" of the southern ladies' jewelry and clothing wherever it could be found during the whole war, is elastic enough to protect Gen. Sherman with the majority of a people who allowed General Butler to make knitting needles contraband of war in New Orleans, and turn Mrs. Campbell out of her house because "military necessity" required that his wife should be lodged in the handsomest house in the city. It's a pity, we must say *en passant*, that that lady did not think to ask, when General Butler enquired so particularly about her plate, whether the same "military necessity" which forced him "so unwillingly" to thrust her from her house for Mrs. Butler's accommodation, would not also force him to seize her lace, jewelry, dresses, and the contents of her wardrobe generally, for her adornment. If General Butler's "position required he should have an elegant establishment," it certainly required his wife should be dressed suitably to preside over it; she doubtless brought nothing with her in the way of dress, (or anything else,) becoming the successor of Mrs. Campbell in those elegant drawing-rooms, and the same "necessity" which placed her there, would probably in a short time have demanded the clothing of the owner as well, had she not taken the precaution to remove it.

But *revenon a nos mouton.* If Gen. Sherman could not restrain his men in Columbia, he must in future rank as a military man below General Stoneman, who not only could but did restrain his at Salisbury, North Carolina, a place, if we can credit the United States army officers, as hateful to their men as Columbia, probably more so. Let us compare the situations, and contrast the conduct of these two Generals.

Both entered fighting, places particularly obnoxious to their men, Columbia for the reasons mentioned above, and Salisbury as the locality of the depot for Federal prisoners of war General Sherman allowed his men to sack and plunder Columbia; at least it is so reported by the inhabitants of that place, and it was not denied by his officers a year ago; but

as he has proved that he did not set it on fire, perhaps he will also prove that General Wade Hampton's men sacked it, not his, who only picked up the morsels left behind. We think it highly probable that about the time General Hampton fired the town, he also stole (for in him it was theft) the communion plate advertised for by one of the Charleston churches, whose vestry removed it from that place to what they supposed was a safer one. We know it to be a fact that Gen. Logan, when in Raleigh, daily sat down to his camp table, on which was displayed the family silver of Gen. Wade Hampton, with the name engraved upon each article, and of course "that villain Hampton" indemnified himself by taking the church plate; he doubtless also returned secretly to Columbia and set fire to the Convent, in which he knew that so many persons had stored their valuables; but General Sherman must bear the blame of these acts with the world, though his friends know he did all in his power to prevent them. Unfortunate, injured innocence! But General Stoneman not having had the bad luck to be opposed to Wade Hampton, escapes the stigma of burning and sacking Salisbury, whose citizens ought ever to thank God that they did not fall into General Sherman's hands.

Though urged by his officers (many of whom seem to have been worthy of serving under General Sherman) to allow his troops first to sack, and then utterly destroy the place, Gen. Stoneman not only refused indignantly to do so, but ordered that private property should be respected, and was unwearied in his exertions to see that his order was neither neglected nor violated. He in person inspected all public property before allowing it to be destroyed, and refused to let the Confederate Quartermaster's depot be burned, because the doing so would endanger the town. We shudder when we think of the probable fate of Salisbury had the command of Stoneman's army devolved but for a few hours on the officer next in rank to him, who was heard to say that if he had his way he would make the inhabitants of that place think that "all the devils in hell had burst loose upon them." Colonel Slater, of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, won for himself an unenviable distinction, and, what he probably values more, much plunder, by attacking a train of cars that had just left the town, on board of which were the widow and daughters of General Leondias Polk, of the C. S. A. These ladies had with them the sword, uniform, papers, and many cherished mementoes of their honored dead, all of which were ruthlessly taken from them as trophies. That afternoon Mrs. Ellis, the widow of Governor Ellis, applied in person to General Stoneman for a guard to her premises; he gave her a note to Colonel Slater, requesting him, as he was camped opposite her house, to see that she had an efficient guard. After detailing a couple of men for the purpose, Colonel Slater turned triumphantly to her and said, pointing to a sword leaning against a tree in front of his tent, "There's General Polk's sword which I captured this morning." The lady had it on the end of her tongue to reply, "Yes, captured from his defenseless widow and daughters, what you would never have dared to take from him." But prudence restrained her, and turning to him she said, in tones which would

have touched any one with a spark of manhood, "Oh! Colonel, be magnanimous and give it back to his heart-broken widow. Think how she and his daughters must value it." "Yes, I have no doubt they do," was the reply, "but I value it too, and *as I have taken it on the battle-field*, I mean to keep it." And he did so.

A squad of Confederate soldiers retreated, fighting as they went, through the yard and passage of a house in one room of which lay the sister of Colonel Wheat of the Louisiana Tigers, with an infant only a few hours old; the Federals pressed them hotly and killed one of their number on the porch. In the parlor was the likeness of Colonel Wheat, under which lay all his accoutrements which his sister fully expected would be torn to atoms; but when the fight was over, Stoneman's men left the house without touching an article in it. Shortly after they departed, two bummers visited the premises, and insisted on going into the lady's room; walking up to her bed one of them cooly seated himself upon it and said, "Is that a young 'reb' you have there, let's look at it?" She calmly turned the cover from her infant's face and said, "Are you one of Stoneman's men?"

"And no mistake."

"Oh, I am so glad, perhaps you are the guard I sent for, its time they were here; General Stoneman sent word they would be down directly." She knew perfectly well they were not the guard, but at mention of one momentarily expected, the bummers vanished from the premises without stealing an article, scarcely stopping to gather up their muskets.

Come down from your pedestal, General Sherman, if you could not restrain your men, and give place to General Stoneman.

DREAM OF SUNSET.

[BY R. E. NEELD.]

Where upon the glowing heaven
Shine the flaming clouds of even,
Dreaming, there I met Lenore—
Met and parted never more!
There the beauteous angels meet,
Golden sandals on their feet,
Gliding softly, pair by pair,
Walking on the purple air.
Whilst my heart was wildly beating,
Heard I then a spirit's greeting,
Turned and saw—I knew no more—
Swooning, I had met Lenore!
Need I still this theme pursue?
Need I speak of eyes of blue—
How I gazed, and then was blest,
Whilst I clasp'd her to my breast?
We had met! I wished no more,
I was with my lost Lenore,
Moving in her radiant shroud—
Treading on the Sunset cloud!
And so vivid all did seem,
Surely 'twas not all a dream,
Else I would forever sleep,
Never more to wake nor weep.

Cahaba, Ala.

AS I HEARD IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHOOTING AN ANGEL."

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

October 10th, 1865.—Have been at Caltherp three months to-day. I am contented with my home here, and find Mrs. and Miss Hardinge most kind. They treat me with consideration and justice. This is what I wish, and more than I could expect, recalling the repeated humiliations that have marked my past experience as governess. Yes, they are very kind to me, these two well-bred, handsome women of the world, who have so much power to render me unhappy. For might they not separate me and my little charge? As for this little Lucy, how much I do love her! She is the sweetest thing in the world, and fully repays all the care I lavish upon her; nevertheless, sometimes the sight of those blue eyes, and soft, shining locks of yellow hair, give me the heart-ache as nothing else visible this side of eternity can. What is it an American poet says about the "dead Past burying its dead?" That is a fine and solemn idea; but sometimes, just now and then, when that dear Lucy puts her darling hands about my neck, and "kisses my eyes," as she calls it, with her pure lips, I think the Past proveth an unskillful sexton, and that it is better to "trust the Future."

October 11th.—Lucy has shown me a beautiful fan given her by Col. Fairfax to-day. What a superb man this "American Cousin" is! Miss Hardinge says he is what one might call "kingly." That is just it, as I appreciate the word. The fan he gave Lucy was the work of a prisoner in, I think he said, Fort Lafayette. How cruelly his countrymen must have suffered in those terrible places! His accounts are heartrending. Lucy has not yet recovered her spirit since his recital of the great sufferings and sad death of that poor prisoner who made her fan. How much misery there is in the world! It makes one ashamed to fret over one's own distresses to listen to such tales. Colonel Fairfax seems to regret the close of the war; for my part I think it God's blessing on the people in America. Of course I cannot feel as this self-expatriated man does. He has lost all in the great struggle—all but his unfailing patriotism and inflexible, indomitable will. Miss Hardinge, who has always felt a great interest in the American branch of her family, has received him with extreme sympathy and kindness. She has advocated with much warmth and earnest feeling the cause of the South, and the arrival of *such* a representative at the sad and disastrous crisis of affairs in the United States, gives her enthusiasm and sympathy abundant food. In their long rides, (he is a magnificent horseman,) in their walks, during their games at billiards and chess, he

finds ample and agreeable opportunity to talk about his country and her sorrows. It is a subject that fills his mind and commands her unbounded attention and sympathy. They say he intends to remain in England. Lucy is not well. I think I shall substitute a stroll in the park for her lessons to-day. She has not had exercise enough lately. Dear, dear child. Letters from Marian. Shall reply to-morrow.

October 12th.—I am going to write down for my own amusement something I heard yesterday; a true story, and as sad as sad can be. When Lucy and I walked in the park, we came upon Miss Hardinge reading to her cousin, under the trees. She has a low, clear voice, that vibrates and changes musically, as she reads. It is at once the softest and most penetrating voice I have ever heard. Colonel Fairfax was stretched at her feet upon the grass, looking alternately up into her handsome eyes and the blue sky. He listened to the pathetic intonations of her sweet voice with evident pleasure, while he read the high-bred face above him as critically as she read her book. It is patent that she does not shrink from his constant and attentive inspection. She is too handsome to be afraid of it, and sometimes—yes, just like a flash it occurs to me, that she *flushes* under it, and is pleased at it. Her eyes, at each pause of her voice, intuitively sought those below her, and once the blood surged vividly into her face, and her eyelids sank involuntarily under the steady, intense light that encountered them.

As for Colonel Fairfax, he arose slowly, and stood looking down from his majestic height upon her graceful figure, with a half smiling, half moody face.

"What a quaint resemblance," he said, stroking his moustache as he watched her, "you bear to our unfortunate kinswoman, Ruby Fairfax. Poor child! the sweetest, mildest, merest *mignonne* you ever saw."

"Third cousin to mamma," said Miss Hardinge, counting off the generations prettily upon her fingers. "Tell me about this 'merest *mignonne* I ever saw,' who is, well, my fourth cousin, is it not?"

"It is a long story."

"I like long stories, when we are in the noon of a lovely day, under the trees, and with nothing better to do than to listen to a good story, and"—

"A sad one; I warn you it is one of the saddest *true* stories you have ever heard."

"Nevertheless, because she *is* my cousin, and like me, I will hear it, and be sad over it, if needs be."

He threw himself again at full length at her feet. Lucy, seating me imperatively, went over and sat beside him. He put his arm tenderly and protectingly about her little figure, and drew her to him.

"Do you want to hear my story, little one? Well, put your pretty head where it can find rest, for I assure you you will sleep before I have done. There, that is a famous resting place, just over my heart."

He held her with his fine, firm hands, and kissed her gravely, watching all the time the color come and go in Miss Hardinge's cheeks. By and by, as if following verbally some mental comment, he said:

"She, too, was charming and lovely—*our* cousin Ruby. She had blue eyes, *wonderful* blue eyes, and a complexion and hair that would have fas-

nated Titian. Her mouth was like this young child's, fresh pink, and *kissable.* As for her supple, white hands and feet, they were diminutive wonders. Besides all this, she had an idol. Most young girls, as enchanting as Ruby was, have idols, the worship of which is chiefly conducted in private, a single priestess officiating, with a mirror as an indispensable adjunct of the ceremony. Then it is that young girls become revolutionists and reverse Hamlet's critical idea by holding up nature to the mirror. Beautiful young nature! White, pink, golden, blue—the rainbow and bouquet. But not of this sort, nor of this sex of bewildering idols was Ruby's. He was the beau ideal of male beauty. Physically, a paragon specimen of the animal man; and like the Barons of Hohenfels, a miscellaneous youth and universal genius.

"Ruby had fallen in love. This is not uncommon; nor was the completeness of her love uncommon. Women love, *when* they love; not when the eye worships, or when the brain *thinks,* but when the heart, the middle and supreme state and character of love, *feels.* The eye and heart enthralled Ruby. She was in the midst of that intoxicating and dangerous rapture which Lancelot declared to Elaine to be "love's first flash, in youth most common." Unfortunate Maid of Astalat! to whom came no second flash in youth!

"To behold Ruby adoring her idol under the lindens at Brompton was an exquisite sight. They were so young, so enthusiastic, so beautiful; or rather I should say with Lord Byron, 'that both were young and one was beautiful.' So absorbed, so thrilled, they made their selfishness and egotism almost sublime. They seemed supremely happy. To behold them, one would say they agreed with *Monsieur* Gillenormand about love.

"They adored each other without interruption for two months, through the ineffable season of daffodils, blossoms, and birds, and then, adoring each other still, their felicity suffered a shock. This is, in a more or less degree, the inevitable consequence of love. Eve is the only woman on record exempted from this experience. She had the world and her lover to herself. What an exquisite thought! What a profound and beatific dual state! To remember it as profanely invaded by the wily arch enemy of man, is, to the contemplative, sentimental mind feminine, a great and everlasting calamity. That sorrow, dating from the beginning with the woman, the serpent, and the apple, as the dramatis personæ, has glided down the succeeding ages, popping from time to time its baleful and cruel nature into the lovely Edens of heart and youth. It came to Ruby in its commonest form. A formidable distress, having two brown eyes, a ripe, red mouth, a bird-like voice, and a dangerous reputation for coquetry.

"It was in sex feminine, and was called in the drawing-room 'Miss Kingsly.' To me it became gradually known as Isabel Kingsly—a sparkling, shallow, unscrupulous, bright girl, who was a skillful flirt, a graceful dancer, and a bold, dashing *cavaliere.* She had made her *debut* early in life upon that stage Jacques speaks of. Newport, Saratoga, and New York, had sent her forth in this the fifth year of her reign, an accomplished and dangerous actress.

"She appeared at Brompton upon a clear, June morning. The sun, shining in at the window, made an exquisite picture of Ruby, as she half leaned against the sill, and received the matinal greetings and bouquet of Vane from the portico outside. He was just listening to her pretty confession, made tremulously, sotto-voce, of 'having dreamed of him last night,' when the bright eyes of the new-comer within swept the 'situation,' while she made this mental comment: 'what a splendid fellow! Is it a flirtation, or are they engaged? *She* is very pretty; but an awful baby.'

"The stir inside caught Vane's ear; he lifted his eyes from the sweet face before him, and met the bright, piquant glance admiring him over Ruby's shoulder. He understood it at once, and there was one of those peculiar magnetic mental exchanges of compliments that may be placed under the head of 'speaking with the eyes"—a 'language' as comprehensive as it is mute. Ruby, absorbed in the study of his dear, patrician, filbert-shaped finger-nails, did not see all this; if she had she would have smiled. Two days after, she saw the second whisk of Miss Kingly's delicate little lines, and turned suddenly as pale as a ghost—for Vane, in handing Discord her coffee-cup, touched the pliant little hand, and then meeting the quick, brown eyes, and pretty, tempting, pout of the ripe nether lip, leaned over and whisperad something. *Whispered!* Ruby's heart gave a great spasmodic leap, and palpitated painfully. The room seemed to reel and recede. All objects were obliterated, saving those two, as they whispered confidentially over their coffee-cups. Her lips, glued together in a lead, miserable silence, twitched visibly; she was cold, and hot—a statue, and a volcano. *She was jealous.*

"This sounds like a trifle, but I assure you it was the poem of a tragedy.

"Now, if I were delivering a lecture before an audience of young women, I should say here in appropriate parenthesis: (ladies, accept my compliments and advice. Never permit your lover to read that state of security that justifies him in believing he can never lose your heart. If he thirsts, do not place the cup, at each request, to his lips. Starve him before you feast him. So blend the shadows with the light, that he can never be *sure* the sun may not suddenly be obscured by a cloud. It is, I assure you, judicious. I beg to recommend the efficacy of an occasional eclipse.

"Young queens reign freely, supremely! It is too much to lay your fresh, pure, hearts at his feet and plead after the manner or Ruth. Remember you are not all widows—and every man is not a Boaz. Eschew objections. They will trample you, ninety-nine out of every hundred, we all know, somewhere in our lives, a grisildis.)

"Here, now, was Vane. His darling *belonged* to him. He loved her better than life. Yes, but a perfectly innocent flirtation when a man is secure, is racy now and then. A pretty girl tempts him. He has his religion, his sort of angel, as one may say—his little Ruby. He also has his secular desires. A harmless flirtation in a proper way is admirable. This was his argument: 'Miss Kingsly is a jolly girl. She meets my secular propensities when I am out of church.

I shall hang roses on my wheels, and kisses on my springs, until I become a rusty machine. This girl has chaffed me about Ruby. Now, I won't be chaffed.'

"This is the whole matter. 'He loved his love'—but he was a man. As for Ruby, '*she* loved her love'—and she was a woman. A distinction with a difference. She became silent and thoughtful. Vane thought for the first time, that she was dull. Miss Kingsly sang her coquettish songs, and chatted merrily. Vane wished his pretty *fiancee* would get over her silly shyness and sing too. Miss Kingsly rode and danced well. Ruby, bound by a promise made him in the early days of courtship, did neither. He shrank from seeing her do one, and the other he thought masculine. This promise he never released her from, and with all the unreasoning irritation of a man, bent on mischief, he chafed in spirit to find her the only one not of their gay equestrian parties. He was gradually becoming dissatisfied and tyrannical; and all this, because Miss Kingsly in a subtle, charming way, like Vivien—

'Wrought upon his cloudy mood
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And fluttered adoration, and at last,
With dark sweet hints, of some who prized him more
Than who should prize him most.'

With her it was only flirtation; with Vane the foolish beginning of wrong; and with Ruby, a sort of death in life. She felt like giving up the ghost upon every high, clear note of this Siren's voice, when she sang her pathetic love-songs, in German, to Vane. The picture could not fail to remind one of scenes laid at Brighton, where Becky Rawdon *nee* Sharp's vocalism fascinated George Osborne, and lacerated poor little Amelia's heart. Excluding the superior pecuniary attractions, and dark hair—there was no vast difference between this Isabel, and that Becky; unless, indeed, it lay in the fact, that one was more fortunate, and one more clever, than the other.

"I do not doubt that one of the greatest blessings that marked the Golden Age, was the faithfulness of young lovers. Men were devoid of vanity, and women of coquetry. In these two evils, lies the complete principle of inconstancy. Not a bene; Vane was handsome and conceited—Miss Kingsly was pretty, and a coquette to the bottom of her shallow heart; and Ruby was lovely and loved. In a social skirmish between the three parties, in the natural order of a bad state of things, the weak one was conquered by enemies who unconsciously became allies against her.

"Driven to a species of distraction by jealous doubts, Ruby declared war one bright morning as she stood upon the portico awaiting a word from her lover. He had not spoken with her all the morning, because he thought to 'punish' her for 'sulking' up-stairs all the evening before, whilst he was dancing and flirting with Miss Kingsly. Her absence was a sort of reproach, I suppose. He wished her to behold him happy if she could not be so herself. This is the sort of 'reasonable' man we find sometimes. Nevertheless, the pathetic appeal of her sweet eyes went to his soul. 'Little darling,' he thought, as he watched her cruelty, 'why will she compel me to such a course by her absurdities?' You see

Miss Kingsly had chaffed him about being afraid of Ruby's jealousy, which showed itself in such a meek, sorrowful mein, that one would have thought that even Miss Kingsly must respect it in a way. Just now, as these two stood apart, a 'swish' of silk, and clink of gold chains, announced the Circe as she swept down the hall, with outstretched little hands, to greet him merrily.

"'He has been waiting all this time for *her*;' groaned Ruby in spirit.

"'What a jolly good-natured girl this is,' thought Vane, accepting the little hands.

"'So, these two get further apart like two fools, while I am sailing famously down channel between them. What fun it is, flirting with such a fellow as this, and watching such a flimsy, little chit, moping over it!' and Miss Kingsly puts her hand easily through Vane's arm and they begin to walk together.

"Ruby caught her breath spasmodically, and crushed her hands nervously together. 'I will try *once*'—she thought almost fiercely, as she stepped suddenly out, and met them with a calm, sweet, deceptive face. There was just the shadow of a tremble in her voice, as she said: 'Philip.'"

"He paused abruptly and asked quickly—'Nell?'

"'I wish you to drive me to 'Dudley,' to-day.

"'Defer it until to-morrow. I am engaged for to-day, Ruby.'

"'Indeed I cannot; Margaret expects me; and I promised her I would come to her.'

"'Nonsense,' interposed Miss Kingsly, brightly; 'It is out of the question. Mr. Vane has promised to escort me to-day, in our ride to the lake. I am too selfish to release him.'

"'Will you go with me!' asked Ruby, ignoring the butterfly between them, as she appealed to his heart, for sentence. He feels the bantering, malicious pressure of the fingers resting on his arm; and sees the defiant, saucy shrug of her shoulders, and taunting light of her brown eyes, that flash their charming invitation into his—'Go with *me*, *Philip*'—she whispers in such a low voice, that its concentrated softness just touches and thrills *his* ear only. He cannot resist, and says like a fool, as he is:—

"'I cannot go, Ruby.'

"They are only four words, so simple to speak, so simple to hear. For sentence! It is an awful moment, *albeit* mortal eyes cannot perceive the slender thread that sustains the cruel sword above their foolish heads; the horrible and sinister quicksand, that threatens enlizement; the narrow and treacherous path, that terminates in death, despair, oblivion. It is horrible to think of, horrible to know, that two young people—beautiful, and enthusiastic, are about to be swallowed up, forever, in the merciless waters of that dark sea, whose cruel waves are already lashing the delightful shores of their young heart's exquisite elysium. Their lives have been a flashing, charming comedy, hitherto. They have danced, and dressed, and billed, and cooed. Have been fashionable, fanciful, frivolous. Have had their merry laughs, and sweet love-songs; their silly little quarrels, and sweet kissing pardons Have been happy, indulged, enchanted—wandering about their beautiful Eden, enraptured, bewildered, thrilled; but now they have

reached the gate at last. The avenging figure with flaming sword stands to drive them forth. They behold the broad, bleak, appalling waste, stretching dismally and darkly before them, as the enchanted gates clang together behind them, shutting in forever the flowers, and singing-birds, and perfumes, and bright, warm sun, lighting the green, happy paths where they strolled, and found the glory and worth of life. Before them, naked and formidable, lies their dreary road. They are suddenly and irrevocably face to face with their tragedy.

"And all this, that a silly girl, with a mania for flirting, may have 'a jolly good time of it.'

"'I cannot go, Ruby,' said Vane, and none of them heard the clanging of the gates, nor saw the sudden, dense darkness that fell around. Only Ruby *felt* the catastrophe. Looking steadily at him for a moment, she only said, 'Very well;' while the shadowy ghost of a smile hovered about her sweet lips, and then vanished. With one impulse they turned down the portico, and Ruby to the hall; it led her to the library, where she sat down to *think*. Poor child! she was face to face with sorrow and death, that pitiful death of the heart, from which there is no resurrection.

"Most people would call all this very sentimental, very romantic, but I assure you, it is a very stern, hard reality. She did not die, as did the 'lily-maid of Astolat.' That does not often happen, the poets to the contrary notwitstanding. Men lose a limb, and liver with a poor, maimed body; half alive and half dead, they go on towards the end, not so very much the worse after all. We 'get used' to everything by and by, or else we die out. As for Ruby, young and tender, and fragile, she suffered death of the heart, and grew in fifteen minutes, fifty years old. That was all, and when Vane came in the library, whip-in-hand, to find his gauntlets and bid her good-by, he found her quietly seated, playing idly with her watch-chain, and never guessed how dead and old she was.

"'Philip,' she said, in so grave a voice that he paused in his search suddenly, and looked into her eyes,—'What have I ever done, that justifies what you have done? Do not be afraid, I am not going to make a 'scene;' I am far too much pained to do that. Let me know—I shall not ask you again—wherein I have failed in my duty towards you? I would be satisfied to believe your ungenerous humiliation of me, before that woman, was prompted by some idea of wrong in *me*, towards you.'

"'I do not understand,' he began vaguely.

"'Yes, you understand, if you will only think about it. It is such a very simple affair. I have never been exacting or capricious with you. I have been loving and true. I demand of you only what I have given with my whole heart freely. It is surely not too much, as between man and woman, so near marriage as we. I entreat you, oh! so sincerely and earnestly, you cannot know!—to forego this ride, and so amend the humiliation you have caused me before one who is not, indeed, worthy to come between us, Philip.'

"'This is the sheerest folly, Ruby. I cannot yield to any such unreasonable exaction.'

"'In den augen lieght das herry,' sings the clear voice of Miss Kingsly, as she steps down the hall, ringing her little boot-heels like castanets, and trailing her pretty riding habit gracefully after her. She does not see Vane, but she sends her mischievous voice as messenger wherever he may be; for she is sure he will hear it. She is bent on conquest, and on tormenting 'that little prude.' The voice penetrates the library. To Vane it is a saucy challenge; to Ruby more ominous than the sound of the fatal Anobium Striatum to superstitious ears. He moves irresistibly towards the door; so strongly does the devil tempt a man sometimes to his destruction. Ruby clasps her hands involuntarily and places herself between him and the door. 'Philip,' she implores, lifting her white, frightened face to him, 'If you love me do not go.'

"He thinks her a jealous little woman striving to rule his dominant and supreme will. He laughs lightly, and stoops down to kiss her forehead.

"'You silly little goose.

"She brushes his levity aside with an ingenious sweep of her hand; and says, solemnly enough to have convinced him, 'If you persist in this, I will break our engagement.'

"'*In den augen lieght das herry,* sings the Siren outside; but Ulysses is bound to the mast by his deaf crew, and with a defiant flash of eyes into those before him, he hurries from the room, turning, just one moment at the door, to behold the bowed, broken, drooping figure, with clasped hands, and averted face, like some fair, sorrowful young statue, standing alone, where her life and love had left her. Then, with a reluctance that was presentiment, he closed the door upon her forever.

"And all day long the picture haunted him. Too late the consciousness came to him, that he had left the sweetest woman in the world, to mope away the long hours of the day, while he, already sick of his vapid and flirtatious companion, was boring himself to death in the endeavor to please her. The evening was a long time in reaching him, but it came after awhile; and the gay party turned homewards. He did not hear the pleasant voice, singing like a nightingale beside him, as they rode through the dim woods, mysteriously and beautifully lighted up by the bright moon. He did not see the sprightly, pretty face, crowned fantastically and becomingly with a wreath of gay field-poppies, that rested gracefully among the dark shining hair. He saw nothing, heard nothing, but that sweet young girl, standing alone, and sorrowful, in the old library, and saying with such an ineffable pathos, 'If you love me, do not leave me.'

"With a certain strange sensation of pain, he hurried there, hoping to find her still where he had left her, waiting and watching. There was nothing but the empty moon-lighted room to greet and disappoint his expectant eyes; but white and motionless, like something dead, he discovered lying in wait upon the table, after a moment or so, a neat shining package, addressed in Ruby's pretty writing, to 'Mr. Philip Vane.' He opened it mechanically in the moonlight. There were all his letters, souvenirs, his engagement ring, last of all. How neatly, how fatally she had arranged them one after the other!

He did not know how she wept over them, and kissed them one by one, as she put them from her. A little scrap, airy and white, like a feather, fluttered out from the rest, and fell upon the floor at his feet. He felt instinctively that it was his death warrant, and read it with a sort of horror. This is what the child said :

"'I have gone to 'Audley,' to be with Margaret. If, at first, you should feel an impulse prompting you to follow me, I ask, as a last favor, that you will resist it. *Nothing* could result from it but additional pain to me. Spare me any further pain, if you can, by sparing me another meeting with you. Let our parting of to-day, be final. It is best so, believe me. You would have it so. Do not let your heart condemn me for what I am doing. My self-respect will not allow me any other alternative. We might have been so happy, had you chosen, but you would not have it so ! I am no longer a child, but a woman, full of grief for what has passed between us, and with a heart overflowing with sincere wishes for your happiness, and good, in the future.'

"That was all, but he knew well that it was enough. The pretty, yielding thing was, indeed, 'no longer a child.' The glittering diamond of the ring flashed as it lay a shining trophy of his madness and folly, before him. He kissed the golden circle that had compassed her sweet child's hand for so long, and thought, with a sort of fierce distress, 'This can never be. I should as soon believe the stars could fall, as that I can lose my little Ruby so. My little Ruby.'

"He dwelt tenderly upon those words, and began to walk to and fro, nervously, half hoping that he would directly hear the sound of her hand on the door. But it never came. All that he was ever to behold of Ruby in that old trysting-place of theirs, lay like a heap of snow, upon the cushion of a chair in a far off corner. It was a pretty lace handkerchief, bearing, in delicate needlework, the quaint monogram of Ruby. He lifted it reverently to his lips. It was their last kiss ; for hers yet lingered in the snowy folds of the trifle to salute, and bless his penitent lips, in a sorrowful, and enduring farewell.

"A year passed. The gay company that had met at 'Brompton,' were scattered far and wide, by the tempest that swept over the land. All now was confusion, where all had been peace and calm. Hands met and clasped on that hospitable threshold for the last time ; and then, shaking each other off, grasped the sword and prepared for battle. The crisis had come at last. The inevitable conflict was upon them, and each, obeying the commands of interest, impulse, or conscience, had taken his stand, on one side or the other.

"Philip threw his fate and strength into the southern balance. His duty and his heart, were there. Enthusiastically, nobly he hastened to the help of his dear country in time of dire need, giving all his strength, and that half his of heart that was not off after Ruby, in a search that had lasted a year, and had never found *her*. Always so near, and yet so far from him ! Removed so infinitely beyond his reach by her simple garb, and self-imposed, piously performed duties, that so far as any hope of winning her again was concerned, she might as well have been

dead and laid in her grave. What love had relinquished religion claimed, and presented to Philip's miserable eyes the meekest, palest Sister of Charity that ever beautified the holy order, in lieu of his fresh, beautiful little Ruby, of months before. Poor child! How hungrily he watched her day after day, as she went hither and thither, on her missions of good and mercy. Did she ever guess this? Who knows? The blue eyes never lifted themselves from their humble earthward gaze as she walked meekly along, side by side with that resolute, silent Margaret Dudley, who was in heart, mind, purpose, another Viviana Ratcliff. Her subtle power, and indomitable will, had drawn the sweet child's sore and bleeding heart, along with her own fanatical and high-strung enthusiasm, into that severe and solemn life of labor and self-renunciation. Suddenly called away by distant duties, they disappeared like the dead from Philip's eyes. It was just then that the war broke out. And so it was that (with a vague longing to behold her dear face again, and then to yield up his life, if God pleased, to his country) Philip crept like a hunted creature, through the dark woods, made darker and more lonely by the storm-cloud that palled the sky, and the fierce winds that moaned and whistled through the trees, down the desolate and gloomy paths and deserted river; silently, noiselessly, cautiously, to the boat that waited there, to speed him on his journey across the surging and foaming waters of the Potomac. How dark it was! The wind struck him fiercely and sharply, as he plied the oars vigorously and bravely against the agitated and opposing waves, and dashed the furious spray and rain into his stern and anxious face, as he strained his brave eyes eagerly towards the inky line of shore before him. Slowly but surely he neared it. His heart leaped wildly, as he sprang lightly forward, and his feet rested firmly and bravely upon the soil of that sublimely heroic, but doomed land. His lips moved, as he stood there alone in the darkness and the storm, 'heart within, and God o'er head,' and out upon the voice of the temptest, flew like the dove above the waste of waters, the one word, 'Ruby.'

"From thence began one of the thousands of heroic records of our brave men. Animated by the purest and noblest principles of right and patriotism, Philip Vane won for himself justly an enviable and proud fame for courage and daring. Once, in the fierce Seven Days' Battles, he received in his left arm a minnie ball, that sent him bleeding and insensible to the hospitals at Richmond. After two days' delirium, he opend his eyes in consciousness, and beheld the white, sorrowful face of a Sister of Charity leaning compassionately over him.

"'Ruby,' he gasped, starting up in joy, and sinking back in pain and weakness; 'Ruby.'

"'Sister Mary Agnes,' she replied softly and sadly, passing the thin fingers of her right hand lightly over his lips.

"It was the seal of silence, of separation, of pardon; after it, she asked quietly:

"'Tell me what I can do for you.'

"'Your hand, place it one moment just here, over my eyes; and—well, sing, speak, pray, anything, only let me *hear the sound of your voice.*'

"She did as he bade her, repeating softly some prayer of her Church. Directly he lifted the hand from his forehead, and placed it precisely over his heart, and there it lay under his hot clasp, until consciousness again forsook him, whilst her low voice rang its prayerful cadences in his ears. Thus it was they met at last.

"The afternoon of September 20th, 1864, was so delightful that it tempted a gay party of officers and ladies, who had dined pleasantly together, to the windows for the double purpose of breathing the fragrant, balmy air, and of viewing the constant stream of pedestrians that passed up and down the most fashionable street in Baltimore.

"One of the ladies was very pretty and very vivacious. She was listening to the airy trifles, that are the language of flirtation, whispered in her ear by a gentleman who leaned over her chair and played with the charms on her chain. She was amusing herself, and annoying his wife, who sat at the next window striving to catch their conversation. One held the girl's fan, and another her bouquet. She had pretty white teeth, that showed a trifle too plainly when she laughed, and large, brown eyes that she used skillfully. She was young, and what is called 'stylish,' and of that party, evidently the centre of attraction. Some one proposed to an officer that they should make an equestrian visit to the Fort the following morning. 'Not to-morrow,' he said, carelessly, 'For we are to have an execution there at sunrise. A spy is to be shot; a fellow against whom the evidence is, I think, meagre. He claims to be an escaped prisoner endeavoring to make his way to Dixie. He has been tried, and sentenced to be shot. Privately, I think the case an illegal and hard one.'

"'But then he is a rebel, said the girl, smiling brightly up into the face that leaned over her.'

"'Yes,' exclaimed the officer, suddenly glancing out the window, 'and if here is not a strange coincidence! That is the very man.'

"A tall, weird figure, clad in shabby grey, walked silently, with head erect, in the midst of a guard of eight soldiers. His hair was long and unkept, and hung in wild disorder about his neck and face, that was as motionless and pale as that of the dead. He wore old carpet slippers, that made a shuffling sound as he walked slowly, but resolutely on. His collar, falling back from the throat, revealed a skin white and smooth as a woman's. A large slouched hat cast a heavy shadow over his face. It was a strange, sombre face—magnificent in its outlines, and wearing a shade of the profoundest thought and repose. Two restless, dark, searching eyes, glowing with a fiery light, that while it awed the beholder, proclaimed the unflinching, unconquerable courage of the heroic and indomitable spirit within. He was, in his aspect, as defiant and immovable as death. His hands were bound behind him.

"Suddenly, as if by instinct, he raised his eyes and fixed them upon the brilliant and charming woman at the window. For one moment they might have consumed her to ashes by their fire of scornful surprise, and then, as if he forgot her even in the moment of his recognition, he removed his gaze, and was gone forever from

her sight. The tramp, tramp, tramp, of the soldiers died away, faintly and more faintly, until it was lost in the distance.

"The next morning at sunrise, he died as he had fought, bravely and without fear.

"The Sister of Charity, by permission, received the body and gave it burial. Lying upon his heart, under his tattered grey coat, was found and left untouched, a woman's handkershief, bearing the monogram, 'R. F.'"

RESTORATION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE SOUTH.

A great many good and earnest people have lost faith in Republican institutions, or rather in the virtue and intelligence of the people, and they believe that so much evil has been submitted to, and the masses are apparently so stolid and indifferent to their own welfare, that they will finally lose not only all correct ideas of self-government, but even forget the forms of its practice, and colapse into abject slaves like the multitudes of the old world. But there is one great consideration involved that should never be lost sight of, and it will serve to encourage the most hopeless among us to persevere in their efforts to save our Democratic institutions from the madness of the times.

This is a *written Constitution*, an actual black and white statement of the compact of 1788, which, however departed from or whatever the vices and crimes of the people themselves for a time, honest and patriotic men can always appeal to, and when factions have spent their evil forces, the people may be rallied and our institutions saved by a written Constitution.

Nations have lost their liberties, simply because they had no written compacts. When the Citizens installed themselves masters of Rome they continued to profess a respect for republican forms, and centuries after liberty was utterly dead, the precedents of the Senate were carefully followed. So, too, in England, Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, in a word, the bundle of precedents they call the British Constitution, are treated with great outward respect, while in fact the British masses exist under the most absolute dominion of the few to be found in Christendom. The great body of the people, even if they had the power to do so, will not, indeed cannot, discriminate between truth and falsehood in these respects, and if a faction or prince only affects the thing they desire, they can always delude them by this pretence to disregard the substance with the greatest ease. We ourselves have just experienced a terrible proof of this assertion. The Abolition faction exist despite *the* Union, in contradiction to *the* Union, and actually carried on the war to render *the* Union impossible forever but *pretending* to fight *for* the Union, the people believed them, and have followed them for five dreadful years, simply because they could not discrim-

inate between truth and falsehood in this respect. But fortunately for our country and for the whole world, the immortal men who made this government did not lay down precedents or trust to forms alone, but put their work in black and white, and wrote it down in words that admit of no doubtful construction, and however widely a generation or generations may stray from these landmarks, the people have only to be brought back to them in letter as well as spirit to recover their liberty and save their institutions. For five years past the whole nation has been blindly marching not only to monarchy or despotism, but to destruction—deadly, irreparable destruction, and the time has come to rally the people around the old landmarks, the simple letter as well as the spirit of the written compact of 1788; and every true American should engage in this work not only to save the cause of Democracy from disgrace and overthrow, but because he owes it to his dead ancestors to transmit to his descendants the freedom they bequeathed to him. But here we are met at the threshold by the party in power, with the declaration that all the sacrifices of blood and treasure for five years past, were to restore the Union and to save just that which we declare can only be saved by retracing our steps and returning to the written compact of 1788. Strange contradiction; stupendous anomaly; let us see where it is and what it means. There were thirteen original, sovereign and independent States, whose delegates met together in 1788 and formed a compact, and under this formal and written compact the United States or Federal Union of States was organized. The Union was mainly for external defence, for then America was weak and Europe strong, and they needed an alliance or Union.

This Union of the States had two great fundamental *facts* as its basis, to wit: first, it was composed of white people, and second, each State reserved to itself absolute control over its own internal affairs. These foundations not only were vital, but are vital, and cannot be changed or modified, even with the consent of themselves, without absolute overthrow of the compact of 1788, or in other words without the destruction of *the* Union, If the first were done, and negroes included in our system, of course, like Mexico, etc., we become a mongrel people and incapable of upholding Republican institutions. If the second —if the Federal Government is permittted to change the status of whites and negroes, or women or children, or any body in Virginia, etc., then of course, the fundamental basis—the Union of States is gone, for those are not *States* that are governed as Provinces by a supreme or central power. These two fundamental *facts*, then, are the basis, the body and bones as the written Constitution is the soul, and the Union can no more exist without them than men can exist without bones and muscles or life itself can exist without atmospheric air.

For some eighty years the Union was a grand success. No negro was ever a citizen, nor did the government ever presume to change or modify the status of any inhabitant of a sovereign State. It was a glorious spectacle thirty-four States, all ot them white people, so far as the Federal character was concerned, for though Massa-

chusetts and other States had adopted mongrelism, and within the State limits forced negroes into citizenship, the Federal Government remained just as Washington and his compatriots created it. Nor had the most extreme consolidationists ever presumed to touch the status of any individual in a sovereign State. That Massachusetts had absolute control over the status and conditions of her own people, was clearly recognized by the Dred Scott decision, and had she decided that within her own limits certain classes should be excluded from voting, or that women should be the only voters, or that negroes alone were eligible as members of the Legislature, Judge Taney and all other sound Democrats, would have said that there was no help for it, so long as they fulfilled their Federal duties, and in their Federal character presented only white men at Washington, no power on the earth could interfere with them. This Federal system or this Federal Union of the States, faithfully administered, was the most perfect and most advanced political contrivance the world had ever seen, for though it was not charged with the highest functions of government or with the solutions of any of the great political and social problems of our time, and indeed, save in name, was not ever necessarily Republican, it served as the outer guardian of our civilization, and left the States and the people of the States perfectly free to work out their utmost well-being.

Strict conformity to its letter as well as spirit, with its two great foundation principles—a white people and absolute control of each State over its own population,—constantly kept in view, this Federal Union of States was as simple and practicable and benificent when applied to the whole continent, as it was when it embraced but thirteen thinly settled States. It should be self-evident to Americans, but it is just as true historically, that the more complete the self-government, the more prosperous the people, and mainly the prosperity of the American people for eighty years, resulted from this perfect self-government which left every State to regulate its own internal affairs, and absolute and sole ruler over its own populations. Had the whole people given up their State governments and formed a *National* Republic in 1788, no doubt they would have made great progress, but with such an extended Territory, the capacities of the people would have been dwarfed to a certain extent by the central powers, even if these always truly reflected the will of the majority. But the perfect development of self-government through the States, their actual and absolute control over their own affairs and the wants and necessities of their own populations, while the Federal Government guarded them externally, was and is the best government the world ever saw, and capable of an indefinite expansion over the whole boundless continent. And this Government, this Federal Union of the States, this "Union as it was," was supported alone by customs duties, and never sent out a tax-gatherer or wrung a dollar from the laboring classes, from the advent of Jefferson in 1800, until the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. Such then was the Union in 1860, and if permitted to march forward in the development of our civilization without interruption,

before this century closed, the Federation would probably extend from the Northern Lakes to the Equator, and contain, perhaps, a hundred millions of American Democrats and twenty millions of negroes, who in domestic subordination and guided and cared for by their masters, would also reach the highest development *they* were capable of, and relatively considered, enjoy even more happiness than the whites themselves.

With this mighty population all in their normal condition and natural relation to each other, with the great tropical centre of the Continent restored to industry and production, and furnishing all the great staples, cotton, rice, sugar, etc., so essential to the civilization of our times, and contributing so vastly to the happiness of God's creatures, to the toiling millions of the old world as well as the new, the American Union should be and would be the most benificent as well as the grandest power not only of our own times but of all times, and compared with which Greece and Rome, and even modern England, would needs sink into insignificance. But these glorious possibilities have collapsed; self-government no longer exists in half of the country; four millions of negroes are violently torn from their normal condition, and society itself, for the time being, overthrown, the very foundations of *the* Union are torn asunder, and the northern people are loaded down with a debt even greater than that which renders the condition of the laboring classes in the old worlds so abject and miserable, that it may be doubted if it were not better never to have been born. Indeed, within the last five years we have traversed a space of ruin broader and more terrible than Rome did in five hundred years after her decline began, and we must instantly retrace our steps or be lost forever as a nation. The northern States, under the lead of madmen, combined together in 1860, and took possession of the Federal Government, which they were pledged to wield to mongrelize the country; true, they did not design to directly interfere within the limits of any State, but they proposed to use the prestige and power of the government in a way that should finally bring about the "abolition of slavery," as they called the normal condition of the negro.

This was the "mission" of the Lincoln party, abolition of the distinction of "color," and final amalgamation of the negro element in our political system; that is, they sought to transform the system founded by Washington into a mongrel concern where whites and negroes should stand on the same level and enjoy "impartial freedom." It was the most tremendous revolution ever attempted in human affairs, from a white to a mongrel government, from a government composed of the most enlightened and advanced portion of the great master race, to hordes of degraded whites, useless negroes, and diseased mulattoes, like Mexico, Central America, &c.; in a word, these madmen sought to overthrow the system founded by Washington, and set up a government of mongrels, and whether it was done directly by disregarding self-government in the States, or whether the people were to be debauched, degraded and ruined through the patronage of the Central Government was of little consequence,

if the thing were ever accomplished.

Seven of the States seceded and resumed their sovereignty, and whether they had a right to do so or not, as a question of expediency, it was a great blunder, if not a great crime, to undertake to coerce them into submission. The Union of these States was so natural, and so necessary to their prosperity, that a score of secessions would have failed had not force been resorted to; but in truth *the* Union was overthrown by the election of Lincoln on the principles he represented, for a Union of mongrels never did nor never can exist on this earth. But the secession movement furnished a pretence, or excuse, for direct interference, and Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation for the "abolition of slavery" within the States, and as his armies advanced, they carried it into effect, and the result is four millions of negroes torn from their homes and normal condition, and industry, production, in a word, society is in ruins from the Potomac to he Gulf coast.

The simple but terrible facts are just these—to carry out the mad and monstrous Abolition, or mongrel "idea," the Lincoln party have brought about social chaos in the South and loaded the laboring classes of the North with a debt of four thousand millions to accomplish this mighty social cataclysis. Or in other words, the Abolitionists have, for the time being, as absolutely destroyed the industrial forces of the South as if swallowed up by an earthquake, and laid a mortgage of four thousand millions on the productive forces of the North to accomplish the former. Never before, in the history of mankind, is there even an approach to this gigantic madness, and yet the madmen persist in their monstrous work of equalizing unequal races, and President Johnson alone at this moment stands between them and the still greater catastrophe of a conflict of races, which must end, and only can end in their own utter destruction, as well as that of the victims of their monstrous experiment. To strive to reverse the order of nature, and make the negro the equal of the white man is in itself the most awful and stupendous crime ever attempted by mortals, and when to this is added the *means*, the overthrow of self-government, in order to force distant communities to practice their theories, then a case of wrong doing, of crime, of sin, is made up so gigantic and horrible, that no terms in our language can fully express it. For even admitting that we were a nation, in the European sense, and there was an abstract right in the adhering States to prevent the establishment of a "Southern Confederacy," this right could only be limited to that object, and when accomplished, as declared by the memorable Congressional declaration, all the rights of the States were spontaneously and necessarily restored. *Here then we find ourselves, the labor of the South suspended, and that of the North mortgaged for four thousand millions, and self-government overthrown in half of the country!* What is the remedy for such an awful catastrophe? Why, simple enough—the restoration of the Union, and the re-establishment of its fundamental basis, to wit, a homogeneous or white people, and the absolute right of each State to regulate its own affairs. This is the Union, the Union founded by Washington, and that secured us such

boundless prosperity until the advent of Abolitionism, the only Union ever practicable or possible in the time to come, and the Union we will finally return to some day, or lose our nationality altogether.

The next thing to be considered is the *means*. How shall we restore this Union founded by our fathers, and which we are solemnly pledged to transmit to our children? These too are so simple, that a man may run and read them, and though a fool, understand them. We have only to apply the glorious principle of self-government, and permit each State to regulate its own affairs, to recover what we have lost. Congress itself should repeal all its legislation affecting the now unrepresented States; but even if it do not, and each State exercises its original, inherent, God-given and inalienable right to rule over its own affairs, and to determine the status and relations of its own populations, this great principle of self-government will work out a perfect cure for all the national disorders. If Virginia, for example, is permitted to govern herself, to enjoy that for which Washington fought for seven long, weary years, she, of course, will reject all that has been forced on her by Massachusetts and other outsiders, and blotting out all these intrusive tomfooleries and deviltries, the State will spontaneously and necessarily restore the fundamental basis of the Union, for that is essential to her prosperity. Of course she will blot out "West Virginia and the Alexandria Constitution," and all other things that are not the offspring of the will of her people, and thus by the simple operation of the great American principle of self-government, Virginia will spontaneously resume her status of 1788-1860, and become again what she always was, one of the grandest pillars of the Union. It will be the same with all the States, and no matter what the bogus affair that calls itself a Congress may do, if Mr. Johnson will withdraw his troops, and allow the great American principle of self-government full scope, all the "rebel" States will rapidly and spontaneously resume their constitutional relations to the other States. With the restoration of self-government in the South, there will be restoration of the normal condition of the negro, and consequent restoration of production, and with this restored industry, even the enormous debt of the North may be satisfactorily disposed of some way.

In conclusion, then, the simple but most momentous question is just this: shall self-government be permitted to act in the South for the restoration of the Union as it was, or shall this monstrous madness which strives to "reform" the work of God, and equalize unequal races, go on until it works out its legitimate results in the total extermination of both the Abolitionists and their victims from American soil.

THE MANIFOLDNESS OF ANCIENT LITERATURE AS COMPARED WITH OUR OWN.

It is, perhaps, a delusion to think the literary facilities of antiquity are not to be compared with those of the present day, because writing, not printing, was then the only means of spreading abroad knowledge. We have been led into an error by a comparison of the middle ages with our modern period. In those ages, it is true that the mind was sluggish, and literature barren, and very little was either read or written, all being abandoned to the poor private inclination of the monk. But the true ground of comparison is not between the middle ages and the present time, but between classical antiquity and the present time; that is, between the active writing and the active printing eras. We may multiply to a greater extent the copies of particular works, but we do not issue so many works. As far as mere numbers go, it is the same thing whether we have one work in ten copies, or ten works, each in one copy. The number of copies of individual works may be greater among us, but the number of works is less. The inner manifoldness of the ancient literature compensated for the external expansion of the modern. The literary productiveness of the ancients was actually greater than ours. We know that the Greeks had one hundred and fifty comic poets, and one thousand five hundred original comedies, and yet these figures, great as they may appear, are only such as chance has transmitted to us. Who can doubt that the same chance has thrown into oblivion a still greater number? Who imagines that one-half, or one-quarter, or one-tenth of the poetical works of the present day will survive to the knowledge of the inhabitants of the earth two thousand years from now? We are safe in believing that in coming down the stream of time from classical antiquity, the number of works which have perished is far greater than those which have survived? Where on earth is the literature that can count the writers of its history, as Rome could hers, by the thousands? Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, after speaking of great numbers, adds the expression, *murion allon, i.e.*, ten thousand others. Where is now to be heard of a library like that of Alexandria, which contained seven hundred thousand volumes? And we must consider that this enormous number existed before the Roman literature had been developed, and when the Greek was confined to itself. Our present great libraries do not number a half or a quarter this vast amount, and yet they are recruited from the literature of the whole world. It may be said that many of the ancient volumes or rolls were small; but have we no trifling volumes and no thin pamphlets published, and collected in our libraries? Besides, there were many thick books in antiquity. The works of Ho

mer, of Livy, and the Metamorphoses of Ovid we know were each contained in a single volume, (though no doubt also in other and more extended forms,) while with us it is not an uncommon thing to have an edition of these authors spread over six, twelve and even sixteen volumes each. Pignot calculates that the Alexandrian library would have been contained in about thirty or forty thousand of the great English folio volumes; but even this would surely demand more than the literature of any modern nation could supply.

Another element of publicity, common in ancient times, but which has nearly disappeared in ours, must not be omitted in a consideration of the extent to which the productions of mind were diffused among the community. This was the recitation of works before they were published, or which never were published. This took place, at first, in the house of the author, to a few of his most intimate friends. By degrees the circle enlarged, and the place was more public. Recitations were held in the public baths and gardens, and the people were admitted gratuitously. The time and place of these meetings was made known by particular invitations, by programmes, or public announcements. These were the subject of great discussion and interest. The works were often heard here in their most perfect form, before any censorship had clipped them of any of their freedom. Here the political principles, or the bold language, which were often cut out of the published work, were given forth fearlessly, and every point was caught up eagerly, carried from mouth to mouth, and spread abroad among the people. Thus, in the reign of Vespasian, we hear of Maternus reading his tragedy of Cato, when forgetting his position as the subject of monarchy, he let flow that roll of his republicanism unreservedly, the whole city was full of it, and the court of the monarch displeased.

When the works issued from the offices of the copyists, they were circulated in greater numbers from the expectation and interest excited by these public readings. Martial boasts that his epigrams were in everybody's hands; and who can doubt that both his epigrams and the odes and satires of Horace must have been exceedingly popular, and circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies? Indeed where we have any notices at all of numbers, they indicate very large circulations. Augustus, according to Suetonius, confiscated no less than twenty thousand copies of the Pseudo-Sibyls, and as this number is preserved to us by chance, the number of confiscated must have been but a small part of the number copied off, because they had been for a good while in unimpeded circulation. Again, there was a little stupid memoir, of which Pliny speaks, and he chances to mention the number of copies made, which was one thousand; with us four hundred or five hundred would be thought quite a sufficient number of such a thing. The transcribers themselves, a highly cultivated set of men, formed no small nor unimportant part of the intelligent reading public. Every great family had its staff of readers and copyers, male and female, its *anagostæ*, its *librarii*, and *librariæ*. Most of these were slaves, or freedmen, educated most carefully for the express purpose, pos-

sessed of intelligent minds, and quick, neat, and intelligent hands. (For the benefit of such men as Mr. Sumner, we will remark that they of course were not negroes.) They cost little but their support. A hundred of them might write from the dictation of one. These might take, for instance, the second book of Martial, which would take, say an hour to transcribe. One hundred copyists at work ten hours would give a thousand copies as the result of one day. This expedition might, when required, be increased by stenography, in which the copyists were usually well versed. Indeed, abbreviations, understood by the readers as well as the writers, were very common, and it was only the most splendid editions that were written out in full. In the very process of transcribing, more persons became informed of the contents of a work than is the case by means of printing with us; for while we have only one or two persons in an office, the correctors of the press, becoming acquainted with the entire work in hand, with the ancients there would be thousands and tens of thousands of cultivated men, becoming, as copyists, acquainted with all the choice literature of the age.

The facility and expedition of the copyist's labor, the absence of any law of copyright, and the extensive demand, combined to render works very cheap, which again added to the circulation. Martial tells us that he could get his works bound in purple for five *denaria*, or about sixty-five cents. If we reflect upon the small number of books generally possessed by our poor poets, and yet learn that Perseus, who died young, had a library of seven hundred volumes, how many do we think that Pliny must have had, whose labors required the use of thousands of books? The grammarian, Epaphroditus, had, we are told, thirty thousand books, and Sammonius Severus had sixty thousand. Seneca speaks of a library which was so vast that the entire life of the possessor would hardly be sufficient to read through the catalogue. There were many great libraries at Rome, and also in the smaller towns of the empire. If we wonder where the time came from for any proportionate use of these extensive facilities for reading, we must remember the amount of leisure at the command of lettered and official people, as compared with the more active, busy public, and often political life led by the moderns. The Romans had most of their work done by slaves, and had more leisure as well as more money for books. The most intellectual and cultivated age of Rome, the Augustian, an age which produced more great men than any other the world has ever witnessed, was also an age when the institution of slavery was at its highest point of practical operation. The greatest poets, orators, statesmen, historians, philosophers, heroes and generals this world has ever seen, came out of the bosom of society that had, on an average, three slaves to one freeman.

The number of booksellers whose names have come down to us is another proof of the activity of the trade in ancient times. There were the brothers Sosius, for example, Horace's publishers, whose shop was in the Argiletum, near the temple of Vertumnus; Typho, the publisher of Martial and Quinetilian; Dorus, the publisher of the works of Livy and Cicero, in

the time of Nero. Atticus, a friend of Cicero, was a famous bookseller, who employed the whole body of his slaves in writing. In his workshop were collected, as in our modern printing-offices, all sorts of workmen, some engaged in preparing the paper and other materials, and in repairing the instruments; others in multiplying and correcting copies; others in skillfully rolling up the finished books, and completing them with covers, titles, and other customary ornaments. We could give a great number of famous publishers whose names have come down to us, all showing that the publishing business was among the most popular, if not profitable trades driven in the classic days of Greece and Rome.

The character of ancient books, as compared with the modern, must sometime be the subject of another article; our purpose, at present, being only to give a general idea of the works, and of the facility for acquiring knowledge enjoyed by the citizens of those early commonwealths, as viewed in contrast with our own time. In the number of those who rose to the dignity of authorship, those times certainly far excelled our own. We are in the habit of boasting of our age; but where are the authors of the present day for whose society we would quit the company, if we had it, of such names as Cicero, Pliny, Livy, Horace, Martial, Virgil, Juvenal, Lucian, Lucan, Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Anacreon, Sophocles, Epictetus, Aristophanes, and a hundred others, who, after the decay of two or three thousand years, are still the unexhausted fountains of wisdom, and the confessed models of the literary art? If we study eloquence, we must go back to Demosthenes. If we would form a style for history, we must study Tacitus, Pliny, Livy, and Thuycidides. If we want to accustom ourselves to habits of analysis and philosophy, our education is never finished without Plato, Aristotle, and Theophrastus. So there is no department of literature of which we do not find the great model in the works of classic antiquity.

LIFE'S HISTORY.

Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is the debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

—:o:—

LINES FOR AN INFANT'S TOMB-STONE.

The storm that breaks the winter sky,
No more disturbs his deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

SPOILS, BY A RECEIVER.

"And whisper whence they stole these balmy *spoils*."—MILTON.

NO. I.

This extract is from one of Milton's finest passages :

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

But he does not whisper whence *he* stole *that* balmy spoil—sweet Shakspeare. But then the most uncultivated boor, in expressing his own thoughts, might be accused of plagiarism, of stealing from Shakspeare, who forestalled all thought :

"That strain again, it hath a dying fall ;
O, it came o'er my ear like *the sweet South*
That breaks upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odor."

I have a right to inhale the fragrance that the *sweet South* steals and bears to me ; and as corresponding to that sense through which I became acquainted with perfumes, I have a faculty of soul through which I perceive the aroma of poetry ; I certainly have a right, nay, it is my duty, to inhale it. Though no poet myself, I love poetry. whether it comes to me like mingled perfume that "Titania breathed as she lay on the bank,

"Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and eglantine,"

so that I cannot tell whence it was borne to me, or whether gentle gales "whisper whence they stole those balmy spoils." But most of all I love to snuff the fragrance of that rare poetry on which are the cobwebs of age. It seems as though the rich and rare old time had been but just uncorked for me, it is just suited to my olfactories. To drop the figure, it touches my individuality as if it had been sent down through the ages to my individual soul ; as if my *little* soul had been the largest at which it was aimed, or the goal for which it was started.

That which is apparently most evanescent is sometimes the most lasting. "The enduring odor of musk is astonishing ; when Justinian, in 538, rebuilt what is now the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor. Thus it is with the odor of true poetry, whether it impregnates the solid masonry of prose, or is borne from the violet bank of verse.

Do you love poetry ? or rather have you *a perception of it, do you know it ?* If not, you have olfactories only for roast-beef, and the steam from the kitchen-range ; and the atmosphere freighted with nature's perfumes, sweeps by you unheeded. If you have

a perception of it, how is your life enriched ; for poetry is everywhere ; it pervades all space, and permeates all matter and spirit. Wherever there is a truth, scientific or mathematical, there is poetry. Beneath our feet, over our heads, in the mechanism of our bodies, and within our souls, there is poetry.

"In St. Agnus' Church (Rome) bas-reliefs turned face downwards, serve to pave a stair-case, no one troubling himself to ascertain what they may represent."

This glorious temple of ours is paved with bas-reliefs turned face *upwards*, and scarcely any one troubles himself to ascertain what they represent.

And its magnificent dome, through which sometimes, as through the dome of St. Peter's, the pure white light streams, and sometimes through stained panes more gorgeous than any through which enters the "dim religious light" of grand old cathedrals ; the great mass of humanity but look up to it to see if the day will be fair or foul, that they may plow, sow and reap, and continue their material existence. The "everlasting hills" are but barriers to their journeyings, and boundaries to their horizon. Night, with one hand flinging a pall over earth, with the other removing the veil from the face of the "sweet heavens," her office to them is to remind them that it is time to stop work and go to sleep ; or to awake them to revels and debauching,"

Stupid man ! think you that God has written poetry on the earth, in the heavens, everywhere, to be thus disregardad ? What idea can you form of Him ? What are your notions of Heaven ? And your Bible, one would think that you would prefer the "Shorter Catechism" to it.

There is the sublimest poetry in a mathematical truth—in its sweep into limitless space—in the immense advantage that it gives to the mind of man, enabling it to pass over regions, only winged through by Cherubim and Seraphim. There is something sublime in the immutability, and universality of application of every mathematical truth.

Poetry, whither shall we flee from its presence ? Where God is not, there alone is not Poetry.

NO. II.

"There are some opinions in which a man should stand neutral, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle on any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions, when the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither."

This sentiment is well enough for the "Aticus," who "damns with faint praise," whose full-length portrait Pope has drawn with a few masterly strokes; but it does not suit us. I am not one of those who pride themselves on being above "the errors and prepossessions" of the common herd; who can look on both sides, and give a preference to neither, unless their personal safety demand a decision. Any one of these on-the-fence men, were a mad bull after him, or a mad mob, would be able to decide as to which side it would be best to leap. I do not stop to consider which is the safer

side, but which is the right side. The arguments never to me "press equally on both sides;" the "two bundles of hay" are never exactly alike, and if they were, I am no *ass*, and could make an election. I can't attend a country debating society, in which such questions as this are discussed, "Who was the greater man, Washington or Columbus;" etc., etc., but in my own mind, I take sides? I can't see two men fighting in the streets, or even two dogs, but I take sides. I must confess I am not always strictly impartial; if it is *my dog* and another, I always side with *my dog*.

The truth is, we can't remain neutral in regard to most matters; for however indifferent to us they may seem, they some time in our life assume an importance to us or those around us, an importance in themselves, or in their connection—for nothing stands by itself—and, if we would not be crushed between contending parties, or trampled under foot, we must maintain an "*armed* neutrality," and then it will not be long before we will be engaged on one side or the other. I don't care how peaceable or cowardly you may be, or, to soften it after the manner of "Falstaff," how much of that "better part of valor," *discretion*, you may have; the safest way is to fight your way through this world. You must take blows if you do not give them; *neutral* you may be, and the missile intended for another may hit you. Better be a "Don Quixote" than a "Sancho Panza;" poor "Sancho" says: "I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one, yet, of all our mishaps, the greater part still falls to my share." Here I would make a remark, by way of caution; we may, from motives of interest or policy, be engaged on one side—like mercenary troops—till we imagine we are fighting for the right.

Every inquirer after truth must for a short time be neutral, but no sincere inquirer need long remain so. There will always be something to guide him into the right path. The savage of the western prairies has no compass; yet there is a plant whose leaves all point to the north to guide him; it is true he must intently examine the ground. He, too, has no Bible, but by looking well to his footsteps, he may, by a meandering path, reach the wished-for goal.

Neutrality is a bar to all self-improvement; a noble Christian character may be built on a sincere, fixed belief, though that belief may be a conglomerate of truth and error. But an unsettled faith, that neither receives nor rejects anything, why you may as well attempt to found a tower on a rocking-*stone*, as attempt to build a Christian character on such a faith. Neutrality is a great retarder of advancement in science. The mere amateur, who examines all opinions, adopting none, makes no new discoveries. It is better to adopt or form an incorrect opinion than none at all; *chimeras* have been serviceable to the world; "It is," says Comte, "to the chimeras of astrology and alchemy, that we owe the long series of observations and experiments on which our positive science is based."

The man who adopts for his motto that of the no-party newspaper, "neutral in Politics and Religion," must be but a shallow or cowardly thinker. There are some general principles he must receive; perhaps he is biased in his

choice of these by prejudice, education, or mental constitution, an inevitable consequence of which principles are others which a logical mind must accept. I confess I am an extremest ; I am not afraid to follow any principle I receive to its logical consequences. I cannot select, here and there, what pleases me, as an article of faith, rejecting all that shocks my prejudices, or is counter to my inclinations, any more than having proved the first proposition of Euclid, I can reject others depending on it. I am very careful what I receive as an *axiom* on which to found my first proposition. * * * "Neutral in politics ;" you wish no office ; why should you trouble yourself about politics ? Yet you call yourself a *patriot ;* have a sort of Fourth of July patriotism, that vents itself in boastings of "the best Government the world ever saw," etc., etc. You are a no-party man ; yet the parties are based on entirely different principles. The collision of these principles has nearly wrecked your much-loved country ; its best-settled institutions have tottered to their base ; *its fate is not yet decided.* If, as certainly is true "ideas govern the world or throw it into chaos ; all social mechanism rests on opinion :" how can you be neutral in politics ? There has been the "bridal dawn of thunder-peals" as "thought wedded fact," and yet *you* are "neutral in politics." Such as you have ever been the worst enemies of freedom. Neutral while the Rulers took the *little* step aside from the Law and the Constitution, which, by the ever-widening divergence of precedent after precedent, resulted in *despotism.* Neutural while gradually enormous burdens were fastened on the people. You are the men of whom tyrants have no fear. "Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look. *He* thinks too much ; *such* men are dangerous."

"Neutral in religion." The men who are neutral in religion are often fanatics in politics. Whatever may be the religious opinions, or private morals of a man, if he adopts their *one idea* he is a saint ; *if he rides their hobby, he can't ride to the devil.*

Neutral in religion ! as the great founder of our religion cried, "It is finished ;" the earth shook, the veil of of the Temple was rent in twain, the dead arose ; yet *you* are neutral. When He came into this world, the poor babe in the manger, a star moved with stately step over the heavenly plain and stood over His cradle, that the "wise men of the East," *wiser than you,* might know where he lay, yet *you* are neutral.

The truth is, there are men who haven't soul enough to be anything but neutral. They will hear the mother that bore them slandered, and not resent it. They will stand by while the friend, that has stuck closer to them than a brother, is maligned ; and they "don't want to mix themselves up with other men's quarrels." This neutrality is the most contemptible cowardice, and those professing it will never be obliged to wear a *mask* as did Roelk van Deest, to hide the scars received in the face in battling for the right. A mask many of them wear ; but it is of the kind mentioned by Shakspeare ; they hide their visage "*in smiles and affability.*"

OBITUARY OF A SOUTHERN HOME.

On the line of railroad leading from Charleston to Savannah, some twenty miles from the first-named city, the eye of the traveler, wearied with the monotonous scenery, the everlasting pine forest and unsightly station-houses, rested with satisfaction upon the pleasant view there presented of a southern planter's homestead, the fence of delicate tracery, enclosing without concealing the picture within. The majestic oaks, whose interlacing boughs formed a grand archway to the picturesque house, with its white columns and green lattices. The soft verdure ever present on either side. The tall magnolias standing like sentinels. The smiling, peaceful beauty of the whole scene, charmed and elicited the admiration of every passer by—the rude, rough man, alike with the traveler of fastidious taste; and, in truth, it was a goodly sight, a pleasant, happy homestead, where for generations a family had lived enjoying their own "vine and fig tree." The dwelling was seated in a garden, which flung its fragrance prodigally around, and in the balmy spring-time, one inhaled there the very essence of flowers; from the veranda, at the back upon which clambered the yellow jesamine, woodbine and rose, you stepped into a quaint, terraced garden, staid, stately, and eighty years old, where orange and cedar hedges, holly and cassina walks lead to a fresh pond with a green islet crowned with honey-suckles in its centre, and where delicious trout and bream did sport, furnishing sport to the skillful angler. Looking back, there was the kitchen with its capacious chimney, where, according to tradition, the ox was roasted whole in the good old colonial times, in the days of Queen Charlotte, of blessed memory! when the people believed in their Government and were happy! Now, despite the many dinners cooked therein, there was no savors of roast beef about the kitchen, and modern ideas were not shocked by the immensity of the chimney; ivy and other creepers covered it, whilst roses peeped out from the summit—taste having converted it into a flower-stand. On one side of the dwelling, walks lead to a summer-house, on the other to a billiard-room, seated also in a garden, with fanciful, graceful beds and winding paths, taking you to an orchard, which in bloom, lent a glow to the whole landscape. Such as I have attempted to picture it was this home in February, 1865. The inmates, ladies and little children, warned to leave by the approaching evacuation of the line of railroad and the city of Charleston, postponed and lingered as long as possible. The sound of cannon had become familiar to their ears and brought no terror with it. The rattling of the window sashes might startle them from their midnight slumber for a moment, but for a moment only, for there "men in grey" were between them and the foe. Poor fellows! Hungry and cold often, but staunch and true! Now, they passed and repassed on that road, rushing by with loud cheers to the fight, hundreds

to meet thousands, one day at Pocotaligo, the next on James Island! At last the fiat had gone forth. The road could no longer be held. Sherman with his host, a hundred thousand strong, was fast hemming in Charleston, and the city and country so long and so gallantly held must be yielded. Happy homes were left with aching hearts, the dwellers therein going out houseless refugees, some to friends and comfort, others to coldness and bitter, biting want! History will tell of the evacuation of Charleston and the entrance of the "Union Army," but history may not tell of the sacking and burning of the unresisting surrounding country. Charleston, the coveted prize, was in their hands. New England smiled, and roasted in imagination, as she once did witches in reality, the guilty inhabitants. Was it a New Englander (let us hope it was) who led the destroying army, which traveled so leisurely the week after the evacuation, seeking out the pleasant places, and doing the "Union cause" such goodly service, endearing it to the hearts of many, aye, burning it into their memories? With this mongrel command of whites and blacks, he visited the homestead I have described? he entered that grand old avenue, and was met by the servant in charge, who plead for his mistresses home, but plead in vain. She had left before his army; had she remained to meet it her home would have been safe. The Colonel said she had left, rather than endure the ignominy of receiving, perchance pleading the mercy and protection of her own runaway slaves, dressed in the Federal uniform. (A lady friend, the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, remained at her home in the neighborhood, and met this gallant army. They gave her fifteen minutes notice, and burnt her house with all it contained!) In the British revolution this homestead was occupied, it is true, by the grandmother of the owner, but British officers protected her, and the country was not given up, as in this case, to bands of savage black guerrillas in the harvest of destruction! Col. —— was not insensible to beauty; he selected this place as his head-quarters, and sent out from hence, squads to and fro, to seek out what they might take and what destroy. He entered the house, sat in the old hall, and looked out upon the giant oaks and the budding spring; sat where for more tan a century had sat, the wise and good, the learned, the witty, the pure and beautiful! Poor old hall! if aught inanimate could speak, thou wouldst have spoken then, and tried to touch the soul of that invader of women's homes; but voice there was none, to reach that impenetrable region, and the aristocratic homes of the slave-holders must perish with the institution—Massachusetts willed it!

Calmly and beautifully the sun arose on that February morning, but the lurid flame and smoke from twenty burning buildings hid his beams from these workers in the holy Union cause, who sat in the avenue enjoying the scene the fire burnt too quickly. They cast in their chairs to feed the dying embers, mounted their horses and left for other triumphs!

The railroad is being rebuilt, and the traveler looking out for the well-remembered spot, sees a fenceless, tangled, overgrown, deserted place, crumbling walls and stacks of chim-

neys, where owls hoot and bats flap their wings. This is all that remains of the pleasant homestead. Memory alone can recall it, and the tale of its wanton destruction will be told by the lisping boy of to-day, to his children's children!

CAROLINA.

STEELE'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE amiable qualities of Sir Richard Steele were universally acknowledged by his cotemporaries; yet they failed to procure him that greatest of all personal enjoyments—comfort at home. He had for his wife (his second wife) a lady difficult to please, or rather, whom there was no pleasing; beautiful yet cold, proud of his devotedness to her service, yet without that tender consideration for his happiness, which respect for his genius ought to and real affection for him would have inspired. She appears to have been of that sort of wives who love for their own sakes alone, and who can be very angels as long as every thing is heavenly around them, but who are no sooner touched by the shafts of adversity, than they become angry with their lot, and, instead of dividing griefs with their husbands, which Cicero takes to be the quintessence of connubial friendship, grow as angry with them as if it were in their power to ordain them a life of perpetual sunshine. What a helpmate for a man of such variable fortunes as Steele! alternately the most flourishing and the most needy of men, now rolling in abundance, and the next day paying with a pamphlet for his tavern score! Steele strove not however with his destiny, and submitted to become what is vulgarly called a very hen-pecked husband. The following specimens of the sort of letters which he was in the habit of dispatching to his imperious beauty, whenever business or pleasure detained him from home, must induce at once pity for the writer, and admiration of that genius which could give so much grace to so contemptible a thraldom:

Oct. 16th, 1707.

DEAREST BEING ON EARTH:

Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock; having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which immediately concern your obedient husband,

RICHARD STEELE.

Dec. 8th, 1707.

DEAR RULER:

I cannot wait upon you to-day at Hampton Court. I have the West Indian business on my hands,* and find very much to be done before Thursday's post. I shall dine at our table at court, where the bearer knows how to come to me with any orders for your obedient husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE.

Dec. 22d, 1707.

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE:

I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, been obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

* The plantation in Barbadoes, left to Steele by his first wife.

DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE-BAR,
Jan. 3*d*, 1707–8.

DEAR PRUE:

I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish after your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband,
RICH. STEELE.

Send me word you have received this.

ELEVEN AT NIGHT,
Jan. 5*th*, 1707–8.

DEAR PRUE:

I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since, meeting me as he came from Mr. Lambert's *I will come within a pint of wine.*

We drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant,

RICH. STEELE.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE, *May* 19*th*, 1708, Eleven o'clock.

DEAR PRUE:

I desire of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best perriwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well-dressed and in agreeable company. You are vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

ST. JAMES'S, GENTLEMEN USHERS' TABLE, *May* 24*th*, 1708.

MY DEAR PRUE:

I cannot dine at home, but am in haste to speak with one about business of moment. Dear Prue, be cheerful, for I am in pursuit of what will be good news to you.

I am, your most affectionate, obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Think of going with me this afternoon.

DEAR PRUE:

I shall be at the office exactly at seven, in hopes of seeing the beautifulest object that can present itself to my eyes—your fair self. Pray be well dressed.

Your obedient servant, and affectionate husband,

RICH. STEELE.

We shall stay in town.

June 5*th*, 1708.

DEAR PRUE:

What you would have me do, I know not. All that my fortune will compass you shall always enjoy, and have nobody near you that you do not like, except I am myself disapproved by you, for being devotedly your obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

I shall not come home till night.

August 28*th*, 1708.

DEAR PRUE:

The afternoon coach shall bring you £10. Your letters show you are passionately in love with me: but we must take our portion of life as it runs without repining; and I consider, that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make a happiness too great for human life.

Your most obliged husband and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

August 30*th*, 1708.

DEAR PRUE:

I sent £10 by the afternoon coach of Saturday, and hope you received it safe. The manner in which you write to me, might, perhaps, to another, look like neglect and want of love; but I will not understand it so, and take it to be only the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear my absence without disdain.

I hope we shall never be so long asunder more, for it is not in your power to make me otherwise than your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

What a peep these brief notes give us into the domestic life of one of the greatest ornaments of English literature in the last century!

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

The portrait we give of Gen. Hampton in this number of *The Old Guard*, is pronounced excellent, by those who have the pleasure to know him. Gen. Hampton is a native of South Carolina, and his name is one of the most ancient and honored in the history of that State. His grandfather, Gen. Wade Hampton, was a gallant officer in the Revolution which gained our independence, and was one of the most eminent and respected citizens of South Carolina, in those days. His father, Col. Wade Hampton, was a distinguished officer in the war of 1812. He was an aid-de-camp to Gen. Jackson at the memorable battle of New Orleans. The present Gen. Wade Hampton is a worthy descendant of this patriotic Revolutionary stock. Before the war, he was considered one of the wealthiest men in the State of South Carolina. As a man and a citizen none stood above him in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He had served with distinction in both branches of the Legislature of his State. All his surroundings were those of a gentleman of culture and honor. His first wife was a daughter of General F. P. Preston, of Virgina, and after the death of this most estimable and beautiful lady, he married a daughter of the celebrated Gov. McDuffie, of South Carolina. He owned the greatest number of negroes of any gentleman in the State, and was distinguished as the most humane and indulgent of men in the management of his servants.

When the tidings of the invasion of Virginia by the Abolition army reached him, he instantly raised a legion of six companies of infantry, and marched forth as their Colonel to meet the invaders. So suddenly did he get his legion in the field, that he was present and bore a gallant part in the first battle of Manassas or Bull Run. His horse was shot dead under him, and he was severely wounded in the head, after fighting some time on foot with a rifle. In nearly all the battles of the Peninsula, Gen. Hampton was ever among the first in the fight. At the battle of Seven Pines, he lost, in killed and wounded, more than half of his command, and he was himself again severely wounded. After the terrible battle of Gaines' Mill, where he performed miracles of valor, he was promoted to Brigadier General of Cavalry, and was afterwards with Gen. Stuart in all his memorable deeds of daring.

While the Confederate army occupied Chambersburg, Gen. Hampton was appointed military governor, and to this day, the candid inhabitants of that place admit that they suffered a hundred fold less from the presence of the Confederates than they afterwards did while their places were occupied by the so-called Union army. At the battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Hampton was three times wounded so badly that he had some for time to be absent from his command. For his many brave deeds, he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General. Gen. Hampton's residence at Columbia, South Carolina, was known both in Europe and America as the abode of splendid hospitality, and as one of the most superb residences in the United States. But this splendid abode of hospitality, refinement, luxury and art, was burnt to ashes by Sherman's marauding and plundering army.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. A Critical History of Operations in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, from the commencement to the close of the War, 1861–5. By William Swinton. New York: Charles B. Richardson. 1866.

The author of this book was the war correspondent of the New York *Daily Times*, and was, we believe, considered the ablest of all the army correspondents of the North. His letters attracted attention, not only for the ability with which they were written, but also for their apparent candor and fairness. The greater part of the materials for this history were gathered by the author's own hand, out of the battles as they occurred. But the pages show that he has since fortified himself by interviews with many of the Confederate commanders, and has obtained from them statements of their own plans in most of the great battles. With the exception of occasional praise bestowed upon such a worthless stick of humanity as Gen. Wadsworth, the book appears to be entirely free of everything like sectional partiality and favoriteism. It is the first and only complete history of the Army of the Potomac. It can never have a rival, because none is needed, and because no better book on the subject can be written.

Mr. Swinton does not attempt to hide Gen. Grant's entire lack of nearly all the qualities of a great general. Strategy and maneuvering in battles, Grant wholly ignores, relying simply upon mere brute momentum—a thing that may do where a general has an army six or seven times larger than the enemy, and where no value is set upon human life. But that is not generalship. Speaking of Grant's defeat at the battle of the Wilderness, our author says: "He made little account of those acts that accomplish results by the direction and combination of forces; for at this period he avowedly despised maneuvering. His reliance was exclusively on the application of brute masses, in rapid and remorseless blows, or, as he himself phrased it, in 'hammering continuously.'" This language sounds a good deal more like a blacksmith than like a general. In commenting on this phrase, Mr. Swinton says: "It now appeared, however, that the hammer would, itself, break on the anvil." In a note he says: "Shortly before the opening of the Rapidan campaign, Gen. Meade, in a conversation with the Lieutenant-General, was telling him that he proposed to 'maneuver' thus and so; whereupon Gen. Grant stopped him at the word 'maneuver,' and and said, '*Oh, I never maneuver.*'" Our author well adds, "The battle of the Wilderness can hardly be understood, save as the act of a commander who 'never maneuvered.'" When Gen. Grant commanded the army before Vicksburg, and after he had hurled many thousands of brave soldiers to a perfectly useless death, Gen. McPherson spoke of the importance of a little strategy, to which suggestion Grant replied, "*O, strategy be damned!*" But the want of it will hopelessly damn Gen. Grants' military fame. A great butcher of men is far enough removed from the just fame of a great general. Suppose the maneuvering Lee had possessed an army of one-half as large as that of the North, what would have become of the no-maneuvering Grant?

LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, (Stonewall Jackson). By Prof. R. L. Dabney, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. Illustrated with steel Portrait and eleven Diagrams. New York: Blelock & Co. 1866.

One thing which will attract attention to this life of Stonewall Jackson beyond all other histories of the great hero, is the fact that it was undertaken at the request of his widow and family. It is, so to speak, the official life of Stonewall Jackson, and we believe that a certain share of the profits on the sale of the work enure to the benefit of his family. The eminent author of the volume was also chief of Gen. Jackson's staff, and therefore had, in his own personal experience and knowledge, materials for his task, which no one else possessed. These

materials, we are constrained to say, have been worked up with most scrupulous pains and fidelity, and with remarkable ability. It is a book of over seven hundred pages, and will be received as a complete and faithful history of the immortal *Stonewall Jackson.*

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE ENGLISH INVASION. By the Rev. Geoffrey Keating, D.D. Translated from the Original Gælic, and copiously annotated, by John O'Mahony. With map showing the Location of the Ancient Clans, and a Topographical Appendix. New York: James B. Kirker. 1866.

The learned Geoffrey Keating wrote his history of Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century. It has always been regarded by Irish scholars as an invaluable treasury of the early events of Irish history, but being written in the old Gælic tongue, it was an entirely sealed treasure to all the world except the few Irish scholars. We believe that nothing worthy of the name of a full translation of Keating's history has before been attempted, or if there has, we are not aware of it. Nor is it within our means to speak of the correctness of this translation, further than to say that it appears to be done with as good English as the vast number of frightful jaw-twisting name will possibly allow. Mr. O'Mahony's annotations, which are very copious, contain a vast amount of Irish learning and of historical matter of great general interest. We consider the volume a valuable addition to our own library; if we were an Irishman we should not know how to be an Irishman without it.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS. By George H. Moore, Librarian to the New York Historical Society, and Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

As we intend some time to make this work the subject of an article in *The Old Guard*, we will only say here, that the author has made an interesting and valuable contribution to a period and a corner of our history, which was, before, somewhat vague and shadowy. It clearly reveals the fact, that the pious Puritans used to give away little negroes as they did "puppies when they were weaned."

ROEBUCK. A Novel. New York: M. Doolady. 1866.

If any man or woman can read this book without being painfully impressed with the crime and the barbarity of the Black Republican war, they must be destitute of both sense and feeling. Whoever the author may be, he is a statesman and scholar of no ordinary ability. Indeed the work is measured at its lowest value when it is called a novel. Great political and social truths are so interwoven with the thread of startling and thrilling incidents, that the reader is constantly impressed with sentiments of the highest patriotism, and with the profoundest principles of political economy. It is at once a very thrilling and a very useful work. Col. Fairfax is a truthful type of a southern gentleman, as Mrs. Palmer is of the angular, pedantic and cold-blooded female Puritan.

THE WAR, ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, By C. C. S. Farrar, of Bolivar County, Mississippi. New York: Blelock & Co. 1864.

There are some things to commend in this book, but much more to condemn. It is written with considerable ability, but its principles are entirely un-American. The author was at least a monarchist. He attributes all our misfortunes to a radical imperfection in our form of Government. He had no confidence in what we understand by free Government in this country, a frame of mind he was brought into by contemplating the fate of our own country in the light of our own experiences rather than by the light of history. If he refers to the Republic of Venice, he sees nothing but its fall. He fails to remember, that that Republic lasted, without a revolution, *twelve hundred years.* What monarchy ever survived in peace so long? The fact (which *is* a fact,) that Republics have generally existed longer in a state of peace than monarchies, upsets the whole foundation of our author's objection to this free system of Government. The truth is, that he has far more ability than reading, He reasons well on given premises, but his premises are not always, perhaps not generally, formed by the aid of carefully studied history. He smarts at what he feels and sees in the present movement, and hastily condemns the whole *system*, rather than

patiently hunting to find the source of its *abuses*. By the same rule he would also condemn monarchy in all its shapes, should he happen to live under one in a time of convulsion. So he would have to go on, in turn, rejecting all forms of government known to mankind.

Belle Boyd in Prison. Written by Herself. With an Introduction, by George Augusta Sala. New York: Blelock & Co. 1866.

When the afflicted Job exclaimed, "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" he certainly could not have meant it in the sense that "Belle Boyd" has paid off her enemies in the service of the late Abraham Lincoln. She has given a plain and unaffected narration of her treatment while in the hands of the Black Republican officials, which will be read with amazement and indignation long after her brutal and indecent persecutors have been devoured by worms. But "Belle Boyd" rather laughs than scolds, at the grammar-torturing, sense-defying and generally drunken vagabonds, who were the jailors under Lincoln's rule. Her book is exceedingly interesting, and will be useful in preserving a record of the desperation and the brutality of Black Republican rule.

Faith and Fancy. By John Savage. New York: James B. Kirker, 599 Broadway. 1864.

Eva. A Goblin Romance, in Five Parts. By John Savage. New York: James Kirker. 1865.

Sybil. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By John Savage. New York: James Kirker. 1865.

Mr. Savage is a man of sense and feeling, and, if not great, is certainly more than respectable as a poet. His imagery is always warm, and his versification generally correct. He has the very great merit also of being *himself*, without perpetually striving to be somebody else. While some of the peculiarities of Tennyson have turned the brains of several of our American poetasters, Mr. Savage seems to have modestly but tenaciously contented himself with his own muse.

The first of these volumes is marred with a number of poems on the war, which are far behind the rest of the book in poetical merits. Mr. Savage is an Irishman; and none but a bitter and implacable Puritan can write poetry in praise of this most wicked and abominable of all wars. His poems of greatest merit are those which touch upon the history, the scenery, and the legends of Ireland. Some of these are exceedingly sweet and tender.

The New Gospel of Peace According to St. Benjamin. Book Fourth and Last. New York: The American News Company.

This is the rinsings of a pot that was nothing but *emptyings* in the first place. It has, however, one merit above its three predecessors—it is the "*last*" at least, so the author promises.

De Vane. A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, Ex-Member of United States House of Representative from Alabama. Two volumes in one. New York: Blelock & Co. 1865.

If this is not a work of first-class merit, it certainly is one which will be read with interest and profit. Its sentiments are of the purest and loftiest character; and although nearly all the characters are profoundly religious—some of them we think quite unnaturally so, when in the attitude of receiving or declaring love—yet never do they fall into the ways of either bigotry or superstition, nor weary with the cant of monotonous piety. All the characters are excellent, and most of them are splendid, but their excellence and their splendor come not so much of acts of their own, as from the extraordinary praise bestowed upon their mental and moral qualities. They are rather paintings of excellent people, than the living, glowing, busy people themselves. You are compelled to admire what you hear of them, rather than startled and thrilled with what you see them doing. They are all preachers of very excellent doctrines, all persons of great culture, of the most charming social refinement, and the sweetness of their nature will often start delicious tears to the eyes, but never is the reader aroused by anything more than a feeling of tenderness and generous approval. It is also a picture of the best religious society of the South, and gives an excellent contrast to the cold, sharp and angular nature of the same kind of society in the North.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—We cheerfully comply with the request contained in the following note :

BETHEL, KENTUCKY,
May 11th, 1866.

C. CHAUNCEY BURR, Esq. :

DEAR SIR : I have just been reading a short paragraph in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of the 10th inst., commenting on a letter from Richmond, Virginia, to the *South and West*, a State Rights Democratic paper of that city ; the letter says : "We propose to sustain Andrew Johnson's Administration, and at the end of his term, if he declines a re-election, we propose to concentrate our strength on a western Democrat for President, and on C. Chauncey Burr, for Vice-President." And among other mean things, the *Commercial* calls you an ultra Know-Nothing, while it paid.

Now, Mr. Burr, please inform me through *The Old Guard*, whether or not this accusation is correct. I am an attentive reader of *The Old Guard*, and a firm believer in its principles, and have since I have been a subscriber for it, considered you as a Democrat undefiled and unadulterated, heretofore, as now with the damnable heresies of Know-Nothingism, Puritanism, or any other ism, contrary to the laws of right and justice.

A few words from you on this subject, would be gratefully received by me.

Very respectfully,

JAMES S. CASSIDY.

We answer that we never were a *Know-Nothing*—never in word, thought or deed, had any fellowship with the proscriptive anti-Catholic tenets of what was known as Know-Nothingism. But in common with what was denounced as the pro-slavery Democracy of New York, we, in 1855, did advocate the election of a State ticket made up of Hardshell Democrats and Old Line Whigs—Democrats who refused to follow the Van Burenized Democracy into the sloughs of Abolitionism, and Whigs who refused to follow Seward and Greeley, into the negro cess-pool. After the Democratic State Convention had made a State ticket of the bitterest of Free-soilers and Abolitionists, we refused to support it. We wrote to several leading members of the "American Party," as it was then called, that if they would put on their State ticket certain "Hardshell Democrats," whose names we gave, and make up the rest of their ticket with well-known Old Line Whigs who were openly opposed to every shade of Abolitionism, we would support such a ticket. This suggestion was fully adopted. It was the first time in several years that a perfectly clean anti-Abolition ticket was presented for the suffrages of the people of New York. It was elected. And the election was brought about by the fusion of all the *unabolitionized* Old Line Whigs, and all the anti-Abolition Democrats of the State. It was the first time in many years that a pure white man's party had been in power in that State. It was a fair fight between the political white men and the political negroes of the State. The ticket was denounced both by the Republican party and the Van Buren Democracy, as the "Pro-slavery party." After this anti-Abolition ticket was elected, our name was mentioned in the press of the State in connection with the office of Assistant Secretary of State. But to set the matter to rest, we published a card in the New York *Herald*, just before the meeting of the Legislature, stating that the part we had taken in the election was solely for the purpose of overthrowing the Abolition clans, and positively asserting that there was "no office within the gift of the newly elected State Board, which we would accept." In the first speech we made during that campaign, which was published in *The Nation* Magazine for September, 1855, we clearly defined our position in such sentences as the following :

"We cannot shut our eyes to the alarming fact that northern animosity towards the South was never so deep, so general, and so determined in its guilty purposes as now. And what political organization in the North can be relied upon to resist this dangerous fanaticism ?"

We proceeded to show that unless the "Hardshell Democracy" and the Old Line

Whigs, who had refused to be Abolitionized, could unite and form a victorious party, we saw no hope for our country. Again we said:

"In the ranks of the northern Democratic party as now disorganized by Van Burenism, there are not ten men holding office in the whole North who are not fanatical adherents of the maxim—*no more slave territory*."

In exposing and denouncing the folly of any such idea as political warfare upon the Catholic Church, we said:

"The right of every religious sect to the free and uninterrupted enjoyment of its worship, is a sacred guarantee of the American Constitution, and it is one which cannot be violated without wounding the very heart of American liberty. It cannot be forgotten that the so-called American party was suddenly broken down and swept out of existence in 1844, by being made responsible, in the public mind, for the burning of Catholic Churches, and for a spirit of mob-violence, which everywhere assailed the foreigner and the adopted citizen. It is needless to say that such conduct is un-American; it is the worst kind of foreignism—it is orangeism let loose and raging like a foul devil on American soil."

Such was the drift and spirit of all our speeches during that campaign. Our object was to effect a union of all the anti-Abolition elements of the North. We foresaw the terrible storm that has since come, and our simple aim was to build up, here in the North, a party of brave, patriotic, and unfaltering men who would stand by the sacred principle of Democracy and self-government when all other parties should unite in a criminal strike for its overthrow. It is certainly not our fault that the patriotic plan failed. Born in Maine, we inherited all the ignorance and prejudice of New England on the subject of negro "slavery." But in 1849, when a young man, we traveled extensively through the South, and saw with a glance that "slavery," as it there existed, was the happiest and best possible thing for the negro as well as for the white people who have a large population of negroes in their midst—that it was indeed the only thing for the best good of both races. From that time to the present moment we have combatted Abolitionism in every shape which it has assumed. We have fought it, unsparingly, for almost twenty years, and we shall fight it for twenty years to come, if we live so long. During the Pierce administration, we were the editor and proprietor of the New York *Daily National Democrat*, now the *Daily News*, in which we never gave Abolitionism, or its bastard Freesoilism, a single half hour's rest, so far as our circulation went. When the Abolition war commenced we started *The Old Guard*, to combat its most ous crime against liberty and justice.

Every hour of our manhood has been devoted to a warfare upon all the proscriptive and revolutionary *isms* which have from time to time afflicted our country. But it is not our custom to make any reply to the personal assaults of the Black Republican newspapers. Their *lying* fecundity is so great, that a man might as well attempt to silence the *grunts* of all the devil-possessed swine of old *Gadarea*. We depart from our usual course in this instance, solely for the gratification of our friends. We are a candidate for no office, except to remain here faithfully at our post, as commander of *The Old Guard*. The real battle between the negro party and the white man's party, we look upon as having but just commenced. It is a question of the future whether the United States are to be Jamaicaized, Hayti zed and mongrelized, or whether they shall remain free, sovereign and independent governments, in the hands of the white race. That is the fight of the future. Whether it is to be a government of white men, or a mongel government of negroes and white men.

—The New York *Tribune*, in criticising a model for a monument to Lincoln, finds fault because the design is too military, thus: "to make his monument *all* military and warlike—the monument of this tender-hearted, pitiful, Christ-like soul." Yes, he was indeed, as tender-hearted as Attila the Hun, as pitiful as Nero the city-burner, as Christ-like as Satan the destroyer of men. He cracked his obscene jokes at the tidings of merciless slaughter, and called for the singing of ribald negro songs over the graves of ten thousand soldiers, who were dragged into the jaws of death at his command! It is a shame to human nature that such language as we have quoted above should be affixed to such a creature as Lincoln. You had but to look into his face, where the fiend glared in every feature, to know the vile pro-

perties of his soul. The *Tribune* thinks "His axe was the best emblem—he was a pioneer to hew out a way for peace." Excellent! the *axe* is such an emblem of *peace!* that is, of course, of Black Republican peace. But then there is another reason why Lincoln's monument should have an *axe*, and that is, that it is the emblem of the profession a *rail-splitter*, for efficiency in which it is hoped the indecent jester was not unjustly praised. For if he was not a good rail-splitter, we know of nothing in his life really deserving of commendation. A gentleman may respect a good rail-splitter, but no gentleman, and no man of honor can respect the public career of Abraham Lincoln. He was *criminal* in everything wherein he was not *foölish*. A monument to such a man would be a burlesque upon fame. It would at least stand in history only a few steps in advance of others, raised to snakes and crocodiles. A monument to Lincoln would be an insult to any community. It is not likely that public opinion anywhere except, in Boston and a few other New England cities, would allow such a thing long to stand without defacement? We may be mistaken, but we do not believe that it would.

—The following letter shows how a brave man may feel hampered with the iron bands of this Abolitionist's "New American Nation."

ELLTON, TODD CO., KY., *April 15th*, 1866.

C. CHAUNCEY BURR :—*Dum loquimur tempus fugit.* I take my pen to thank you for the noble work you are doing with the *Old Guard*. It rings right! It is the cut and thrust of the most powerful Damascus blade. "Il est le a l'on trance." You are a public benefactor, and I pray God-speed you in your *Guard* and missionary work. Cry aloud and spare not the Abolition scoundrels in their demon work to enslave their kind! to convert the Government from one of *consent* to one of *force*. They have made a hell of an Eden, and now seek further to confound confusion. The press, South, cannot yet speak. Garrisons overawe, Bureaus oppress, and hired dogs—Abolition dogs—do the work of espionage, and threaten honest men with chains and gives. Our watchmen are hushed; and they eagerly turn to the *Old Guard*, for an attorney to plead the cause of justice and constitutional rights. Your name is becoming a household word; for you are a friend in a great political extremity."

J* E**K.

—A Washington letter-writer describes Gen. Sherman as "a man of great intellect and the most burning enthusiasm." He certainly did show a wonderful *burning* enthusiasm, in his vandal march through the southern towns and cities.

—A friend, who is by no means wanting in scholarship, quotes the following line from Horace :

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

But we very much doubt if any such line occurs in Horace. There is something like it in Cicero's oration on the poet Archias, at least a similar idea is there.

—The London *Times* says, "The American people in the eastern States, at least, sympathize with the President." We are very glad to get such a pleasant piece of news even by the round-about way of London. We hope it will turn out true, though by the latest intelligence known in this country, the opposition to the President is chiefly confined to "the people of the eastern States."

—A radical member of Congress, in a speech violently abusing Alexander H. Stephens, expresses the greatest sympathy for "poor Probst," the murderer. We should think that a man who acknowledges sympathy for Probst, would actually hate such a man as Alexander H. Stevens.

—Sumner, the most void of sense of all the foolish malignants of the United States Senate, has invented substitutes for the words union and disunion, viz. : "*inclusion*" and "exclusion." Disunionists like himself are, in his new dictionary, *exclusionists*, while unionists like the President, are *inclusionists*. The miserable demagogue dislikes the name of disunionist, but *exclusionist* he can stand, though it means precisely the same thing. Pole-cat may be thought by some a softer name than skunk, but the animal is the same, whatever name it bears. So the three words, Sumner, disunionist, and exclusionist, all mean precisely the same thing.

—A southern exchange asks, "when or where did Ben. Butler ever shed blood?" Perhaps at no time, and no where. His mission is not to *fight* but to *steal*. But few thieves were ever more *loyal* to their profes-

sion than he; and few have been a better exemplification of "*loyalty*" as understood in the United States since the opening of the "*new nation.*"

—The following is a translation of an epigram by Voltaire, on the phrase "Killing Time." Time is supposed to speak:

> There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
> So well, as in their boast of killing me:
> I boast of nothing, but when I've a mind,
> I think I can be even with mankind."

—A Democratic cotemporary abuses a Black Republican neighbor for calling Thad. Stevens "a great prop in the country." There may be something in it, for Milton calls Beelzebub:

> "A pillar of the state———."

We think there is nothing out of the way in conceiving Thad Stevens one of the chief "props" of Beelzebub's kingdom.

—A believing and rejoicing radical of Congress says, "we shall yet show the copperheads that we have found the secret of using both hands in the art of governing." What is that—to get both hands into the treasury at once? Or is it to corrupt the people with one hand, and fleece them with the other! This is rather an old secret, for it has been practiced by tyrants and scoundrels in all ages of the world.

—A cotemporary says, he has no word to express his "contempt of the mean wretch, who is willing to accept *half a loaf* of liberty." We should call him a mean *loafer.*

—Some body has asked, "What is the difference between the *Nave* of a Church and the *Knaves* in a Church?" Why, we should say there is no great difference, that the politico-religious knaves in the Church, constitute with the nave of the Church, *the principal body of the house.*

—The Fenian *fiasco* in Canada is a melancholy thing to think upon. It looks as though it was an affair extemporized by the true leaders, who have collected an immense amount of money from honest and hard working Irishmen and women, for the purpose of showing how some of the money went. None can tell how much, or how little. Suppose only one-half of what has been collected, has been expended in this wretched and inevitable failure, the other half will be a rich haul for those who finger it. There is little doubt, we think, that Killian's ridiculous fuss at Eastport, was designed to make a show of using the money given by the poor Irish. It was a transparent trick on the part of Killian. This Sweeney affair looks like another of the same nature. It seems that Gen. Sweeny did not accompany his expedition. He was safe enough, out of reach, while his honest dupes were sent into the jaws of destruction. We have a profound respect and admiration for the Irishman's love of his country and for his desire to be revenged upon England for its long and abominable despotism. Nothing can be more beautiful than to witness the enthusiasm with which hard-working Irish laborers and servant girls give away their all for old Ireland; and nothing can be more heart-sickening than to witness the way they are cheated by cunning knaves who fatten on their substance. That the great body of Fenians are profoundly honest and in earnest none dispute. The leaders—not the heads of circles—but the few who handle all the funds—it strikes us, are in a very bad position in the eyes of their own countrymen. We have never had any confidence in the Fenian leaders who have used their influence to rope the honest Irish masses into the Abolition war of conquest and plunder. The object of the Abolition war was to create on this continent a worse and more cursed despotism than England inflicted upon Ireland. Irishmen who really loved the great cause of liberty, did not try to drag their countrymen out to make a crusade against liberty.

—Horace Greeley says in the *Tribune,* June 4th: "When President Lincoln, on the surrender of Fort Sumter, called 75,000 men to arms, there was not the shadow of a statue to justify his demand. Down to the meeting of Congress in July, he scarcely did a Constitutional act." For saying just that, we were threatened with hanging at the time Lincoln committed his illegal deeds. The penalty of Lincoln's crime in thus over-riding the Constitution was *death,* had he been legally tried by the authorities he made war upon. Before the law he was a felon, even by Mr. Greeley's own confession.

LT GEN. POLK.

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—AUGUST, 1866.—No. VIII.

HOW THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FELL TO PIECES.

This is not a pleasant subject to us. For more than a year we have felt a sense of duty pressing us to write a brief history of the fall of the great Democratic party, but the subject is so painful to us—so full of reflections which we would gladly banish forever—that we have delayed the task to the present moment. And now what we have to say can amount to only a brief sketch.

Like the old Whig party, the Democratic party split and went to pieces upon the negro. It was held together by the cohesive power of official plunder for one or two presidential terms, after it had ceased to be a great national party united upon the basis of common principles, although its *principles* were not so various as its *policy*. The southern section of the party, under the masterly leadership of Mr. Calhoun, was firmly and tenaciously grounded upon the principles of Jefferson and the Revolutionary fathers, in relation to the vital principles of State sovereignty and self-government. In theory the northern Democracy also adhered to these sacred principles, but practically, it abandoned them in almost every campaign. While its public profession of principle was adverse to the Free-soil and every other type of Abolition heresy, its *policy* was directed in a manner that was intended to catch Free-soil and Abolition votes. Its campaigns were no longer conducted to vindicate a great principle, but to palliate a growing Abolition sedition. Instead of meeting this sedition boldly and refuting its monstrous delusions, it set about to wheedle and to cheat it. The Democratic stump speakers of the North, were almost invariably in the habit of beginning their harrangues by assuring the crowd, that they "were as much opposed to slavery as any man." And in this way the Democratic party itself, gradually became rotten with the sin of Abolitionism. There was occasionally a Democratic speaker, who had the wisdom to foresee that this cowardly and lying policy would, in the end, destroy the Democratic party. But his voice was less than one crying

in the wilderness. Thus gradually the Democratic organization of the North ceased to be a great defense of the vital principles of a free government, and became a mere machine to catch votes, by going half-way over to the abominations of Abolitionism itself. And thus while the shallow leaders of the Democraay imagined that they were cunningly absorbing the Abolitionists, the Abolitionists were all the time absorbing them. And in this way a heresy, which was at first despised by every body, except a handful of such wretches as Garrison and Phillips, was gradually made great and powerful, even by the connivance of the northern Democracy itself. Instead of honestly standing up to battle for the truth, it went meanly about fishing for Abolition votes. Those of the party who had the intelligence and the virtue to fall out against the invidious Abolitionizing process, were denounced as "impractical" and "indiscreet." Knavery alone was "practical," and cheatery and falsehood "discretion."

Such was the political status of the party, when Van Buren sprung his treason upon it in 1848. His course was simply an act of spite against the party for refusing to renominate him for the Presidency, but he adroitly appealed to the "Free-soil" prejudice with which the party was deeply tainted, and in that way defeated the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. From this date of 1848, it may be said that the northern Democracy was completely Van Burenized. To be sure the old rank and file were still sound enough, but they certainly yielded their principles for the sake of success. They were led by dishonest demagogues, who had really no principles exceept to get office, by the sacrifice of all principle.

The defeat of the Democratic nominee, Gen. Cass, in 1848, disclosed such a wide-spread taint of Abolitionism throughout the North, as to naturally arouse and alarm the South for the safety of her institutions, and for the peaceful possession of her rights in the Union. Then followed a fearful struggle in Congress, which came near disrupting the Union, and which was finally allayed by the passage of the Compromise measures of 1850, embracing the Fugitive-slave law. These measures were opposed by all the Abolitionists and by the Van Buren wing of the Democratic party in the North, and by a minority party in the South, at the head of which was Jefferson Davis.

The National Democratic Convention of 1852, which nominated Gen. Franklin Pierce for President, planted itself squarely on these Compromise measures, including the Fugitive-slave law, and on them went before the country, and achieved the greatest victory ever won by a political party in this country before. The tremendous majority Gen. Pierce received was a proof of the great popularity of those measures; or it was, to say the least, a proof that the whole country wanted rest from this eternal agitation about slavery. And had Mr. Pierce's administration been faithful to those Compromise measures on which he was elected, we can not doubt that the country would have enjoyed a long repose. But, without any design to injure his country, and with the best motives, we do not doubt, he made a fatal mistake in the choice of his Cab-

inet. His selection of Caleb Cushing for Attorney-General was his first misstep in this direction. In the first place, Cushing was not a Democrat. He was a man of great cunning, but totally unscrupulous and without honor. His influence over the mind of Mr. Pierce was fatal from the beginning. Then the appointment of Mr. Davis and Mr. Dobbin to seats in his cabinet was another fatal mistake, as both of these eminent gentlemen were enemies to the Compromise measures on which Mr. Pierce was elected. Mr. Guthrie, the Secretary of the Treasury, was another mistake, as he was a man totally without heart, and without the least patriotic sympathy with his country. He it was who removed Judge Bronson from the office of Collector of New York, because he refused to appoint a certain number of Van Buren Free-soil Democrats to subordinate places in the Custom-House. Gov. Marcy, as Secretary of State, also turned out to be an unfortunate appointment, as, in order to make way for his own nomination to the Presidency next time, he became a mere tool of the Van Buren wing of the State of New York, and thus General Pierce's administration fell entirely into the hands of the original enemies of the Compromise measures, both in the North and South.

In fact, during the first six months of Mr. Pierce's administration, the old Union-defending, Constitution-loving, Compromise-respecting, Jackson Democracy was, as was threatened by Caleb Cushing, "crushed out." Yes, the Democracy which supported the Compromise, both North and South, was "crushed out." The original friends of the Compromise measures were everywhere under a harrow. Such newspapers in the North as the New York *Evening Post* were the chief recipients of Federal patronage. And to such an extent was the warfare upon the original friends of the Compromise carried out, that the President's organ, the Washington *Union*, then edited by J. W. Forney, in attempting to defend the President, was compelled to assert, as early as Nov., 1853, that *the Democratic party had not pledged itself to the principles of the Compromise of* 1850, *and that therefore the President was under no obligations to recognize the friends of those measures.* He said:

"We knew that they (the Compromise measures) were so irreconcilably obnoxious to a large portion of the Democratic party, that it would be madness to make the question of *approval* a test of Democratic orthodoxy."

And again in the same article it said:

"The language finally adopted was the language of Compromise, and it was agreed upon as the language of Compromise. The advocates of the Compromise laws agreed not to insist upon their express *approval;* the opponents of these laws agreed not to insist upon their *disapproval.*"

It certainly needed a good deal of courage, and a total absence of all shame, to utter so vast a falsehood, while that platform of '52 was not yet cold in the memory of anybody. And more especially, since in Mr. Pierce's first annual message to Congress, given at about the same time he spoke triumphantly of the "sense of repose and security" to which the Compromise measures had "restored the public mind throughout the Confederacy," and which he gave his official word should "suffer no shock during his official term, if he had power to avert it." But we may convict the President's or-

gan, the Washington *Union*, of its falsehood out of its own columns, for in January, 1854, in condemning Mr. Dixon's amendment to the Douglas territorial bill, which proposed to repeal the Missouri Compromise, it said :

"Prudence, patriotism, devotion to the Union, the interest of the Democratic party, all suggest that that public sentiment which now acquiesces cheerfully in the principles of the Compromise of 1850, should not be inconsiderately disturbed. *The triumphant election of President Pierce, shows that on this basis the hearts and judgments of the people are with the Democracy.*"

Here Mr. Pierce's organ admitted that he was triumphantly elected on the "basis" of the "Compromise of 1850." It furthermore admitted that to repeal the Missouri Compromise would be to "inconsiderately disturb" the Compromise of 1850. Let us hear the *Union* of the same date further on this subject :

"We have never yielded to the Missouri Compromise any other obligatory force than that which attaches to a solemn covenant entered into by two opposing parties for the preservation of amicable relations. To such considerations we have felt bound to yield as ready an acquiescence as if the Compromise was the law of the land.

"If we have studied the southern sentiment correctly, this has been the view taken of the Missouri Compromise in that division of the Union.

"It was upon this view that we gave Mr. Douglas's Bill our ready approval ; and we still think that the peace and harmony of the country will be best secured by its adoption.

"When, therefore, a prominent Whig Senator like Mr. Dixon, proposes to go beyond Judge Douglas, and beyond the Compromise of 1850, in showing his devotion to the rights of the South, it may not be out of order to remind our friends that in the great issue of 1850, the body of Mr. Dixon's political friends, especially at the North, were not prepared to go even as far as the Nebraska bill goes.

"But Mr. Dixon's amendment may serve to stir up excitement on one side, whilst Mr. Sumner's will effect the like object on the other; and, as Whigism and Abolitionism have nothing to gain and nothing to lose, the upshot may be that the agitation may inure to the benefit of the common opposition to the Democratic party.

"We may venture to suggest that it is well worthy of consideration whether a faithful adherence to the creed which has been so triumphantly endorsed by the people, does not require all good Democrats to hesitate and reflect maturely upon any proposition which any member of our party can object to as an interpolation upon the creed. In a word, it would be wise in all Democrats to consider whether it would not be safest to 'let well enough alone.'

"To repeal the Missouri Compromise might, and, according to our view, would clear the principle of Congressional non-intervention of all embarrassment ; but we doubt whether the good thus promised is so important that it would be wise to seek it through the agitation which necessarily stands in our path.

"Upon a calm review of the whole ground, we see no such reasons for disturbing the Compromise of 1850, as could induce us to advocate either of the amendments proposed to Mr. Douglas's Bill."

Here then we have the admission of President Pierce's organ—

1st. That he was "triumphantly elected" on the "basis of the Compromise of 1850."

2d. That to repeal the Missouri Compromise would be to "go beyond" and "inconsiderately disturb" the Compromise of 1850.

3d. That the evils of the "agitation" which would "necessarily" result from it, would in all probability counterbalance any good that might be expected to follow it.

Such also was Mr. Douglas's understanding of this whole question when

he first introduced his bill to establish the Territory of Nebraska. In the report which accompanied his bill he said :

"The principal amendments which the Committee deemed it their duty to commend to the favorable consideration of the Senate, were those in which the principles established by the Compromise measures of 1850, so far as they are applicable to territorial organizations, are proposed to be affirmed and carried into practical operation within the limits of the new Territory."

In the same report Mr. Douglas further says :

"With the view of conforming their action to what they regard as the settled policy of the Government, sanctioned by the approving voice of the American people, your Committee have deemed it their duty to incorporate and perpetuate, in their Territorial bill, the principles of these measures." [The Compromise measures of 1850.]

Then in reference to the validity of the Mexican laws of New Mexico and Utah, prohibiting slavery, and of the Missouri Compromise restriction, Mr. Douglas further says :

"Your Committee do not feel themselves called upon to enter into the discussion of these controverted questions. They involve the same grave issues which produced the agitation, the sectional strife, and the fearful struggle of 1850. As Congress deemed it wise and prudent to refrain from deciding the matter in controversy then, either by affirming or repealing the Mexican laws, or by an act declaratory of the true intent of the Constitution and the extent of the protection afforded by it to slave property in the Territories, so your Committee are not prepared now to recommend a departure from the course pursued on that memorable occasion, either by affirming or repealing the 8th section of the Missouri act, or by any act declaratory of the meaning of the Constitution in respect to the legal points in dispute."

Here, then, we have Mr. Douglas's official understanding that the Democracy was pledged to carry out the "principles of the Compromise Measures of 1850," and that an act to repeal the Missouri Compromise would be "a departure from the course" pursued on "the memorable occasion" of the passage of that Compromise, and would re-open the same grave issues "which produced the agitation, the sectional strife and the fearful struggle of 1850."

Such was the official understanding of the President and of the Democratic statesmen up to January, 1854. And yet immediately afterwards, against their own official declarations, they "inconsiderately disturbed the Compromise of 1850"—they violated what they had declared to be "the settled policy of the government, sanctioned by the affirming voice of the American people"—they repealed the Missouri Compromise, which act they had but just then officially said would re-open the "dangerous agitation, the sectional strife, and the fearful struggle of 1850." Thus did the administration prove false to all its pledges, false to its own declared line of duty, false to every expectation which it had awakened in the public mind, when it went into power solemnly pledged "no more to agitate the slave question either in or out of Congress." It was this which opened the "Pandora's box." It was this which started the fiery tide of fanaticism afresh. It was this which gave birth to the Republican party.

It is a remarkable fact, that while in the South the friends of Pierce's administration held up the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the Nebraska Bill as measures in favor of southern rights, the northern Democratic leaders held up the very same acts as favorable to

Abolition. How long could a party stand with its two halves holding such opposing pretensions? The squatter sovereignty principle of the Nebraska Bill, it was declared by Democrats here in the North, secured the principle of "no more slave territory." On this interpretation of the Nebraska Bill, the Democracy of every northern State conducted the next campaign. Old Van Buren declared that "the bill secured the triumph of the principles of the movement of '48." And John Van Buren, in the Buchanan campaign of 1856, declared that the Cincinnati platform was entirely consistent with his father's Buffalo platform of 1848. But very different from that was the southern reading of that platform. It was therefore evident that somebody was cheated all the time. The truth is, that the South read the platform correctly. But the northern demagogues who led the Democratic party supposed that they must lie to the people in order to get their votes. It was a sad sight of knavery and imbecility. While the South was conducting that Buchanan campaign in good faith, on the principles of Jefferson Democracy, the North was conducting it on the principles of the Buffalo Free-soil platform of '48.

We will introduce a few specimens of the Buchanan campaign in the North. Governor Wright, the then Democratic Governor of Indiana, in a speech at Camden, in that State, said:

"The Kansas-Nebraska bill is the best Wilmot Proviso ever enacted, as my southern brethren will find out, and that all of us (the northern Democracy) are opposed to slavery."

And in a subsequent speech at Tippecanoe he declared that:

"If the policy of the Democratic party in reference to slavery is adopted and carried out, not another foot of slave territory will be added to the United States."

Hon. Wm. Allen, Ex-United States Senator of Ohio, in a great speech delivered at Philadelphia, argued that the Nebrasca Bill seemed to free all the territory south of the Missouri restriction, to say nothing about the impossibility of slavery's going north of it on the squatter sovereignty principle:

"The Missouri Compromise line operated as a scare-crow to keep north of the line the whole tide of population from the free States who wanted to settle within the jurisdiction of the free States, and not to go within slave State jurisdiction. Every Yankee, with his tin cup, who did not want to settle in a slave State, went north of that line. He took it for granted that all territory south of the line was to be slave territory, and as he did not want to live among slaves, he kept north. Thus, the limitation was on the white population, not the black. The law was no limitation against the negro, because he could not go north of the line, law, or no law; the climate stopped him; but the law did impose a limitation on the white settlers, because they could go south of that if the law were not there."

The Detroit *Free Press*, the organ of Gen. Cass, gave the same view, in the following language:

"Mr. Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill, is the greasest advance movement in the direction of human freedom, that has been made since the adoption of the Constitution."

But Mr. Pierce's home organ, the New Hampshire *Patriot*, went farther than any we have seen in laudation of the free-soil effect of the Nebraska Bill. It declared that the restriction being removed, a large share of all the sovereign territory south of that line will now be devoted to freedom. It contended that such would ultimately

be the rush from the free North in that direction, that :

"Like the too abundant rains which swell rivers, it will overflow its natural bounds, and passing the immense Territory of Texas, make two or three new free States out of soil which had been devoted to slaves. German emigrants are universally anti-slavery men, both from principle and from taste, being unable to endure contact with the colored race ; and already occupying the western part of Texas, will unite with the emigrants from North and West, in organizing free States on the soil of slavery?

The same paper, in dwelling on this inspiring theme, rushed up to the dizziest hights of admiration, and exclaimed :

"The Nebraska bill works gloriously and triumphantly for freedom. No act of any President or any Congress, has secured so much, and so suddenly, and so easily, for liberty."

Now let us return a moment to the "home organ" of Mr. Cass, and we shall see that old organ of the northern Democracy was also thoroughly waked up to the fact that we were to have no more slave States :

"Some of the most prominent Whig papers of the Union which have fanned the Abolition flame that has been sweeping over the North have suddenly changed position, and are now raising 'a voice of peace.' Their original objection to the Nebraska-Kansas act was that it 'opened a vast territory to the spread of slavery.' This the Democratic press stoutly denied, as our readers well know, and contended that the inevitable consequence of adopting the principle of popular sovereignty in the Territories, would be to make every Territory hereafter organized free, whether it should lie north or south of the Missouri Compromise line."

Let us have a specimen poster from Mr. Buchanan's own State, which was posted within a few miles of his own door :

"THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

"Democratic Mass Meeting, at Nifflinburg, Pa., Saturday, October 4th, 1856.

"Hon. G. V. R. Wright, and Hon. W. H. Witte, will address the meeting.

"Democrats! Whigs! Republicans! turn out and learn the fact that it is the Democratic party that is laboring for freedom in Kansas, the assertion of opposition orators to the contrary notwithstanding. Turn out and hear the true position of parties explained, and judge which is the party for Freedom!"

To this complexion had the Democratic party of the North come at last. All sunk in the Van Buren morass, except here and there a solitary straggler, like the noble and pure-minded Seymour, of Connecticut, who still stands like the last man upon his mountain, alone, but unconquered and unfaltering.

Thus had the northern Democracy become a tender to the Abolition engine. It was a teacher in the Abolition school. Denouncing Abolition, it was still its best ally. The stupidity of the leaders of the party was only equalled by their crime. In fact the Democratic party of the South and North were really two parties—that of the South battling for principle, and for its rights, and that of the North for the spoils of office. Not honestly believing in Abolitionism, it still protected and petted it for the sake of making it useful in its hunt for spoils.

So when at last Abolition triumphed, and was about to execute its old threat of destroying the Union, there was no great party to oppose its malevolent designs. The northern Democracy broke like a bubble into its black waters, and there still it lies flopping about in an infinite ocean of "loyal" nonsense, trying to find some spot which

splits the difference between an old-fashioned Democrat and an Abolition traitor. It will never find it. There is no such place. Pure Democracy is on the other side of the world from Abolitionism. The history of the northern Democratic party, for the last ten years especially, is the history of shame and hypocrisy—is the history of cowardice, and of treason to the fundamental principles of self-government and liberty. It is stained with the blood of its friends, shed in a most unrighteous Abolition war. It has been split to pieces under the lead of a set of spoils-hunting demagogues. We see but one hope for it, and that is also the last hope of our country, which is an immediate and thorough reorganization on a platform of principles upon which the united South and the true Democrats of the North can stand together. But it must be a genuine platform of *principles*. There must be no more of running one set of principles in the South and another in the North. No more Nebraska bills to be read one way in the South and another way in the North. This shameless policy has landed our country in a wild and bewildering anarchy and despotism, out of which we must try to get with all possible dispatch and speed. But how shall we get out, except through the door of truth and sound principles? There is no such thing as "climbing up some other way." That is just what we have been doing. Until the party can be brought to think more of vindicating great principles than of seizing the spoils of office, it will continue to be a weak and wretched time-server, unworthy of the support of honest men. This trying to steal into office through all manner of dodges, such as laying down platforms of false principles, and nominating men who represent any kind of principles except those of Democracy, will keep the party a demoralized and disgraced minority to the end of time.

In several of the northern States a set of brainless money-mongers have been running the party as a financial machine for their own benefit. It has been made a stock-jobbing concern. Its purse-strings have been held by the bulls and bears, and *asses* of Wall street. Let us have an end of all this abomination.

We think there should be held at some central point this fall, a general Convention of the pure old Democracy of all the States. At this Convention the time-honored principles of the Democracy should be re-affirmed in language that means something. There should be no uncertain sound; nor should there be any compromise with this accursed abomination called "loyalty". The name of *Democracy* belongs to those who have never forsaken its principles; let them hold on to it, and organize under its venerated name for the defense of its sacred principles.

SEWARD'S WINK TO SUMNER.

Says Seward to Johnson, "O, I am your friend:"
Says Seward to Sumner—"I only *pretend.*"

LOVE AND FAME.

[BY MRS. LAURA GWYN.]

High on a mountain's dazzling brow was built,
The palace home of Fame ;
With golden sunbeams its proud walls were gilt,
And wreaths of crimson flame

Played over on its roof of polished snow,
And seemed to turn to fire,
Each window high, or marble turret row,
Or glittering silver spire.

Over each haughty tower broad banners streamed,
Written with golden words that flashed afar,
Or touched with sunrise each great letter gleamed,
And sparkled like a star.

And oft of reckless winds and thunders loud
That lordly palace bore the fiercest shock,
For it had strength within its arches proud,
The tempest's wrath to mock.

Lonely, and beautiful, and cold, and grand,
Unbowed by age—undimmed by time,
The cloud-kissed aerie of the soul did stand
Upon its mount sublime.

Many desired to dwell in that high place—
The gallant warrior with his waving plume—
The grave philosopher with his wrinkled face—
Hoar age, and youth with cheeks a-bloom.

And gold-crowned kings their raptured glances turned
From gorgeous thrones and royal palaces,
While their proud hearts with eager passion burned,
To walk within those shining terraces.

A motley throng forever came and went
Upon the sunlit mountain side,
And oft the strength of a poor heart was spent,
While at the palace gate the aspirant died!

Full many a gallant form was gathered there,
And many a rare and radiant face,
But there was one who passed those portals fair,
And took the loftiest place!

A bard with broad fair brow, and hair of gold,
And voice so sweet and strong,
Went in—and through the echoing palace rolled
Gushes of mellow song!

He went up from a valley beautiful,
A rose-crowned valley, fair and still,
From whose rich founts of happiness, his soul
Had ofttimes drank its fill.

Proudly he went aloft to his abode,
And sceptered, throned and crowned—
He sat in that rich dome of Fame—a god
Girded with glory round!

Each day from off his turret-roof he gazed
On landscapes fair and bright;
Each night, upon the wondrous worlds that blazed
On distant thrones of light.

'Mid time-worn tomes of precious honeyed lore,
'Mid singing-birds and opening flowers,
Or gathering gems from Wisdom's treasure store,
He winged the happy hours.

And when his silvery strains would sink and swell,
His echoing corridors along,
His voice was as the voice of Israfel,*
Charming the heavens with song!

Thus did he dwell through many a changeful year,
Within his splendid mountain dome;
But he grew lonely mid its pomp and glare,
And longed full oft for his sweet valley home.

For, ah! the precious love—love meek and soft,
That blest him in the happy vale below,
Could follow not his eagle-flight aloft
To realms of dazzling snow!

And now as downward to that lovely place,
His dreamy eye he cast,
Soft sorrow brimmed his heart, and swept his face,
With memories of the past.

With tears and sighs, he left his chair of state—
He left his palace fair and brave—
He sought the love he lost, but all too late—
He only found its grave!

Its grave o'ergrown with lowly valley moss,
And sad-eyed violets dim and sweet;
Then—then he knew that Wealth and Pride are *dross*,
And Fame an empty cheat!

* * * * * *

Thou glorious "prophet of the beautiful,"
Bearer of an immortal name!
Thou, too, art moving toward the poet's goal,
The mountain dome of Fame!

With face grown radiant with that strong desire,
That mighty passion burning in thy heart;
With unquenched lightning in thine eyes of fire,
We've seen thee rise and start!

Upward, still upward, towards that palace fair,
Thine eager footsteps proudly move!
Oh! mayest thou leave not in the valley here,
Thy blessed human *love!*

'Twere better ne'er to leave the lowly vale,
And ne'er to scale those cliffs of burnished snow,
Than hear thy crushed and wounded spirit wail,
For sweet love left below!

GREENVILLE, S. C., *Feb. 12th*, 1866.

* And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER XIII.

The Impostor.

On the morning following the burning of Bratton, the troops of Mosby and Randolph had separated; the former, with their daring leader, directing their course towards Western Virginia, while Randolph and his command hastened to form a junction with the army of Gen. Jeb. Stuart, then in great danger of being cut off from Richmond. With the great events of the eventful campaign we have little to do, leaving their narration to the historian, further than they bear upon the movements and welfare of our characters in this story.

The genius of Randolph, as a scouting officer, had much to do with the escape of Stuart's hard-pressed command, and the illness of Bertha Seely, which followed the hardships of the eventful night of the escape from Bratton, added to her painful anxiety for her father, prohibited her immediate journey to Atlanta, and thus over a month passed away and found her still in Richmond, and separated from her betrothed. It was the intention of Randolph to accompany her in the journey to Georgia, and as she became convalescent, she awaited his arrival in Richmond with impatience. But day after day passed away, and he neither came nor wrote. She knew that he was on dangerous service, liable to be cut off from the main army and be slain or captured, and these fears for his safety were added to those oppressing her for her father.

"I must tarry in Richmond no longer," she mused one evening, as another day had passed away, bringing her no tidings of father or lover. "My father's last command was, 'hasten to Atlanta,' and my unfortunate illness, and hopes to be accompanied by William, have detained me here for weeks. I will leave to-morrow, come what may."

But that night she learned that special orders had been issued forbidding the transportation of any passengers south of Richmond, except soldiers, for the Confederacy was in an agony like the struggle of a drowning man, and every warlike means were being used by the Government to send aid to Gen. Joseph Johnston's army, then slowly falling back towards Atlanta before the hosts of Sherman.

Here, then, was a new disappointment, but on seeking President Davis, as she did at once, for her clear sense told her it was ever best to apply to the chief, she readily obtained the necessary papers to enable her to make the journey.

On the following day she departed, with a heart painfully swollen with apprehension for the welfare of her father and of her lover.

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

The trip was long and tedious. She had made it years before, when smiling peace and cheerful plenty filled the land; when her fellow-travelers were happy maids and matrons, and joyous children, and contented men; when the sun rose and shone upon ripening harvests, and every railroad town and station beamed, with the prosperity, the liberty and equality bequeathed by Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hancock and their follow patriots, by them designed and won, and guarded for the great American Constitution, unamended by fanaticism. But how different her companions, how changed the scene in 1863! Grim and bearded warriors, pale and emaciated soldier youths, groaning, wounded, gaunt, want and selfish poverty, greedy speculation, wearied patriotism, a land, a people cursed, trampled by unsparing war, towns and villages falling to rapid decay, their silent streets filled with widows and orphans, the cry of woe ever rising like a bitter wail from desolated homes and broken hearts.

Bertha Seely sighed as she admired the endurance of her people, for her judgment told her that the cause of the South was on the wane, had been on the wane since the great heart of the South, immortal "Stonewall Jackson," fell, waning faster still after unlucky Gettysburg, dying fast but with an iron will yonder in Richmond, determined to struggle to the last. She admired the fierce courage of those veterans in shabby grey, who had smelt the fire of war in 1861, and who had never flinched, no matter how vast the odds, and still curled their lips in scorn at the idea of submission. The volunteers of 1861! The flower of the young men of the daring South! She believed their cause was just, the cause of their revolutionary sires, and they sprang to battle as a bridegroom greets his bride. And they adhered to that spirit of deadly resistance to what they believed tyranny. They fought and suffered, and thousands died in their devotion, and the remnant never yielded while hope lasted, and when the dread struggle was over, and the mighty arbitrament of the sword decided against them, they submitted, as became brave and gallant men, and will ever be ready to battle for the Constitution and the Union as their grandsires bequeathed them.

The long and wearisome journey at length bore Bertha Seely to her destination, and Atlanta was reached—not the bright and jubilant inland city of 1860, bearing in her vigorous young veins the golden blood of trade and commerce, with her song of progress and prosperity made melodious by the charms of well-rewarded labor, but a vast camp and hospital, thronged with the last hope of the great Empire State of the South, the white-haired cotton-planter and his beardless boys, forced by the press of ruthless war to leave the aged wife and mother weeping at home. Disease, and death, and ruin, and poverty, had prayed upon the once thriving city, until a mere shell, and that full of the corruption of speculation and rapine, was left of the once gay and prosperous Gate City.

It was late in the day before she arrived at Atlanta, and still later when she learned where she might find the gentleman she sought, David Elmore, and when she started on her way thither, guided by a negro lad, night had set in, and she ran the risk of being detained by the numerous

patrols. But her garb protected her, for it was rare, very rare indeed, that ever the jeans coat forgot its southern manhood so far as to insult or annoy aught that wore a woman's dress.

On Whitehall street, at the foot of a pair of steps, ascending the outside of a brick building, the negro halted.

"Up dem steps, Misses, you'll find Massa Elmore's office—I see a light burnin'—'spect he dar."

"Wait till I return," said Bertha, and her heart beat quick and fast as she ascended the rickety stairway, for the man she was going to see was a stranger to her, and might be rude or surly, or anything but a gentleman, and it was a strange procedure for a young lady to be abroad in such a city at that hour. But she went on, remembering the vehemence of her father's command, and reaching the head of the stairway, she rapped at the door, which stood ajar.

Mr. David Elmore was seated before a table, hand-deep in papers. The miserable tallow candles burning on either side of the table, gave light enough for him to pursue his business, and to show that he was an elderly man, with grizzled locks and beard, greatly concealing the grave and benevolent features. He was clad in the common garb of southern citizens at that time, dark grey jeans, which looked black in that light, but his air was that of a gentleman.

The rap at the door made him glance in that direction, and he saw that the form was that of a lady. He arose and advanced with one of the candles, and seeing a veiled lady, bowed and requested her to enter.

"My business is so important, sir," said Bertha, as she entered, "that I must apologize for coming at this hour."

"No apology is necessary where important affairs are involved, my dear young lady," replied he, in a kindly tone; "and therefore you will excuse my asking you to allow me to complete a very important document which I have before me, ere I hear your business with me. But a few moments."

"Certainly, sir. I do not wish to interrupt you," said Bertha, who, having met the person she had traveled so far to see, was now at a loss how to preface her business with him, and welcomed a little delay.

"Then please favor me by entering the adjoining room, my dear young lady," continued he in a fatherly tone. "You will find it more cleanly and comfortable than this. It looks upon the street, and—well, I may have visitors soon, rough mouthed ones too, and I am in no humor for jests."

He gave her a candle as he spoke, and she entered the adjoining apartment, which proved to be an office, better furnished than the bare room she had just quitted. It was unoccupied, and Bertha, leaving the door slightly ajar, sat down to collect her thoughts.

She had waited some time, hearing the rapid scratching of David Elmore's busy pen, and now and then a random shot fired in the streets, when her candle was seized with a fit of furious sputtering, and after a fierce little battle of flame and wick, the wick gained the victory and left her in total darkness.

It was not at all pleasant to sit there in the dark, with a ghostly light streaming in from the other office, and

Bertha was about to rise to relight the candle, when she heard a rapping at the door of the other room.

Again David Elmore arose, for his glance had shown him a female form, and he was met by the question, in a firm, clear voice,

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. David Elmore?"

"I am David Elmore, my dear young lady," replied the polite merchant.

"Ah, so it is, all right," said the female voice, in an easy, off-hand style, which captivated the attention at once. "I am Miss Bertha Seely, the daughter of the late Col. Seely."

"Indeed! I am very glad to meet you," exclaimed David Elmore, with an animation quite unusual with him, and extending his hand, which was grasped by the stranger. "Pray, walk in, Miss Seely. You use an expression, however, which gives me great pain; you said the late Col. Seely! Is my old friend, Hart Seely, no more?"

The female seemed to sob as she replied, "Yes, Mr. Elmore, my dear father is no more. He died about a month ago near Bratton, in Virginia, from the effects of a severe wound." Here her grief seemed uncontrollable, and her sobs filled the room.

"Poor child! poor child!" said Mr. Elmore, as she leaned upon his bosom. "Well, your poor father was a noble man, in every sense of the word, a good man and a patriot. Then, pray calm your grief, my dear young lady. I hear some one coming up the steps, so please step into the other room to compose yourself, while I attend to those who are coming."

Those coming up the steps were apparently in a hurry, for they entered the office just as the strange lady went into that in which Bertha Seely was seated. This strange lady had the fortune to place her outstretched hand upon a chair, and she at once sat down, not at all dreaming that the lady whose name she had so impudently claimed, was seated within ten feet of her, for Mr. Elmore, not noticeing that Bertha's candle was extinguished, had turned to meet the new-comers, supposing that the best companion in the world for a woman in tears, was another woman.

Bertha Seely, almost paralyzed with astonishment, paid little attention to the conversation between David Elmore and the new-comers, for her heart and soul were dwelling upon the astounding assumption of her identity.

Who was this stranger? Bertha could hear her breathing, for the exercise of fictitious woe had quickened the exertion of the stranger's lungs, but it was impossible to ascertain, by so vague a clue as that of breath, who the impostor might be. Bertha Seely had a very clear mind, almost masculine in its reasoning power, and possessing all that inexplicable magic which often enables a female mind to leap to a true conclusion long before the sterner mind of man can logically deduce his own to the same result; but she failed to fathom the mystery. The few words she had heard, and she had heard every syllable uttered by this mysterious impostor, had been spoken in a clear, ringing, educated tone. There was no doubt of that—the impostor was one accustomed to polite society, the accent, ease and grace of utterance were indisputable; and Bertha ran over the chords of memory, which photograph sound as well as features, and often more cor-

rectly, to solve the riddle. But memory touched no responsive note. There was a discord, and the voice of the stranger made it.

Then came the natural reflection, why should any one desire to personate Bertha Seely? What purpose was to be gained? And then, again, reason failed to reply. It was an eminent proof of the masculinity, if we may use a "Fern" expression of the mind of our heroine, that she patiently awaited the progress of events, resolving to shape her own action accordingly.

The last visitors of David Elmore were somewhat boisterous. That gentleman held a very important position in the eyes of many men in Atlanta, in 1864, as he was a surgeon and chief of a Medical Board, and his influence was weighty in deciding the merits of many a poor fellow who had discovered that his leg had a bone more, or his back a muscle less, or his breast a rib too short, or his this and that a something too long, to do active or hospital service in the warring fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. But David Elmore was a wise and a firm man, both lawyer and surgeon, soldier and officer, patriot and friend, and he discharged the obnoxious duties of his unenviable position conscientiously. So he soon dismissed his boisterous visitors, some of whom went away jubilant. But they went, and the mind of Mr. Elmore reverted to his two female visitors in the adjoining office. Justice demanded that the first comer should have the first audience, but justice very often yields to force of circumstances, and David Elmore's mind was fixed upon the fact that a young lady who had said, "I am Bertha Seely, the daughter of the late Col. Seely," was awaiting his attention. True, the other visitor was a young lady also, and had said something about "important business," but David Elmore remembered that he had never seen, in all his life of sixty years, a woman who did not consider *her* business important, even if it begun and ended with a thimble, so he bowed his male visitors out, and resumed his seat with the words:

"Now, Miss Bertha, I will attend upon you." True to her resolve, the true Miss Bertha did not move, nor scarcely breathe, so eager was she to solve the mystery; but the impostor, eager to accomplish her purpose, and unsuspecting the presence of our heroine at once drew nearer to David Elmore, and sat down facing him.

The door being ajar, and the face of the impostor turned towards it, enabled Bertha, by slightly changing her position, to gain a very clear view of the features, without being seen herself. It was a fair, very fair face, but almost bloodless; pale and small featured, and yet beautiful in contour and high intelligence; flashing grey eyes, looking black as jet in that light, fair hair swept back from a high, thoughtful brow, a lovely mouth, with rather thin, curling lips, thin and haughty nostrils, and a chin almost too firm and square for woman's face—all in all, the face of a beautiful woman of some twenty or twenty-two years of age.

There was an expression of great eagerness depicted upon the firmly cut and regular features as she fixed the flashing eyes upon David Elmore, as he adjusted his spectacles to read a letter she gave him as she seated herself opposite to him, and Bertha Seely,

though she had not seen those features for years, felt her heart leap as memory recalled the name of this bold impostor.

"Ah," thought Bertha, as the truth sprang upon her mind, "this is Catherine Rasp, the sister of that dreadful ruffian! What can she seek in my name? Oh, those important papers! Let me wait."

David Elmore read the letter slowly and carefully, and then said:

"So this is the last letter ever written by my old friend, Hart Seely? His writing seems very unsteady, and his signature lacks that firm sweep of the pen I always admired in it. Indeed, the entire letter seems to have been a labor to him; but I suppose his feebleness—"

"Yes, Mr. Elmore," interrupted Catherine Rasp, quickly, and feigning to sob, "poor father! he was very, very weak, and had hardly finished it, before he died. Dear, dear father!" and she buried her face in her handkerchief to sob.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Elmore, kindly, and removing his spectacles to dry them. "But do not weep, he is spared much sorrow, and had he lived to behold and to know all the misery and oppression which his beloved country will certainly suffer—well, well, he is happier as it is. But let us to business, my dear young lady. This letter which I have just read is very important, and enjoins a very important duty upon me. It commands me to place in your hands the accumulated documentary evidence of years. Obeying him relieves me of a heavy responsibility, but it places the burden upon you, young lady."

Mr. Elmore spoke in a very grave tone, and Catherine Rasp feigned great emotion, as she replied:

"Of that I am well aware, Mr. Elmore, for my poor, dear father often warned me of the same."

"Do you fully comprehend the tenor of this letter? I am to place in your hands, the tender hands of a young and inexperienced woman, that which my hands, and the hands of your worthy father, have often felt grow heavy. He, a brave soldier; I, an old and cautious lawyer, have guarded these papers with jealous care, and should you lose them—"

"And should I lose them, you were saying," remarked Catherine, as the lawyer paused.

"Should you lose them, I do not think that you could ever repair the loss," resumed Mr. Elmore. "Among them are the depositions of witnesses to certain facts, and the witnesses are now dead; and a mass of evidence of your right to the McDermott estate—certificates of marriages, registers of births, lines of descent—all that complicated mass of necessary legal proof to establish a doubtful succession to a great estate."

"And these you are about to place in my hands," asked Catherine Rasp, as the bright eyes flashed triumphantly.

"All, my dear young lady, for so your father has enjoined upon me in this letter. I do not know," continued Elmore, in a thoughtful tone, as he bent over the letter, "I do not know but that I would be a better friend to you in retaining these documents than in delivering them to you."

"And why so?" demanded Catherine, and Bertha thought there was some sharpness in her tones.

"You know not the Rasps," said Elmore, shaking his head.

"The Rasps? oh, I have heard of them," replied Catherine.

"And that fellow, Leighton?"

"Leighton? And who is Leighton, Mr. Elmore?"

"Aye, that is the question, my dear young lady. Who is Leighton? Well, I would give a good deal to know," said Elmore, gravely. "He is a firm friend of the Rasp family, whoever he may be. He is undoubtedly a spy, and knows of the existence of these papers."

"He does?"

"And must have recently come to that knowledge. No later than yesterday, he was in this office."

Bertha bent forward to listen, for the name of Leighton had doubly aroused her attention.

"Leighton, in the disguise of a Confederate Captain," said Elmore, "demanded these papers, and I appointed an hour for him to call this afternoon, and receive them. But he did not come."

"Would you have delivered them to him had he come?" asked Catherine.

"My dear young lady, had he come I would have delivered him into the hands of my excellent friend, Col. Wash. Lee, the Provost Marshal."

"Ah, you suspected and detected?"

"I suspected, for his papers, though admirably executed, were forgeries, and of course I believed nothing of the story he told. Yet he told me that your father was dead, and had died at Bratton."

"But how did you recognize him as Leighton? Has he often appeared under that name?"

"Your father wrote me last winter that the Rasps had enlisted the services of this adroit spy, and I had made a note of the information. But my clerk, who was present, recognized him, and told me, after Leighton departed, that he had seen the pretended Confederate Captain in Richmond, under the name of ———, and your father had written me that Leighton had assumed that name. So putting this and that together, as lawyers do, I concluded there was a plot on hand, with the Rasps at the head, to deprive me of the papers. Ah, Mr. Leighton is a lucky fellow, very lucky. Had he called this evening, this afternoon—but he must have suspected something. He did not keep his appointment."

"And had he gained possession of the papers, Mr. Elmore?"

"Why, he would have destroyed them, or used them for his friends, the Rasps, and if Elgin McDermott is not now living, and as your father is dead, why the Rasps would have succeeded in the succession, and you would be kept out for years, probably forever. Now you perceive how very important these papers are."

"You have them in this office?"

"In this office," he replied, rising and unlocking a large fire-proof safe, which stood in one corner of the room. "I do not keep them here at night, but always in the room in which I sleep, for they are too valuable to be careless of. I wish they were safe in Edinburg."

Catherine Rasp had changed her posture, and her back was now towards Bertha Seely, who arose and entered the room silently, and stood behind her, Catherine's attention being fixed upon the movements of the lawyer surgeon.

Mr. Elmore advanced to the table, carrying a small tin box, such as lawyers use to keep papers in, and as his eyes were intent upon the clasp of the box, as it refused to yield to the pressure of his thumb, he did not perceive Bertha Seely, until that young lady, brave, decisive and resolute, placed her hand upon Catherine's shoulder, saying :

"I am Bertha Seely This is Catherine Rasp !"

Catherine gave a single glance upward over her shoulder, and trembled despite her hardihood, as she met the withering gaze of scorn and defiance which flamed in the jet-black eyes of the southern girl.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Robbery.

"Shameless impostor !" exclaimed Bertha, as she drew herself erect in stately indignation, "shameless impostor, how dare you, sister of the brutal John Rasp, assume my name ?"

"Bertha Seely ! Are you Bertha Seely ?" cried Mr. Elmore, staring at Bertha.

"Did you not see me in my childhood, Mr. Elmore, in my father's house in Virginia ?"

"Do not believe her, Mr. Elmore," exclaimed Catherine, vehemently, and springing to her feet, the beauty of her fair face all swallowed up by an expression of hate and rage. "I am Bertha Seely—'tis she who who is the impostor. There is my father's letter to prove my words true. She is the cheat, she is Catherine Rasp."

The worthy lawyer was in great perplexity, as he looked from one to the other, and shook his head in doubt, but Bertha's air of calm scorn and conscious right demanded his attention, and he said :

"You were about to recall your childhood to my remembrance."

"Yes, Mr. Elmore," said Bertha, in a firm, calm tone, "you must remember me in my childhood. Look at this woman. What is the color of her hair? Almost white. And mine ? Jet black. Now tell me, what was the color of the hair of that little girl whom my father has often told me used to climb upon your knee when you were a guest at the Seely mansion ?"

The old lawyer half closed his eyes in thought, and then suddenly exclaimed, as he extended his hand towards Bertha :

"Young lady, black was the color of the hair of that child, and as I look at you I can easily distinguish your father's features in your face."

"And here is my father's likeness," said Bertha, as she produced a locket from her bosom.

But at that instant, when the lawyer had extended his hand to receive the likeness, and as Bertha's head was bent to enable her to pass the locket-guard from her neck, Catherine Rasp with one hand dashed the remaining candle upon the floor, and with the other grasped the tin box containing the papers. She had already surveyed the distance and locality of the outer door, and to reach it, to change the key from the inside to the outside, to close and lock the door, and to fly down the outside steps into the street, was the work of a moment.

Mr. Elmore, as the door was closed to, had sprung towards it, but hearing the sharp click of the lock, he instantly comprehended the situation, and rushed to the open window. Leaning

out he shouted to the guard at the opposite corner, and heard the clatter of their heavy feet as they started in pursuit along the street. Turning then, he lighted the candle, and Bertha noticed that he was very pale.

"Young lady," said he, very gravely, is your father dead?"

"I hope not, though I have every reason to believe him a prisoner," replied Bertha.

"The loss of those papers, if he is dead, will be ruinous to your rights and claims as heiress of the McDermott estates," continued Mr. Elmore, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "and even if Colonel Seely is alive, I fear the Rasps may use them greatly to his injury. Who would have suspected that fair-haired, delicate girl of such high-handed robbery as that? A bold woman. But I must have that door open at once."

He grasped the bronze paper weight on the table, and soon dashed the lock to atoms.

"Will you remain here, my dear young lady, for a few minutes, while I attend to this matter?" said he.

"Certainly, Mr. Elmore," replied Bertha, knowing that she was helpless to aid him. "I will remain here until you return; which I hope will be very soon, and in possession of the papers."

"I hope so, most fervently," said Mr. Elmore, and the next instant Bertha was alone.

A deep sadness and melancholy fell upon her heart as she sat there alone, thinking of her absent father, who at that moment, she thought, might be in his grave in Virginia, or languishing in a northern prison. Randolph, too, might be filling a bloody grave, and she left homeless and friendless, parentless and penniless upon the world. Yes, penniless, for even her little stock of Confederate money was well nigh exhausted, and a tear fell from her eyes as she gazed mournfully into the pale flame of the candle before her.

She strove to subdue this bitterness of soul, but the unhappy girl had passed through great and long-continued suffering during the late month, and nature clamored for vent for that long-sustained misery of mind and heart, so yielding at length to its sway, she bent her head upon the table and wept aloud.

Long minutes passed thus, and absorbed in her woe, Bertha Seely, after murmuring in broken accents. "Oh, my father! oh, William!" did not perceive the entrance of a youth in the garb of a Lieutenant of the Confederate service, a fair-faced, delicate-looking youth, who had twice quietly rapped at the door, and receiving no reply, made bold to enter unasked.

He stood near the table for several moments, gazing earnestly upon the bowed head of the unhappy girl, and tears filled his eyes as he gently laid his hand upon hers.

Bertha Seely raised her head as she felt the touch, and started in surprise as her eyes met those of the stranger.

"You do not recognize an old friend, Miss Seely," said he, in a soft and gentle tone, as he raised his military cap from a broad brow as white as snow.

Bertha did not, and the stranger continued:

"I do not wonder at your not recognizing me, Miss Seely, for when we first met it was a stormy scene, yonder in poor Bratton, and our after acquaintance was all in the dark."

"Ah, I do remember you now," said Bertha, as she grasped the girlish hand of the speaker. "You are Ralph, the guide."

"Right, Miss Seely, I am Ralph," said Julia, for it was she. "Now tell me why I find you in such sorrow, and in a place like this? Though I need not ask the last question, for this is David Elmore's office, is it not?

"Yes, this is that gentleman's office," replied Bertha.

"Then I know why you are here, for I heard your father's words as you and he parted on that dreadful night."

"My father—ah, can you tell me nothing of his fate?" exclaimed Bertha. "Is he living? Is he a prisoner?"

"Your father, Miss Seely," replied Julia, "I trust is well, though I am not able to say where he is. He was captured on that eventful night in Bratton, but made his escape at Hubert's house, remaining hidden in a room two days. On the third day he left the town, and the day following I also quitted Bratton for Atlanta."

"And you have heard nothing of my father since that time?"

"Nothing, though I have returned from Atlanta to Bratton, and from Bratton to Atlanta again," said Julia. "I am now here on business connected with the interests of the Confederacy."

"I fear something dreadful has happened to my poor father," said Bertha. "Perhaps he has been recaptured, or perhaps—" she did not dare speak the thought, though Julia easily interpreted it from Bertha's quivering lips.

There was a silence of some minutes before either spoke again, for Bertha had suddenly remembered that this pretended Confederate Lieutenant was a woman, and that there was good cause to believe that she felt more than a passing regard for Captain William Randolph; while the great modesty of Julia, and the habit of reserve and caution imposed upon her by the important charges with which her mother continually entrusted her, held her silent. She did not suspect that Bertha Seely knew her to be a woman in the garb of a man, for her great success hitherto in that character led her to suppose that she was undiscovered. But Bertha Seely felt ill at ease in allowing her to remain in that belief, and at the same time desired to learn if any deep regard for her betrothed warmed the bosom of the disguised girl. Fixing her eyes, therefore, with that intent, steadily upon Julia's face, she said:

"And your friend, Capt. Randolph, where is he?"

A deep blush dyed Julia's cheeks as this unexpected question was asked, for she was herself just upon the point of making the same inquiry; besides, there was a strange air of severe search in Bertha's dark eyes as she spoke, and Julia felt that her voice trembled as she replied:

"You should say your friend, Miss Seely, for—for—I have—I have—"

"The ring he gave you still upon your finger, Mr. Ralph," said Bertha. "But where is he?"

"Indeed, Miss Seely, I do not know. I last heard of him in pursuit of a portion of the Federal command."

"Perhaps he is dead, then," said Bertha, forcing the painful words from her lips.

"Dead! I hope not. He was a noble soldier," replied Julia, with feigned carelessness, as she sat down. But Bertha was sure that she trembled.

"Ah, it is as I thought," mused Bertha. "This girl loves Randolph."

"It is very strange," she resumed, "that you, Mr. Ralph, whose nerves were so firm, and whose voice was like a trumpet on that dreadful night at Ravine Creek, should tremble now at the bare mention of Captain Randolph's name."

"Tremble! I do not tremble. What can you mean by that remark, Miss Seely?" cried Julia, as she pressed her cap down upon her eyes.

"Ah, Master Ralph, it is well that I am not that great ruffian among women to whom posterity will attach the title of Beast—Butler the Beast."

"I do not understand you, Miss Seely," said Julia. "Suppose you were that ruffian among women, 'Butler the Beast,' what harm would that be to me?"

"Why doubtless he would concoct one of his gentlemanly sentences, such as he used in unfortunate New Orleans, in addressing honorable ladies and defenceless women, 'she-adders,' and the like. Now if I were the amiable beast I might say to you, look here, now, since you wear the dress of a male spy, you shall be hanged as a male spy."

"You have discovered my sex, Miss Seely," inquired Julia, lowering her eyes before the severity, real or assumed, of Bertha.

"Oh, yes; and your secret too," said Bertha.

"My secret! oh, you mean the business which has called me to Atlanta."

"Not at all. I mean that I have learned a far different secret. You love Captain Randolph."

At these words, the diffidence and confusion of Julia vanished. She arose to her feet, and returning the steady and haughty gaze of her rival, said, in a voice no longer tremulous nor hesitating:

"I do love William Randolph, Bertha Seely. Love him more than I love my life—love him as devotedly as you do, nor am I ashamed to admit it to you; for if it be a thing to be ashamed of, you are as guilty as I. But there is nothing to be ashamed of in my loving Captain Randolph. Why should I, Julia Schampfer, not love him as well as you, Bertha Seely?"

"He is my betrothed husband. I have loved him for years," replied Bertha, not at all relishing this haughty and defiant avowal of a deep passion for her betrothed. It was very true that she did not believe that Randolph felt anything like love for any woman on earth besides Bertha Seely, and had no reason to believe that Randolph had ever seen Julia before or since that eventful night at Bratton, but it touched her pride of love to the quick to think that any of womankind had dared to feel towards that beloved absent one as she felt. So there was much and unusual asperity in her tone, and marked flashing of the black and beautiful eyes as she repeated what she deemed the enunciation of an insuperable right to claim Randolph.

"I have loved him for years."

"For years," said Julia, in a soft but steady tone. "I do not measure the duration of my love for William Randolph by dates. I have known him—not a year—but I shall love him for eternity."

Bertha Seely was as amiable a young lady as any in America, and surely we need not seek farther to find the perfection of human amiability, and as

we ever endeavor to paint our characters by living mortals, as they love, and hate, rise or fall around us, we must say that she began to feel a little angry at this bold assumption, as it appeared to her, and that anger framed a very jealous question.

"And of course you love so very profoundly, Miss Julia, you will do all you can to have that fathomless, dateless, eternal passion reciprocated by its object."

"No, for he loves you."

"Oh, he loves me—you admit that," said Bertha, and rising, for till then she had remained seated.

"I know he loves you."

"But men are proverbially fickle. He may change. Indeed, he may love you far better than—"

"Miss Seely," said Julia, in a reproachful tone, and glancing respectfully into the dark and flashing eyes which seemed to burn as Bertha spoke, "you are unjust to William Randolph, to me and to yourself. I do love him, but I know he loves you, and you do him wrong in saying that he will change his love from you to me or to any other woman. Do not think, however, that because I love him, I shall try to win him from you. He shall never know from me that I love him. He shall never, with my consent, learn that I am a woman—"

"He knows that already," said Bertha.

"He—Randolph knows that I am a woman!" cried Julia, blushing painfully, and immediately losing that deep blush in a ghostly paleness. "Oh, do not say that."

"But I do say it, for it is true. He knows, if he is living, that the guide Ralph was a woman, and doubtless has learned, also, that she was Julia Schampfer.

Ah, Bertha Seely, you were but a woman, truly as nearly an earthly angel as women ever are, and indeed, we believe in the general opinion that they are the only angels on earth, but we fear there was much spice of triumph in your heart as you said those last words. But how soon that feeling vanished when you saw the unhappy Julia sink into her chair, overwhelmed with shame, covering her eyes with those delicate hands, and convulsed with sobs of wordless anguish. Then the angel shone forth in our heroine's character, for she bent over the weeping girl and twined her arms about her, and pressed her forgiving lips to the burning cheek and brow, whispering, in that soft and thrilling whisper which penetrates the heart like a note of melody:

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me Julia. I have been very rude, very cruel. I am very, very sorry that I have wounded you. Let me be your friend, forgive me."

"What will he—what does he think of me?" sobbed Julia, as Bertha strove to soothe her grief. "What can he think of me, save that I am a bold and shameless girl? Oh, my mother, you had a right, and my country had a right to demand my life in the great cause, but neither had a right to demand my self-respect. And you, too, Bertha Seely, do you not despise me since I can go about attired in this unnatural garb?"

"Oh no, my dear friend, I esteem you—"

"It was for the good of my country, and and at my mother's command that I assumed this dress," said Julia, rais-

ing her head proudly, but her sense of outraged modesty, that ever-present reproach which gave to her assumed character an air of profound sadness, almost melancholy, again overpowered her, and she shuddered with shame, saying :

"To think that Randolph must deem me—"

"A noble girl—he will, when he knows all," interrupted Bertha.

"He must not know all. He must never know that I love him," exclaimed Julia. "You will not tell him that."

"No, I will not, or I might risk his admiring you too much, Julia," replied Bertha, as she kissed her cheek.

Now, all this conversation had consumed much more time than the reader may imagine from the space in which we have narrated it, and Mr. Elmore had returned to the door of the office, but paused before entering on hearing the sound of two voices where he had left but one. His arrival had not been heard by either of the young ladies, for he was not noisy on the heel, like many of our warriors both North and South, who clashed about with huge spurs as symbols of their unheard-of and much-to-be imagined prowess, and reached his office door with a light and modest tread as became a man accustomed to move in hospitals among the sick and wounded heroes who were not, but had won, most knightly spurs.

The interest of their conversation, too, was too absorbing for Bertha and Julia to observe him as he pushed open the door and looked in.

What he saw was very surprising to him, as it would have been to the uninformed reader, for he saw Miss Bertha Seely, with her arm nestled around the waist of the uniform of a Confederate officer, and her lips pressed to the cheek of the wearer. The face of the wearer was not towards worthy Mr. Elmore, but he could not help admitting, at a glance, that the form of the supposed officer was a very graceful one. Still, Mr. Elmore, who was a man of grave habits and reflections, saw no reason why the daughter of Col. Seely should be thus engaged, and though he caught the last words which we have recorded as spoken, he mistook the name, and muttered :

"This is very wrong, decidedly! She calls him Julius! If he were Julius Cæzar, it would be no good cause for her to kiss and hug him in my office at this hour. Ahem, ahem!"

He coughed very loud, and stepped in briskly, and his sudden appearance made both of the ladies utter a subdued little scream of surprise, which Julia would not have done had her nerves not been all unstrung by her deep emotion.

"Pleasantly engaged, Miss Seely," said Mr. Elmore, bowing. "Much more so than I have been in racing after that female catamount who stole my box. An old acquaintance, I suppose, Miss Seely?"

"Indeed, Mr. Elmore, I never knew the gentleman's name until a few minutes ago," replied Bertha, enjoying the old lawyer's mistake.

"Ah, case of love between the unknown. But it is not exactly proper—why he is a very young looking gentleman," continued Mr. Elmore, adjusting his spectacles, and eyeing the supposed Confederate officer, intently.

"Very, is he not?" said Bertha, and then remembering Col. Mosby's phrase, she continued, "so young looking

that he will never live to be a man."

"Never live to be a man!" repeated the old lawyer, much bewildered, as both older and younger men than he ever will be, when rosy, pouting lips weave cunning meshes for the entangling of men. "But this is all very natural. You are a young lady, and have probably just lost a vast inheritance, but it is like your sex to chatter and laugh. If you can afford to laugh let me into the secret, for I have not the honor, if honor there be, of the acquaintance of this young gentleman."

Bertha was willing then to undeceive the old gentleman, but she reflected that she had no right to reveal Julia's sex, and remained silent. But Mr. Elmore was not thus easily satisfied, for he considered himself in some sort the guardian of the daughter of his much-esteemed friend, Col. Seely, and knowing well the haughtiness of the Virginian's character, was about to push his demands for an introduction, when the supposed officer made a rapid and singular gesture with the left hand, apparently at random, but one which the quick eye of Mr. Elmore caught and instantly understood, for he answered the gesture with another and said :

"Credited,"

"To the debt," spoke Julia.

"Of the Confed——," continued Mr Elmore.

"Eracy," concluded Julia.

"Credited to the debt of the Confederacy," repeated Mr. Elmore, "and a very great debt it is, and I will attend to that affair presently. Yet this does not explain why I find this young lady and you are upon such very intimate terms."

Julia blushed again, but spoke promptly to relieve Bertha's feelings, for she saw that the mistake had gone far enough.

"I shall never live to be a man, because, Mr. Elmore, I am a woman."

The old lawyer started, accustomed as he was to mines and countermines, and after a sharp scrutiny of the blushing face and graceful form he said :

"Always when I have been deceived it has been by a woman, and as I have had to match three within the hour, I may as well make out my affidavit that I am a goose, and throw myself upon the mercy of the court. Why, you are the same young lady that visited me about two weeks ago, and at first palmed yoursulf upon me as an old woman. Sit down, Miss Bertha and Mr. ——"

"Ralph," said Julia.

"Mr. Ralph. Thank you. Now Miss Bertha, about the stolen box. I have not recovered it; but I know that the one who robbed us so adroitly has not got it now. She was forced to hide it in her flight, for she was seen flying empty-handed along Peachtree street. She has escaped, so far, but she certainly has not the box. If she had rifled it of its contents, she would have thrown it away in her flight, and it would have been found upon the street. She managed to hide it; and now we are to find it."

THE DEATH OF GENERAL TURNER ASHBY

BY A MEMBER OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S STAFF.

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who haven risen
On Liberty's ruin to fame."

The sun, from its rising to its setting, does not throw its rich rays upon a more blessed spot than the Valley of Virginia. From the beautiful bank of the "River of Swans," the historic Potomac, to where the noble, solemn mountains pour down their streamlets to form the Shenandoah of the James, the traveler must be astonished at the thousand marks of the generosity with which Providence has dealt with this large valley. The famous Blue Ridge on the East, and the Shenandoah and imposing Alleghany mountains on the West, are thrown up by the hand of God, to fence in this favorite garden. Its beauties are as various as they are plentiful. The tourist and the artist may rejoice with romantic appreciation; the shepherd and the agriculturist may be satisfied with what is furnished them for use and improvement. The long, picturesque mountains, the splendid rivers, nourishing creeks and infant rivulets; the broad, green fields, the stately groves, and round, rolling hills, each richest of its kind, and unsurpassed on all this grand continent. After gazing from Jefferson Rock, at Harper's Ferry, to stand upon which, Mr. Jefferson said, is worth a trip across the Atlantic, the traveler may move leisurely up the Valley, drink from innumerable crystal springs, hunt through the bountiful wood, and at night receive a warm welcome at some old mansion; perhaps fall asleep in an antiquated chair, where some hero of the first Revolution repeated again and again his tales of war, or rested his honored body.

Such was the Valley of the Shenandoah a few years ago; war has made it a desolation. As it was beautiful and fruitful it attracted destruction. Deserted homesteads and mouldering ruins, venerable and shattered old oaks, under which sat some of America's greatest statesmen and heroes; these proclaim New England's gratitude to the children of those men, who marched on foot at the bidding of Washington, and Lee, and Morgan, to help Boston in her hour of need. A broad land, which once blossomed as the rose, has been turned into a desert, that the destroyers may prove we are their brethren.

What a glorious country to battle for, what a consecrated people to defend! What a magnificent plain for the charging squadron, what a beautiful death-bed for the cavalier and hero! Here, Ashby, you shall die. The Valley of Virginia loves you. During the war you have never left her for a sin-

gle day. You have made more memorable her hills and streams. You have watched over her, fought for her, and you are worthy of her. Here you will fall. You have finished your race, but you will not soon be forgotten; for the streams will weep for you, and the rock, and the wood, echo the lamentations of a grateful people for many generations to come.

General Jackson, after having expelled General Banks most unceremoniously and expeditiously from Virginia, and beyond the borders of the Confederacy, was in rapid retreat up the Valley, pursued and pressed by the converging armies of Generals Shields and Fremont. On the 5th of June, 1862, he passed through Harrisonburg, and turned abruptly to the left in the direction of Port Republic and the Blue Ridge. On the 6th, head-quarters were established at the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Garnett, near Port Republic. Very soon the General and staff were busy with papers and reports, necessarily neglected for the week previous.

Port Republic is a small village, situated on the angle made by the confluence of the Middle Branch and South Branch, as they form the South Fork of the Shenandoah River. The South Branch is fordable at any point. The Middle Branch having been supplied by the waters of the North Branch, before it reaches Port Republic, is deep. It was spanned by an old but very good bridge, across which ran the road from Port Republic to Harrisonburg. General Jackson had encamped his troops on the north side of the Middle Branch; his old division just opposite Port Republic, and the division of General Ewell at Cross Keys, several miles nearer Harrisonburg. General Ashby, with his rear-guard of cavalry, was still in the last-mentioned place. During the afternoon of the 6th, Gen. Fremont closed incautiously upon Harrisonburg, and took possession—Ashby, of course, evacuating without a fight. Brigadier-General Beuford, with his command, supported by infantry, followed the retreat of General Ashby, his immediate advance being under the command of Colonel (Sir!) Percy Wyndham, a soldier of fortune, but to fame unknown. Skirmishing commenced on the outskirts of the town, and Ashby, unsupported, fell steadily back, contesting every inch with his usual watchfulness and provoking tenacity. On one occasion, Colonel Wyndham, with considerable dash, attacked Ashby's rear-guard, but was repulsed. The Colonel, in the eagerness of the onset, did not observe that his men were not following him until he was captured by a Confederate cavalryman—private Holmes Conrad, afterwards Major on the staff of Gen. Rosser. In the latter affair which followed this solitary charge of Wyndham, Ashby took about fifty-five prisoners. The Colonel was sent to the head-quarters of Gen. Jackson. On the way he was met and recognized by Major Bob. Wheat, of the Louisiana Tiger Battalian. The two, with exclamations of surprise more emphatic than refined, rushed into the arms of each other and embraced most affectionately, to the infinite amusement of the surrounding soldiers. It was a novel scene. They had fought side by side, in Italy under Garibaldi, and now met for the first time since then; Wyndham, still an adventurer, caring little for which side he fought, beyond

his pay; Wheat having helped the oppressed in foreign climes, now fighting as he believed for the liberty of himself and his own people.

The skirmish continued during the afternoon with very little loss. As the sun was going down, Ashby, desirous of catching a party of the enemy, who were in his front—ready to follow if he retired or to retreat if he advanced—sent a request to Gen. Ewell to be furnished with several regiments of infantry. The first Maryland regiment (Col. Bradley T. Johnson) and a Virginia regiment were sent to him at once. Gen. Ashby led them to the place he wished them; but the enemy having received notice of his intention, had also thrown out infantry in that direction. Skirmishing soon commenced between the enemy and several companies of the Maryland regiment. The Federals still advanced and drove the Confederate skirmishers in upon their support. At this moment Ashby had his horse shot under him, but he quickly placed himself in front of the Virginia regiment, which was wavering under the fire; waiving that glittering sword that so often waved to conquer, he moved forward and called upon them to follow him. Just then, Gen. Ewell rode up and ordered the Maryland regiment to charge. The order was handsomely obeyed, and in a few minutes the enemy were driven flying from the field. But it was a fruitless and dearly-bought victory. Gen. Ashby was dead. He fell shot through the heart, and never spoke. Calmly and without a single struggle for life, he breathed his last in the arms of Lieut. James Thompson, his gallant young friend, whose admiration for Ashby, his general, was rewarded and intensified by Ashby's love for him. Generous, impulsive, heroic Thompson, who never afterward mentioned the name of Ashby, without a heart drawn sigh and an ejaculation of regret; he, too, is gone. He was killed at the battle near High Bridge, a few days before the surrender of Gen. Lee, while commanding a regiment of cavalry and leading them in charge with the dashing fervor he had caught from Ashby. Thus our men perished as our groves; not only the aged poplars and matured oaks, but the vigorous, proud young hickories, and the hopeful, handsome saplings also.

In this last skirmish of Gen. Ashby, Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Rifles, and some of his men were captured. Col. Kane, immediately after he was taken, in a conversation with Captain (afterwards Col.) Herbert, who commanded the Maryland skirmishers on that occasion, said: "I have to-day saved the life of one of the most gallant officers in either army, Gen. Ashby; for I admire him as much as you can possibly do. His figure is familiar to me, inasmuch as I have seen it often on the skirmish line. He was, to day, within fifty yards of my skirmishers, sitting on his horse, as if unconscious of his danger. I saw three of them raise their guns to fire, but I succeeded in stopping two of them, and struck up the gun of the third as it went off. Ashby is too brave to die in that way." This is the natural admiration of one gallant man for another, althongh that other be an enemy, whom he has most reason to fear. Those noble words of Col. Kane were no less creditable to his courage, than to the magnanimity

of his heart. If he, too, fell during the war, I would pay this slight tribute to his memory. But unknown to Col. Kane, Ashby was just dead; and his first eulogy was pronounced by this generous foe.

Gen. Jackson was sitting in his room that night, holding a private interview with Col. Wyndham, when a courier arrived in haste, with a message for the general. It announced the death of Ashby. Every voice was hushed; no burst of regret broke from either the general or his staff, but a cloud of unbroken grief and gloom settled upon the household. It was the first heavy misfortune that had fallen upon the little army of the Valley District.

The sorrows of a woman are like the clouds of Heaven in spring time; they weep themselves away in a shower of tears, and very soon the sun shines brightly out again. Not so with the grief of a strong man. It is pent-up agony. Like the internal heaving of a valcano, it is oftentimes unseen and only known by the deep groan which now and then escapes. Such was that of Gen. Jackson. Col. Wyndham being dismissed, the general entered his room and locked the door. The shadow of woe passed over his face as he went in; and no one can ever know what transpired there. We may, however, reasonably suppose that this earnest Christian laid his sorrows where only a Christian can lay them and found relief. And while many throughout the army that night were wrestling with an impatient and burdensome grief, was he not praying to God to sustain him in this hour of trial, when foes encompassed him about and his trusted ally had been taken from him. If so, that prayer was answered with the victor's crown at Cross Keys and Port Republic, where regiment after regiment of cavalry and infantry went into battle with the name of Ashby.

When Gen. Jackson appeared in the morning, not a sign of grief, except his melancholy silence, was observable. And, as he rode that day through his faithful troops, grieving like children for the beloved Ashby, they looked wistfully upon the iron face of their greater general for comfort, and felt that in the coming battles, they could be victors still and gather laurels for Ashby's grave.

The body of Gen. Ashby, in charge of his A. A. Gen., was taken to Charlottsville for burial. Inexpressible and uncontrolled was the grief of his bereaved troopers, as the corpse of their knightly chief was borne from their midst. His clarion voice was hushed, the fire in his eye had gone out; and bursting sobs heaved from many manly breasts, and coursed in tears down unkempt beards and unused cheeks. He, the invincible, and as they fondly believed, the invulnerable, was, indeed, passing from their sight forever. In this moment of great affliction, no one could be their comforter, for no one could fill Ashby's place in the field, or the aching void in their hearts.

As the hearse passed along the road and through the long line of Federal prisoners, it is said—and be it known for their soldierly credit—that not a word of exultation was heard, not a smile of satisfaction noticed; but that many uncovered their heads in respectful deference, as all that was left of their great foe was borne past them to his last resting-place.

In height, Gen. Ashby was about five feet and ten inches; beautifully proportioned, gracefully yet compactly molded. He had black eyes, black hair, and a long black beard. His complexion was of the darkest brunette; so dark, that a Federal soldier, whom he once shot with a pistol, declared that he had been shot by a negro. His face was placid, not stern; its whole expression, even in a smile, was generally shadowed with a tinge of melancholy. It did not flush in battle nor under excitement; then the melancholy shadow passed away, and his countenance was alive, determined but still calm. He often smiled, but seldom laughed. His eyes, at rest, were gentle and peaceful; in battle they did not sparkle, but burned right on in their dark sockets and beneath their dark brows—whether riding thoughtfully and slowly along the road looking on his large black stallion, like a knight of the olden time, or galloping over the field of battle, on his graceful and favorite white war-horse. Eager, watchful and inspired with his duty, he was the most fascinating man, the most inspiriting leader, I ever knew. If he called upon his soldiers to follow him, it was impossible not to obey. They knew he would go, and they went to be with him and to save him.

Gen. Ashby was an officer of more character than ability; or we may be mistaken in regarding him as such, because, in his brief career of one year, he had a better opportunity to exhibit and develop the former quality than the latter. As a captain, he was without a superior—equally popular, exacting and useful. As a colonel, with an independent command, he was active, vigilant and energetic; so active, that he was seldom at rest, so vigilant, that he was never surprised, and so energetic, that he seemed never to tire. It was reported, factiously, that he had entered into a contract with President Davis, to fight the Yankees every day for the term of one year, from the first of January, 1862. If so, to the day of his death, that contract had been very nearly complied with. Indeed, in one of his letters to Hon. A. R. Boteler, he said, that he had thirty fights in twenty-eight days. The statements of Gen. Ashby, with regard to the position and strength of the enemy, were generally remarkable for their accuracy; as at Kernstown, he was sometimes, of course, deceived. As remarked, heretofore, Gen. Ashby's peculiar idea, with regard to the superior patriotism of a volunteer soldier and his exemption from discipline, was his real error as an officer, and the secret of the only failures he met with. Had he lived, he would, of necessity, have changed his opinion on this point; and, indeed, it was hoped and asserted by those who knew him best, that after his promotion to the rank of Brigadier General, which he obtained but a few days before his death, he would deal more strictly with his colonels than he had heretofore done with his many subordinate officers. He rendered great service to the army with his command, but had he been as severe in discipline as he was chivalrous on the field, and thus made his followers as faithful as himself, his blows would have been heavier and longer felt, and his success and reputation much greater. Yet we must not forget that even for this want of organization and discipline,

Ashby was not very greatly to be censured. His field of drill was the field of battle, and his daily conflicts gave him little time to attend to the discipline and instruction of his troops.

In the official report of this campaign, Gen. Jackson paid the following tribute to his chief of cavalry:

"An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead; but the close relations which Gen. Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months, will justify me in saying, that as a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial; his powers of endurance almost incredible; his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

This might be the inscription upon Ashby's tomb. His most devoted admirers could desire nothing better than this simple eulogy of Stonewall Jackson.

Thus "amid the proudest monuments of his glory," fell the favorite cavalier of the Shenandoah valley. If he had faults, they have been forgotten; as he was brave, we will ever admire him; and now that he is dead, may we not drop a tear for him?

* Saw ye the veterans—
Hearts that had known
Never a quail of fear
Never a groan—
Sob mid the fight they win
(Tears their stern eyes within)
"Ashby our Paladin
Ashby is gone!"

Dash, dash the tear away,
Crush down the pain,
"Dulce et decus," be
Fittest refrain.
Why should the dreary pall
Round him be flung at all?
Did not our hero fall
Gallantly slain!

Catch the last word of cheer
Dropt from his tongue,
Over the Valley's din
Loud be it rung—
"Follow me! Follow me!"
Soldier, oh! could there be
Pocean or dirge for thee
Loftier sung!

'Tis not *one* broken heart,
Wild with dismay,
Crazed with her agony
Weeps o'er his clay.
Ah! from a thousand eyes
How the pure tears arise;
Widowed Virginia lies
Stricken to-day!

WINCHESTER, VA.

* From the "Dirge for Ashby," by Mrs. M. J. Preston, of Lexington, Virginia, sister of the first wife of Lieutenant General Jackson.

SUMNER ON THE MECHANICS.

Says he—"Though they do not pull triggers,
Yet as makers, and menders, and riggers,
In the horrors of war,
Though not on par,
Our mechanics are next to the niggers!"

"THE SOUTH EXPECTS EVERY WOMAN TO DO HER DUTY."

[BY A LADY OF NORTH CAROLINA.]

THERE is no evading or denying the fact that the women of the Southern Confederacy were the unrecognized "power behind the throne," during its whole existence. Mr. Seward, General Butler, and General Sherman, all, by their bitter persecution of them, tacitly acknowledged them to be a latent force which must be overcome before the South could be conquered. These leaders knew well that although the southern women did not in person wield the sword, or enter the legislative halls, their steady, unchanging influence did more to fill the ranks of the Confederate army than all the edicts of its Congress, or acts of its Conscript Bureau. Hence the endorsement by the Executive of General Butler's notorious order in New Orleans, and General Sherman's policy in his march from Atlanta to Raleigh. On this account were young girls taken from their homes, by order of United States army officers, and set down penniless, destitute, and without protection, miles from any habitation, and forbidden, on pain of imprisonment, to return to their fathers' houses. For this reason were southern homes desolated, and helpless women and children turned out without food, shelter, or any clothing but that which they had on at the time, by the "bummers," who acted under General Sherman; and for this reason did that General adopt as his motto, "War is essentially cruel," and act on it.

Nobly and bravely did the daughters of the South meet this persecution. Up to the day of General Johnston's surrender their voices were raised for war—war until the rights of the South were acknowledged, and her freedom secured. Their tongues, sharper than two-edged swords, were mercilessly turned against all deserters, shirks, and "bomb-proof officers;" while no sarcasm was too cutting, no scorn too withering for the man who was suspected of being "a Unionist."

They equalled the women of Poland and Hungary in their enthusiasm and devotion, and excelled them in persistent opposition to, and hatred of those whom they regarded as the oppressors of their country. Many a poor fellow, whom the final surrender caught in a northern prison or a Confederate hospital, hesitated to take the oath of allegiance which would have at once procured his release, although he knew there was no longer a Confederacy to be true to, because he did not know "what the women at home would say to it."

History shows that in all stubornly contested civil wars, women have been more bitter and uncompromising than men. And why? Simply because they are women, and seldom let the head dictate to the heart. Where one

woman acts from policy, one thousand act from impulse.

The southern women have proved themselves worthy to be the wives and mothers of the brave men who fell upon our battle-fields, or, crushed and broken hearted, still drag on a miserable existence with a sorrow at their hearts which no individual prosperity can heal.

What higher praise can we accord them than this?

We think they will themselves unanimously reply, "None."

Why then, oh, sisters, who have so nobly won a glorious reputation, will ye not be constant to it, and still share the burden of your statesmen and warriors? We are crushed, conquered and ground down in the dust, and your fathers, brothers and husbands, bitter as it is to their proud spirits, must bow their heads to the yoke, and, for your sakes, dear ladies, submit unresistingly to many an insult which their blood boils to resent.

We hear on every side, from the northerner and the southerner, that the conduct of the southern women towards the United States army officers stationed amongst us is tightening the chains and increasing the weight already pressing so heavily upon our unhappy country.

Your own trusted and beloved leaders will tell you that it was no idle threat which that whiskered young army officer uttered the other day when you refused to pass through a gate which he held open for you, and drew aside your skirts to avoid the contamination of his touch, till he ground his teeth, and said under his breath, "some one shall suffer for this." Yes, not only some one, but many a one, will suffer because you wounded that man's vanity. And what good did your rudeness do you, your friends, or your country? None. But sooner or later it will do all three much harm. "But," you exclaim, indignant at the shadow of blame being cast upon you for any expression of hatred or contempt exhibited to a "Yankee officer." "how do I know he is not the very Captain who set up the likeness of my dead mother as a target for his men to shoot at, and himself rummaged my aunt's drawers and stole her jewelry and lace, while some of his men were stirring the contents of her pantry into a 'Douglas larder' on her parlor carpet, and tearing my cousin's clothes to pieces before her eyes. For aught I know he is the very man who had my grandfather's vault broken open in Newbern, and my uncle's coffin taken out and used to send the remains of his Colonel back to New England, while he had not even the decency to bury the bones he sacrilegiously displaced?"

My dear young lady, it is not only possible, but probable, that he has done all this, if not to your relatives, to some other southern family. But what then? Why warm into life with the fire of your indignation the snake that is "scotched" by the cessation of hostilities? Never unnecessarily irritate a venemous reptile when you are not strong enough to crush it; give it as wide a berth as you can without exciting its rage, and pass as though you did not see it. But, my dear Miss Amelia Jane, while we are supposing, let us suppose also that he is the identical officer who, when General Sherman took up his quarters for the night in the house of your other aunt, who lives in South Carolina, and took from her

every pound of meat, and every quart of meal she had, leaving her without food for herself and children, or a teaspoon to administer medicine to her almost dying child; let us suppose, I say, that this very Captain whom you insulted yesterday, is the officer who put a guard at the door where your cousin lay sick, and assured your almost distracted aunt that although he could not protect her from General Sherman, he could and would from his men; and shortly afterwards smuggled in two pieces of bacon and a bag of flour which he had been obliged to steal from the pillagers, and cautioned her to secrete under her bed, while he drew from his pocket half a dozen spoons and told her to keep them hid on her person until the whole army had passed. Should this prove to be the case, would you not regret that you had unnecessarily mortified him? Certainly you would, or your heart is unworthy of your beautiful face.

"But," you exclaim, "because all of Sherman's officers are not brutes, would you have me welcome them as friends?"

By no manner of means, my indignant and unreasoning beauty; but because some of these officers are brutes, is that any reason why you should forget you are a lady?

"General! do you touch your hat to a negro?" asked one of his officers of the great rebel General George Washington, on seeing him return the salute of a servant. "Would you have me allow him to excel me in politeness?" was the mild but pointed reply.

We ask you the same question, gentle and high-bred southern lady; will you allow a "Yankee officer" to excel you in courtesy? Certainly you will not.

"And so, I suppose you expect me to receive graciously and as though they gave me pleasure, the attentions of every butcher, baker and candle-stick maker who wears a blue coat with shoulder straps upon it? I must walk with him, dance with him, entertain him when he choses to call upon me, and perchance, as some renegades have already done, marry him when he condescends to do me the honor of offering his hand? I'll do no such thing; the sight of that uniform causes me to shudder, for it reminds me that we are conquered. Every ring I see on the finger of a United States army officer, every pin I see in his scarf, every article of jewelry he displays, I imagine torn from some southern woman by violence, or stolen from her wardrobe. When he takes out his watch, I wonder what South Carolina gentleman it belonged to? There goes a Brigadier General in a barouche with two blood horses which he boasts of having 'picked up in Georgia.' No, I will have nothing to do with them; I shake off the dust from my feet when I happen to step in the foot-print of one of them, and gather up my skirts to show my horror and disgust at their unmanly conduct. I care not that this or that officer is a high-minded, honorable gentleman; he represents not a single individual, but a class who have disgraced humanity, and he must suffer for being in bad company. While our State is under a military despotism, our ex-President a prisoner, and every newspaper filled with accounts of the trials of Confederate officers for simply obeying the customary laws of civil-

ized warfare, I will make the officers of the United States army who are stationed here feel that no true-hearted southern woman will associate with them."

Calm your just and natural indignation, my ruffled fair one, and listen to the words of reason as spoken by your own ex-Governors, Senators, Generals, and the men of the country generally. Make the United States' officer as uncomfortable as you please, but do it so as not to disgrace yourself and your country; do it in a genteel, lady-like way, and you will cut him far more severely than you possibly could with rudeness, and yet not leave him one single good cause of complaint against you. I am not pleading for him but for you, pleading with you for yourself.

Give the next one who holds open a gate for you to pass through a "thank you," as you would any other stranger. If your ex-footman or your ex-maid were to offer you their politeness, would you not thus acknowledge it? Certainly you would, for you are a lady Well, do not the radicals of the North say that the late war was waged to put them and the negro on the same footing, socially and politically? Now, although you may reasonably think there was a way to accomplish this, without the shedding of so much blood, by simply letting them go their way while we went ours, still, though they would not agree to this, and have got the best of us in the fight which we entered into to gain our point, is that any reason why you should desert your principle? Certainly not; stick to it; go your way individually, if you cannot politically, and let them go theirs undisturbed by the flirt of your Balmoral skirt.

The United States army officer has, by force of arms, won the right to stand on the same platform as that now occupied by your late servant. In God's name let him enjoy the fruits of his victory. You cannot avoid coming in contact with him sometimes, and if you really wish to punish him, not as an individual, but as a member of a class, take the advice of an old beau and a true southerner, and be so sweetly amiable, so interestingly agreeable, or so sparklingly attractive, so bewitchingly fascinating, and yet so crushingly and overpoweringly polite and indifferent, as to make him long for the delights of your society, and regret that "some how he can never get one inch beyond the formal politeness and stiffness of a first introduction with those charming southern ladies, with whom it would be so pleasant occasionally to spend a social evening." Don't draw down the corners of your mouth and turn up your nose until you look almost ugly, and then knock the fellow flat with a rude act or speech, because if you do he'll get up "blazing angry," and as he can't now imprison you in revenge, he'll hurt some of your friends. If he is in the Negro Bureau, he will decide the next case that a negro brings before him against the white man, without caring whether the negro tells the truth or not, indeed he will be rather glad of an opportunity of showing that his *ipse dixit* can make you, through your countrymen, uncomfortable. Or worse still, if he is on a military court, he will say as that Judge Advocate did the other day, "While the southern women are so confoundedly impertinent, I'll do what I can to hang the men." Or, at the

very least, he'll feel and say you are "no lady, and he don't care to know you." But just give him a glimpse of Paradise, and keep him, as Congress is doing our Representatives, "out in the cold," and you will not only punish him but preserve your own self-respect.

Should he politely offer your uncle an apple in the cars, and say, "won't the young lady take one?" don't turn your back on him as if you did not hear him, when he can't help knowing that you did, and oblige your respected relative to stammer out an impromptu fib, and say, "she's rather hard of hearing," and force him to stoop over, and in a loud voice ask, "my dear, will you have an apple?" because that hurts your dear uncle's feelings far more than it does the officer's. Just say politely in the first instance, "No, I thank you, sir," and then look placidly out of the window, as though there was not an army officer within a mile of you. If you pursue this course, he will feel that you have given him to understand, in a lady-like way, that you desire neither his apple nor his conversation.

Don't say now, my silenced opponent, "The men must come in contact with them, but we women need not."

You did not shrink from bearing your share of the privations of the war; you cheerfully gave up not only luxuries but comforts, and taught your fair, and heretofore, rather idle fingers to work for the soldiers; you knit socks for them; you made shirts for them, and sent out from your sewing-bees some of the most remarkable pantaloons that were ever manufactured by mortal hands; you tore up your nice soft linen and sent it to the hospitals, wearing negro shirting in its place you went, yourself, into the hospital and attended to the sick and wounded. You gave yourself heart and soul to the Southern Confederacy, gloried in its success and mourned over its defeats as only a true woman could glory and mourn; and will you now shirk its humiliations? Will you leave your lovers, your fathers, brothers and husbands to bear their burden alone? Or worse, will you, against their reiterated entreaties, increase that burden? They do not ask you to compromise either your dignity or their pride; they would be deeply mortified did you welcome and entertain a Federal, as you do a Confederate soldier. All they ask is that you will not, by a childish and useless exhibition of a natural and commendable feeling, sink your country still deeper in misery and render it ten times harder for them to struggle under the heavy load which God in His wisdom has seen fit to lay upon them.

Oh, my noble and patriotic countrywomen! look up to, and follow the example of our great and glorious General, Robert E. Lee, greater, if possible, in his day of humiliation than in his hour of triumph. He stands pre-eminent before the world, first among its Christian gentlemen; has he stooped his grandly proud head one hair's breadth since he surrendered to Gen. Grant? No! Nor has he sullied his fair fame with one discourteous act or word towards his opponents. Let him be your guide in defeat as he was your star in the hour of triumph; and like him, so act and speak as to wring from your conquerors, whether they will or not, that respect which generous spirits spontaneously yield to dignified misfortune. STUART LEIGH.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, THE PLAGIARIST.

Perhaps the only lecture ever delivered by Wendell Phillips outside of the latitude of New England, which was regarded as even tolerable in point of matter for a literary audience, was that upon "Lost Arts." It was his principal "stock in trade" in his western tour, without which he would have found neither audience nor toleration, created applause, or left a reputation. Phillips is not an orator. He has passion, but it is the malevolent passion of the calumniator, the very same which is rampant among the half-sobering crew on the deck of a Mississippi steamer, or which may be heard in the full enjoyment of the liberty of speech freely indulged in the Recorder's Court in Chicago, after a general election riot. The language is of precisely the same import, with only that variation which only technical vulgarity required to be introduced from a city brothel to an Abolition Convention. He has action, but his action is that of the philosopher enunciating aphorisms which carry the assent of the understanding upon their first announcement, applied to the most absurd jargon, the wildest rant, and the extremest impracticable sentimentality. He defies logic, and revels in contradictions. He has never written an essay or spoken a speech which did not make the ending contradict the beginning, or in which the beginning was not simply a notification that the ending was not true or possible. Among all that has been transmitted from the fathers, or connoisseurs of eloquence, no such trash has reached us as a printed volume of Wendell Phillips' orations would make; and if the perverted taste of the present generation of our unhappy country is to be tempted with the treat, it may be safely conjectured that such a volume, or volumes, for it would be voluminous, would be as rarely found in the well-selected libraries of the country as are the verbose works of that other New England orator, the late Edward Everett, who buried feeble thoughts in a magnificent mausoleum of words.

Yet it is due to award to him his true position. Wendell Phillips is today the most thorough representative man—the orator of New England. This is not surprising of a literary people who never gave to the world a poet or a poem during a period of three hundred years of the most exciting and romantic history of man—not one poet, not one poem which will live as a part of the language we speak, or the loss of which would be felt by the next generation, or which has produced a sensation outside of the codfish dinners of Boston. Orators New England has given to the country, lawyers who are fairly entitled to a high place among their brethren of every age and country. Fisher Ames was an orator, a rhetorician and elocutionist, but not a logician. Daniel Webster combined a force, beauty, and directness, which have been rarely attained and never excelled in the English language. Rufus

Choate was not only an ornament of the profession, but was a power in the jury-box which was not only felt by the court, but was anticipated by the people in every trial the unhappy parties to which were fortunate enough to secure his services. Among the living men of New England, Caleb Cushing would rank among the first-class lawyers of any country It is unwise to underrate New England, that in her better days gave to the country a bright and shining galaxy of stars, in every department of business and science—where Pierce and Seymour stand as lone trees in the desert.

But it is just to let Massachusetts affix to her history of the present the estimate she places upon herself, and the representatives she gives to the world through Jeremiah Colbaith, the Massachusetts Senator; through Sumner, the "Fool of Quality," and Wendell Phillips, the Plagiarist. No English audience, in the days of Wilberforce, would have tolerated such humanitarianism as Phillips lets loose on the country, which is the voice of Boston. This is one of the rights of New England under "*the higher law.*" But it is unjust to deal with Mr. Phillips upon a subject which has embittered party feeling into popular madness, and make that the test of his literary character. But obeying the laws of that fair dealing which is the acme of literary criticism, we cannot better point out the virtues and expose the literary larceny of the great Boston babbler than by transferring to our columns *verbatim, et literatum, et punctuatum,* the following letter from the spirit-world, as it was given us through a highly intelligent and thoroughly cultivated medium:

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.:—*Illustrious Sir*—I am sure that you will pardon the abrupt entrance into your august presence, *en dishabille,* of a poor spirit ill at ease, who would, in regard to a most sacredly confidential matter, venture a word in private with your supreme pompous highness.

It is due to your dignity of character as well as to my own self-respect, that I briefly introduce myself in character. I am, or to speak of things as they transpired in your sublunary sphere, I was the son of Albert Pancirollus, a lawyer of great renown in his time, descended from a highly illustrious family at Reggio, where I first saw the light of my long-mourned sun on the 17th day of April, A.D. 1523. I was highly favored and honored with such teachers as Sebastian Carrado, and Bassina Lando, Pascalo and Hypolitus Riminaldi, Andrew Alciat, Marianus Cocinus, Marcus Mantua, and Julius Oradini, and in early life entered upon my duties as Professor in the University of Padua.

I was elevated to the first Professorship of the Roman Law at Turin, where my life was spent among princes, their ambassadors and courtiers, who surround to annoy and divert those royal idlers who riot upon liberty, and make their beverage of blood. It is a very unpardonable vanity for any merely mortal man to speak frequently of himself, a folly which I had readily learned of yourself, had it not been an essential lesson in my early education from such masters as made the sixteenth century distinguished for letters—for *our own* is always the "progressive age," and the "best governed country."

But it was in my birth-place that

struggling armies wasted the life of liberty, and voluptuous libertines reveled in the ruin of a valiant people—where Pompey commanded the murder of the elder Brutus which, by the younger Brutus, was resented in the bold slaughter of Julius Cæsar, the representative tyrant of the earth. So strangely are the payments of debts meted out, that Pompey's greatest enemy fell by the hand of the kinsman of him whom he had slaughtered. So kindred tyrants by kindred patriots always fall. I would offer an humble apology for any incoherency or inaccuracy which, to a superficial observer, may appear in my manner of address, the crudity of my perception (owing to a long absence from the earth) or the extreme simplicity of my humble style of speech, seeing how great a change hath happened to all languages within the last three centuries, and your own language compounded of the fragments of all. It is, however, but fairly due to candor to frankly confess that my diffidence in communicating to you has, for the most part, grown out of my amazement at your late most extraordinary associations with Kings, Queens, and other exalted dignitaries, as miseltoes cling to the great tree, a privilege not common to your profession ("common brawler,") in the age and country whence I came, nor in anywise compatible with the dignity of good government, or reconcilable with our ancient notions of propriety. For all of these marvelous changes I am quite unable to rationally account, except it be upon the theory of a new system adopted in your world of flesh, yclept progressive development, which proposes to abrogate the great law of manifest destiny.

This contemplates an entire change in the affairs of men in regard to their rulers. In olden time these were grave men of great foresight, long-tried experience, scrupulously punctilious of their word of honor, plain in their attire, economical in their habits, living after the straitest frugality, often bestowing their private fortunes upon an impoverished public treasury, denying an inheritance to their children, dying in debt, and by will directing their executors to sell their libraries, household goods and heir-looms, to wipe from their memory the stain of apparent insolvency, dependent upon public charity for a sepulchre in which to lay their bodies, covered with wounds and crowned with glory.

Such were the men who left their immortal images impressed upon every country which laid its deep foundations in justice and in honor. The counselors of these wonderful men were of profound erudition. In all matters regarding the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, endowed with every manner of wisdom and knowledge, and skillful and sagacious in the affairs of Governments and of men. This history of the great American Republic, I have learned in this most extraordinary wise :

It is the habit of the better world to make our condition here somewhat tolerable, and prepare us for future usefulness among ourselves, or for the more benevolent purpose of promotion hereafter to a higher state of existence. Pardon the episode—my crime was luxuriating in courts where ancient liberty was entombed. Seeing the crime of

tyrant's and like a tongue-tied slave, remaining silent when the bloody corpse of freedom was spit upon by the invading hordes of northern barbarians who overran my native land, my punishment is just, but not equal to my crime. In these wilds of the eternal chaos, we are favored with occasional visits, improved by a learned essay upon some useful or curious subject, from some of the mighty dead, saints and statesmen, poets, philosophers and architects of every "*nation, kindred and tongue.*" From these dazzling luminaries that emit their fires in gaudy grandeur in the habitations of "the blackness of darkness," erratic streams of light gush forth. Upon one of these extraordinary embassies came the spirits of Washington and Franklin, accompanied by Jefferson and Randolph. Their philosophical disquistions revived all that was precious in the earliest history of my own unfortunate country, and the glowing description of the western elysian discovered by our neighbor Columbus, was only less interesting than the elaborate analysis of the new and unique system of government in which the power of the ruler arose from the justice of his rule, and the sovereignty of the State sprung from the acquiescence of the people.

It is, however, due to yourself to suggest, that a custom in ages so far back that the memory of man groweth weary in the effort to trace their pathway, permitted such persons as yourself, for the amusement of kings in the presence of other courtiers, to repeat in jest, or even in sobriety, any marvelous, witty or insolent expression which their humor might suggest, or at the repetition of which a lusty laugh might be provoked, but such expressions would have cost a more serious person the loss of his head or have given him the benefit of a public exhibition on the gibbet. In times somewhat less ancient, a most remarkable personage of this character figured in a European court, under the sobriquet of George Buchanan, who indulged in a harmless style of speech which is most singularly recalled to my mind by some published description of your late visit to the mansion of the President of the United States. Indeed it is a matter of marvel, and must be for ages to come, as the most remarkable affair in the passing events of the reign of that most distinguished and unfortunate despot. That three so remarkable personages as yourself, a lady-bird poet called Willis, and a most accomplished character for whom, in my age and country, we had no name, but whom my guide, ("a Yankee school marm") who understands no language, and smatters of all, tells me they use a compound word not clear in itself or made clearer in the combination, *Deban-Coxcomb,* known as Wyckoff, should have divided the attention of the Royal Household at the same time. It is, however, conceded upon all hands, that you bore off the palm, and so gained the confidence of the court as to be permitted to speak of Mrs. President, in a style and language which bore a striking resemblance to the conversation of George Buchanan, when he gave to the king a reason for not showing his face in the kingdom.

I must, however, proceed with my narrative. For three unhappy centuries have I been wandering through the mazes of a horrible country,

known to the Jews as Hades, most technically and with exceedingly minute detail, described by my kinsman Dante, presided over by a gentleman who has received his household name from the greatest diplomat of my age and country, Nicola, by abbreviation, Old Nick.

In this purlieus of Tartarus, have I suffered all the untold and unspeakable, unfelt and inconceivable torture of a spirit in prison, upon whom the light of hope dawns not, and to whom the cheerful consolation of sympathy comes not, being as poorly fed, as thinly clad, and as carefully excluded the polished society of this loathsome land, as would be a tenth-rate barrister, in early life, at the Boston courts, in the halcyon days of Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster. I have made my way hence by the most wonderful combination of circumstances, known in all the history of men and of nations, which I shall circumstantially relate to you, *sub rosa, inter nos.*

In the land of my habitation we are all soldiers, and of consequence, have perpetual war. We mark the distinctions of our leaders by the straps of various cloths and the different kinds of metals on the soles of their sandals, that in the majesty of their pride they may trample distinction in the dust. I made my temporary exit from the regions infernal, while standing on guard duty near the gates of Perditus, which close at the end of a narrow passage or pathway, named in honor of a book which, in my better days, I had written, through which passage ingress, egress and regress, of your especial friends is entirely uninterrupted, but where papers duly certified with authoritative seals, have to be presented by all persons, except those whose skins do not give evidence of contact for centuries with our subterranean soot and smoke.

How I was seduced away from my post of duty at such peril to myself and with such impending penalties hanging over me, I am now unable to give an intelligible account, although I am honestly persuaded that it was by some trick of legerdemain or science of necromancy.

The first I knew of abstract consciousness was, that I was in the care of a female guide of wonderful intelligence, who seemed at will to speak with unbridled license, and deride John Faust and Peter the Hermit, and all of the inventors and saints of every country, and thousands of modest persons unknown to history, even more remarkable than those of whom we read. Being myself an Italian, and anxious to know something of those who spoke the language of the Anglicans, I sought and obtained intercourse with some of the most remarkable persons contemporary with myself, but whose acquaintance I had not cultivated in my present abode. My necromancer whispered to me, in most subdued and thrilling tones of emotion, that she was dogged by spies, and dared not allow spirits indiscriminately to approach her, nor speak aloud to those most intimate, for even the walls have ears to catch the echoes of the faintest accents, and the Fairies do not hesitate to tell tales or carry news. In my search through the annals of the Western Hemisphere, I called many strange and (to our language) uncouth names, (for we maintain our national distinctions and sectional feuds). I called for Erksine, Franklin, Jefferson,

Paine, Madison, Chatham and Douglas. My guide chided my temerity, and informed me with singular kindness that such dared not speak. They were all strongly suspected of treasonable sympathies and sentiments against the Government in which she lived, and if she ventured to read aloud the published works of those persons, it would be construed into sympathy with a most remarkable and sanguinary war then existing in the country whence she came. Indeed, she more than hinted to me that she was to make a visit to my country, and in that case would accompany me to my abode, and place me where she had first bade me leave as sentry.

She grew into a most inquisitive mood, and commenced a diligent enquiry after James Madison, who was accused of being the father of the Constitution, a treasonable paper, which had made Government exceedingly difficult, and had laid many restrictions upon the rulers of the country, who were thereby defeated in their purposes of making many improvements and reforms of Government, and the enjoyment of a princely style of living more in conformity with the Orientals than that proposed by Madison. Indeed, so odious was this Constitution, that it was most profoundly styled "*a covenant with death and a league with hell.*" For its highly hateful character and the treason of its author, it was adjudged by high authority that the spirit of Madison should be incarcerated and duly gibbeted in all time to come. A search was made high and low in every nook and corner of the land, and afterward in Hades, for his immortal spirit, which, it was shortly after ascertained, was holding high and joyous communion with "the spirits of just men made perfect," in that "great multitude which no man can number, of every kindred and nation and tongue." This failure to bring the spirit of Madison to torture, drove the loyal people to desperation, whereupon it was resolved that his next of kin should substitute his punishment, and be held as hostage until the principal should be dragged into court, in humiliation duly befitting his atrocious crime. It was soon ascertained that the only person bearing near relation to James Madison, was a quiet, inoffensive Doctor of Divinity, named McAnally, who edited a religious paper in the city of St. Louis. The doctor was duly imprisoned in his stead in a pen with felons, where negroes had formerly been held for crime. This was done that this Rev. Dr. McAnally might duly make repentance for bearing in his veins the blood of so vile a person as James Madison, who, added to his other crimes, was born in the criminal atmosphere of Virginia. My conductor, however, for the first time communicated to me that the principal purpose of her visit to our unfortunate prison, was to make diligent search for the spirit of Madison, which she, however, assured me, she well knew was in no part of Perditus, but added, "Spies, detectives and pimps find it quite as necessary to deceive the authorities as to detect the offenders."

Bye and bye she introduced to my acquaintance several of the most distinguished English sovereigns, who were renowned in "*my own, my native land.*" Among these were Mary and her sister Elizabeth, who seemed to have buried their ambition and indulged

in the sisterly compliments peculiar to the family circle. I then met gruff old Henry the Eighth. The whole Stuart family were grouped together, and poor Charles still sat in his family association, and seemed, yet I can't tell how, headless and tongueless, though he used to mingle in the conversation with that dignified sauvity which made him the king of manners, who wore an indisputable crown in the social circle, which gave him wonderful renown in a region where kings retain nothing but their manners and their genealogy of all that made them great before. Lords North, Granville and Bute, broke silence, after our introduction, with a pitiful complaint, that the rebel Washington, on a benevolent visit to their association, had uttered the very same sentiments which the Crown of Great Britain had crushed during their administration. Their lordships congratulated my guide upon the complete summersault lately taken by his Government, in its views of the rights of man. Just at this moment, we were both introduced to Louis Fourteenth, the original author of the *lettres de cachet*, and soon were added to our company Robespierre, Gesler, Marat, Nero and Commodus, followed by Alva, Timour, Beck, Alaric, and other Oriental heroes, who seemed attracted by the manner of Grant's occupation of the Shenandoah Valley, and Sheridan's march through Georgia, the original plan of which was claimed by the Tartar, in his march through Asiatic Georgia.

Indeed these military orients vehemently charged the American military leaders with plagiarism in the art of war, having revived the torture and other habits peculiar to Tartarian and Chinese civilization, which had never been communicated except to the hyperborean Indian. Scarcely had the coloquy grown interesting, until legions of the master fiends drew near the scene, and for hours we were entertained by theories illustrated by examples, how an anxious people might be convinced by demonstration that they "have a government;" how superior was the power to burn, ravish, and destroy, to the mere cold intellectual force. In the height of their ecstacy, the glare of light and the scent of blood brought the master spirits to the surface, and with giant strokes they dispersed the vindictive assembly, gave one terrific shriek in infernal harmony that made the foundations of the prison quake to their very centre, and silence reigned supreme. All at once my necromancer announced the end of the interview. Tables moved, lights were extinguished, and in a moment all was dark. The circle was broken, and the crowd was dispersed. At the conclusion there broke forth a most singular sound, all pandemonium was in a loud, convulsive laughter, like the cackling of a thousand million fowls where not one might be seen.

My necromancer admonished me that this always transpired after the visit of her spiritual friend, and was nothing more than the announcement of the hatching of cocatrice eggs, with the tedious details of which it would not be prudent to trouble you in this paper.

Among all of the guests, I alone seemed the favorite of my guide, the chief object of her affection, and despite of me she threw an enchantment around me, and invited me to accompany her to hear a lecture upon the

"Lost Arts," which sadly reminded me that I had an appointment to deliver an essay upon a kindred subject to my unfortunate fellow-prisoners, whence I came, but must be prevented its fulfilment by the bewitching charm of my adorable victor, who held me in a spell, as poets paint lively pictures, and old matrons tell children how serpents charm birds.

I did myself the honor to accompany my guide to the audience room, where I did myself the pleasure of hearing your voice and beholding your person. So much was the essay like a work written by myself before my earthly exit, entitled *De Artibus Perditus*, &c., or Arts Lost and Invented, that I was bewildered, and deluded into the belief that I had lost my original spirit in my passage to the earth, as I had before lost my body in my passage from the earth, I could not persuade myself that I was anything more than a beast of burden, and in this character doing penance for some crime during my pre-existent state, and that the lecturer was my master, invested with my original spirit and mind. Indeed I was only convinced of my mistake when I recollected how exactly this person corresponded in style, language, sentiment and purpose, as exhibited in another lecture on the war, with a New England gentleman who migrated to the Zahara of the unfortunate country of my involuntary adoption, who was high in the command of armies in your country, known among men as Benedict Arnold, but who in our Zahara was refused a name, as he was repelled association, indeed after a liquial bankruptcy in the attempt, per necessity, he was left nameless, but his earthly name was used to designate crimes just introduced among us. Having, through my necromancer, learned your name and address, having, at the same time, in the most sacred confidence, learned her own name, only the initials of which may be lawful to write, (Miss A. D. Francelecturer,) [Mem.—private, only for divine eyes,] I was promptly notified that my presence could be no longer tolerated on earth, and only a few moments remained in which I dare be absent from duty, or transact any business. Having, therefore, but the merest breath of time left me in which to transact any business whatever, and determining to do justice to myself and to you, I herewith transmit to you a proposition, in strict conformity with the usages of our ancient and honorable profession.

PROPOSITION.

Whereas, One Wendell Phillips is perambulating the United States as the lieutenant orator of an Africo-Caucasian elocutionist, named Frederick Douglass, in the far-off country of the United States, discovered by my countryman, Christopher Columbus, among the hybrids, and the aforesaid Phillips is reading an essay or delivering a lecture upon the "Lost Arts," which is my own darling child and precious offspring, *De Artibus Perditus*, I hereby propose to give you the full, free use of the same in time to come, for the consideration as follows:

Whereas, Wendell Phillips is the reputed author of a conglomerate of egotism, barbarism, and rhapsody, entitled a "Speech on the War," and another in exact imitation in letter and spirit, entitled the "Lessons of the Assassination," and the possession of such a farce would secure to me such prominent position in Tartarus as he

has already attained in the Court of King Abraham, and your venerable archetype, the illustrious George Buchanan, commanded in the council of his master, I must esteem it but just that since he has already reaped many honors, and realized much money from my dissertation on the "Lost Arts," in a world seeking after wonders, that I should be permitted to make my fortune by his dissertations on war, in a world where this art is a perpetual habit and business of the whole population.

By accepting this proposition, besides much carping, as silly people are wont to do upon the subject of plagiarism, we will be mutually benefited, indeed enriched besides, making good the old saw, that "a fair exchange is no robbery." And now that war is no longer carried on in your land, and peace has no advocates here, a change of audience would be a signal advantage to both orators. I must further stipulate for the indemnity against my necromancer, and he must give bonds to that effect accordingly, the details of which will be duly arranged by Gen. John A. Dix and Judge Edwards Pierrepont, now engaged in that specific business. I am prompted to this by every instinct of justice, for the only wrong which may have prompted her was necessity, as his business and hers was patronized by much the same class of persons, and I am prepared upon oath to say that all she has done was from motives of the most exalted patriotism—just as patriots in your country overturn governments, and Christians murder to save the souls of sinners.

I am very truly your humble servant,

GUY PANCIROLLUS,

Lawyer, and Author of Italia, who departed this life 1599. Falls of River Styx, Imperial Chamber, Tartarus, in the year of this kingdom, 14,721,-369.

THE MARCH OF THE SPOILER.

One by one the leaves are shaken
From the tree;
One by one our best are taken;
And our hopes fall, hope-forsaken,
When, O God! wilt thou awaken?
When, O Liberty?

Sinks the moon behind the forest,
Lost in cloud;
Darkly thou thy way explorest,
So, e'en when our need is sorest,
Freedom, thou our trust ignorest,
In thy bloody shroud.

One by one our best are taken;
Hasten we!
By our swift curse overtaken,
Despots' might shall yet be shaken:
Yet the Avenger shall awaken
Murdered Liberty.

ANTIGONE.

[BY ELEANOR FAIRMAN, OF VIRGINIA.]

[Burial of a corpse was considered by the Grecians as essential to the repose of the dead, and to be refused burial was deemed the deepest disgrace. Polynices, a Theban warrior, brother to Antigone, was denied burial by Creon, King of Thebes, and his body thrown out to be a prey to dogs and vultures, but despite the tyrannical edict pronouncing sentence of death on any one who should attempt the interment of the slain hero, Antigone did bury him with her own hands. Caught in the act, she was condemned to be buried alive, notwithstanding the entreaties of Creon's son, young Hæmon, husband of Antigone. Hæmon afterwards slew himself on the sepulchre in which she had been interred while still living.]

She listened in silence, yet upon her brow so fair
Was stamped the signet seal of woe and wan despair.
She heard the whispered tale of foul disgrace and wrong,
And in her degradation her woman's soul grew strong.
Crushed by the blasting words, a weaker soul had died,
But strengthened by their import, uprose her regal pride.
One teardrop dimmed her eye, her tribute to the dead,
And glistened on her cheek as sadly drooped her head.
From her tortured heart there burst a cry of wilder woe,
Which she proudly strove to still, that none her grief might know;
But now the gentle blood swells sweetly in her veins,
No more she yields to grief, for pride triumphant reigns.
Her stately form is lifted in majesty and grace,
And on her brow is graved the sternness of her race.
No tear now dares to dim the soul-light in her eye,
Within her breast is crushed each moan, each traitrous sigh,
And now she lowly kneels—see, hero, see she bows,
Not to grief, but on that soil of Thebes to breathe her vows
Of consecration to thee! Hear her from the sod
That drank thy blood, call down the vengeance of her God,
The mighty father Zeus, who sitting throned on high,
Has sworn his worshippers to hear, when thus they cry;
Great Horkos bears the vow up to th' Olympian hill,
Hushed the supernal conclave, the listning gods are still.

Polynices, brother, hero, friend,
Hear this the sacred vow I send
To Zeus who reigns on high!
Hear me by all the gods here vow
To wipe the death stain from thy brow!
No more in unrest shall thy soul
On Hades' gloomy waters roll!
The gods shall hear my cry!
Earth her caverns wide shall throw
That I may, honored, lay thee low,

Thy kingly form to rest.
Zeus, bending from his throne above,
Shall heed a sister's prayer of love,
And lead her feeble footsteps where
The vultures downward swoop to tear
Thy brave heart from thy breast.
Antigone swears, and shall she swerve?
There shall these hands, with hero's nerve,
Make thee a hero's bed.
There will she lay thee gently down,
Upon thy brow a laurel crown,
That thou in peace mayest ever sleep,
And she beside thy tomb may weep
For thee, the glorious dead.
Oh, may Zeus curse me from the sky,
And ban me from a home on high;
May Nyx in terror wrap my hours
And Gaea bar me from her bowers;
May Chaos shut me in with woe,
And round my life her horrors throw;
Uranos from me veil his face,
As doomed I fall through rayless space,
And Tart'ros yawn to take me in
To boundless realms of pain and sin,
Should I this vow forget!

She rose. Heroic fire flashed from her dauntless eye,
Though she knew that vow had doomed her, despite her youth, to die.
She heard her sister's cries, she saw her flowing tears,
And in her stern resolve compressed the will of years.
Though Thanatos should fold her in his cold embrace,
Better death than infamy for her and all her race.
With steady step she sought where Polynices lay,
And there in agony bowed down beside his clay.
Low bent the black-robed form, of star-crowned queenly Night,
To cast around the corse her pale of mystic light.
The winds kissed mournfully the pale face of the dead,
And sighed among the locks around the living head.
Then to the Æolian caves and many a far-off shore
The unutterable tale of misery they bore.
The leaden hours drag on, the moments come and go.
Antigone's heart is breaking, though her teardrops will not flow.

Polynices, brother, hero, friend,
See, close beside thee now I bend,
Oh, haste to greet me here.
For thee I've braved the despot's will,
Why liest thou so cold and still?
Thou wast wont to smile on me of old;
Oh, quickly to thy heart now fold
Me trembling and in fear.
My life's a strand of raveling thread,
And horrors throng around my head,
With dread my soul to fill,
Fain would I here forever rest

My hot brow, on thy bosom prest ;
But ah, thy breast and rigid form
Will never more with life grow warm.
  Dead, dead, and cold, and still!
From thy dear bosom comes no breath!
Oh, ruthless, unrelenting Death!
  Dead? Thou? My brave?
Death has no power to embrace
Such peerless charms, such matchless grace.
Death could not, with remorseless dart,
Pierce such a life and such a heart.
  Yet I have made thy grave!
Here are the clods heaped by my side!
Are they for *me* when I have died?
  They shall not cover *thee*.
Thou art my joy, my boast, my pride!
Shall I forever from me hide
These shapeless limbs, this glorious head,
And leave thee in this lowly bed
  For all eternity?
Alas! alas! thou liest here,
Stark and pulseless on thy bier.
  Smile, smile upon me love.
Oh, let me hear thy darling voice,
'Twould make this weary heart rejoice.
The night winds bear the night clouds lower,
Thy voice will come to me no more,
  The wailing winds above.
Thy lips are wreathed by a smile
Like that which once did e'er beguile
  Me of a weight of gloom.
Yet it lightens not the same proud face,
Still haughty in its pride of race.
That face is shadowed o'er and o'er ;
The light will shine there nevermore,
  'Tis darkened by thy doom.
Here will I lay thee in thy grave,
Here plant bright flowers o'er thee to wave.
  Sleep, hero, sleep!
Here will I come when Night has spread
Her funeral curtain round thy bed.
Here will I rest beside thy tomb,
Where laurel wreaths shall ever bloom
  O'er thee to watch and weep.
But hush! what sound breaks on the air,
Whence came those torches flashing there?
  Antigone must die!
They come to tear me from thy breast,
But cannot break thy holy rest.
Earth holds thee now within her clasp,
And will not yield thee to their grasp,
  I fear not now to die.
No longer shall a foul disgrace

Blot the bright annals of our race;
And though I hear the knell
Of Death, for me, young Hæmon's bride,
So fair, so loved, I leave thy side
With steps as though I sought a hall
Of mirth—not robed in Death's black pall,
But beauty's mystic spell.

Mountain Home, S. W. Va.

SPOILS, BY A RECEIVER.

"And whisper whence they stole those balmy *spoils.*"—MILTON.
"I would all the world might be cozened, for *I* have been cozened, and beaten too."

NO. III.

"Falstaff" was not much of a philanthropist; he was not a mild philosopher, a benign, portly old gentleman; yet I doubt whether he was prompted by malignity peculiar to himself to say: "I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too."

We are all gregarious animals, have a horror of being alone, especially alone in suffering tinged with disgrace. Jilted, cheated, fooled, cozened in any way, we "would all the world might be cozened." "Misery likes company;" we would not have our sombre life cut its way through gladness, as the stream darkly flows between banks of snow. It is a mistaken idea that the soul is enlarged by misery; water is not increased in volume by the salts it may dissolve, though saturated to bitterness with them. Poor unhappy man, in his misery, would dash all near him with the bitter spray. Did you ever know a woman unhappily married, who was not an advocate for matrimony? She has been cozened, *cozened* indeed. See the lover, affectionate, gentle, tender, a slave to her every whim, dutiful, respectful, as though the attendant of an angel; by the way, men, who call women angels, would do well to reflect that man was "made a *little lower* than the angels," and not assume such airs of superiority. See him purr around her; who would have thought that there were claws concealed in that velvety paw? The traditional associate of the old maid is a much more harmless domestic animal than *this*, that has all the feline shyness and cruelty, and well it may, for the tiger, I believe, belongs to the feline species. . . . Remember, girls, when Mrs. ——— pities old maids, that she would all the world might be cozened, for she has been cozened, aye, and beaten too, *possibly*. "Perpetual maidenhood" is not so dreadful when looked fairly in the face it is only *awful* when you "*ask once your gaze*" at it. Your individuality was given you that you might be sufficient

to yourself. Don't believe all the nonsense about "counter-parts;" you have an individual heart and brain, and they need not, like "Hudibras' sword,"

"Eat into themselves for lack
Of something to hew and hack."

You may be the angels that men term you, in the sense that, like Rapheal, you "walk forth without *more train* accompanied, than with your own complete perfections."

The man, too, who has been *matrimonially cozened*, "would all the world might be cozened," for he has been cozened, and beaten too; but with him the cudgel is "hallowed;" he would "hang it o'er the altar;" perhaps for the reason given by the "Merry Wives of Windsor," because "it hath done meritorious service;" and no sooner is he, by a seemingly merciful disposition of Providence, released from the cudgeler, but he is in haste to be cozened and beaten again. Young man, don't be deceived when he says by *example*, "I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too." Inveigling another into matrimony is too serious a practical joke.

It is thus with Satan; he has been cozened. How could *he* have been cozened? How could there be a mirage in the clear atmosphere of Heaven? Whence came the mist that enwrapped sin, softening her hideous outlines, making her loom up a *goddess* to be worshipped by him, who had paid "kull tribute" alone to the Eternal? And whence came she? and whence came that within the archangel responsive to her? One would think that her breath would have left no trace on his burnished soul, in that pure air; that it would have disappeared as the moisture of breath disappears from polished steel.

Questions like these have been asked for ages, but to be echoed back. We do know that sin played strange tricks with his imagination; that he was grievously cozened, and beaten too, and he would all the world might be cozened. *Every man who sins is cozened*; he follows an *ignis fatuus* till lost in the marsh of pollution. To a drowning man a plank may be thrown, or his very death-struggles may safely land him; but alas! for the poor bemired one, no plank can save him; the more he struggles the deeper will he sink. *Cozened*, poor fool, as if Heaven had not hung out steady lamps enough to guide him, but he must follow a *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, a dancing, bewildering light, sprung from pestilential vapors, and ignited by the devil, on purpose to delude him. . . . You have, perhaps, heard the origin of the *ignis fatuus* or Jack-o'-Lantern. It is said to be a firebrand from hell, given by the devil to a poor, lost spirit, excluded from both Heaven and hell, to light him as he hovers over earth, low to the ground, never resting on her bosom. Every light that uncertain, wavering, hovers over the mires and marshes belonging to the domain of sin—too large a portion of our undrained world—is demon-lighted, though sometimes borne by a poor, lost human soul. For *this*, too, often cries: "I would all world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too."

Happiness glares painfully on all of us when we are miserable. When moving in a funeral procession, we wish it to be a *long* one; and how does the laugh of the passers-by jar on our sensitive nerves; and how discordant

are the brisk sounds of business; the sight of gay, prancing steeds, of jollity and mirth, is painful to us. . . The attempt to alleviate misery of any kind, by wit and humor, seems almost barbarous; one in pain does not like to be tickled. Even our own laugh sounds harsher than the doleful croaking of the raven.

I feel, as I resume my pen, that I have written too bitterly. I have been out, this May morning, and inhaled the fragrance of apple-blossoms, heard the songs of birds, listened to the ripple of the creek, and watched "the netted sunbeams dance against its sandy shallows." The air gives a joyous vibration to all sounds; the fuming, fretting steam-engine, the inexorable tread of the cars, the work-shop sounds of the neighboring village, all chime in with the liquid bird-notes, and the ripple of the water. This world is so beautiful, there can be no such thing as toil in it. When I see men at work in an orchard, plowing or mowing, it does not seem like work; so all work in this beautiful world must be play. And there can be no such thing as sorrow; as I looked around on this beautiful valley, girdled by misty mountains, I saw no graves; could not even catch a gleam through the trees of the white monuments in the distant cemetery. There must be some mistake about it. And as for selfishness—do not men and women die for others? and what is more, live for them, after the life of their life has gone out? So this cannot be a formula universally applicable.

"I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too."

NO. IV.

"Right so," quote he; "but he that never would,
Could never: *will* to might gives greatest aid."

I will whisper whence I stole that spoil; for I fear that too few read Edmund Spencer, deterred by his quaint English, in which he expresses the most beautiful poetic thoughts, his quaint English, like ancient costume draping beautiful figures, heightening their beauty. Notwithstanding the title of his great poem, "*Fœrie Queene*," the reader of it is not merely entertained with airy forms, and sweet poetic imagery. An hour with Spencer, is an hour spent with a man of high thoughts and noble purposes; and the man whose soul is not incrusted with vice, or muffled in selfishness—and few if any such would choose his companionships—can hardly be with him, without having heightened his "belief in all things good," and if his aims are noble, his faith in the possibility of accomplishing them.

But it is not the mere visionary, who thinks only of the goal, who accomplishes anything. It is not the man, who merely contemplates with admiration a noble character, and talks sentimentally of the beauty of goodness, who develops into that character. Not that it is not well to keep one's eye on the goal. It is well for the weary traveler to think of the blazing fire and cheerful lamps of his home, provided he do not so forget, that he will not conquer them,

"The lang Scot's miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between him and his hame."

It is well for a man to contemplate

a complete character, if he forget not the doubts, the dangers, the petty selfishness, the vexations, the hindrances to all nobility, that he must conquer, before he can be that character, and reconquer every day of his life; for as fast as they are slain, their souls transmigrate into some other form. He never may, for one moment, be off his guard, never for one moment may doff his armor, though dinted with a thousand contests. Yet better such a life-strife than ignoble ease, ever longing for what seems beyond our attainment. Better to be weary travelers through "the mosses, waters," and over "the slaps and stiles," than lie down at a comfortless inn, and dream of our hame," and awake and find ourselves all the "lang Scot's miles" from it.

There is in this world no more pitiable object than the man who has noble aspirations, and a weak will; who is ever tantalized with glimpses of "virtue's lovely form," yet can take not one step to win her to his companionship. Yes, *can* take not one step, for

> "He that never would
> *Could* never: *will* to might gives greatest aid."

"The many fail, the one succeeds;" why? because the one is better armed and equipped than the many; because he is better framed for endurance, has a stronger organization, or finer muscular development? No; it is because he has the *will*, the *unwearying* will, that takes the outworks one by one, and then storms the fortress; to him Gibraltar itself is not impregnable. The *unwearying will*, like that of the little brook, that starts from the spring hidden in the deep recesses of the forest; the little *presumptuous* brook that winds its way, ever growing less insignificant, consequently less presumptuous, wends its way to the great ocean, and exchanges its "childish treble," for the grand bass of "the great wave that echoes round the world;" its tiny strength that can hardly float a leaf, for the irresistible force that dashes man's strongest works to pieces.

The unwearying will. Many a young man starts out, "rejoicing in his youth" and in his strength, treading as if at every step he crushed a foe, or mounted on some high purpose that is to bear him through life from conquest to conquest. Many a Christian youth, too, wearing, like the "Redcrosse Knight," armor

> "Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remaine,
> The cruel marks of many a bloody fielde.
> Yet armes till that time did he never wield."

Like the "Redcrosse Knight," too, it might be said of him:

> "And ever as he rode his heart did earne
> To prove his puissance in battell brave,
> Upon his foe, and his new force to learne."

For never yet did man don his armor, and mount his war-horse, that he did not long for the battle. But too often the battle comes when, weary and dispirited, he has dismounted, and thrown aside his armor, or at least opened his visor; then steals upon him his lurking foe, and overcomes him. The man must be ever maintained by his high purpose, and armed *cap-a-pie* with the Christian panoply, if he would not be overcome; for his foes are ever skulking after him, and lurking before him, and stealthily creeping in the shade by the side of him, to watch their opportunity to attack him. But, if he have

the *will* to keep on his armor, and maintain his seat in the saddle, God will give him strength.

> "But he that never would
> Could never : *will* to might gives greatest aid."

No man ever attained an object by merely setting a proper value on that object, or became a noble character by merely admiring a noble character and wishing to be like it. There are not now, and never were, fairies to convert a man's intangible sighs for good into real blessings. A man never sleeps and dreams, and "awakes with Christ's likeness. "If, when aroused from the last long sleep, he awake with His likeness, it will be because he has lain down with it ; but his features have so slowly changed into those of the Divine original, that he could not perceive the change, until, revivified with a new life-blood, he may have forgotten his old self.

When Jacob lay and slept, and dreamed that wonderful dream of angels ascending and descending the ladder, none of them took him up and carried him to Heaven ; he didn't ever dream that they did. It is by an *unwearying will* that he must have slowly and painfully stepped with mire-clogged feet on the first round, and so on, on, slowly and painfully still, till we reach the last round of the ladder.

THE HUGUENOT MAIDEN ; OR, "'76 AND '60."

PART I.

Beautiful ! exquisitely lovely, as the sweet, sad face of Berangers' Cenci, not Guido's, in which only the childlike purity appeals, but as Berangers', with the girlish suffering, as though the Pentecost of her great agony had toned the soul to bear and to wait. And so the face looked down from the dark, cloud-like veil, and the sad grey eyes thrill you, with a miserery for the past, as if it yet lived in the strong agony of its heroism.

The thunder of Sumter's guns had ceased ; Moultrie, the fiery warder of a haughty State, had sent the flames curling over the defiant fortress opposite, and the old flag succumbed to the "stars and bars." For thirty years the Carolinians had led the van, in the fierce struggle for liberty, for State sovereignty, as guaranteed by the Constitution, is but an exemplification of Republican freedom ; for thirty years had the true Republicans, with Jefferson and Randolph in the lead, defied the selfish phalanx, pushed on by the dregs of John Adams' school. And now, when the prophet-tones of the grand apostle of States Rights no longer swayed in the national councils ; when the subtle eloquence of the western Demosthenes could not assuage the wild passions of the rampant poets with compromises ; when the clarion tones of the great New Englander rung no more in thrilling appeals for the Union, the great Republic which his mighty soul so passionately loved, the serried ranks broke, the despotism, the mean encroachments, the all-grasping selfish

ness of the one-idea race, with the wild battle-cry of "*might is right*," howled its triumph in the dark Autumn of "'60," and the South chose between the tyranny of exultant fanaticism, and a struggle for Constitutional Rights. All the world has watched her, and nobly has she borne the scrutiny; a hundred fields have proved her, and unconquered now, she waits her destiny. Unconquered, aye—though overpowered—with her blackened fields, her desecrated homes, and her proud race despoiled, she waits; for she believes that *all* is not ended—not ended, though the demagogue from Pennsylvania hurls his slang and blasphemy, to rally the hordes that own no will but his; not ended, though the fierce irreverence of Thaddeus Stevens institutes a comparibetween the accursed "*we*," and Almighty God; and denies the "animals" and "felons" forgiveness, till in "degradation" and "humiliation" they are humbled "at the footstool of power." Aye, not ended, despite the noble efforts of the executive to rivit the shattered links, for the wild passions of the dominant party, urged to fury by the pest of vengeance, and grasp for sway, inaugurate the high carnival of ultraism, the presage of a colossal ruin. But the calm, soft spring of Carolina succeeded the excitement of Fort Sumter; and while the "1st" was gathering for Virginia, a pleasant party had assembled at Charteris Hall, a beautiful plantation on the coast. Pierre Elayne Charteris owned the land of his forefathers, which old Etienne, two hundred years before, had brought from the Yemassees. Staunch and grey were the bricks of the broad, low house, and the white columns were graceful with the jessamines, which seemed never to leave them.

A merry group lounged in the picture-gallery, where the fiery Huguenot and determined Continental contrasted with the loveliest of the Carolina beauties.

"Ruth, I have discovered a resemblance, which has always haunted me; come and look!" and Jack Graham led her to the picture which I have just described.

"Your great aunt, for whom you were named, Ruth Elayne Chateris," and my grandmother's eyes filled, as she gazed at the exquisite face.

"And what of her, grandmama?" said Ralph, brilliant in the new uniform, of which he was justly proud.

"Aye, she has a sad history, child, in those early days of blood, which I hoped my eyes would never see again."

"But how well we will protect you, grandmama. I am impatient to follow Gregg, and fight as ——— a Carolinian," and the boy's face flushed with his eager spirit.

"Well, Ralph, I only hope that this movement is for the best. Ours *was* a great Government, and this is an experiment, which seems fraught with danger"

In the flash of an instant he started, as he replied:

"Grandmama! you a descendant of the Elaynes of France, and quail *now?* You a Carolinian, and *doubt?*"

"Ralph!" and the old lady's form was stately in the strength of her unshrinking pride; "*I do not* quail, I do not shrink; *I love* the soil of the State which is to me more than a home; I glory in the unconquered past, and I

pray for the future. But I do grieve that a compact sealed by the blood of "'76,' should be annihilated by the fanaticism of New England politicians, which has recklessly arrayed twenty millions against eight."

"*Dum spiro spero*, is all the Latin I remember, grandmama, and with due deference to your august ladyship, the question resolves itself into one of obedience. What are we taught from our boyhood? to honor grandmothers, certainly, but *to strike for our mothers first.*"

The old lady smiled at the boy's saucinoss, but she answered:

"Strike always for the right, my darling, and prove yourself worthy of your race."

"Well, we're off next Saturday,—and—well I've wanted to ask you, grandmama, for the sash my grandfather wore at Eulaw."

"You shall have it, Ralph, and I only grieve that there are not more of the name to strike for the State, in her need."

"Oh, but the story, Aunt Marguerite!" pleaded Jack Graham, as the old lady rose to go; he was tenderly gazing at Ruth, who stood watching the picture.

"Come to my room after tea, and if you are patient, you shall hear it all."

* * * * * *

"Les cœurs sensibles, sout nes pour etre malheureux! and these were the last lines she wrote him," said my grandmother, as seated in the oak chamber, we listened to the story. "Ruth, my father's only sister, was the haughtiest among the young beauties, when Mary Roupel and her circle queened it, during the last days of the Colonies. The old house is standing yet, Ralph; the dim old wooden castle, on Tradd street, where lights blazed, and music sounded, where the gay planters and English gentlemen paid their court to the fair young belles of Charleston. Ruth was just seventeen, and in the first flush of her rare style. I have heard my father say that the gallants were wild over her attractions. But there was only one, whose presence swayed her, and sent the warm blood crimsoning her cheeks; and this was young Ford Hunsden, then on a visit to Carolina. Splendid in his six feet of proportioned height, his golden hair, and kind blue eyes, seemed only to have caught the sunlight. He loved her earnestly, and they were to have been married on his return from England. But the same questions which have torn the Republic, sundered our English links, and Hal Hunsden wrote pleading for immediate union. Then the strength of her Huguenot blood saved her; Col. Hunsden had landed at the head of a British regiment, and English cannon were planted on her native soil; *he* had come to *coerce the rebels*. But the race that had defied persecution, and forsaken wealth and luxury for Freedom, found glory in this frail descendant. 'Though I die, Col. Hunsden, I will not wed an enemy. My father, my brothers stand here to protect their homes; *your uniform* decides us; my heart may break, but my honor shall remain untarnished.' Again he wrote, and the fierce agony of the appeal went to her heart, but with white lips and trembling fingers, she only wrote the words, 'Les colurs sensibles, sout nes pour etre malheureux.' And they never met till the dark year of 1780. Charleston had fallen, Lincoln's army was annihilated,

and Camden saw the Red Cross wave in triumph over the defeat of the army of Gates. The hopes of the Colonists were clouded, and but for a trust in the Lord of Hosts, whose outstretched arm we prayed would save us, despair would have sealed our ruin Then the 'Swamp Fox,' the descendant of our own race, Marion, with his Huguenot daring, and iron endurance, issued from the swamps and fens, and the Royalists trembled at his power. Hope flashed to us in the darkness, for the horse was fleet, and the aim so sure of the followers of the great partizan. The spires of Charleston saw the flash of their guns, and many a Royalist 'bit the dust,' when the Swamp Fox and his troopers came forth from their fastnesses. Philip Reraird, my mother's uncle, lived on the banks of the Edisto, and there my mother and her babies were spending the winter; he was true to the king, and as the whole State was overrun, Reriard Park was safer than our old home. My grandfather had sent Ruth to us, as he, too, was following Marion's lead of glory. In my mother's language, one dark winter's night, when the sleet and wind froze around our river home, I was startled by a light touch at my door; Col. Hunsden and a party of officers had dined at my uncle's, but Ruth had remained in her room. Again the tap was repeated, the door opened, and Ruth stood beside my bed. She was dressed in her riding dress, and the pale determination of her face startled me. 'Marguerite!' and her voice was scarcely a whisper, 'pray for me, and listen. I have heard it all. My *prie-dieu* is near the window, and my temples have been throbbing with fever, so I leaned far out into the storm, that the fire within might be cooled. Sister, my room was dark, and weary and heart sick, I suppose I dreamed for five minutes. But my father's camp came to me; in the dark swamp of the Edisto, I saw the smoke of battle, and I heard the wild shrieks of those I love. In agony I started and awoke, and waking, heard these words: 'At daybreak, Hunsden, we must surprise them; a rich prize they will prove; for the rebel Marion, with his choicest spirits, are assembled now. Bob. Ingals, our best scout, has just reported everything.' I knew Col. Tarleton's voice, and the other I could never mistake. 'But where are you going, Ruth?' 'Going!' and her eyes flashed scorn as she replied, 'where my duty calls me, to my father's camp.' I tried to remonstrate with her, but words were vain, so I kissed her, and prayed God to guard her. Her father's coachman, old Anthony, a family servant, as true as steel, would accompany her; and in ten minutes I heard the clatter of her horse's hoofs. And now," said my grandmother, "here are the leaves of her journal:—'I thought the darkness would never break, as through the tangled wood, my brave horse bore me; my hands were frozen, my breath was gone; Anthony attempted to turn the reins, but an iron strength seemed born in me, and I frantically pushed on. *His* command had left Mr. Reraird's one hour before me, and I felt that my father's life was in my hands. At last the cold grey morning broke, and—my God!—what met my sight, and ear? There in the hollow of the Edisto, the dark smoke of battle curled; whiz, crash, sounded the musketry, and the red coats fell on every

side. Marion had been surprised, but splendidly the men rallied, and they fought, as only men on their own soil can fight. I rode rapidly to my father's tent ; one of his pistols was lying loose, and I seized it, recklessly mounted my horse, and rapidly rode to the melee. From a slight elevation, and behind an old oak, I watched it all ; but see ! watch the dark mass rolls this way. My God, save them ! was all my torn heart prayed, as I saw our own men pressed back. But like lions they turn, and a parting volley is given, which sends the Royalists reeling from their saddles, and then a wild yell comes from our own troopers, and I feel that for Marion is victory. 'Surrender ! or by G—d, you shall die in your saddles !' was shouted from the British cavalry, as a score of them surrounded two or three Continentals. 'Marion's men never surrender !' and the clear, defiant tones thrilled me, they were my father's. A score of bullets whistled over me ; my father reeled from his saddle, and with frantic strength, I rose on my horse, and fired ! 'The Major's down !' came echoing from our own men ; 'let twenty lives pay the forfeit, boys !' rang out Gabriel Mangault. In a moment I was kneeling by the prostrate form. 'Hunsden's aim was too true !' I heard in whispered accents, and I saw a wounded officer borne near. 'The lady's shot told !' said my father's orderly, 'and faith, its a bonny one ! a young lord they say.' My heart seemed ice, I could not speak, till my father's whispered words greeted me. 'Be true to your name and cause, my darling, and tell them I died as a Carolinian.' One close fold of the dear, protecting arms, and with the warm kiss, the spirit fled to God. 'Ruth !' came a low, pleading voice ; in ten thousand I would have caught the tones ; through fire and death I would have thrilled at each accent. In my heart I loved him with the wild strength which only a woman's love can give ; and as I turned, and the pale, death-stricken face, in all its glorious beauty, met me, the white, delicate hands stretched out, in all the yearning of a love, which I knew was mine still, I felt the courage which I prayed for leave me, and—but the dead hands yet clasped my own—the red blood of my race dyed the green earth, and with a low wail of agony, from a broken heart, I fell senseless upon my father's corpse.' The faded leaves are all blotted with her tears. She did not live long after this, and her sweet face wore always, its spirit-sadness. Lovely as a dream, she faded ; but, as she told my mother, 'I have prayed for strength, and God gave me courage to resist him, Marguerit ! for one instant I did waver ; but my duty has broken my heart !' This is her ring, Ruth, and as you bear her name, you shall wear it. It bore Moultrie's crescent, in diamonds, on a blue shield, and around the shield glittered the words, '*Tout-a-toi.*'"

Ruth Charteris bowed her fair head on the old lady's lap. Did she reck that history ? Frank Winthrop was now a Brigadier in the Federal army, and what of her future ?

RESULTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION IN PERU.

We are indebted to "*The Christian World, a Magazine of the American and Foreign Christian Union*," for some startling and disgusting facts of the effects of Emancipation in Peru. This Missionary Magazine, of the date of January, 1864, quotes from a letter written by a Missionary, describing what he witnessed in the city of Lima, of the horrible results of Emancipation. Of course this writer had no intention of wounding the cause of Abolition in this country; but in describing the condition of those whom he calls "Freedmen," in Peru, he shows what the "Emancipated" negro is in every spot on earth, where the folly of Emancipation has been adopted:

"A few years ago slavery was suddenly abolished. The slaves, or as they are called in the language of the country, Sambo's and Cholo's, (pure blacks and mulattoes), were turned loose upon their own resources. They left the city for the country, and now, (1864), a space of some thirty miles around the city is almost given up to their depredations. Murders and robberies are common. It is considered dangerous for an unarmed white man to go outside of the city walls alone. No body cares for them—they care for no body. They are considered as mere brutes, and they know it. * * * I have wandered about among them, amidst their dancing, their drunken carousals, their bloody fights, my heart bleeding to see such utter degradation, and in this city of 100,000, I do not know that six persons could be found to care for their souls. Oh! these poor, degraded, brutalized immortal beings, going down to perdition by swarms, with no one to tell them of Jesus!"

This Missionary winds up his account by entreating the American Missionary Society to send laborers into that field for the purpose of redeeming these emancipated heathens. Alas! mistaken mortal, there is no salvation for these poor wretches in the missionary work. Their disease is *Emancipation*, that is, absence of the control and care of the white race. All the missionaries and money in America could not pick them up, and keep them up, out of their mental, moral and physical filth, if left to manage for themselves. Nothing but putting the poor creatures back into their normal condition of servitude, or subordination to the superior white race, can ever redeem them from the degradation and uncivilization into which they have plunged since their emancipation. We challenge the Abolitionists to point out a single spot where Emancipation has not resulted in the relapse of the negro towards his natural barbarism. The history of Negro Emancipation in Peru, is its history every where else, where the stupendous folly and crime has been forced upon him. We say forced upon him, because there is no instance where the negro has ever effected his own Emancipation, without the assistance and direction of

white men. This Emancipation in Peru was the crime of white men—of foolish, or mischievous, or vicious white men—just as it is in the United States. The experience of Peru is the experience of Jamaica, of Hayti, and will be the experience of the United States. The poor white people of the United States are at this moment taxed more than *fifteen millions* a year, for the benefit of our emancipated negroes. But this, and ten times this amount will not save the poor darkey from slipping downwards into his native beastiality. Give him the control of himself, and he straightway begins his moral march for Africa. If there is a spot on earth where he has not done that, which is it? Let the Abolitionist point it out, and we are silent. Nay, we will do more, we, too, will join his negro cause. But, until he can do that, we must hold up this noisy Abolitionist as the most pestilent foe of society. Negro Emancipation is not an experiment on this continent. Alas! it is too well known. To the cost and shame of the white man, and the utter ruin of the black, it has been well tried. The struggle of the Abolition Congress (we do not say Congress of the United States, for it is not that), seems to be to make the poor white man and negro change places. Just as well might they attempt to make the Japanese and the negro change places in the chain of being. This undertaking to pull the negro up to the level of the white man, or rather to pull the white man down to the level of the negro, will come to a terrible head some day. The white man in these regions will not always be experimented upon after this fashion. Not always. There are thunders in this white man, which the negroes and the Abolitionists will hear to their dismay some day. Patience is long-suffering, but when once it is broken, then comes *suffering* of another kind! We tell this swollen and festering Abolitionist, that there is somewhere an end even to his tether. And there is a looking-glass for him and his Emancipation business, down there in Peruvian Emancipation! There, in that Emancipation, he may contemplate, if he will, his own face, and the face of his negro victim! And there, too, commerce may see its face, for since Emancipation, the commerce of Peru has shown results that may well startle a place even as stupid as Wall street. Since Emancipation, there has been no work gotten out of Cuffie, and almost the only revenue of the Peruvian Government has been derived from the sale of guano from the Chinca Islands, off its coast. "Slavery" was finally abolished in 1855. In 1857 the revenue of the country amounted to $18,656,256, of which guano furnished $15,296,952, showing that little or nothing was realized from the mines. The yield of the silver mines alone from 1830 to 1860, was estimated at $1,232,000,000. At Lima, from 1826 to 1834, the yield was $20,000,000. Humboldt estimated that the annual yield of gold and silver, was $5,300,000. The Missionary above quoted, speaking of the failure of Peruvian wealth, says: "But the rich ores are still there, and will, ere long, be made greatly subservient to human comfort." But before that day, you must either compel Quashee to work, or kill him off as a fatal encumberer of the land. That, ultimately, will be the fate of Quashee all over this continent. Not

only in Peru, but in Jamaica, in Hayti, and in the United States. The delusion of witchcraft did not last forever in New England, nor will this negro delusion last forever. The negro must either be *made* to work, or be cleared off as so much stubble, by the scythe of the white man. The white man, who now groans under a burden of $15,000,000 a year, to keep Cuffie in idleness, will find some sort of a scythe at last! You call it cruel. But the *cruelty* is all on the part of this mousing Abolitionist, who was not content to see Cuffie work!

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

Gen. Polk's father, Col. William Polk, was a distinguished soldier in our War of Independence, and it was his wish to educate his son to the profession of arms. He procured his admission to the Military Academy at West Point, as a cadet, in 1823. Young Polk was then seventeen years of age, having been born in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1806. He graduated at West Point in 1827, and was appointed a brevet second-lieutenant of artillery. He, however, remained in the army but a few months, when he left it and commenced the study of theology, with a view to entering the ministry in the Episcopal Church.

He was admitted to holy orders in 1838, and was immediately appointed Missionary Bishop of Arkansas, and a part of the Indian Territory, with a provisional charge of the diocese of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and the Republic of Texas. The arduous duties of this very extensive charge, were discharged with an almost incredible devotion to his pious duties.

In 1841, he was ordained Bishop of Louisiana, a position which he held for twenty years. But on the breaking out of the Abolition war, he resigned temporarily his place in the Church, and returned to his old profession of arms in defense of his country. He declared to Bishop Meade, that by accepting a Major-Generalship, he did not intend to abandon his right to the Bishopric. Said he, "When I accept a commission in the Confederate army, I not only perform the duties of a good citizen, but contend for the principles which lie at the foundation of our social, political, and religious polity."

Bishop Polk was appointed a Major-General in the Confederate army in 1861, and received an extensive command in the West, with his head-quarters at Memphis.

He proved a very able and brave commander. His men were devotedly attached to him, not only on account of his humane and generous character, but they were filled with admiration of his noble courage and personal daring.

He was killed at Marietta, June 14th, 1864, while making a telescopic observation of the Federal position. A projectile struck his left arm, passing through his body, killing him instantly. Col. Freemantle, an English officer who traveled through the South

to witness the progress of military events, gives the following account of his introduction to Gen. Polk :

"Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, who cammands the other *corps d' armee*, is a good-looking, gentleman-like man, with all the manners and affability of a 'grand-seigneur.' He is fifty-seven years of age, tall, upright, and looks much more the soldier than the clergyman. He is very rich, and I am told he owns seven hundred negroes. He is much beloved by the soldiers, on account of his great personal courage and agreeable manners. I had already heard no end of anecdotes of him told me by my traveling companions, who always alluded to him with affection and admiration. In his clerical capacity, I had always heard him spoken of with the greatest respect. When I was introduced to him, he immediately invited me to come and stay at his headquarters, at Shelbyville. He told me that he was educated at West Point, and was at that institution with the President, and the two Johnsons, Lee, Magruder &c., and that, after serving a short time in the artillery, he had entered the Church. He explained to me the reasons which had induced him to temporarily forsake the cassock, and return to his old profession. He stated the extreme reluctance he had felt in taking this step ; and said, that as soon as the war was over, he should return to his Episcopal avocation, in the same way as a man finding his house on fire, would use every means in his power to extinguish the flames, and would then resume his ordinary pursuits."

A HYMN TO ANARCHY.

Let us cease to battle vainly, for the world's overworn ;
From the overgorged vulture, Trade may turn forlorn ;
We will war no more with wrong, nor struggle to be free,
We will rebel no more, but be
True bondsmen, Anarchy!

Surely we are hope abandoned, since the good of every land,
Looking at our baffled venture, curse the patriot's brand ;
Peace is much more fortunate, the penitential knee,
Shall bend to "order" unto thee,
New-baptized Anarchy!

Peace is cheap, and good and pleasant, none need ever doubt of that ;
Even when Tyrants hunt with Famine, peaceful serfs grow fat ;
Better this than all the turmoil, all the pains that we
Mistook for Freedom—let us be
Thy bondsmen, Anarchy!

Tame your hearts unto the level, take the world's life as it is—
"Justice upon earth"—what matters idle dreams like this?
Be content with rascal profits—peace shall prosper thee ;
We will rebel no more, but be
Sleek bondsmen, Anarchy!

Hope shall be a large percentage, Truth shall be a trading debt,
Freedom, rich men's right to ruin all within their net ;
Let the helots work for wages, starve amid our glee
They will rebel no more, since we
Swear peace with Anarchy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—Carleton, of this city, has published a book of thrilling interest, entitled "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. Craven, Surgeon of United States Volunteers, and physician at Fortress Monroe, where Mr. Davis is imprisoned. Although Dr. Craven is a Black Republican, he has evidently produced a truthful book, respecting the conversations of Mr. Davis, with as much accuracy as possible, and detailing the events connected with his imprisonment with scrupulous fidelity. The book is a bitter pill for the would be murderers at Washington; for it cannot fail to leave upon every candid mind the impression that it was Stanton's intention to murder Mr. Davis by slow torture. Nor is there much doubt that Gen. Miles, the commandant at Fortress Monroe, so understood the wish of Stanton, and was willing to do his part of the killing process. Had not Dr. Craven been an honest man, and faithfully exerted his utmost medical skill to preserve the life of his prisoner, Jefferson Davis would, long before this, have been in his grave. The detailed account given of the shackling of Mr. Davis with heavy irons, at a time when he was almost too weak to walk across his cell without assistance, and when an armed soldier was in his room night and day, was a piece of cruelty aimed at the life of the victim. As a precautionary measure, there was not the slightest excuse for such an outrage. If any body can read the treatment of Mr. Davis, during the first months of his imprisonment, without feeling that the wretch Stanton has lived too long for the honor of human nature, he must be a man totally destitute of humanity and honor himself.

No such instance of fiendish cruelty can be found in the history of civilized nations. Stanton and every other person who can be held responsible for these outrages, deserve to be treated as the enemies of mankind. They ought to go through the world haunted with the conscience of Cain, when he said, "Every one that findeth me shall slay me." If the scoundrels had each a thousand lives, they have forfeited them all to the virtuous wrath of mankind. This book of the Prison Life of Mr. Davis, is the most interesting and the most important work which has appeared in this country since the beginning of the Abolition war. The conversations of Mr. Davis are not only replete with political wisdom, but on almost every branch of art, science and literature, they disclose the resources of a mind which has no superior in America. And every word touching upon the affairs of our country, breathes such an erudite statesmanship and such a lofty patriotism, as must disarm prejudice in every soul that is not beyond the reach of the sense of justice and honor. In one of Mr. Davis's conversations he said: "Believing the States to be each sovereign, and their union voluntary, I had learned from the fathers of the Constitution that a State could change its form of government, abolishing all which had previously existed; and my only crime has been obedience to this conscientious conviction." Was not this the universal doctrine of the dominant Democratic party in the North, previous to secession? Did not many of the opponents of that party, in the same section, share and avow that faith? They preached, and professed to believe. We believed, and preached and practised.

"If the theory be now adjudged erroneous, the history of the States, from their colonial organization to the present moment, should be re-written, and the facts suppressed which may mislead others in a like manner to a like conclusion.

"But if, as I suppose, the purpose be to test the question of secession by a judicial decision, why begin by oppressing the chief subject of the experiment? Why, in the name of fairness and decent respect for the opinions of mankind, deprive him of the means needful to a preparation of his defense; and load him with indignities which must deprive his mind of its due equilibrium? It ill comports with the dignity of a great nation, to evince fear of giving to a single captive enemy, all the advantages possible for an exposition of his side of the question. A

question settled by violence or in disregard of law, must remain unsett ed forever."

None but an ignoramus, or a bold liar, will dispute the tru h of a single word in the above ex ract. It is all true; and time, which is the corrector of all human delusions, will do impartial justice to Mr. Davis and his cause. That means also, that it will rank he name of Lincoln, Stanton, Seward, and all such among the greatest criminals of the world.

—Van Evrie, Horton & Co., have issued a pamphlet of eighty pages, entitled "Davis and Lee: A Vin.lication of Southern States, Citizens and Rights, or the Federal Constitution and its Makers," &c. By P. C. Centz, Barrister, London, England. This work contains a vast amount of research in the constitutional history of our country. Among other impo tant mat er it contains a synop is of the action of all the S ates in ratifying the Constitution. No more important work has been published since the breaking out of the Abolition war.

—There is nothing from which weak men shrink with more dread than popular censure; and yet there are times of great excitement and delusion, when noth ng can redound more to a man's lasting fame than this same popular censure. At such times wisdom is generally with the few, and foolishness with the many. Look, for instance, at the time when the thirty tyrants obtained control of the Government of Athens, and see how the majority of the people beca e the noisy howlers of these very tyrants, and how honest and wise men were bereated and persecuted by this foolish throng! See how they treated a Miltiades, and Aristides, a Themistocles, and a P ricles! And yet these names now are up at the very top and a radiance of fame, while the whole generation of human asses who persecuted them are only so much black and oblivious dust! We see how the censure of fools is oftener than otherwise immortal fame. What need any man care for the abuse of a people who have praised a Stanton, a Ben. Butler, and an old John Brown? For one, their loud braying disturbs us as little as the nasal vibrations of any conceivable number of four-legged asses. We have not spoken, and never shall speak or write, one word of truth less for all their intolerable jargon and outcry. Whenever we think of their abuse, we also think that these same people who denounce us, praise Ben. Butler and old John Brown. That is enough.

—An old acquaintance of Stanton's says that "he was never either a conscientious or an honest man, but I never thought him the fiend he has turned out to be." Very likely. Stanton never imagined that he should become such a wretch himself. His cruelty has grown on what it has fed upon. Tacitus says that: "After the slaughter of so many men signal in name and quality, Nero at length became pos essed with a passion to hew down virtue itself." From one step to another, he descended to these lower depths of vice. Such is the nature of crime. Six years ago no one supposed that Sumner and Thad. Stevens we e quite the *dogs* they now are. A l these wretched men are like bulldogs, who, when they once get a taste of blood, cannot let go. Beginning as mad philanthropists, they have ended in the madness of devils.

—The learned author of "Discourses upon Tacitus" says: "Those of our princes (the English) who thirsted most violently after arbitrary rule, were, chiefly, such as were remarkable for poor sp rit, and small genius, pedants, bigo s, the timerous and effeminate." We have a painful illu tration of the same thing in this country now. Look at those called "Radicals" in our present Congress—a meaner set of bigots and effeminate asses never yet grasped at absolute power. If there is a respectable statesman in the w ole crowd, which is he? If there is a tru'y brave man among them, which is he? Look at the two leaders—Thad. Stevens once jumped from a two-story window in his shirt-flaps, to save himself from a whipping; and Sumner, after being whipped by a sickly man, little more than half his size, went whining and yelping round the world like a kicked cur, for eighteen months afterwards. It is the cowardice of these wretches, the consciousness of their own deserts, which makes them dread the loss of power.

—Sumner says, "Copperhead abuse does not disturb me; it goes in at one ear and out at the other." That is full as long as we

should expect anything to remain in Sumner's head, that is not about the negro.

—The editor of the "*Round Table*," a paper professing immense literary capacity on a not over abundant capital, abuses Carlyle for using the word *advices*, declaring that "he must know that there is no such word in the English language." This will certainly be news to Mr. Carlyle, should his eye ever chance to light upon this specimen of ripe Yankee scholarship. Carlyle once bitterly said: "America has produced plenty of roast goose and apple sauce." The *Round Table* will probably impress the great Scotchman that *goose* is not on the decline in America.

—A Western editor calls old Thad. Stevens a *mendicant*. That, it strikes us, is one of the few bad words in the English language, which are not precisely applicable to "old Thad." And yet if we make a simple sentence of the word, without the transposition of a letter, it would seem to express the moral condition of the old sinner very well; thus, *mend-I-can't*.

—A Virginia lady who is boarding at a fashionable boarding-house in this city, was recently set upon by the ladies in the parlor, when one impudent daughter of shoddy asked her if she "really was not ashamed of the South." She replied, "perhaps I have reason to be ashamed of my country, but that does not make me so unfortunate as some ladies I know of, whose country has reason to be ashamed of them."

—A cotemporary asks in despair, "is there no remedy for this terrible malady of *negro on the brain?*" Yes, we should think *a club on the brain*, would be an antidote.

—At a late Roberts-Fenian mass-meeting in New York, the following sentence occurs in the resolutions: "Whereas, this Republic has just emerged from a gigantic struggle in defense of the supremacy of popular sovereignty." Now, we profoundly sympathise with Ireland in her great wrongs, but if she is never to gain her freedom until it is worked out by such asses as believe that the late Abolition war was "a struggle for popular sovereignty," we fear her misery is eternal.

—The *La Crosse Democrat*, Brick Pomeroy's paper, hoists the following banner:

"Equality of States in the Union, or another war."

"White men to govern white men."

"Equal taxation—taxation of U. S. Bonds, or repudiation."

We know of no editor who is dealing more telling blows at the great loyal arsenal of sin than Brick Pomeroy. And he is, we are glad to know, rapidly gaining a circulation in eve y State in the Union, which will make him a real power in the country. He possesses both the ability and the honest pluck to handle the great questions which are coming up for final judgment. One hundred such editors as Brick Pomeroy, would produce such a ferment in this land, as would make the Mongrel scoundrels believe that they were sleeping on earthquakes.

—A Republican paper says, "The editor of *The Old Guard* has not yet stopped his ding-dong about the thefts committed by the Union army in the South." No, sir, and he never will stop it. You who have earned the title of thieves and the abettors of thieves, shall wear the title that belongs to you. Your children and your children's children, shall know that you were *thieves*. Never, in honorable and civilized warfare, were such plunderings committed before. Read the following order of Gen. Washington, forbidding such practices: "Gen. Washington strictly forbids all the officers and soldiers of the Continental army, of the militia, and all recruiting parties, plundering any person whatever, whether Tories or others. And it is expected that humanity and tenderness to women and children will distinguish brave Americans, contending for liberty, from infamous ravages, whether British or Hessians.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"TRENTON, *Jan.* 1, 1777."

When did Sherman or Grant, or any other officer of the Abolition army, issue such an order as that? The march of their armies was simply the stalking abroad of *plunder, arson* and *rape!* On this account, they have earned an immortality of infamy, and those who attempt to defend them, we hold as not much better than the infamous originals.

—Wendell Phillips tells the dupes who flock to hear him that "The world is indebted to the negro race for some of the best features of ancient civilization." It is impossible to believe that Phillips does not know this statement to be grossly false. We have clear historical records from the time of Herodotus to the present day, which is two thousand three hundred years, to prove that the negro has always been a stranger to civilization. Then we have the monumental records of Egypt, two thousand five hundred years beyond Herodotus, to prove that the negroes were just the same strangers to civilization then that they are at the present time. They were slaves in Egypt then. There is no record, no monument of a negro civilization known to history or scientific research. They are a race literally without a history. Were always savages, incapable of civilization. Wherever they have been taught civilization by the white man, and then left to themselves, they straightway relapse into barbarism. There is, on earth, no exception to this historical fact. No ancient monument of art has ever been found on the continent of Africa, south of the great Desert of Sahara, the native region of the negroes. When, therefore, Phillips talks of *negro civilization*, he willfully means to mislead the gaping multitude who listen to his fallacious and lying harangues. In fact, the ignorance of the Abolitionists is painful to reflect upon. A set of deceived or deceiving knaves, who have turned their country upside down with a system of ignorance and lies, which has not one redeeming grain of truth to save it from the contempt of all just men.

—Mr. Henry W. Bruce, of Kentucky, has taken the *Lafarge Hotel* of this city, and changed its name to the "*Southern Hotel.*" This is one of the best constructed of the first-class hotels of New York, and the reputation which Mr. Bruce enjoys as a gentleman, as well as a man of business, promises, for the *Southern Hotel*, the highest reputation. We rejoice at Mr. Bruce's advent in this city, for with the exception of the New York Hotel and the St. Nicholas, all the first-class hotels in New York are kept by men whose politics are a good deal blacker than a negro's face.

—When that wretched mountebank and vagabond, Kilpatrick, was appointed Minister to Chile, we expressed the opinion that he would not be long there before he would disgrace the United States by some kind of infamous conduct. It seems that our prophecy is already fulfilled. He is charged with introducing "a woman of abandoned character," in respectable circles in the country to which he has been sent. The filthy wretch took with him in his thieving raids in the South a woman of the same character, and on one occasion her trunk was found full of silk dresses and jewelry, which Kilpatrick had stolen from the wardrobes of southern ladies. While he was carrying on after this fashion, his wife lay at home dying of a painful disease. It is a disgrace to the United States, that such a wretch should be sent to represent them at a foreign court. What makes the case still worse is, that the popin-jay is just as destitute of sense, as he is of character. He is not only a sneak, but he is a fool.

—Congress is still tinkering the Constitution. It will be a ragged, miserable concern, when these bedlamites have done with it. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "The ruin of the goodliest pieces of the world foreshews the dissolution of the whole." The same may be said of the *Constitution* of Republics, or Nations. The "amendments," or rather the *subversions* of our Constitution, attempted by this Congress, if acquiesced in by the States, will prove the overthrow of the whole Constitution and the end of the Republic.

—It would be amusing if it were not so provoking, to hear the detested revolutionists of Congress talk about what "the people demanded." The people will demand their heads the way they are going on. Bacon says, "Men have got a fashion now-a-days, that two or three busy-bodies, will take upon them the name of the people, and broach their own conceits as if they were a general opinion." Never was such an impudent folly more in vogue than among us at this time. Even the negro, Fred. Douglass, calls himself *the people*. So does Sumner, so does Thad. Stevens, and so does the brute Stanton, and the beast Butler—each of these rascals calls himself *the people*.

GEN. STERLING PRICE.

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—SEPTEMBER, 1866.—No. IX.

SECESSION DISCUSSED.

To the Editor of The Old Guard:

Dear Sir:—I find in your issue of the present month (July) a reiteration of the assertion which you have made many times since the opening of my acquaintance with you, last January, namely, the assertion that *nobody dares to take up the glove against your position in advocacy of the right of States to declare their adhesion to the Union ended.* You continue, "The Old Guard has been challenging for three or four years in the same way, but no takers. Plenty of abuse, and such infinite froth-oceans of stupidity, ignorance, and rant, but no venturing to come into the field of argument on the matter." Now, very likely I shall be deemed highly presumptuous to enter the lists right in range of the wave of so defiant a bugle-note as that. Nevertheless, I adventure; first, however, reminding you that you need no evidence additional to the abundance already in your possession of my being as ardent and as unyielding in behalf of States Rights as yourself.

The pith of your argument, as gathered from your July leader, not only, but from articles in the March and April numbers, I take to be this:—*The States, in uniting, formed a compact, the terms of compact being expressed in the written Constitution. Being sovereign before, they, the States, were no less sovereign after the compact, since they delegated no sovereignty, but only certain powers of attorney, so to speak, to their agent, the United States Government. The agreement shown by the compact, that is, the meaning of the Constitution, is to be found in the explanations of the men who took part in the framing of the instrument, which explanations plainly enough define the Union to be a simple compact, and clearly carry the inference that each State, on account of its sovereignty, has a right to withdraw from the compact. That is to say, to recall the jurisdiction vested by itself in the agent, the General Government, and that such Government, because it is a mere agent, has no authority to lift an arm to restrain the State, its creator.*

Have I not rendered you fairly? I think you will not deny that I have.

But I will quote first from Madison, whom you call "the father of the Constitution," then from your deductions founded upon the same. Madison says, "A breach of the fundamental principle of the compact by a part, would certainly absolve the other part from their obligation to it." Again, "Clearly a breach of any one article by any one party, leaves the other parties at liberty to consider the whole convention as dissolved." You say, "Now we are going to show that this Union is nothing but a compact, and that in becoming members of the Union, the States only acceded to a compact.'' Further, in substance, "In adopting the Constitution, nothing was done but acceding to a compact; therefore nothing would be necessary, in order to break it up, but to secede from the same compact." Yet further, "The intention of the parties to a compact is the law in the matter; so that when we prove that the States, in ratifying the Constitution, supposed they were acceding to a compact, as sovereign bodies, we prove that such is really the nature of the Federal Government." Finally, "The Federal Government had no right to coerce a State. While a State remained a member of the Union, it had a right to use all Constitutional means to enforce the laws of the Union over it, and no longer."

Now, I am certainly not going to dissent either from your view, that the Union is a compact to which the States separately acceded, or from the decision of Madison, that the violation of it by "a part," or "any one party," would absolve "the other part," or "the other parties" from their obligations to it. On the contrary, I accord fully with so much. So that the issue which I take with you is narrowed to this—Because each State *acceded* to the compact, it does not logically follow that each may *secede* from the same; the Constitution nowhere states the right in terms, nor carries a shadow of implication of it, and this instrument, interpreted according to the accepted force of its language at the time of the interpretation, and not any outside utterance of one or all of its framers, "is the law in the matter;" but the same Constitution does require the agent of the States, the Federal Government, to make good the compact in every particular. In other words, to "coerce," if necessary, any State or number of States to abide by the agreement. (1.)

For argument touching the first of these three points, I will refer to the every-day occurrence of individuals entering into contracts—each one accepts the terms set, for himself—that is, he accedes to them; but will you maintain that the next hour, or any hour, after the binding of the contract, an individual member of the firm will be at liberty, in law, to break from his agreement? Verily not. On the contrary, you will admit at once that the law, through its proper officers, can rightfully enforce compliance. Then what difference, in principle, between the two cases can you designate? (2.)

Upon the second point I bring up a single one of ten thousand court decisions giving meanings to statutes and constitutions opposite to those asserted by the makers of them, namely, the decision in the Dred Scott case against the pet Kansas squatter sovereignty of Stephen A. Douglas. Is this not applicable to the matter in hand? And is not the very "nature of the case,"

rendering interpreters of law necessary at all, contradictory of your theory?

Upon the last point, suppose that immediately after the ratification of the Constitution, Massachusetts had put herself under the dominion of a hereditary king. In the act, she would have departed from one of the terms of agreement. Would it have been the province of the Federal Government to force her to a re-acceptance of that term? Unquestionably; for the Constitution declares that "the United States *shall* guaranty to every State a republican form of government." The State, in thus throwing off her legitimate form of government, would have so far seceded from the compact; that is, would have to that extent failed to continue to accede to the same. Non-continuance to accede to all the terms is secession in full. Then, since the Federal Government can bring back in one, it can in every particular. And thus we prove it to be the rightful, constitutional office of the created agents to "coerce" from secession one of its own sovereign creators. Will you attempt to gainsay the argument? (3.)

In conclusion, just an item regarding your citations from the sayings of the founders and expounders of the compact. Please re-examine them, and notice that the claim is, *not* that *any one* of several parties may absolve itself, on account of the failure of another one to fulfil its part of the contract, but that "the other parties," *altogether*, may do so, making, in effect, only one party instead of a number of parties, on either side.

A SUBSCRIBER.

REPLY.

1. The author of the above strictures is an eminent scholar, and a writer of known ability. It is, perhaps, fair to infer that he does as well in raising objections to our arguments as any one can do on that side of the question. We thank him for his effort, and wish that there were more who dare venture into the field of fair debate on this great matter.

Our correspondent's first great point is, that "the Constitution nowhere states the right in terms" of a State to resume its delegated powers, or to withdraw from the Union. Nor does the Constitution anywhere, "in terms," state the great body of the essential rights of the States. It very clearly and very definitely states all the powers which the States conferred upon their general agent, the Federal Government, and then declares that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The great and eternal elements of sovereignty, by which a State is self-existing, were not and could not be delegated. And the sovereign self-existing nature of a State inalienably embraces the self-preserving or the self-defending power. This power was never delegated. It never could be delegated or given away, any more than a man can give away his own will, or the right to defend his own life.

The true matter of inquiry, then, is, where, in the Constitution, have the States delegated to the Federal Government the power to hold them, by force of arms, in the Union against

their will? In what part of the Constitution is there any such powers delegated to the Federal Government? When Lincoln called out his seventy-five thousand men to begin the business of coercing States, he did not pretend to base that call upon any article or clause of the Constitution; but he based it upon an old act of Congress, passed in 1795, to enable the State of Pennsylvania to call upon United States troops to put down a whiskey rebellion in its own borders. To be sure, to base his call for 75,000 men to make war upon sovereign States upon that act, (passed for State protection,) was a laughable folly and a monstrous crime, but it served for an excuse to his infamy, which not even his senseless impudence dared to cover by anything in the Constitution.

But our correspondent thinks that "the Constitution does require the agent of the States, the Federal Government, to make good the compact in every particular; in other words, to "coerce, if necessary, any State, or number of States, to abide by the agreement." In what article, section, or clause of the Constitution is the coercive power found, implying the right of the Federal Government to use arms against a State? We wish our correspondent had attempted to put his finger upon the spot. We know of no clause which any one could imagine to justify such a monstrous idea, unless the third section of article second, where it is said the President "shall take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed," should be mistaken for such power. But this clause embraces only the exercise of the civil powers of the government. The following comment of Chief Justice Story on this clause, is very clear:

"The true interpretation of the clause is that the President is to use all such means as the Constitution and laws have placed at his disposal, to enforce the due execution of the laws, as for example, if crimes are committed, he is to direct a prosecution by the power of the public officers, and see that the offenders are brought to justice. But he cannot employ the public force or make war to accomplish the purpose."

Chief Justice Story further remarks that to put such power into the hands of the President "would be to clothe him with absolute despotic power over the lives, the property, and the rights of the whole people."

The action of the Constitutional Convention is proof that the species of coercive powers claimed by our correspondent is not in the Constitution, for that Convention twice rejected the propositions to delegate such a power to the Federal Government. On the 29th of May, soon after the assembling of that Convention, Governor Bardolph offered a series of resolutions intended to be the basis of the new Constitution. The sixth resolution proposed to empower the Federal Government "to call forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfill its duty under any articles thereof." This proposition was promptly rejected by the unanimous vote of the States represented in the Convention. Thus did the idea of State coercion by Federal arms, meet its very sudden quietus. And it is a remarkable fact that during the whole session of the Convention, the same idea was never but once proposed, and then it was just as promptly killed as it was the first time.

This is clear proof that the States assembled in the Convention that formed the Constitution were fixed in their determination not to delegate military coercive power against States to the Federal Government. It is proof that no such power exists in the Constitution.

The sentiments of the great men who took part in the debate on this question, ought to raise a blush of shame on the cheeks of the men of our time, who have assisted in the bloody overthrow of the Constitution of our country. Mr. Madison said:

"A union of States containing such a principle seems to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered, by the party attacked, as a declaration of the ending of all previous compacts by which it might be bound."

At another time Mr. Madison said:

"Any government for the United States formed on the supposed practicability of using force against even the unconstitutional proceedings of the States, would prove visionary and fallacious."

Alexander Hamilton said:

"But how can this force be exerted on the States collectively against State authority? It is impossible. It amounts to war between the parties. * * * To coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that ever was devised. * * * It would be a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself? a government that can exist only by the sword? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a government."

We could make many similar quotations from the great men who helped to frame our Constituton, but it would be a needless waste of space. Every one who faithfully studies the origin and formation of our system of government ought to know that the Union, as the word implies, is a perfectly voluntary system, and that it can never be changed to an involuntary system without overthrowing the whole theory and form of government established by our fathers. That mere bankers, and men whose brains are devoured by merchandize, and whose hearts are eaten out by avarice, should remain in pitiable ignorance of our system of government, does not so much surprise us; but that so learned and intelligent a gentleman as we know our correspondent to be, should fall into the error, does astonish us. Our fathers had to choose between the perfectly voluntary system of government for the Union, and the involuntary or Austrian system. They choose the former, and hence their refusal to delegate military State coercion to the Federal agency. To have imparted such a power would have changed the whole theory and character of our government. In establishing the Union, it was no part of the design of the States to create a new civil polity. Their civil organizations and institutions were already complete. Their sole object was the protection of the civil polities which already existed in the organized communities of the several States. The Union is not a *polity* but a *compact*, or league. It has no powers except such as were delegated in the Constitution. It has no independent existence, no *sovereignty*, but is the creature and instrument of many sovereignties, bound together in only certain specified matters, by compact. In

all matters not delegated, each State is as foreign to every other State as France is to Russia. A compact delegating certain powers to a common agent, is equal to a declaration that no other powers shall be exercised. As the power of State coercion was not delegated, but was, as we know, after two trials unanimously withheld, we need no more proof that it was not within the lawful province of the Federal Government to use military power against a State. Such was the understanding by the men who framed the Constitution. And such was the understanding of the States which adopted it. Which State would have adopted the Constitution had it imagined that a party would ever arise mad enough to give it such a twist as has been effected by the Abolitionists and their suple allies, the Lincolnized Democrats? Not one. Had this spawn of despotism, "coercion," been in the Constitution, there would never have been a union of the States, after the dissolution of the old Confederacy. None certainly upon a constitution embracing the Austrian principle of force.

2. Another point made by our learned correspondent is upon the nature of compacts, which he argues are indissoluble except by law, or by the consent of all the parties to it. He admits the Union to be a compact of States, and argues its indissolubility from the nature of compacts. The reader is requested to read attentively what he says on this point in the paragraph to which we had added the figure (2.) He does not deny that, in the language of Webster, "a compact broken on one part is broken on all," but argues that the sanction of law, and not the mere will of the individual aggrieved, is necessary to dissolve the agreement. In contracts or business compacts between individuals, this rule is, to an extent, true; but there is an element in compacts between sovereign and independent States, which is not found in business compacts between individuals. The States are parties to the compact as sovereign polities, and it follows of necessity that each of them has the rights and powers which belong to sovereignty, or in the words of one of the most learned judges of the United States, "to construe its own contracts and agreements, and to decide upon its own rights and powers." A compact between sovereign communities has something more than the compact between individuals—something which partakes of the character of a treaty. This is Madison's interpretation of the Federal compact. He says:

"A compact between independent sovereigns, founded on acts of legislative authority, can pretend to no higher validity than a league or treaty between the parties. It is an established doctrine on the subject of treaties that all the articles are mutually conditions of each other, that a breach of any one article is a breach of the whole treaty; and that a breach committed by either of the parties absolves the others, and authorizes them, if they please, to pronounce the compact violated and void. Where resort can be had to no tribunal superior to the authority of the parties, the parties themselves must be the judges in the last resort, whether the bargain made has been pursued or violated. The Constitution of the United States was formed by the sanction of the States, given by each in its sovereign capacity. It adds to its stability and dignity, as well as to the authority of the Constitution, that it rests on this legitimate and solid foundation. The States, then, being the parties to the constitutional compact, and in their sovereign capacity it follows of neces-

sity that there can be no tribunal above their authority to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated, and consequently that, as the parties to it, they must themslves decide, in the last resort, such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition."

Mr. Webster admitted the justice of the conclusions to which Mr. Madison arrived in the above extract, in the following language:

"If the Constitution be not observed in all its parts, the whole of it ceases to be binding. * * I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact."

Now what does this mean? Why, that the South would of its own motion have the clear right to declare the compact of the Union broken and at an end. It would not have to wait for the consent of the northern States, for they, the offending parties, had forfeited the right to insist on others keeping a compact which they had themselves broken. That is the meaning; and as for the Federal Government not being a party to the compact, it could have no potential voice when its sovereign creators and masters were in debate. "When the Creator speaks the creature is silent." That is the great rule

The position here assumed is precisely that of the immortal resolutions of '98, drawn by Mr. Jefferson, and which have always been the creed of the Democratic party until it fell into the filthy cess-pools of Black Republicanism in 1861. The first of these resolutions, in the Kentucky series, closes with the following words:

"That this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact, among parties having no common judge, each party, (*i.e.*, each State,) has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress."

This was the doctrine of the Democratic party every inch of the long way from 1798 to 1861. We hold it to be still the creed of all true Democrats—of all Democrats who were neither Lincolnized nor possessed of the bloody devil of Abolitionism.

Our correspondent refers to the Dred Scott Decision to prove that the States must have the sanction of "the interpreters of law" before they can act. That, we think, does not at all reach the point we are discussing. If Madison and Jefferson, and Webster, understood the matter, it certainly does not. The rule undoubtedly is that concerning all delegated matters the Federal judiciary is the judge, but where the subject matter is not among the things delegated, it is not the judge. It has no jurisdiction over the reserved powers of the States. Over all those reserved powers the States have the right of exclusive judgment. And by refusing to delegate coercive power to the Federal Government, the States have clearly reserved to themselves the right, as a last resort of self-preservation, of resuming all their delegated powers. There is no end to the proofs we could present that such was the understanding of the great men who formed the Union. In a letter to Dr. Priestly, in 1804, Mr. Jefferson said: "If the States west of the Alleghany declared themselves a separate peo-

ple, we are incapable of a single effort to retain them." Of course he meant a single lawful effort. Did Jefferson understand the nature of the government which his genius, more than that of any other man, had helped to form? Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, said on the floor of Congress, in 1811:

"If this bill (to purchase Louisiana,) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually the dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations; and as it will be *the right of all*, so it will be the duty of some to prepare for separation."

President John Quincy Adams, as late as 1833, declared that:

"To the people alone is thus reserved as well the dissolving as the constituent power. With these qualifications we may admit the same rights vested in *the people of every State* in the Union with reference to the General Government."

The right of a State to withdraw from the Union cannot possibly be stated in plainer terms than it is here given by these two most eminent statesmen of Massachusetts.

Alexander Hamilton declared that if the Federal Government should ever attempt to erect a despotism by assuming powers not delegated, "the State Governments can take measures for their own defense, with all the celerity, *regularity and system of independent nations.*" This principle he applies not to all the States collectively, but to one, or to any number less than the whole. With any other idea than this not a State would ever have been induced to adopt the Constitution.

Such, then, were the views of the framers of the government; and such also are the conclusions to which distinguished foreign authors have arrived in studying our system. De Tocqueville says:

"The Union was formed by the voluntary agreement of the States, and in uniting together they have not forfeited their nationality, nor have they been reduced to the condition of one and the same people. If one of the States chose to withdraw its name from the contract, it would be difficult to disprove its right to do so."

This eminent man studied our system while many of the great lights which produced it were yet alive. Another distinguished foreigner, Thomas Colly Grattan, in his book, "Civilized America," says:

"The State may at any time Constitutionally withdraw from the Union, and thus virtually dissolve it. It was not certainly created with the idea that the States, or several of them, would desire a separation. But whenever they chose to do it, they have no obstacle in their way."

Such are the conclusions to which great and impartial minds, who have studied our system by the undimned lights of its own history, have arrived. Those who have read impartially, and written without prejudice, or without partizan predilections, have never arrived at a different conclusion, so far as we know.

3. To our correspondent's inquiry whether, if Massachusetts had put herself under some kingly government, the Federal Government would not have had the power to bring her back, we reply that the Federal Government has no Constitutional authority to employ the coercion of arms for any consideration whatever. We have seen that that power was, after full debate, withheld, or not delegated. The clause of the Constitution which declares that "the United States shall guarantee to every State a republican form of gov-

ernment," is not to be taken as a grant of power to the Federal Government to force any State to retain its present form of government forever; but it is rather a restriction upon the Federal Government, by which it is bound not to attempt to subvert the republican liberty of any State, nor permit any foreign power to do so. One of the most learned jurists of the constitutional period of our history, Judge Rawle, in his Commentaries on the Constitution, says on this very point:

"It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed. * * The States, then, may wholly withdraw from the Union, but while they continue, they must retain the character of representative republics."

Mr. Rawle was once, and we think twice, offered a seat in the Cabinet of Washington, as Attorney-General of the United States. His Commentary was almost contemporaneous with the organization of the government. Can we have higher authority? It was recently stated on the floor of Congress that Judge Rawle's work on the Constitution was the text-book at West Point at the time Jefferson Davis was a student in that institution.

We may remark, in passing, that during the last war the leading politicians of Massachusetts, and the other New England States, met in Convention at Hartford, for the purpose of taking steps to form a separate treaty of peace with a kingly government, Great Britain; but the President of the United States, Mr. Madison, did not pretend that he would have a right to make war upon them for so doing. That their action was in the highest degree culpable, we do not deny; but the States, after a full discussion of the matter, in the Constitutional Convention, refused to delegate to the Federal Government the right to use the sword against a State for any cause whatever.

Our correspondent thinks that the founders of the Union taught that no number of States less than the whole can declare the compact broken, and their adhesion to it at an end. We think that we have given evidence in this article that such was not the opinion of the most distinguished of the founders. Decidedly the reverse was their idea. The sentiment of the fathers and of the States at the period of the adoption of the Constitution, was well expressed by Chancellor Pendleton, President of the ratifying Convention of Virginia, when, in reply to a question as to what the State would do if it should turn out that the Federal Government should violate the sovereign rights of the State, promptly replied: "We will assemble in Convention, (*i.e.* of Virginia,) and wholly recall our delegated powers, or reform them so as to prevent such abuse." In the Convention of Massachusetts, Rufus King declared that "Laws to be effective must not be laid on the States, but on individuals, for he knew of *no method to compel delinquent States.*" It was reserved for such an ignorant and obscene jester as Abraham Lincoln to find out that method. Those who made the Constitution, and those who adopted it, knew nothing of the right of coercion. Judge Spencer said, in the Convention of North Carolina, "Law can

not be put in execution against *States* without the agency of the sword, which, instead of answering the ends of government, would destroy it." Judge Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, in the Convention of Connecticut, while explaining the Federal Constitution which he helped to frame, said: "This Constitution does not attempt to coerce sovereign bodies, States in their political capacities."

But where shall we stop? There is no end to the proofs of this high character, which we might quote to show that the Federal Government has no coercive power against States. The Lincoln, or the Abolition war upon States, is the most stupendous crime that blackens the page of history. If there is a deeper hell than all others, those who projected and who carried on that war have earned its everlasting burnings. And those who propose to acquiesce in the brutal and brutalizing despotism which it has brought upon our country, are scarcely deserving of a lesser damnation. If we want to know what the war was, and what its results are—if we wish to behold its living embodiment and character—we have only to look at such men as Stanton and Butler. They are the breathing ensigns of the war—the devil's own hieroglyphics of this his last masterpiece of crime!

If the people acquiesce in the results of this war—if they quietly settle down upon the Austrian principle of force, and assent to the monstrous theory that a perfectly voluntary Union of sovereign States is to be revolutionized into an involuntary despotism, supported only by the sword, then there is an end of the government established by the great and wise men of the Revolution. That Revolution was in the interest of freedom. This Lincoln revolution is solely in the interest of despotism. It professes to have freed negroes, but that, too, is hypocrisy. They have simply been taken from their lawful masters, and re-enslaved to a Negro Bureau, composed of northern fanatics, mesmerizers, spiritualists, free-lovers, and all kinds of men and women of easy virtue, and most uneasy dispositions. While the condition of the negro has been made infinitely worse every way, the white man has been enslaved. The principle of self-government is overthrown. For one, we are for an eternal war upon this state of things. So far from advising the people anywhere to permanently acquiesce in such a revolution, we counsel them to nurse their wrath, and only hold their muscle still until they shall find an opportunity of revenging their wrongs. Throw a stone at an Arabian, and he will pick it up and put it in his pocket, and carry it for years, or until he gets a good chance to throw it back. We are incapable of advising the people of our country to another course. Pick up the Radical Abolition stones, and do not fail at the first opportunity to throw them back. There is no other way to preserve your liberty.

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER XV.

Abram in Danger.

Colonel Seely, whom we left with the faithful Abram, concealed in Julia's room at Hubert's House, had, as Julia informed Bertha, made his escape from Bratton, despite the vigilance of his foes, and seeking the coverts of the Alleghany forests, awaited an opportunity for entering the Confederate lines. But the continued shifting of the lines of both sides, and the want of information, had baffled his purpose, so that weeks passed on and still he wandered a fugitive.

The sun was high in the heavens as he and Abram drew near the verge of the woods, which bordered upon one of the newly-made military roads of the day, and as the opening of the scene revealed this fact to the fugitives, they paused to consider their position before boldly emerging from the friendly shelter of the foliage to cross the road lying athwart their intended course.

"Abram," said the Colonel, "it is best that we should be cautious in approaching the road, which doubtless lies just beyond that dead timber."

"Exactuly," replied the negro, "and Massa Kurnel you kin jest rest awhile while Abram scrutenoiters dat same road."

Colonel Seely, still feeble and careworn, yet with much more vigor in his frame than when we became acquainted with him at Bratton, dropped gently to the ground, and extended his overtaxed body upon a bed of leaves, and the aged negro glided away. The Colonel looked after the old man, as he cautiously crept from tree to tree, until the intervening trunks hid him from view, and then glanced carelessly about him. It was at the close of the first month of summer, and the luxuriant verdure around him, with the freshness of the morning air, and the pleasant sunshine gilding the quiet scene would have made it a pleasant spot for a reverie to one less perturbed in mind than the invalid Confederate officer. His thoughts were absorbed in carking anxiety for the safety of his daughter, of his own precarious situation, and the gloomy future his clear judgment foreshadowed for his country. That Randolph and Bertha had at least temporarily escaped, he had no doubt, for such intelligence had reached him after the return of Julia, but how long that safety might continue in those days of perils and surprises, pursued by the dangerous enmity of John Rasp and the malignant cunning of Leighton, was a very unpleasant mystery which no reflection upon the chances could enlighten. Circumstances might soon separate Bertha from her protector, and throw her

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

upon her own slender resources of purse and experience. He had great faith in the firm courage and clear sense of his daughter, in ordinary times, for Bertha Seely was not one to be daunted by the common difficulties of life, yet the times were most deplorable, and military license had seized upon morality itself, and made rapine and outrage a custom. Should she fall into the hands of the rude mercenaries of the North, many of them the scum of society, brought to the surface by the upheaval of civil law as the volcano of war threw its baleful lava over the land, he knew that neither her youth nor beauty, nor her sex, would be a defense, but rather an incentive to crime; and he shuddered as his thoughts ran over the names of once proud and respectable families of the South, whose virtuous matrons and blooming maidens had suffered worse than death at the hands of bounty-bought hirelings wearing the uniform of the Federal army.

Turning his mind from this bitter picture of memory, his thoughts reverted to the future of the South. For a moment his dark eyes flashed as he reflected upon the genius of her leaders, the courage of her soldiers, the devotion of her citizens, and the desperate struggle which thus far had baffled the enormous odds of men and means brought against her; but the eyes drooped, and the brow grew clouded as his judgment told him that the terrible struggle was rapidly drawing to a close fatal to the independence of his beloved South, and with all the deep affection of a true patriot, he groaned as he pondered upon her future, as fancy painted it, after the war. With all his profound love for his peculiar section of the once happy American Union, there was the inherited respect and esteem, approaching to love, for the great American Republic as it had flourished and rejoiced under the Constitution bequeathed for its happiness and protection by the Revolutionary fathers of 1776 and 1787, which even the harsh feelings created by a cruelly waged war had by no means destroyed. This sentiment of Colonel Seely was almost universal among the men of the South. It is true that there were many both in the army and in the councils of the Southern Confederacy who had thrown aside, some temporarily, others forever, all love for the United States, and who hated it with all the gall of bitterness, but they were a mere handful compared with the vast majority of the southern people; and Colonel Seely sighed as he reflected that the very prevalence of this sentiment had been the most fatal obstacle in the way towards speedy southern independence.

"It will be little appreciated, almost ignored, totally denied by the merciless Radicals of the North after the war," he mused, "and malignant persecution, almost fiendish oppression for this refined age, will follow the submission of the South. The great and chivalric captains of the Federal hosts will be withdrawn from the activity of practical war to repose upon their so-called laurels of victory, and submerged in the pursuits of private life, or eager only to receive the fulsome laudations of a grateful populace, which delights in the pageantry of public ovation; and their places will be filled by minor leaders of lesser minds, but as grasping for fame, and these, under the powerful tyranny of a Radical Congress, will be mere in-

struments to oppress the South and smother all remaining love for the Union. The only hope, not merely for the subdued and overpowered South, but for the continued freedom of the North, must be placed upon the national patriotism of the President and administration of the United States. If he falters before the torrent of sectional hate roaring within the Capitol, and withdraws his powerful arm upraised for the whole American people, North and South, East and West, then alas! alas! for the 'Star of Empire,' no longer westward will it take its way, but sink forever like a short-lived meteor beneath the waves of anarchy and despotism!"

Time stole on, and buried in these reveries, the Colonel had totally forgotten the absence and errand of his servant, when the latter suddenly made his appearance at his musing master's side, with a face full of alarm.

"What is it, Abram? You seem uneasy. What have you seen?" asked the Colonel, rising.

"Massa Kurnel," replied the negro, in a low tone, as if fearful of being overheard in that profundity of shade and foliage, "dese woods will soon be swarmin' wid dem blue coats, an' no doubt dey air arter us."

"You have seen some of them, then?"

"Five millions! five hundred millions," said Abram, with the whites of his eyes making a "bull's-eye" under each beetling brow.

"Come, Abram," said his master, with a smile, "you have seen nothing but a swarm of mosquitos, as you peeped through the bushes, or some of those mud-butterflies."

"Massa," cried Abram, evidently in unusual alarm, "muskeeters don't r'de on horses, nor tote carabines, an' dis chile, ole as he is, nebber seed mud-butterflies pullin' cannon arter dem—nary time."

"But you have seen large bodies of men, Abram," insisted his master. "You were at the battles around Richmond—you saw Lee and the Hills, and Stonewall, and Longstreet, toss the blue-coated hosts of McClellan, day after day, until that celebrated 'change of base' was effected. You saw the first and second battle at Manassas, and should have some correct idea of the number of men in an army, at least within half a million. You are badly scared, Abram. Come, I will reconnoitre myself."

"You'se de boss, Massa," replied Abram, "but I tink we had better come de coon in dis case an' take a tree."

The Colonel looked sharply at the withered old face, and saw that the negro was in great alarm.

"Well, tell me what you have seen."

"De debil or his brother-in-law," said Abram, with an emphatic gesture towards the road. "I'se seed Major John Rasp."

"Ah, has that blood-hound again placed himself upon my track? Then we may well be vigilant."

"Take de tree, Massa Kurnel, take de tree, an' dar we'll whisper ober dis matter. No use foolin'. Make de start, Massa."

"It is rather an undignified proceeding, Abram, and will be still more so if, as generally happens to the coon, our enemies 'tree' us," replied the proud Virginian. "No, if I am to be caught it shall be as a gentleman and a soldier, and not as a contemptible quadruped." So saying, the Colonel

withdrew into a dense clump of tall shrubbery, made a solid mass of foliage by creeping vines and flowering bushes.

"Dar he go," said Abram. "Always bery proud and foolish. Now, if dey find him da like a fox, what am de difference atween' dat an bein' treed like a 'coon? Tell me dat. An' what hev dignanty got to do wid hidin' from dem Yankees, cuss 'em?"

Abram's reflections upon the folly of regarding dignity in the midst of danger were cut short by a distant shout, which seemed fearfully near, and the negro darted to a tree and began its ascent. Despite his age, Abram was very agile, and had soon "wormed" himself up the trunk of a tree, until the lowest branch was within his reach. He stretched out his hand, and grasping it, swung himself from the trunk to make more rapid progress in his hasty ascent, but the bough to which he so rashly trusted was decayed and brittle, and yielding to the weight of the negro so suddenly cast upon it, began to crash and snap near the trunk.

"Gwine to break! oh de lor'! dis nigga done gone up!" muttered Abram, at his terrified eyes marked the rapid separation of the treacherous fibres, and the next instant beheld him falling fully fifteen feet to the earth, the very reverse of "gone up," being most certainly gone down.

The shock was quite severe, for the old fellow fell flat upon his back, his head striking a hollow log, which reechoed with the blow. The fall might have killed, or at least stunned a white man, but the hard and thick skull of the negro little heeded the violent contusion, while his back ached badly.

"Cuss de tree, an' de Yankees, and de war," muttered Abram, as he rubbed his shins, which had also come in contact with the log. Dis is all de result of Abolitioners"

But the repetition of the shout told him that his dreaded enemies had decreased their distance, and he sprang to his feet, saying:

"Fore God, I wish I was a coon rite now. Nebber seed dat animule fall fro' a tree in my life. 'Fraid I fall agin."

Looking about him, his eyes fell upon a tall stump within a few paces of the shrubbery into which his master had withdrawn. It was the remnant of what had been a noble oak, but age and storms had snapped the great trunk sharply off some ten feet from the ground. At a hight of about five feet from the root, was a hole opening into the great hollow within, and large enough to admit the entrance of a man's head. Seeing this stump, Abram ran to it and thrust his woolly pate into the hole, turning his face in every direction within the hollow.

"Room dar to hide a bar," said he, withdrawing his head, and clambering up to the top of the stump. After a rapid survey of the refuge, he imitated the actions of the animal he had mentioned, and descended into the hollow feet foremost, until only his head was above the edge. He braced his feet against the rottening sides, deeming it rather hazardous to descend to the bottom, as the ascent from within might not be easy, if at all practicable. But wood had betrayed his hands a moment before, and now wood betrayed his heels, for the decayed foothold to which he trusted suddenly gave way beneath his weight, and he made

a rapid and unexpected descent of five feet to the bottom, which piled him up within the lowest cavity.

"Cuss de stump! Cuss dis bisniz," said Abram, as he struggled into a posture more agreeable than being doubled up like a jack-knife, his toes being in his eyes, and his back again badly bruised. "Dis day finish me, sure! Dat last fall down drive me up. Cuss de Yankees! Cuss de war! All dis comes fro' freein' niggers."

Aga'n the shout reached his ear, and having regained a more comfortable posture, he crouched at the bottom of the hollow to await the progress of events.

The shout was answered in various directions, and Abram soon perceived that the pursuers were within a few paces of his place of refuge, and that they had halted. He recognized the voice of the first speaker as the unwelcome words were spoken:

"Halt, men, for a rest. This tramping through bushes is heavy work for cavalry men."

"Dat's Major Rasp," mused Abram, trembling in his covert. "Wish he was in here, an' I out dar wid a few Confeds."

"Men," continued Rasp, as he unbuckled his sabre and threw it upon the ground, and then extended his huge frame near the very stump in which Abram was hidden, his head resting upon one of the great roots, and his voice reverberating within the hollow, for near his face was an orifice into the stump, large enough to admit the passage of a man's hand, "I fear the old rebel has escaped again. Certainly we were keen on his track. Ha! the old scoundrel, he thought John Rasp would be content to leave his recapture to hurry to Chattanooga. But as much as I desire to feel the old rebel under my fingers, I verily believe that I would feel better to lay just one finger on that cunning black rascal, Abram."

"Bress de Lord," thought Abram, as the harsh voice of the fierce trooper uttered one of his characteristic volleys of dreadful profanity, "how dat man kin cuss! Lay low, nigga! breathe easy, for if dat white man cotch you he gwine to cook you alive."

"But men," resumed Rasp, with a yawn of weariness, which to Abram sounded like the cavernous yawn of a hungry lion, "while we rest let us eat. Who's cook here?"

"Here you are, 'Pots and Pans,'" said a bluff-faced Federal, slapping a "contraband" upon the shoulder. "The Major's hungry, so am I, so is everybody; so 'Pots and Pans' shake out your head and go to work."

"Whar make de fire?" asked the "contraband," one of those unlucky fellows of African descent, who had escaped from the "involuntary servitude" of the South to enjoy the sweets of liberty in the military service of roving Federal cavalry.

"All my cooking truck in de road ober dar wid de horses 'Spose we all go back and cook in de road."

"See here, nigger," said Rasp, showing the butt of his pistol, "you are getting as lazy as an overseer. You trot quick, and hustle these cooking utensils and ample provision for this squad—let's see, there are seven of us. Tell Lieutenant Garter to hold the troop together until I return. I have a fancy to enjoy a pic-nic right here. It is romantic, and I am dead beat. Curse these spurs—they are poor friends in the bushes. Move faster,

or I'll put a bullet in your back, you black hound."

"Dat's de freedom dey gibs us," thought Abram, who listened in fear and trembling. Dat fool nigga got lots ob liberty now."

"I'd as soon shoot a nigger as a dog," resumed Rasp, as the "contraband" darted away.

"So would I," said one of his troopers, imitating the posture of his chief. "If it hadn't been for the blamed nigger there'd be no war, and I'd be at home. How many did you ever shoot, Major?"

"How many?" laughed Major Rasp, "I have never kept tally, Mike, but I know that this fellow—what is his name?"

"Primus," said the trooper.

"Well, Primus is growing surly, and I hate impudence in a nigger. He'll be lost some day."

"It was a very common thing for a negro to be "lost" by the troop of the amiable Major, and such "losses" were considered good jokes, so the six troopers laughed in concert with their chief. White rebel prisoners had often been "lost" in the same way, and that was a good joke too, in the opinion of Major John.

"What's that?" said he, suddenly, as his restless heel dug up some round object from the leaves.

One of the troopers picked it up and examined it closely.

"It's a skull, and here's a bullet-hole in both temples," said he, and turning the leaves about with his sabre, he saw more relics of some unfortunate man. "Here's the rest of his bones, too. I wonder if he was a reb or a Federal. Ah, here is a piece of his clothes—coat it was, I guess," he continued, raising the decayed fragment of cloth on the point of his sabre.

"Look at the buttons, Boles. They'll tell the tale," cried one of his companions.

"C. S.," said the other, after an examination. "He was a reb," and with these words he tossed the fragment into the bushes.

"He was 'lost;' some of our boys 'lost' him," said Rasp, with a loud laugh. "The holes in the temples, and the place where he fell is proof of that."

"I know all about it," remarked the trooper called Mike, as he filled his pipe. "He was a reb, and our boys 'lost' him right here some ten months or so ago. You see, that fellow lived about twenty miles from here. He was an old man, too, judging from his white hair and wrinkles, but a tough old fellow, for all that, with a sharp eye and a quick hand. You see, several of our troop, in foraging around, went to the old fellow's house to see what they could find for the benefit of the service."

"For the benefit of the service," repeated Rasp, as Mike paused to light his pipe.

"Ay, Major, you know what that means," replied the trooper, puffing his pipe as unconcernedly as if speaking of a fox-hunt. "Well, the boys found the old fellow and his wife, and three young women, and five or six little children, all assembled in one room. The old fellow was reading the Bible to 'em."

"What time of day was it?" asked one.

"Well, long after dark. We walked right in, ten of us, I guess. 'What are you at, you old white-headed reb?'

says Dick Marsh—he was our sergeant. 'Holding family prayer,' says old white-head, quick and snappish, and looking us right in the eye. 'What women are these?' says Dick. 'Three are the wives of my three sons, the other is my wife,' says old white-head. 'Where are your sons, you old rebel?' says Dick. 'In the army,' says white-head. 'What army?' says Dick. 'The army of Virginia,' says he. But that dodge wouldn't go down with Dick, for there were two armies of that name, the rebel army and the Union army. 'Which army?' says Dick 'The Confederate army,' says old white-head, and I noticed his eye began to sparkle. 'Ho!' says Dick, 'so your sons, instead of being at home, like honest men ought to be, are off shooting Union men. I suppose they are bushwhackers.' 'No,' says old white-head, 'they entered the army at the first tap of the drum, and belong to the First Virginia Regulars of the Confederate States. I am wearing one of my son's coats now—you may see by the buttons that what I say is true.' 'What are you wearing his coat for?' says Dick, for we noticed that the coat was big enough for a man twice the size of old white-head. 'I am subject to chills, and very poor now,' says he, not meanlike, but proudly, do you see, like he was proud of it. 'Very poor since the Federal army has swept away all my property, even my wearin apparel.' 'And we've been plundered twice by Confederates too,' puts in his wife, sorter fearful like. 'Say nothing of that,' says white-head. 'It was wrong I know, but they were welcome to the little they got after what the Federals had taken. And the son that wore this coat is dead. I had five sons when the war began, and two of them have been killed in battling for Southern Rights. Here's where a Yankee bullet went in straight to my brave son Robert's heart,' and he tapped his finger against a tare in the breast of the coat. 'He died at Seven Pines,' says he, proudlike, 'with his face to heaven and his feet to the foe. He was a true Ashby.' 'Then you are one of the Ashby's?' says Dick, and I noticed he looked kinder venomous at the old man. 'Any kin to Colonel Turner Ashby that was killed at Port Republic?' 'I am proud to say I am,' says old white-head, drawing himself up like a tree, straight and stern. 'Colonel Ashby shot my brother,' says Dick. 'In battle?' says white-head. 'That makes no difference,' says Dick, pulling out his pistol. 'I have sworn vengeance on all the Ashby name, so pitch in, boys, and strip the old rebel's lair.' Then we piled in and smashed things generally. There wasn't much to smash, for the old fellow didn't lie when he said he was poor, but what there was we hashed up you may bet. Some of us found some molasses and lard and smeared it all over the walls and floor, and cut up the womens' beds and bedding, and tore the clothes of the whole family into strips, we did, and scared the women nearly to death, and some of the children into spasms; had a high old time, I tell you, for we sailed in like fun. Well, old white-head looked blazes, but he never said a word, but stood with his arms around his wife and his pet grandchild, looking h—at us. That made Dick madder than ever, and he swore he'd have a kiss from every one of them rebel women, the old one included. Says old white-

head, says he, sorter shaking himself loose from the women, 'If you are men do not harm nor insult defenceless women. Re nember that you have mothers and sisters, and some of you may have wives, so be gentle, I beg.' Now I know that hurt him."

"What hurt him?" demanded Rasp, who was paying listless attention.

"Being forced to say, 'beg' to a blue coat," replied Mike. "But Dick laughed at him. Says Dick, 'These ain't women—these are rebels' wives,' and he grabbed one of them by the arm. That was his last grab, Major. Old white head lit on him like a catamount, and cut his throat before we could raise a pistol—killed him dead at a lick. He had a quick hand and a sharp knife, and he wasn't afraid to strike. Then we feathered in on him, every man of us, for we all liked Dick, the best sergeant we had, and could sing the jolliest song. But old white-head made a tough fight of it, he did, you bet. Before we got him under he had sent two more of the squad after Dick, and given three others a dab or two with that knife, me among the rest; see there, where he laid my cheek open," said Mike, putting his finger upon a great scar. "He aimed every lick at the throat that old villain. He struck to kill, and I never saw a man strike so fast. But one of our boys fetched him on the head with the butt of a carbine, and we had him. The women screamed and the children yelled, and it was a lively time all round, but we dragged old white-head into the yard, and then set the rebel's nest on fire. We thought he was dead; but he wasn't, though we left him for dead. But two or three months after that we caught him near here with a gun in his hand, and told him he was a bushwhacker. Says he, 'Nc, I am trying to kill a squirrel or a bird for my starving women and children, see my gun.' We looked at it. It was a poor thing, a boy's shot-gun, and we drew the charge, and found what looked to be an old pewter spoon chipped up for small shot. But we remembered Dick, and we 'lost' old white-head right there, at the foot of that stump."

"And his family?" asked Rasp, yawning.

"Bother his family. We never pestered our heads about that," said Mike, smoking. "It looks cruel; but then Boston and New England preachers say it is all as it should be, and as they ought to know all about it, why we don't object."

The return of the contraband soon after interrupted the conversation, and Rasp arose, saying:

"Here, rascal, build your fire at the foot of this stump, up against it, for these vile ants have peppered my neck, and I always go in for retaliation."

"Oh, Lor!" thought Abram, as he heard this order, "Dis nigga am gwine to be burned alive, roasted like a crab in de shell!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Early's Advance.

The situation of old Abram was indeed precarious, for Primus, the "contraband," at once proceeded to his work, and placed dry and resinous wood at the foot of the stump, and to old Abram's terror, at the very spot where the orifice was.

"Curse the ants," roared Rasp, stamping as he felt their sharp fangs

in his neck. "Make that fire hot, nigger, for if you let an ant escape, I'll roast you."

"De fool nigga is gwine to roast me," muttered Abram, as a smell of burning wood warned him that the fire was lighted.

"Them's rebel ants, Major," said Mike, as his chief pulled off his coat and shook it. "They look on you as an invader."

"I wish every one was a rebel," growled Rasp, as he crushed the insects in his gloved fingers.

"It would be jolly," remarked Mike, gazing at the fire, if our boys could just get the rebs at Richmond in that fix. If what is said is true, it wasn't Dahlgren's fault that they didn't."

In the meantime the "contraband" was busily engaged in preparing coffee and rations for the hungry troopers, who, indolently reclining in a semi-circle at a short distance, watched his motions with eager impatience, frequently hurling a volley of oaths at him, and sometimes a billet of wood.

Old Abram, who had heroically resolved to remain perfectly quiet, hoping that the great thickness of the stump, and the dampness of the interior might defy the power of the flames, at least until the troopers' meal should be cooked, now found himself almost suffocated by the smoke which found a passage into his refuge. In addition to this, myriads of bugs, ants, and hideous insects, the numberless population of the aged oak, alarmed by the gradually increasing heat, began to hurry from their habitations, and infuriated by their terror, to bite and run over him. Even this the hardy old fellow could have endured, but he heard the dreaded voice of Rasp commanding more wood to be heaped upon the fire.

"Plenty of fire to cook now," said the surly Primus, who, like all cooks, detested interference in his peculiar business.

"Pile it on, you black dog," roared John Rasp, "or I'll roast you alive like a herring."

"B'leve dat white man knows dat Abram's in dis stump!" muttered Abram, twisting and writhing with torture. "Can't stand dis much longer. Cuss de world! Talk 'bout Massa Job in de Bible—reckon if Massa Job bin in dis stump rite now, he'd cuss rite an' leff! Cuss creatium! Drat de bugs an' de smoke, an' it's gittin' hot as a bake oven!"

"Pile on the wood!" roared Rasp, as the surly "contraband" pushed some of the embers aside.

But Abram's patience and endurance had reached the point at which nature's law, self-preservation, demanded nature's rights, and he thrust his head through the hole at which he had first made his hasty survey of the interior, and glaring at the terrified Primus, who had good cause to believe him the devil, yelled out:

"Fool nigga! you better not put any more wood on dat fire. Mind dat now."

Primus did not wait to hear any more, but believing that the father of all evil had addressed him in his natural and traditional element, took to his heels, filling the air and woods with his yells of dismay

The attention of the troopers at that moment was directed to a huge wicker flask of whiskey, which one of their number had produced, and as Abram was half-choked with smoke, the sound

of his voice had not reached them, and the sudden flight of Primus from the spot turned their eyes after him, while old Abram having revived himself with a hearty sniff or two of fresh air, fell back to his former position, resolved to try it a little longer.

"Catch that nigger," cried Rasp, and two of the troopers dashed after the fugitive, whom they soon overtook and dragged back by the collar.

"He says the devil's in the stump," said one of the troopers, as the party halted before the Major.

"Yes, sah! he dar! Seed him myself," chattered Primus, as his eyes rolled fearfully towards the stump. "He spoke to me."

"He did?" said Rasp. "And what did the devil say?"

"Said if I put any more wood on dat fire he'd cotch me by de har ob de head and burn my eyes out," replied Primus, who was just about as correct in his eye and ear evidence as negroes generally are in giving their testimony.

"He said that, did he?" growled Rasp, as he aimed his pistol at the head of the "contraband." "Well, do you pile on the wood, or I'll blow your eyes into the fire. See here, nigger, I havn't shot a nigger for nearly two weeks, and I'm afraid I'll have to practice on you. Pile on the wood."

He looked so fierce behind the levelled pistol, and roared so loud, that Primus hastened to obey, though he stared wildly at the hole in the stump as he approached it.

Old Abram had again become fully charged with rage, pain and terror, for the smoke within the stump had increased beyond all endurance, and just as Primus had raised a billet of wood to toss upon the fire, his head being on a level with the hole, and thereby concealing it from the troopers in his rear, Abram again thrust his head from the hole, yelling:

"Cuss de world! Cuss de world!"

Primus needed no better proof than this speech, so comprehensively damning, to prove his belief in the presence of the devil, and uttering a wild yell of terror he ran back towards Rasp.

"Put out de fire!" screamed Abram, and at that instant the troopers beheld him for the first time, and raised a roar of triumph.

"Nigger in the stump!" they shouted. "Cook him, Primus, cook him!" and all began to hurry to the fire to pile on wood, Primus eagerly, for he was enraged at having been so badly scared by a fellow-darkie.

Abram, who had hugely enjoyed the fresh air, and therefore fully appreciated the pleasure of breathing it, had scrambled up to the top of the stump, and was ready to begin the descent on the outside, when every trooper leveled his pistol at him, as he stood poised on his unpleasant perch.

"Shoot him dead if he comes down," said Rasp, who had not recognized the negro

"Kill me, an' den you'll neber find Kulnel Hart Seely!" screamed Abram.

"What's that he says about Hart Seely?" asked Rasp, drawing nearer. "Ah, this is the negro Abram, Seely's body-servant. Come down, you black scoundrel, come down."

"No use sayin' dat more dan onct," said Abram, as he scrambled to the ground, and began to brush the ants and bugs from his neck and face.

"So you were smoked out, you old serpent," said Rasp, grinning, as he

looked at the old negro. "Now, where is your master?"

"Dat's de question. Whar am him?" said Abram, who would as soon have thought of kicking Major John Rasp, then and there in the midst of his troops, as of betraying his master.

But it is due to the reader that we should look after Colonel Seely, and it is none the less due to him that we should explain why he had remained apparently unconcerned during the roasting of his faithful servant.

After entering the shrubbery he had lost sight of Abram; and on proceeding a few paces he discovered that any further progress would increase his risk of detection. He therefore retraced his steps a short distance, and sat upon a fallen tree-top, the dense and withering leaves forming a complete screen around him. He therefore had not perceived Abram when the negro took refuge in the stump, though he could easily discern that place of refuge. He saw, plainly, Rasp and his six comrades, as they halted, and could hear every word of the conversation. He listened with a sad heart to the story told by Mike, for he knew the unfortunate victim well; remembered him as a plain, upright Virginia planter, of considerable wealth and high respectability; knew every member of the bereaved family · knew, too, that prior to the secession of Virginia from the Union, old Calvert Ashby had been a strong opponent of secession, though a firm believer in the doctrine of States' Rights; knew that the old man had grieved when the struggle was so foully precipitated upon the South by the machinations of radical politicians, and that he mourned over the inevitable woe of civil war; knew that the two score "slaves" of Calvert Ashby loved the good and benevolent old man as a kind and generous patriarch, and Col. Seely shuddered as he heard the cool and exultant narrative of the cold-blooded and useless assassination of the white-haired grandfather, arrested in striving to find a morsel of food for his helpless and starving women and children. He leaned forward to gain a fair view of the brutal features of the narrator of the horrible tale, and fixed them upon his memory, firmly resolved to bring him to punishment, should the fortune of war ever place him in his power.

The sudden appearance of his faithful Abram had startled while it grieved him, and he groaned inwardly as he remembered that he had no weapon with which to aid, even had he the opportunity to do so. With an anxious heart, therefore, he awaited the examination of the negro.

"You are ten times nearer death, nigger," said Rasp, in response to the last words of Abram, "than you have ever been; so no trifling. Now tell me this—when did you part with Col. Seely?"

"This morning, massa, at daylight, replied Abram, boldly.

"At daylight; and where?"

"In de woods," was the comprehensive reply.

Major Rasp had dealt with too many negroes to be easily deceived by this response, and after gazing sternly at the negro for a moment, ground his teeth and said:

"Tie him to a tree, men; tie him up. He is lying. A little fire will soon work the truth out of him."

Abram made no resistance, and as

the troopers dragged him to a tree not far from the place in which his master was concealed, he turned his eyes thitherward, a quick, triumphant glance, which Col. Seely rightly interpreted to mean fidelity to death.

The binding of the prisoner had hardly been completed when the blast of a bugle reached the ears of the cruel Major.

"What does that mean?" said he, with an oath. "Garter sounds the recall. And there it goes again. The fellow is mad."

But the words had barely passed his lips when the distant boom of a cannon bowled through the forest.

The troopers paused, awaiting the orders of their chief, while he, much surprised, vented his astonishment in oaths, as the boom of the first gun was quickly followed by two more. The sharp rattle of the "long roll," and the sudden echo of vollies of small arms, though borne faintly to the ear, were distinct, and Rasp hurried to buckle on the sabre he had thrown aside, while Primus unceremoniously emptied the contents of his pots and pans upon the ground, in his haste to collect the implements of his art.

The sharp, clear notes of the bugle again rang upon the ear, sounding the "recall," and the troopers began to look uneasy, especially as the sound of cannon began to become continuous.

The sudden appearance of a member of Hunter's staff, bearing every mark of haste, arrested Rasp as he was about to resume his questioning of the negro.

"Where is the Major?" said the officer. "Ah, Major, here are sealed orders for you from General Hunter. Early has made a sudden and unexpected advance, completely surprised our sharpshooters, driven in our line of skirmishers, and fallen heavily upon the line of battle. He is in great force of both infantry and cavalry—almost a total surprise, and there are strong fears that a rebel force is moving upon our rear."

He delivered this information in a hurried tone, and waiting for no reply, hastened away.

Major Rasp read his despatches, and growled his curses as usual.

"We are ordered to the rear to feel for the suspected force, supposed to be a portion of Longstreet's corps. But may I hang if I do not think we are well in the rear already, and have time to twist some information from this black rascal."

Abram, who had plucked hope from the surrounding circumstances, felt his heart sink as the fierce trooper uttered these threatening words, and turned those cruel eyes again towards him.

The negro was bound painfully tight with his back to the tree, and as Col. Seely took in the scene, he could not but compare it to instances of Indian barbarism of which he had heard and read. There was no sentiment of mercy depicted upon the savage, bearded face of the ruffian Major, nor upon the hardened faces of his men. Old Abram, whom he knew had ever been a timid, quiet negro, eager to avoid danger, was a picture of terror and despair, his eyes rolling from face to face, but ever returning as if fascinated, to the movements of Major Rasp.

The latter approached the blazing embers of the fire, and selecting a brand whose extremity was a solid mass of glowing fire, returned to his helpless prisoner.

"You are lying, nigger," said he, waving the brand to and fro in rapid circles until the fire crackled and sparkled at the end," and I am going to burn the truth out of you. You need not cry for mercy, for I am in a hurry. Where is your master?" And as he spoke he poised the fiery faggot as if about to dart it against Abram's cheek.

"I tell de blessed truf," said Abram, "when I say, Massa Major, I don't know, an' more dan dat, if Massa Hart Seely saw me now, I'd be true to him, and say, don't be foolish, Massa; stay where you is, an' old Abram kin die right now as well as anoder time."

Colonel Seely knew that these words were meant for him, and his high sense of chivalry got the better of his prudence, so that as Rasp was about to thrust the fire to Abram's face, he called out:

"Hold, savage! Hart Seely will not suffer another to be tortured that he may escape;" and before the troopers had recovered from the surprise caused by the sound of his voice, he advanced boldly from his covert, and placed himself at the side of his faithful negro, saying:

"I am Hart Seely, Colonel in the army of the Confederate States, and claiming the protection of the laws of war."

"You cry for quarter, then," sneered Rasp, "but I always make short work with a re-captured rebel. I have never known a rebel to escape me twice. Turn the nigger loose—we need that rope to hang this old rebel. I give you three minutes to say your prayers, Hart Seely."

"You do not surprise me in thus treating me," replied Colonel Seely, firmly and defiantly, though his cheek was deadly pale. "But all you desire is my death. That you can obtain by using the sword at your side, or the pistol in your hand."

"Of course I can," said Rasp, "but it suits me to hang you. Do you think I have forgotten the words of my mother, 'my children will avenge me?' I avenge."

It was useless for the unfortunate Confederate officer to show resistance to the brutal men around him, and he submitted with heroic calmness to the indignity of having the rope noosed around his neck, amid the horrible jests and jeers of his captors.

"To the tree with him," commanded Rasp, as he pointed to one whose projecting branch afforded a suitable means for his purpose. "Hurry, men! there goes the bugle again. Where's the nigger?"

"Stole away," was the reply.

"Well, let him go; we have his master," said Rasp. "Hurry up that tree, Mike. Take the end of the rope with you, and toss it over to us below."

Mike had reached the fork of the tree, and was in the act of obeying the brutal order, when he suddenly clapped his hand to his shoulder and fell between the fork of the two main branches, and at the same instant the crack of a repeater rang out from the shrubbery, and as the troopers turned in that direction, the pistol spoke again, and the trooper called Boles fell to the ground. At the same moment the blare of a Confederate bugle was heard sounding the charge, and with it the rattling fire of carbines in the direction where Garter held command of Rasp's cavalry.

But the two shots fired from the shrubbery had already filled the troopers around the tree with panic, which was further increased by a third shot from the same spot, as well aimed as the others, which broke the leg of another trooper, and topped him headlong to the ground. There then remained Major Rasp and three of his men, Primus having taken to his heels at the first shot. The party had now become much separated. Colonel Seely being not slow to take advantage of the confusion, slipped the noose from his head, and darted into the bushes, while Rasp fired his pistol after him, just as the fourth shot from the shrubbery grazing his cheek and tearing off his left ear, struck another of his men in the breast. His two remaining troopers, terrified by this fatal and rapid fire, betook themselves to flight, leaving their leader to escape as best he might.

Meanwhile, the sounds of a heavy battle going on in the distance, and of the sharp cavalry fight taking place in the road, not far off, continued; and Rasp, fired with rage at the surprise, rushed, sabre in hand, towards the shrubbery, determined, if he died for it, to learn more of the hidden marksman, whose shots had told with such fearful effect upon his party, and especially as that spot was directly between him and his troop, which he was also anxious to reach.

As he sprang forward, the unerring pistol cracked again, flattening its ball upon the broad brazen buckle of his waist-belt, and making him reel from the concussion. But the cavalryman had at the same moment discovered his enemy, no other than the much-despised Abram, who had, as the troopers cast him loose and seized his master, stolen away, taking with him, unperceived, a repeater dropped by one of the troopers.

The faithful negro had no intention of deserting his captured master, but had concealed himself to act as circumstances might demand. Having been taught by Colonel Seely how to handle both gun and pistol, Abram was confident in his skill, and his first shot, so well-timed, had thrown the trooper Mike into the fork of the tree, where he still remained, groaning and bleeding from the severe wound in his shoulder.

But Abram's weapon was now empty, and after delivering his last shot he fled headlong into the woods, while Rasp, recovering his breath from the severe shock of the ball, muttered a bitter curse, and hurried towards the road, plunging pell-mell through the brambles and bushes, with blood streaming from his wounded ear.

On gaining a spot of some eminence, from which he could take a survey of the scene, he saw the entire force of Hunter in confused retreat, infantry cavalry and artillery entangled in great confusion, while his own troop were scattered and being cut to pieces by an inferior force of Confederate cavalry, whose commander Rasp surmised, and rightly, to be William Randolph, and being driven back upon the head of Hunter's retreating forces.

Ever since the affair at Bratton, Rasp knew that he and his command had been the particular aim of the fiery Randolph, and he at once comprehended that the Confederate partizan had made the present attack to capture or annihilate Rasp's cavalry. While the Major paused undecided as to his safest course, he saw Randolph cut

down one of his troop, rein up his horse and bend over the fallen man. The moment after, Randolph extended his sword towards the spot on which he stood, and the Confederate bugle sounded the recall.

"He has discovered that I am somewhere in this direction," thought Rasp, as he plunged into the woods to make a circuit which should place him within the Federal lines.

His accustomed fortune attended him, for he escaped and safely reached the remnant of his shattered command within half an hour, and with the army of the retreating Hunter, hotly pursued by General Early, swept on in confusion towards the Potomac.

Meanwhile Randolph, having by his attack divided the enemy from a retreat by the road of which we have spoken, dismounted a few of his men to begin a search for Colonel Seely, whose presence thereabouts he had learned from the trooper Rasp had seen him cut down.

But the search had not begun when both Colonel Seely and Abraham made their appearance from the forest, and Randolph had the happiness of greeting them for the first time since the eventful night at Bratton.

(*To be continued.*)

EPIGRAM ON A FINE WOMAN.

Fair as the blushing grape she stands,
Tempting the gatherer's ready hands;
Blossoms and fruit in her together meet,
As ripe as autumn, and as April sweet.

——:o:——

EPIGRAM ON A DANCING PARTY OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS.

This jolly time the ancient story suits,
When Orpheus fiddled for the *dancing brutes!*

——:o:——

EPITAPH FOR STANTON.

Lay heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee!

MISS TRENT AND N—'S DIARY.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHOOTING AN ANGEL."]

"Never?"

"Never."

"Never is a very long word, Miss Trent."

"Yes, my dear, long and tedious, and hard to understand in some matters; but in this, and in all others of the same nature, easy to *be*, and easy to understand."

"Then have you the sagacity to discover *why* he he wasted so much time on Miriam? For a man, as you say, who cannot possibly fall in love, *I* think he had very much the appearance of a lover with his *fiancee*."

"Tut, tut; a man is not *obliged* to love every pretty girl he meets and admires. Yes, my sagacity can explain it directly. She has remarkable eyes, half purple, half grey, that most people would conveniently call by the poetic name of blue. She has that wonderful hair the French denominate *blond cendre*, which is both rare and beautiful. She might more readily be taken for a queen than Eugenie, and certainly more easily than Victoria. She has a pretty, alluring way with her, that fascinates men, and a real genius for flirting. Besides this, she has a charm in her name. Pretty to most ears, with its soft, queenly sound; it is like music, fatal and fascinating, to Northcote."

"Miriam is a pretty name, of course; but men don't generally fall in love with pretty names, Miss Trent."

"No; but when they *do* fall in love with a pretty woman *with* a pretty name, and blond hair, and purple eyes, and after they have lost her, come across another woman who looks like her picture, they are apt to be attracted, especially if, by some odd chance, she happens to have the same name."

"So, so; this, then, is Mr. Northcote's position, is it?"

"Precisely."

"I wonder if she has suspected this, Miss Trent?"

"It will not hurt her, my dear, if she has not. Depend on it, Miriam is not very deeply involved with my young friend. He has read to her, for I heard him, 'Owen Meredith's 'Spring and Winter' He has constantly, and with genuine feeling, praised her lover Maynard to her; and has never, by look or word, given her reason to suppose he feels *anything* beyond a natural admiration for her. She is so handsome that any man may surely admire her, without being necessarily a *bona fide* lover."

"Yes, but when one's admiration is so marked, people will naturally think and say—"

"My dear little Amy, people have, *ab initio*, said things entirely wrong, and entirely false. I suppose this wil

last until humanity is no more. Now, this silly gossip about two young and handsome people is foolish enough in its way; but do you know what else they say that touches you and me a great deal nearer, and which worries me a little, I confess? No? Well, I will tell you, that you may judge how absurd their sayings are sometimes. *They say* I invited my old friend's son to visit me here, at Brentwood, with the intention of making a match between him and you, my sweet *protege*."

"Oh! Miss Trent!"

"It is all very well to open your eyes in such pretty horror, but *that* does not curb impertinent tongues. Poor Northcote! if he only knew what an amount of amorous and matrimonial gossip he has stirred up, I am sure he would shake the dust of dear old Brentwood from his feet, and leave me *sans ceremonie*."

Miss Trent turned easily around, and rested her plump arm upon the little stand at her side. These two, an old sweet-voiced gentlewoman, and a young girl, were the only occupants of that snug, pretty room. The bright firelight illumined their faces; the four clever pictures in oil on the walls, the cabinet piano, the huge Berlin-wool fire-screen, the low, embroidered chairs and divans, and the numerous and tasteful belongings of this comfortable and handsome sitting-room making a cheerful and warm-tinted picture of the whole. But of all things there, Amy was the prettiest, and her dear, kind old friend the rarest. She was a true, good soul, whose silvery hair and sunny face reminded you that if the snow was on the roof, the fire was on the hearth, sparkling, warming, cheering. At her side lay her unending, inevitable knitting; recalling, irresistibly, in spite of her gentle breeding and goodness, Madam Defarge and Mrs. Poyntz. Beside it, spread open, lay some sheets of closely-written manuscript, on the margin of which, in Miss Trent's firm, orderly chirography, were the words "N—'s Diary." Upon this Amy's eyes were intently fixed. She was evidently watching and waiting for the time to arrive when it should attract and hold Miss Trent's attention also. By way of inducing this, probably, she began, after awhile, to repeat softly:

"The world buds every year;
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off sere,
No new blossom comes again.
Ah! the rose goes with the wind;
But the thorns remain behind."

The words and the voice caught Miss Trent's attention. Turning to her companion she said, suddenly:

"Yes, that is it Amy; but you read it tamely, or else your voice lacks the sad ring *feeling* imparts. It is only a clever little piece of jingle at best. Poor fellow! the shaft sped home, in his most vulnerable hour and age."

She took the diary in her hands and went on speaking as she turned the leaves slowly.

"I will tell you his secret in his own words, but you are to keep it inviolate. Remember I am opening my young friend's heart to your inspection; let it be sacred with you. For my part, I have reasons of my own for letting you know this from *himself* as it were. Sit there on the stool at my feet; and don't interrupt me while I read this single entry to you. All the rest refers to matters in which you cannot possibly have any interest whatever. Sit down. You will soon know

that there is not the slightest use for you, or Miriam, or any other girl, whose head may be turned by Northcote, to get sentimental over him, or jealous of each other because of him."

She stroked the brown head at her knee, and looked merrily into the soft eyes that were fixed on her face anxiously; nevertheless, in spite of her light voice and look, there was a sweet gravity in her face, and an anxious tremble in her voice. The truth was, she felt a certain dread for this impulsive young thing at her feet. She had evidently thought *too much* of Basil Northcote. What more natural? And what more dangerous? How stupid of herself to have brought him to Brentwood while Amy was at home? Might she not have known that the child would get her wild young head full of this splendid fellow? While he, unattracted by her freshness and simplicity, could not by any chance think her aught but a child, and would look upon her fancy, if he should unfortunately discover it, with the same pity, the same unanswering regret that Lancelot felt for the White Flower of Astolat.

This thought tormented Miss Trent for three nights and days. Then there came suddenly, like a revelation, the idea of betraying Northcote's heart to Amy.

"He has given me his diary to read that I may understand some things about him that puzzle me now. This little fragment of his history will disenchant Amy, if she is not already a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. Yes, I will let her hear his confession that he is hopelessly dedicated, as it were, to a passion over which hangs no shadow of promise or *change*."

Miss Trent sighed as she thought this; then smoothing the girl's cheek, she began to turn the leaves of the diary, and to say, in a low, measured voice:

"If you had been in society in 18—, my dear, you would remember a gentleman neither maimed, ungraceful, nor ugly, who resisted the fascinations of an incomparable German galopp, and would not dance. The undulating and ravishing chords of this Castilianer accepted no apology for inaction, save from the aged, the awkward, the big-footed, and the mourner. Among fashionists we find a deplorable anti-Catholic disinclination touching the Confessional, which may, in part, explain why the plea of mourning was the only plea offered for not dancing, among people possessing an ear for music, and and an ambition for graceful and fashionable distinction. When he of whom I am speaking came, full of all those physical perfections that in the ball-room attract women and repulse men, there was a flutter among the light-footed, and light-headed, members of the *corps de ballet* of polite society; young, handsome, *comme il faut*, and displaying a patrician foot, what more could the most fastideous ask for in a partner for the Castilianer?

"But he *would not dance*. This caused some excitement which found vent in this wise:

"'What *right* has he not to dance? We want dancing men, and he can dance of course, so graceful, and with such a bewitching foot.'

"A shrewd little girl's black eyes partially penetrated his armor:

"'He is not here *to dance*. How cold and *distrait* he is! Young and handsome, and without a wife to for-

bid him; the fault must lie in some occupation of his mind; he is *looking for something!*'

"It was a chance shot, but it hit the mark. Then they fell to reasoning like very young women.

"'He must be unhappy.'

"'Undoubtedly; he is very pale.'

"'Or in love.'

"'Of course.'

"'And the lady is here *she*'—

"'Is the something he is looking for.

"'That is just it.

"'Who can it be?'

"'Let us watch him.'

"Thus was a strict and untiring surveillance established over a man ignorant of the espionage under which he suffered.

"They discovered nothing. By-and-by he went his way, and left them stumbling about still in the dark. One thing they knew and never forgot, however, he *would not dance*, and successfully resisted the combined attractions of the girls and the clinking Castilianer.

"It is the old story. It was looking for something. A child cries for the moon; a convict is haunted by the desire to revisit the land that has condemned and outlawed him. The infatuation of the moth is a proverb."

Miss Trent's finger had for some moments been marking a certain date in the diary. As she ceased speaking, she adjusted her eyeglass and began to scan the writing before her.

"Yes, here it is. I have given you the prelude, Amy, but here, in his own words, is the story. The man was Bazil Northcote; and here is what he says of himself at that time; and just as he felt then he feels now, and will feel to the end of his life." * * *

"*January 16th*, 18**.—A beautiful and nonchalant woman walked the streets to-day, with a step of superlative disdain; the languor of ennui overspreading her face, and deepening in the rare duskiness of her eyes. Her lips drooped at the corners beneath the weight of an irrepressible scorn; and her brows wore that almost imperceptible contraction that testifies to the weariness that is boring one to death. She wore purple from head to foot—splendid, royal purple, deepening into velvet shadows in the sweeping skirt, and glowing into brightness in the pansies that adorned the bonnet. An exquisite scent of violets pervaded the air as she swept by. The sun struck a superb brooch of amethysts confining the gown at her throat. The effect was perfect. No second hue appeared to mar the royal color that so well suited her queenly beauty.

"So calm was she, that one to look at her might say emotion had never deepened the faint flush upon her cheeks, or drooped those white lids of her blue eyes.

"Ah! the splendor of those eyes! how they flash momentarily through the indolence that half veils their light, and subdue the men who stand obsequiously by making their devoirs to this queen of *beau monde*, this Goddess of Fashion, this empress of a hundred hearts. How they watch the play of her beautiful features, and drink in the dangerous witchery of her sweet voice! How openly, how freely they discuss her!

"'A splendid creature—a regular thorough-bred, no-nonsense sort of a

woman, you know; to whom the Minister from the Court of ——— is doing the steep thing just now.'

"'Widow?' asks one.

"'Yes; just emerging from the second stage of grief for the dear departed. A royal purple, mitigated style of mourning, don't you see? and deuced stunning, by George.'

"Thus, a purple-robed woman, golden-haired, and blue-eyed, passes along the street, and is discussed and scanned. It is common enough; for is she not the beautiful and wealthy Mrs. Vane, who is always discussed?

"Miriam! and this, after all these years, is Miriam! What have I to do with this woman? I do not even speak to her when we meet. She will have it so. I watch her eyes, and they tell me she is too proud to know me. What else? That, with all this glory, and glare, and glitter of life, and pride, that she is wretched, wretched! That, in the midst of plenty, she starves! That her heart is empty, her life a mockery, her future a dead, brilliant, worthless, passionless monotony, that will steal all her youthful and beautiful power, and give her naught in return!

"Am I satisfied?

"Let me go back: Now I can see a long verandah, running east and west, hung heavily with honey-suckle and rose-vines. A man and woman stand at the upper end talking together. A storm looms up darkly in the west, speaking sullenly in its voice of thunder, and darting angry flashes along its black length to let know it is coming. The moon hangs a great yellow disk just atop the eastern hills, and upon it the girl's eyes are thoughtfully fixed. There is a gravity in her look, a shadow upon her face; but her heart is as calm and unclouded as the moon she looks at. Her hands, at rest upon the dark railing, are small and supple as a child's; and her lips have that wayward, pouting prettiness that tempts the eye, and stirs the blood of man. A man is looking at the fresh, ripe lips, and the wonderful eyes above them. For a long time they had given him thoughts he can't shake off. They haunt and trouble him. He leans forward and speaks slowly, for he is afraid the words will jostle each other, they crowd his throat so!

"'Don't look at the moon any more, Milly.'

"She starts a little, looks around at him questioningly, and then over his head at the storm-cloud.

"'Not there, either,' he says, suddenly grasping her hand. 'Don't look at the moon, or at the storm to-night; look at me, for I want to see into your eyes, Milly.'

"She turns, trembles a little, and then drops her gaze, full and lustrous, into his face. Those great, luminous, purple eyes, thrill him from head to foot, while they hold his gaze, steadfastly and deliciously. For two minutes their dangerous light fills his soul with a delicious sort of joy; then, with a sudden, irresistible impulse, he catches her in his arms, and kisses her passionately.

"'Milly,' he gasps directly, 'are you angry?'

"She puts her flushed cheek against his, and sobs softly. His daring has brought her tears; she is startled at his vehemence, but she does not seem angry—she does not remove herself from his embrace, nor does she turn her face from his. She only sobs plaintively, while the yellow moonlight

turns the tears into diamonds on her cheeks. This exquisite quiescence makes him brave—he stoops and kisses the tears off one by one. Then comes the confession at once with a trustful candor:

"'I love you dearly.' He is only a boy, albeit he is twenty years old, and his lips quiver as he goes on—'and I am to leave you, Milly. It is very hard to leave you now, just as we might be so happy together. Somehow I have dreaded to speak of this to you; I was afraid you wouldn't love me. *Do* you love me, Milly?' he asked suddenly, 'do you really love me?'

"She lifts her face and looks sorrowfully at him; one might imagine she was hurt at the question, she looked such tender reproach out of her bewildering eyes. She answers silently and satisfactorily: she kisses him silently on the lips, and drops her pretty face modestly. The tremulous pressure of those pink lips seals his fate, kindling into a fierce vitality a love that must endure forever. There is something within his foolish heart beyond the prosaic impulses of this life. The conventional and sensible mode of address is cast aside as feeble of expression, and insulting to *his* dignity; and he *kneels* humbly before her, and tells her the old, old story, with a passionateness and *abandon* which thrills, astounds, and, by-and-by, from its very vehemence and eloquence, frightens her.

"In the yellow moonlight she looks pale and bewildered. A fierce and intolerable flash of lightning startles and blinds them, hiding the feeble light of the east, and followed by a crash of thunder that for an instant overwhelms his eager pro'estations.

"'I am afraid; let us go in!' gasps the girl in a frightened whisper, as she hides her face in his breast. But he does not heed her; he goes on passionately, and with a sort of ecstacy:

"'I will come again soon. I *must* find you just as you are now, full of love for me, and with the thought of no other man in your heart. I will not tolerate another in your thoughts—I would kill one I found there! I have loved you so long, so long; since the day I came here as a little child, I have worshipped you. One look chained me then and holds me still. It has followed me up like a spell—I cannot shake it off—it is with me forever, and must lead to happiness or misery! (hyperbole.) Milly, you must love me faithfully. I would rather a flash should strike me dead at your feet, just as I now am, than that I should come again and find your love and truth gone from me! I pray God to send a flash to destroy us both as we are, rather than let us fail one another! It were best so a million times, my darling, my darling! Look, how angry and how solemnly, the storm lifts itself up above us! More terrible and cruel than the storm is the falsehood of woman, and the disappointment of man!'

"Two great tears plash softly down upon his upturned face, and touch him into a softer mood. He changes from hyperbole to Schiller.

"'Who,' he whispers, drawing her beautiful face to his heart—

"Who or what gave to me the wish to woo thee;
Still lip to lip to cling for aye unto thee;
What made thy glances to my soul the link;
What made me wish thy very breath to drink,
My life in thine to sink?"

"He and she thought they had reach-

ed the highest chord of feeling; they imagined they had reached the climax of ecstatic sentiment and passion; and the harmonious finale duly served to strengthen their belief. But, can a man, thrilled by the force and rapture of an awakened and almighty first love, quote Schiller with his weeping mistress in his arms, a mighty and gloomy storm looming darkly up, like the monstrous incarnation of Passion; and the yellow harvest moon, like the benign Angel of Promise, looking tenderly and placidly down upon their raptures? There are thoughts and emotions too profound, too deep, to find utterance in mere words. Silence is their only language, and the mysterious power of sympathy their fullest expression. Schiller is inadequate in the finest sense. I doubt if Sappho troubled Phaon with her poetry. Abelard and Eloisa had 'that within them passeth *show*,' of a dactyle or iambus; albeit they indulged in the prose pen to convey thought after the impossibility of verbal protestation. Our friends doubtless considered the ancient Lesbian and monastical lovers stone, in point of suffering, when compared with themselves. Such is the inevitable egotism of unrestrained and ill-advised love! Neither of them guessed this then; so they wept freely in each others' arms, never heeding the flashes, the thunder, and the great warm drops of rain that splashed as large as a Spanish dollar about and upon them. This oblivion couldn't last long. A shower-bath and sentiment are antagonistic. The weaker vessel was the first to acknowledge the elements.

"'Let us go in, Basil; it is raining.'

"He lifted her up in his arms, and retreated beyond the pale of the big drops. Her hair brushed his cheek and left a cool line upon it.

"'What a wretch I am!' he exclaimed, anxiously. 'Your hair and dress are wet. I have exposed my darling; if she should be ill!'

"The idea was too awful, and he could only kiss her damp cheeks and brush the drops from her wonderful yellow hair, saying:

"'You must go up and take these things off at once, and Milly,' catching her convulsively to his breast, 'come, let us bid each other good by now. Let us be brave and firm, my darling girl, for we shall soon meet again. Let us bear it calmly. You have sworn in the sight of heaven to be true to me. I swear now to be true to you. No other woman shall steal my thoughts and heart from you; so long as I live shall I love and cherish only you, so help me, God.'

"There is a rare pathos in his voice that runs like fire through her heart, and drives the oath, 'So help me, God,' from her lips solemnly. A long, lingering, passionate kiss, and then they loosen their clinging arms, and hurry miserably out of each other's sight.

"They are not the first who have turned their backs on happiness, to meet sorrow face to face before the end of the year.

"Leander's was a melancholy death for Hero to look upon; nevertheless, a sense of complete faithfulness blest and electrified the souls of the sinking ones. Had the gods given the swimmer the choice of dying so, in the full of glory, of love and truth, or of living to behold his mistress the legal property of (say, for instance, the Hon. Horatio Lawrence Vane,) another, i.

is likely he would have chosen the wiser course, and plunged headlong into the sea.

"Had the choice been given to some one else the night he kissed the ripe lips of her who was Milly in the fresh, green country, he might have chosen death in preference to the disenchantment to overtake him within the year.

"She shook off the feeble love, and all thought of that night. The kisses she never can shake off; and, may be, they torment her now as much as they thrilled her then. The impress is there. Her husband's secondary caresses in no wise delivered her lips of their first burden. Then, she was Milly, a young, fresh girl, true of heart and pure of thought, thrilled with the transient power of love. Now, she is the beautiful and thorough woman of the world, thrilled by no emotion under the sun.

"The change is a dead and profitless one. When the tempter entered into her fresh young heart, and drew ambition's pictures of a gay, proud life, she gave but one look back, and then yielded up the old name, the old love, the old life. *Que voulez-vous?*

"I remember there was a grand announcement of marriage between Pluto and Venus. The Hon. Horatio L. Vane gave his age for companionship with youth. His silver locks, and her golden curls; his cadaverous ugliness, and her ripe, rich beauty! *Ah! les femmes! les femmes!* I wonder how woman, from Mrs. Vane down to Mrs. Robin Gray, can do this thing and not kill themselves, or their ancient masters in the desperate and self-loathing mood that must come ever and anon to them. Do they harden to stone, only warming into vitality when some faint but subtle breath from the past stirs the crisp and dead flowers about their hearts? Then, like the touched memnon, they murmur, that is all.

"Thanks to the judicious choice of Horatio Vane, a beautiful woman filled society like a glory She played the queen, and wore purple royally. A delicate and delicious breath of violets pervaded the air about her; and weak men, beholding the unfathomable light in her opaline eyes, and the crisp, rippling, tawny hair, edging the fair face, sometimes fancied she might lead a man to destruction by the power of her rare and fatal beauty.

"Who knows?

"One might judge by the cold and reckless scorn about this peerless face sometimes, that she hates the whole empty world she moves in, and herself more than all the rest. What a profound character of pride her features wear at the approach of a lover! There is something almost insolent in the scorn with which she repays his courtesy. Courtesy! Why, this woman's initiation into the mysterious knowledge of love, is a history of fire and passion, and vehemence. The old and calm proposal of this or that man, outrages, insults her! There is no *worship* here; and it seems his manner of telling his story reminds one of something a white-handkerchief Puritan Priscilla said about 'a woman to be had for the asking.' It sends something flaming suddenly and fiercely into her grand eye, like the glare of the Aurora Borealis.

"'Have I,' she asks scornfully, 'no need of love?'

"'I love you.'

"She flashes a hunted, a side-long,

suspicious glance at him, that might belong to Holmes' 'Elsie,' and says deliberately:

"'That is not all. *I* must love; nor, strange as it may appear, I do not love you.'

"He extends his hands prayerfully: 'Let me wait, striving to teach you, by my devotion, that I am worthy of your love.'

"She silences him with a look. 'I fear, nay, I am certain, I can never be *taught*. Pardon me, but I must say, let us dismiss this.'

"She arises and walks the floor, saying, as she glides up and down, with a gracious gravity:

"'One word, and I have done with this *bagatelle*. You must do me the justice to say, I have never encouraged you to this end. My worst enemy cannot accuse me of coquetry. I have outgrown *that*, unfortunately. I protest is a safeguard against ennui, that I envy every school-girl I meet. Have I grown sentimental? I don't know; but I want something to satisfy, to fill the emptiness of my heart. My thoughts have a tendency too powerful for my will to control. A knowledge of it would satisfy and silence most men. If I believed it would save me from the hollowness of such avowals as have haunted me for this last year, I would tell you, that you might say to others—'

"She says nothing; her lips close over the confession, and she turns pale as any green girl. She takes two turns down the room, and says, softly:

"'I cannot marry you.'

"'Then I must strive to forget you, Miriam. You have come across my'—

"'Yes, you must strive to forget me,' she says, breaking in upon his eloquent speech, with a queenly gravity. 'You will not find it difficult, believe me. Lethe is always near; you will find it soon, *mon ami*,' and she laughs a little cold laugh, as she gives him her hand at parting.

"He found it in two months. It looked like $150,000—and a sallow wife.

"This little story he told me, as we dined together the day preceding his marriage. '*La belle dame, sans mercie*, promised me that I should find Lethe, and I drink thereof. I *have* found it, egad! and to-morrow at eleven o'clock, A. M., I take the plunge that shall divide me from her power forever. I salute my prospective freedom from her witcheries, and with hearty good will I exclaim, *Vive la reine, Miriam!*'

"Lethe!

"Is there no draught for her?

"For me?

"Why have I written thus? Am I so calm, so changed, that I do not *feel* this self inflicted punishment? I have seen her; I write of her. Men discuss her beauty and her coldness, with an odious freedom and scorn. She is their idol, their bane. They worship, and they fear her. Strange; but she stands out in my memory at this moment, beautiful and girl-like, with the old air, the old name, the old love, hallowing her.

"Milly!

"Oh! beautiful and undefiled young girl, how I love you!

"And this Queen Miriam Vane, what is it fills my heart when I think of *her?*

"It is not love.

"What then?

"Is it regret?

"*Dare it be hope?*

"Why am I here? Oh! Miriam! if it should indeed—"

* * * * * *

"This is all," said Miss Trent, closing the book, and fixing her eyes upon the fire intently.

Amy spoke never a word, but she was thinking:

"He was either in love, or he fell asleep over his diary; which was it?"

"Well, Amy," said Miss Trent, "are you asleep, or are you only dreaming?"

"Dreaming and sleepy. Mr. Northcote's diary is a very stupid affair. Don't you think so?"

"Very stupid, my dear; but it satisfies me upon one point."

"What point?" getting up slowly, and shaking out the soft folds of her dress. "Upon what point does it satisfy you?"

"His love for *her*," replied Miss Trent, eying the girl keenly and covertly. "One of these days something will happen that he thinks now simply impossible; and yet, there is hardly anything more probable."

"You mean, he will marry this *belle dame sans mercie*."

"Yes, he will marry her, Amy; the thing is inevitable, for he loves her, and knows she loves him."

"He has been very miserable, and she very cruel, and very false. Let us hope the future will be kinder to them than the past has been. There is a sweet kiss, and *bon soir*."

Amy glides easily out of the room, cleverly hiding the bitter disappointment this evening's reading has occasioned her young heart; but full of a firm and sincere resolution to give her foolish fancy everlasting and irrevocable annihilation before sunrise. She will sit up the entire night performing this work; but she will accomplish it.

"If he should have discovered my miserable and unwomanly weakness!"

This fear will prove her safeguard.

Closing her chamber door, she sighed as she repeated softly:

"The world buds every year;
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off sere,
No new blossom comes again;
Ah! the rose goes with the wind,
But the thorns remain behind."

Heaven was so kind to this mild-eyed young damsel, that the rose that went with the wind that cold February returned with the warmth and beauty of June. The thorns that lacerated Northcote and many others, tortured Amy's young heart for a little while only, and then left her free of pain and of regret. The shaft had mercifully only punctured her white breast, the *heart* was happily unhurt.

TO A BELLE, FADED BY DISSIPATION.

I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

THE HUGUENOT MAIDEN.

PART II.

A year had passed since that April evening when the story of the Huguenot maiden had saddened the home-circle at Charteris Hall—a year fraught with great events. Battles had been lost and won, and strongholds had been lost; but still the star-cross gleamed in glory, and the future assured a nationality.

The cold December moonlight shone white upon the roofs of Fredericksburg, and before a month waned, the shock of a mighty battle would thrill the land. Lee had returned again into Virginia, and the strategy of the Federal commanders was directed at once to flank and annihilate the Confederate forces. But with calm determination the great Virginian rested after his brilliant Maryland campaign, and this 10th of December, '62, saw the proud little army of the Potomac awaiting behind the heights of Fredericksburg, Burnside and his mingled hosts. Sharpsburg had cost McClellan his position, and with characteristic rapidity respecting appointments, the United States Government had deposed the little Napoleon, and Ambrose Burnside reigned in his stead, to essay his own especial tactics, for the destruction of Lee's army of Confederates. Few of the inhabitants of that devoted town can forget that December night; from each hearthstone ensued a history which will write a testimony in the future; and none more touching, more appalling in its pathos, than that of the little cottage within sight of Douglas Gordon's lovely home.

Ruth Charteris and her mother were visiting Aubrey Marye's family, which was connected with the Rivaud-Charteris branch, both families being of Huguenot descent. Mrs. Charteris wished to be near her husband and son, who were both following the lead of the lion-hearted Gregg. Barksdale's Mississippians were on picket in Fredericksburg, and the whole town was on the qui vive; for a battle was pending which would test or crush the tireless army of ragged, barefooted, but unflinching Confederates. The Rappahannock flowed peacefully by, and the cold, white moonlight, seemed freezing on the heights around; bravely Burnside's pontoons stretched from the southern shore, and keenly the Mississippians watched and listened. At length "Fire!" rang out in low, clear tones, and for awhile the pontoons were scattered; but then the return came, and a storm of fiery hail came pouring from the enemy, and this opened an attack which was to culminate, on the 13th of December, in one of the fiercest struggles of the war, and now written as the "Battle of Fredericksburg." Lee soon found that it was useless to oppose the building of the pontoons, and with ready resource, he determined to oppose Burnside after he had crossed the river. And now began a scene which words cannot describe. Shot and shell swept the brave old town; the Confederates

had retreated, fighting as they fell back; women and children fled from homes, which without protectors could only inflict torture. Along the frozen roads delicate women, tenderly nurtured, men striving to comfort weary, shivering children, houseless on this bitter night; and now crowding the comfortless forests, till the storm would pass.

Not till the "Lodge" was shattered, did that lion-hearted Virginia woman leave the house in which generations of her family had lived; but the gleam of the Federal bayonets, the shouts of the wild mob, influenced her, as she gazed upon her young daughter, in her fair, girlish beauty, and with the Charteris family, Mrs. Marye also became a wanderer.

Night, the dreary night for the homeless and weary, shrouded the land. Cold, and heart sick, Ruth threw herself in her mother's arms.

"My darling, there is a kind God who guards us still, and to Him let us pray, now, for the brave hearts that must be strong to-morrow. They shall not see a Carolinian quail; bear up bravely, Ruth, and teach the enemy what our women can and will endure for a good cause."

"I thought the voice was yours, Mary," and Colonel Charteris' arms were around his wife and child "I have only an hour to give you, my precious ones, and then I am off for the heights. Ralph could not come with me, but he sends his love, and says that his only regret is that he cannot bear the Palmetto to-morrow, as Marye tells me it was left at the Lodge." He wished it especially, as he had obtained permission to carry it, instead of our battle flag. He's on a scout to-night, and I should not be surprised if he dared even the lion's den to rescue it."

Ruth did not utter a word, but a strange glitter in her eye told that the Huguenot blood was roused, and did not course as ice through a heart born in the fiery South.

But the parting came, the whispered prayer, the hurried kiss, and the rattle of his sabre in the darkness, was soon lost amid the roar of the enemy's batteries.

Several of Mrs. Charteris' home-friends found her, and they listened in admiration to her fearless tones, and dauntless courage.

"I have given all I have, Frank," she said to Captain Pinckney, "and my one regret is that there are no more of the name to join you. I suppose you have heard that we have lost everything; the plantation is in ruins, and the negroes are scattered, therefore Ruth and I have determined to devote our services to the army; and in January we accept appointments in an hospital. I have charge of everything, and Ruth thinks that she is strong enough to assist me. I feel that I cannot rest idle now; and I have no right to enjoy ease or luxury when those who are so dear to me are battling for principles as precious as my creed."

Stuart Letcher had been talking to Ruth, and her low, earnest tones, and quick, decided gestures, told of a determination not easily prevailed against. One of Stuart's "horse-artillery," he was well known among the most gallant of that daring band. Crowds surrounded Mrs. Charteris, and Ruth strolled off with Lieutenant Letcher.

"I dare not, Miss Charteris; it is more than your life is worth to leave

our lines; think of those you would encounter."

"I tell you, Lieutenant Letcher, that I will return with the flag; even though I walk to and from Fredericksburg."

There was steady, cool determination in the girl's tones, so he gave her the horse, and in the flash of an instant she was off. Quietly and stealthily she entered the lines; around the "Lodge" all was silent, though from Douglas Gordon's lovely home, the sounds and shouts of revelry rang out on the right, and the grounds were strewn with the wanton ruin of princely wealth. Ruth knew the secret drawer, and carefully concealing the flag about her, she cautiously wound her way through the garden, and was rapidly proceeding to the lane, where she had left her horse, when tramp, tramp, came the sound of heavy footsteps. Not fear; no! for the Carolina girl scorned its shadow; but the nervousness, the girlish shrinking from those who would not protect her. Tramp, tramp, "File right—halt!" and a company of infantry were in line, not a hundred yards front; they had not yet seen her, and she shrank further within the shadow of the trees. And now the loud nasal twang of the New England Captain greets her, as with an oath he shouts to the Corporal, "Bring the precious young rascal to me. Where did you find him? Palmetto on the cap! Damn him; he is from the accursed cradle of the rebellion. For the glory of the old flag, shoot him, and send another quick to hell, that is not hot enough for the chivalry of South Carolina!" and he laughed in devilish scorn.

The moonlight shone on the fearless, boyish face, as Ralph Charteris walked before the fixed bayonets.

"Caught him within the lines? A spy! Damn you, we'll send you for your health below."

"My God! save him!" and a woman's form crashed in the brushwood. The tones startled the boy; he had recognized his sister, and the impulse sent him forward with a bound, towards her.

"Fire! he runs!" said the Captain, and a score of Minnie balls whistled over him. Without a groan he fell by her side, and when Ruth Charteris recovered, she found herself in the presence of General Winthrop, surrounded by a dozen officers, in consultation in Douglas Gordon's house.

"I found a rebel skulking in our lines, and in attempting to run, we shot him. This is the girl we found in the woods." And Captain Nehemiah Cram made his salute and left the room.

Ruth was in charge of an orderly. Startled, shocked to meet her thus, General Winthrop left the group, and approached her.

"Ruth!" was all he could whisper.

"Years have changed you, General Winthrop," came in reply from the fainting girl. And then in broken sentences, though no tears dimmed her eyes, "The rebel they killed was—my brother—and the only favor I ask is, that the corpse be rescued. Let me look at it. My God! let me press the brave hands, though they are powerless to protect me."

"Ruth, do you require protection with me?"

"The dead shadows the Past, Gen. Winthrop, and Time flies."

He led her to the wood near, and turned away, for he could not call up strength to witness her wild, passionate agony, as she pressed the dead boy

to her. But events were hurrying to a climax, and Ruth, torn from her precious dead, was closely guarded in a room, at the Gordon House. She could not sleep, the storm of a fearful anguish had swept over her, and deadened, paralyzed, her heart seemed stone. She could not pray, and the tears would not come to save her from delirium. One, two, the clock chimed; would this agony never end? But listen! hark! the low whisper of suppressed voices reaches her, "Marye's heights, Lee, Jackson!" and the whole plan of the morrow's attack is discussed; the number of each division; every particular; how she strains her weary senses, and new life comes to her, born of her agony. Her plan is formed, and with a woman's quick determination, she essays her escape. The guards are exchanged; they are lazily smoking and drowsing; all coiled, as she had lain for three hours, in that dark, cold room, they will scarcely miss her now; and she creeps out in the icy blackness. Cautiously she winds through the thickets, and as rapidly as her frozen limbs would bear her, she urges on to the Confederate lines. When almost beyond—within hearing even of the southern pickets, who little dreamed her proximity, a drunken cavalry soldier reels by; the flutter of her dress arrests him: "Halt," he shrieks; no answer. "Halt, or by God I'll shoot you!" Still no answer, and with a volley of oaths he is about to ride over her, when a half dozen of the infantry rush up, and binding her hands, she is dragged back over the cold, dark, weary way, and this time before Major-General Baker. General Winthrop had just received his last orders, and was about leaving headquarters, when with a cry of horror he saw Ruth dragged before his division commander.

"A spy, your honor," said the Irishman, "a second time caught; for mine was the first hand that clutched her both times; evil come to her skulking!"

"Is this true, that a second time you were found stealing off to the enemy?"

"I was returning to *my* friends; *here* is the enemy."

"Where are you from?"

"From Charleston, South Carolina," and even in her great desolation her eyes flashed, as she called distinctly, proudly, each name.

"Are you recently from Fredericksburg?"

"I am."

"Do you understand the strength and position of Lee's army?"

"I decline to answer, General Baker."

"We do not understand a refusal of obedience, as your refractory State shall comprehend to her sorrow. You shall be forced to answer me, and immediately."

Baker's manner was cool and insolent. The girl's face flushed, and from her eyes there gleamed a light which flashed an unshrinking spirit.

"This will not be the first occasion, Gen. Baker, that you have attempted to assert that might was right. Do your very utmost, and you will but prove a race that neither yields nor quails."

For a moment the pale blue eyes scowled upon her; he seemed puzzled how to act; at last he growled:

"Do you know that death alone ex-

piates your crime; and that to-morrow's sun will find you justly dealt with?"

"And to-morrow's sun will find you beyond the heights of Fredericksburg. It is not a very long time, Gen. Baker, since you felt, and to your cost, the will, the determination of the men who gave us Sharpsburg."

The pale blue eyes were fixed, and the bloated, common face, was livid with rage; cat-like was the step, as he neared her, and hissed in her ear:

"Disclose at once what you know of the rebel forces, and you are free. Continue in your accursed obstinacy, and by the Eternal God you die! Captain Putnam, order a file of your company."

"Speak, Ruth, and save yourself;" and General Winthrop leaned over her in pleading tenderness. "Ruth Charteris, have the old ties entirely passed away?"

She would not meet his eye, but she drew up her slight figure to its full height, and her haughty eyes flashed upon the coarse, enraged features. "I can only hope that Gen. Baker will prove more faithful to his own government than he would persuade me to be to mine. My code has taught that a shadowed honor renders life worthless. General Baker, I am only a woman, and the meanest cowards generally display their strength in tyranny over the weak."

He turned on his heel, too fierce for reply; hardly able to articulate, he muttered to Captain Putnam, "Guard her closely, and shoot her if she attempts to escape."

Once more Frank Winthrop sought her, and again he tried to influence her.

"There is blood between us now," she said, "and yonder corpse is an eternal barrier. Do not ask me to prove false to my country. You may sweep the land with fire, and prove the extermination which your party boasts, but the honor of a Southerner can neither be darkened by your threats, nor compromised by your despotism. *You* know the race, and they neither bend nor break."

And in sorrow he left her, for with the strength of her Huguenot race she would die ere she yielded.

On the morrow the battle raged, and what a day for Fredericksburg!

Long before daylight the Confederate troops were under arms, and eagerly they watched the mist that lightly veiled the December sun. Bitterly cold was that early morning, and the men chafed at the pause that ushered in that mighty shock of arms. And now the fog rolls up its dim banner, and Stuart, the Murat of the Potomac, opens upon the enemy, as they pour across the valley. Magnificently the Confederates meet the charge, and the impulsive Louisianian, the eager Carolinian, steady Georgian, tireless Virginian, and all the brave legions that followed the great Captain, fought with the determined strength which can be born only of that highest religion of politics, *the protection of the hearthstone*, as inspired by the very vitality of republics—the doctrine of State Rights!

Wild the charge on Marye's heights; for, burning with the impassioned eloquence of Meagher, the Irish, with splendid bravery and heroic devotion, hurled their strength against McLaw's veterans, and Walton's Louisianians. Unerring the storm of fiery hail, and like sheep the Irish fall on all sides; but the blood that had proved itself on every field of Continental struggling,

that has blazoned Europe's triumphs, bravely pulsed to-day, and again and again they rallied. But the boys from the Crescent City stood staunchly at their guns, and the Confederates that followed McLaws *felt* that the star-cross *must* float in glory over a triumph; and, back, back, through the streets of Fredericksburg, madly, fiercely the tide of battle rolled. Short, sharp, and quick was the discharge—clattering hoofs waked the streets, and with wild yells the grey coats followed the fleeing foe. With a bound Ruth Charteris sprang from her sentries, and her white face was grand with the strength of inspiration, as she called to her father's regiment, "Fight as Carolinians, who die ere they yield!"

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and so thought the Federal guards, as they fled in the tracks of their discomfited brethren. For an instant Baker's troops pause, and turn fiercely at bay; again the men are rallied, and urged to an attack in the streets of the excited city; and here, just in front of the house, where five minutes before Ruth stood a guarded prisoner, blue and grey coats mingle in deadly combat; aye, the sound of battle must be heard to be appreciated.

The fire and smoke of hell darkened the December light; and wild shrieks and prayers made the morning a horrid Pandemonium. Like storm waves the battle surges, until the shout of victory rises high above the groans and shrieks of the dying. Bravely the Federal General rallied his men, and gallantly he led them onward. Where the smoke was thickest, and where the blood ran reddest, Jack Winthrop's clear voice was heard. * * *

"So soon, Doctor? Oh! Brian, tell me that one hour is yet my own!" God of heaven strengthen that brave girl!"

The tones were those of Col. Charteris, and Ruth, cold and tearless, knelt beside him.

"My own darling, where are you?"

"Safe!" was all she could murmur, and her slender fingers clasped tightly the dying hands.

"True to the last, Ruth! A Charteris never yields; but Baker's bullet was sure enough to destroy entirely. He struck me as I fell, wounded in the bridle arm; like a pack of hounds they surrounded me, and my revolver snapped twice. A volley tore my coat into ribbons, and a shot struck me here!" and he pressed his left side, "but Jack Charteris did not die, and they felt the remaining barrels of my pistol."

Crack! crack! sounded the bullets around the old house, and a Minie whizzed so close to Ruth Charteris, that her bright hair was singed by its burning breath.

"For the flag, and the old Bay State!" The tones rang clear above the shouts of combat, and Ruth's low wail of suffering told that she recognized Gen. Winthrop's voice.

"You wear the Palmetto, boys! and Maxey Gregg has fallen!" and Seyton Elliott's sabre flashed in the December sunlight. Close in mortal combat struggle the Carolinians, with the Massachusett's Division; three to one, with their overwhelming numbers, the blue coats vainly strive to retain the street; but with a long, wild, Confederate yell, the quick, impetuous southerners press on; the gleam of the bayonets shines through gory streams, and helter-skelter, in a rapid retreat, the Federal troops are fleeing.

And Ruth kneels beside her father, watching, in her stricken loneliness, that brave spirit speeding heavenward.

"It is hardly right to bring him here, for Charteris, of the --th Carolina, is dying; but he fought like a lion, and bravery at least entitles a man to kindness. Bring him here, Ressigne, and call Dr. Brian—Miss Charteris," and Major Elliott turned to Ruth, "you will pardon this intrusion." And dying, pale and stained with his wounds of honor, Gen. Winthrop rallied at these words; his eyes unclosed, and with a last effort he rose on the litter:

"Ruth! My God! again a tryst of death! Ruth," and in his glazing eyes the strength of a great love brightened, "by the Past, which bound us human, give me your hand, and whisper that you have not forgotten all!"

A stream of blood gurgled from under the long light moustache, the waning sunlight flecked with gold his glorious hair; but the white brow was damp with death. For one moment the young girl faltered--it was only a woman's loving heart that listened—only the strength of her strongest feeling that plead; but that moment shamed her; for the red blood crimsoned her pale face, and the cold, dead hands recalled her.

With a cry of heart-agony, she crouched nearer her dead father, on the pulseless heart her head rested; closer, yet closer, she drew the chilling corpse. "Here! here! General Winthrop, look, and learn that the heart of a Carolinian belongs only to the South!"

. . . . . .

And in Winder Hospital, a frail, slight figure would flit to and fro through the wards, tireless in her gentle kindess; and an angel tending the Confederate wounded and dying.

Lovely in her spiritual beauty, she was a ministration of gentle mercy through the weary hospital hours. Many brave hearts sought her love, but she points to her antique ring, the shield of which bears in diamonds, above Moultrie's crescent, the battle-cross of her land; and around it the glittering legend, "*Tout a toi.*"

THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

The fairest flowers the vale prefer,
And shed ambrosial sweetness there;
While the tall pine and mountain oak
Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke;
So in the lonely, moss-grown seat,
  Dear peace and quiet dwell;
The storms that rack the rich and great
  Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

AIR—"*He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle.*"

[BY N. BRUM CLARK.]

In the dust, in the dust, and the foe that o'ercame us
Exultingly point to our desolate homes;
With hearts like the rock, and the features of Janus,
They derisively echo their countrymens' groans.

In the dust, in the dust, but the spirit of vengeance
Again with new vigor in glory shall rise;
And the God of our martyrs in might will avenge us
Of the wrongs we endure from a foe we despise.

In the dust, in the dust, with their banners above us,
That trailed on our fields with the blood of the slain;
But we swear by the graves of our sons and our brothers
To strike for the freedom of manhood again.

In the dust, in the dust, but our spirit ne'er falters,
Though bound as we are in the conqueror's chains;
We'll arise, we'll strike for our homes and our altars;
We'll arise, we'll arise from our mountains and plains.

In the dust, in the dust are our fallen braves sleeping
From the land of the Gulf to Virginia's plain;
And their spirits appeal for their little ones weeping;
By the gods we'll avenge them, or die in our shame.

In the dust, in the dust, and our weapons are broken,
And the flag we've defended 's extinguished in gore,
Will the watchword of freedom be never more spoken?
Yes, yes, by our heroes we'll shout it once more.

In the dust, in the dust, the hope that we cherished,
Like the light of the morning star 's vanished away;
But we swear by the mem'ry of those who have perished
That our country shall rise in the splendor of day.

We're in chains, we're in chains, but we heed not their rattle,
Though clanking they are from the hills to the sea,
In triumph we'll shout above thunders of battle,
We've subdued the oppressor—our country is free.

In the dust, in the dust, the night is upon her,
But her history 's as bright as the gems of the sky,
And her long roll of names is resplendent with honor;
We'll strike and regain our lost freedom or die.

In the dust and in chains, but the prestige of glory
We won as a people, by conflict sublime,
Will illumine the world through the pages of story,
And adorn with effulgence the annals of time.

Greenwood, Abbeville Dist., S. C.

DREAM VISITS.

Oh! visit me in some bright dream,
When sleeps the world of thrift and care;
Shine in my heart a beauteous beam,
From all that's good, and pure and fair.

Shine in my heart, the cold and dark,
And that shall light my hopes anew;
Warm in my breast the "vital spark"
Through life shall pour its roseate hue.

For I am lone and sad the while,
Since thou art from my presence gone,
And wanting oft thy cheering smile,
The shades of night hang round the morn.

And day is night to me of gloom,
And night is in my restless soul;
Where are the flowers that once in bloom
Twined amorous round the golden bowl?

Ask of the earth, the "dust is dust,"
The incense floats in purer air;
Time casts o'er all its moth and rust,
And leaves the bosom to despair.

MOORISH BALLAD.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre,
To the lost, benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove and plain.
Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the waves his radiance flies.

APE-LIKE TRIBES OF MEN.

Professor Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S., has written a very interesting little work on *Man-like Apes*, in which he has collected many important facts in relation to the natural history of those large apes which bear so remarkable a likeness to the human race. An equally interesting and a far more important work might be written on the natural history of those tribes of men who bear a most remarkable likeness to the great man-like apes of Africa and Asia. From the travels of Andrew Battel, in Africa, so minutely described by Purchase in a work published in 1625, and from a great number of African explorers and missionaries who have written all the way along from that time to the present, we have abundant proofs of the existence in Africa of apes bearing a very close resemblance to the various tribes of negroes found in that country. Recent explorers have shot, and brought home the skeletons and skins of some of these man-like apes, which measured five feet eight inches in height, and which, in their anatomy and physiology, bear as near a resemblance to the lowest of the black races of men as these black races do to the white race, to say the least.

Below is the skeleton of a white man, a negro, and a chimpanzee.

SKELETONS OF A WHITE MAN, A NEGRO, AND CHIMPANZEE.

It will beseen that the negro's skeleton just about splits the difference between the white man and the chipanzee, which is one of the highest order

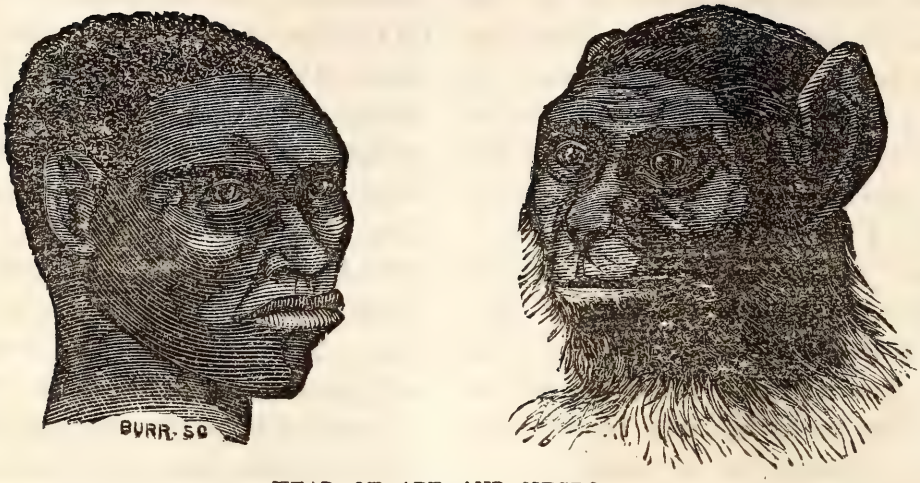
of man-like apes. The shape and size of the skull of the negro, and the way it is joined to the spinal column, shows a remarkable approximation to that of the chimpanzee. The jaw bones, the teeth, and, if they could be seen, the muscles appropriated to the movement of those parts, are much larger and stronger in the negro than in the white man, but less so than in the ape. The spinal column of the negro is also shaped more like the ape than like the white man, but shorter than that of the ape. The bones of the hip and the pelvis in the negro show a very near approximation to those of the chimpanzee, which accounts for the peculiar swing and waddling gait of the negro, which is remarkably like the gait of the man-like ape when walking in an upright posture. In the negro the ribs are thicker and stronger than in the white man, and so formed and placed as to flatten the chest at the sides, narrow it before, and deepen it considerably from the breast-bone to the spine. This portion of the negro's skeleton, it is seen, approximates that of the great ape. The difference in the bones of the leg of the white man and the negro is very great. In the white man the tibia is perfectly straight, while the fibula is a little crooked. In the negro it is precisely the reverse. There is a perceptible flexure of the limb, at the knee, in a forward direction, which renders a perfectly erect attitude unnatural to the typical negro. Here again we see an approach to the man-like ape.

We have not noticed near all the anatomical differences between the white and black race, which show the approximation of the negro to the great ape; but the limit of this article will not allow of a more minute inspection here. It is easy to show that the whole muscular and nervous systems of the negro are very different from those of the white man, and have a very striking likeness to those of the great ape. Happily our investigations of this subject do not rest upon speculative or doubtful premises, but stand upon demonstrated and admitted premises—upon the irrefutable truth of science. There is no more difficulty in distinguishing between the skeleton of a negro and a white man than there is between the skeleton of an ox and a horse. In examining a million of skeletons no anatomist could ever mistake the skeleton of a negro for that of a white man, no more than he could mistake the skeleton of the negro for that of the chimpanzee, the gorilla, or the orang.

What we want to impress upon the reader is the fact that in the size, character, shape and articulation of his bones, the negro no more belongs to the white race of men than he does to the ape race of animals; that in the grand scale of being he stands physically as far below the white race as he does above the ape race. That in the divine economy he has been no more elevated to a physical equality with the white race than he has been degraded to an equality with the ape race. That as natural history discloses the existence of man-like apes, so it does with equal certainty reveal the existence of ape-like men. The world has of late been turned upside down because of a general and deplorable ignorance upon this subject. The time must come when all intelligent men will see that it is no more unjust in the divine economy that the negro should be lower than the white race, than it

is that the man-like ape should be lower than the negro. The time must also come when the schemes of men will be content to respect the manifest order of divine Providence, and no more attempt to force the parts of creation from their natural place, for the infidel purpose of producing an equality among eternally unequal things. We know that five thousand years ago this negro, this ape like man, existed in Africa just as he is found there at the present day, and, in all that time, he has made no more approach to an equality with the white race than the great apes have towards an equality with the negro. There stands the fact. We know that the white race and the negro existed precisely as they now are, more than a thousand years before Abraham journeyed into Egypt. Therefore climate, time, &c., no more account for the physical, mental and moral character of the negro, than they do for the peculiarities of the man-like apes. There is just as much evidence that these man-like apes were once negroes, as there is that the negro was once a white man. And the folly of attempting to elevate the man-like apes to an equality with the negro, would be scarcely greater than that of attempting to elevate the negro to an equality with the white race. They are distinct and very different races of beings. Even among the man-like apes there are shown to be several distinct types, varying from each other, to say the least, as much as the various tribes of negroes differ from each other. Modern researches in Africa have added much to the stores of natural history on this subject. Paul De du Chaillu, in his explorations in equatorial Africa, found a man-like ape which certainly bears even a more striking likeness to the negro or hottentot than either the chipanzee, gorilla, or orang. It is called by the natives *koo-loo-kambra.* The eminent explorer says :—"This ape, whose singular cry distinguishes at once from all its congeners in these wilds, is remarkable, as bearing a closer general resemblance to man than any other ape yet known. It is very rare, and I was able to obtain but one specimen of it. The face is bare and black. The forehead is higher than in any other ape, and the cranial capacity greater by measurement. The eyes are wider apart than in any other ape. The nose is flat. The cheek bones are high and prominent, and the cheek sunken and lank. The sides of the face are covered with a growth of straight hair, which meeting under the chin like the human whiskers, gives the face a remarkably human look. The arms reach below the knee. The ears are very large, and are more nearly like the human ear than those of any other ape." Chaillu says that this ape is somewhat smaller than the male gorilla, but stouter than the female gorilla.

The following is a fac simile of the head of the *koo-loo-kambra* taken by Chaillu, copied from his book. Facing it we give the fac simile of a negro's head from the same region, which, by no means that of the lowest type of the negro, shows a remarkable approximation to this ape of the equator :



HEAD OF APE AND NEGRO.

It is a fact worthy of our consideration that the inhabitants of Western Africa, the Indian Archipelago, and the southeastern parts of Asia, universally regard the great apes found in their region as a species of wild men, closely allied to the human race. Even by the Europeans, who have sometimes settled in those regions, they have been called the "wild man of the woods." The travelers of the sixteenth century relate the most surprising things of these wild men of the woods. They represented these apes as living in some kind of regulated society in the depths of the forest, arming themselves with clubs, and defending their abodes with marvelous strength and courage. Even Linæs, in all the earlier editions of his great work, *Systema Naturæ*, regards them as *wild men.* But in the twelfth edition of his work he classes them with the apes. Such reliable authors as Bosman, Froger, and De la Brosse describe the chipanzee as living in a state of society. They give instances in which they surprised and carried off negresses into the woods, to whom they offered no violence beyond a most devoted display of the tender passion, and of wild jealousy if approached by others. Lieutenant Mathews, of the Royal Navy of Great Britain, resided at Sierra Leone in 1785, and he tells us that "the chipanzees are social animals, who build huts nearly in the form in which the natives build their houses." In 1839, Lieuteuant Henry H. Sayers brought a young chipanzee to England, and he says the natives of the country where he found it informed him that the animal reaches its full growth at between nine and ten years of age, which he says "brings it extremely near the human species, as the boy or girl of West Africa arrive at maturity at thirteen years." All agree in describing the chipanzee as wonderfully like the negro of that country in its habits and affections, as it is in its physical appearance.

The following is the head of a morambique negro, one of the best looking of all the negro tribes; and yet the facial approximation to that of the great apes is unmistakable. Not only the mouth and nose, but the ear and the shape of the head is decidedly apelike. No man can believe that this type of man belongs to the white race,

or that he ever did belong to it. To believe such a thing requires a faith that contradicts right and reason:

MORAMBIQUE.

Compare it with this head of a gorilla, which is not intellectually the highest of the man-like apes, and yet the general likeness is sufficient to at once fix the attention:

GORILLA.

It is a remarkable fact that the negro is the only type of man which bears this close likeness to the great apes. There are other races of men who are far below the white race, but they have nothing of this strong resemblance to the apes. Though some of them seem but a single step above the brute creation, yet none of them are ape-like. Look, for instance, at this head of a Fuegian of Terre del Fuego, the most misshapen and degraded of all the inhabitants of the new world, and yet there is not the least feature bearing a resemblance to the negro or to the great apes. They do not belong to the white family of man. No elapse of time, and no amount of pains expended in their culture could ever elevate them to an equality with the white race; but still they are not ape-like men. They are distinct enough from the negro.

FUEGIAN.

With all their frightful degradation, they are still a step higher in the scale of humanity than the ape-like race of men found in Africa.

We give also the head of a Botocude

Indian, another of the degraded South American tribes :

BOTOCUDE INDIAN.

The great length of lip is produced by a long and painful process of stretching the part out with a stick placed against the teeth, and pushed against the inner surface of the lip. This process is begun in infancy, the length of the stick or brace being increased as the lip stretches, until the desired length is obtained. The enlargement of the ear is effected in a similar manner. It is evident that such a race must be extremely degraded ; but they bear no likeness to the ape-like race of men, and are certainly nearer to the white race than the negro is. Now what would be thought of a society of fanatics who should set themselves to work to turn our country upside down in the vain attempt to make these poor Fuegian and Botocude Indians the equals of the white race? The madman who proposes to make the Fuegian Indian "the ward of the nation" is certainly a worthy companion of this other madman who wants to make the negro the *ward of the nation.* If we have so much charity to expend upon races not our own, there are at least four or five races between us and the negro—races below our own, but far above the negro—who are badly enough off in this mortal world of ours, and might seem fairly entitled to a share of our wandering charity.

We do not deny that the negro is a man, but he is the lowest of the human species, as the great ape is the highest of the brute creation. And he is so low in the human scale that he can lay no claims to a companionship, on any terms of equality, with the white family of mankind.

THE END OF LIFE.

(*From the Italian.*)

What a frail life, in fear and trembling past,
Formed by a breath, to perish by a blast!
To this sad goal does every mortal run,
Dust his beginning, and his end a stone.
But yesterday the world in arms he led,
Now in an urn his mouldering dust is laid.

AUNT AMY'S PLAINT.

Sitting upon the sidewalk
Of an antique southern town,
I saw an aged negress,
As the golden sun went down.

She looked to the shining river,
She looked at the fading sun,
And the passengers on the thoroughfare
She scanned them every one.

"Pity me, oh, my masters,"
I heard in plaintive tone,
"Give poor old Amy a cent or two,
For the sake of the days now gone.

"Alas! that I should ever
Be a beggar upon the street!
I had a home with plenty,
More than the dogs could eat.

"I had a good old master,
(He's up in heaven I know,)
But his gray head bowed, and his heart broke
When they murdered his children so.

"Young Master's brave and noble,
One at this withered breast
I nursed a year—I can see him now,
As his golden hair I pressed.

"I can see him now, a baby,
A beautiful angel-child;
I can see him a murdered soldier,
With his blood-shot eyes all wild!

"I can see his older brother,
As manly and firm he stood;
I can see as from Roanoke Island
They brought him all dabbled with blood!

"Old missis is lost an' lonely,
An' never a cent to save;
They burnt the old home over her head,
And her loved ones lie in the grave.

"They tell me the northern people
Will give me bread an' meat;
But it's hard to go to strangers
To ask for something to eat.

"They say that the northern people
Politer are than the South,
But callin' Missis an' Mister
Don't fill a hungry mouth.

"An' goin' to the Bureau,
(What would old Master say?)
A axin' folks to give us
Our own dey stole away!

"A few cents, please, my Master,
Old times, old places changed,
An' all keep changin' changin' so,
Old Amy's most deranged.

"Excuse me, please, my Master,
For it may likely be
I never seen your face before,
An' yet it seems to me

"Ye looks like our own people,
When I look into your face,
An' poor old starvin' Amy
Can ask with a better grace.

"But great folks' servants goin'
To the men they never seen,
To ax for bread enough to eat,
An' for clo's to keep 'em clean.
Ah! Amy never go up dere
To make her soul feel mean!"

And the dark blue river onward sped
By the antique southern town,
And the people passed on the thoroughfare,
And the golden sun went down;
And morning broke, and a heart broke too,
And some *southern* tears were shed
For the aged negress who crouched alone
By the curbstone, cold and dead.

FANNY FIELDING.

Norfolk, July 23, 1866.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Sweet muse, inspire thy suppliant bard,
Heroic ardor to record.
In vain the fervent prayer I move,
For every echo whispers love!
I strike the theme of acts renowned!
But no! still love's the only sound!
Farewell, then, patriot, hero, king,
My muse of nought but love will sing.

THE VOTER'S TEST OATH IN MISSOURI.

According to the organic law which now forms the guide and rule of legislative action in Missouri, *forty-three thousand four hundred* voters govern the political destinies of the whole inhabitants of the State. These forty-three thousand voters are the least responsible portion of the population of the State, because they are the least intelligent portion, as they are also the least responsible in relation to property. How it has been brought about that forty-three thousand voters, and they the poorest and most ignorant portion, should thus rule the State, would seem to those outside of our State a strange and incredulous condition of things, when there exist in the commonwealth a hundred and seventy thousand voters. In 1860 we polled for the two candidates for Governor one hundred and sixty-nine thousand votes, and for the Presidential candidates, the same year, one hundred and sixty-four thousand votes. Notwithstanding the men who moved from the State during the civil war, and those who lost their lives on both sides incident to the war, we now have a few more voters in the State than there were votes cast for Jackson and Orr, the Gubernatorial candidates in 1860; the increase is owing to immigration from older States, which has been large since 1863. There are a hundred and twenty-six thousand conservative voters now in our State, but at least *eighty-five thousand* of them cannot exercise the elective franchise at any election, State, county, or municipal The oath that is now by law required to be taken by every man before he deposits his ballot makes him swear that "he has never been in armed hostility to the United States, or to the lawful authorities thereof, or to the Government of this State, and has never given aid, comfort, *countenance*, or support to persons engaged in such hostility ;n or has ever, *in any manner*, adhered to the enemies, foreign or do mes'ic, of the United States, either by contributing to them, or by unlawfully sending within their lines money, goods, letters or information ; nor has ever *disloyally* held communication with such enemies ; nor has ever advised or aided any person to enter the service of such enemies ; and has never, by act or *word*, manifested his adherence to the cause of such enemies, or his *desire* for their triumph over the arms of the United States, or his sympathy for those engaged in exciting or carrying on rebellion against the United States"

There are not more than forty thousand or forty-five thousand voters in Missouri who can legally take this oath. Nearly every landholder in the State has either been in the Confederate army, had a relative who was in it, or has given aid by money, a horse, or mule, or saddle, or clothing, or expressed a word, or had sympathy for, or in some other form, or in some way done what is here prohibited. On a fair test vote in June, 1865, when

the present new Constitution was submitted to the people for ratification or rejection, and when, notwithstanding the new Constitution was not the organic law of the land, yet the Convention who framed it required every voter to take this oath, contained *only in this new instrument*, and there were polled forty-three thousand four hundred votes in its favor, and about the same number cast against it, for it was impossible to get the State officers at Jefferson City to count the votes for weeks after the reasonable time had expired, after the ballots were returned to the Secretary of State; and at the time of counting, as well as ever since, good, conscientious men have believed, and charged, that the majority of the votes cast were given *against* the Constitution, and that fraud was committed by the officers who counted and proclaimed that vote. At any event, the Secretary of State, Mr. Rodman, proclaimed the Constitution adopted by less than two thousand majority. This would make eighty-five thousand voters who took that test oath and voted on the adoption of the new Constitution, which is now the organic law of the land. Subtract this number of votes from the number of voters in the State, viz., 170,000, and we have 85,000 men who cannot vote. These are the oldest settlers and natives of the State, and are the largest landholders and wealthiest men in the State. They and their wives, and their sons and daughters, are the best educated people in the State. The forty-three thousand Radicals who voted in favor of this Constitution in June, 1865, are all of them men who have moved to the State within the last ten years, and squatted on graduated land, or settled in towns as clerks and small merchants; or else a portion of the Germans, for there are a fourth of the Germans of our State who are conservative. The sixteen thousand voters who voted for Lincoln for President in 1860, and a fraction of the Douglas men, and a small portion of the supporters of Mr. Bell, constitute the 43,000 Radicals of our State, nearly every one of whom is a new comer among us.

The vote for delegates to frame the new Radical Constitution, which was polled in November, 1864, was next thing to no election at all; for the Federal soldiers, and Radical State militia prevented more than three-fourths of the Conservative party from voting. Soldiers were stationed in all the populous and wealthy counties, whose commanders issued orders forbidding "Copperheads" and "rebel sympathizers" from voting. Brigadier Generals issued such orders, on the eve of the election, as to exclude from the polls every voter except Radicals, in a whole military district, which comprised six or eight counties. If any Conservatives got to vote, it was through personal friendship with those Radicals who conducted the election, or by strategy, or pretending to vote for the new Convention and its delegates. Thousands were compelled to vote the Radical ticket who were Conservatives, in order to save their lives and property, as the Radical militia were scouring the country day and night, calling up the best citizens and assassinating them at their doors, or pretending to take them to some Provost Marshal for trial, for some pretended offense, and shooting them on the road. Such a reign of terror existed everywhere outside the city of

Saint Louis, that men of ordinary moral courage were glad to make peace with the Radical militia and their Abolition neighbors at so cheap and easy a price as voting the Radical ticket; thus the State was made to call a Convention to alter and amend the Constitution, and for Radical delegates, as also for Lincoln for President. Our newspaper press was under such rigid military surveillance as to entirely prevent it from protesting against any of these proceedings, and people outside of our State who were accustomed to look for all sorts of information from the newspaper press, were overlooking these outrages on elections, because our papers were compelled to keep silent. The Convention, it is true, could not have been called to alter the Constitution unless some authority had been given by the Legislature; but it must be borne in mind that the twenty-first General Assembly of our State, who were elected in November, 1862, were also elected by military force and coercion. In Andrew county the military governed the polls entirely. In Buchanan county, which is the second most populous in the State, the most flagrant outrages were perpetrated by the Federal military on Conservative voters. The ballot-box was seized by the Radical soldiery, and kept, to prevent a correct count of the vote, and Democrats were driven from the places of voting by force; the citizens had all been disarmed by a military order of the Union commanders, and their arms deposited in the hands of the different Provost Marshals; the people had no means of self-defense, and therefore were compelled to submit to these inhuman acts. Another case may be cited: In Livingston county, on the day of the same election, Col. Curley, commanding the Missouri Federal 27th regiment, was stationed at the county seat of Livingston county, and on election day, about two hours after the polls were opened, his Lieutenant, Jacobson, marched to the court-house, the place of voting, and drew ninety of his men up in front of the door, about six feet from it, with muskets and bayonets in hand, and at this time a leading Radical, by the name of Hughes, began to challenge Democratic voters, and to call out, "this man is disloyal, he votes against the government;" "he is in opposition to the President." Colonel Curley's Lieutenant would then bring in four or five of his soldiers, and order them to drive out the voter whom Hughes would designate, and thus the best men, old settlers, and the best citizens in the county, who were not at that time prohibited by any law of the State from voting, were driven from the polls by these soldiers, striking them with their muskets, and thrusting their bayonets against them. Squads of soldiers were placed at different precincts of the county by this Colonel, and voters driven from the polls. It was by this and like means that the twenty-first Legislature was made to have a majority of Radical members. This Legislature passed an act to amend the Constitution, and the delegates were elected under as barefaced and outrageous a military supervision as was ever exhibited in North America. The sixty six delegates met and expelled some of the members for disloyalty, and the rest had things all their own way, transcending even the power given them by bayonets, by making a *new* Constitution instead of amending the old one.

St. Louis, July 25, 1865.

MISSOURIAN.

CRY OF THE OLD DEMOCRACY.

[A LETTER FROM "BRICK" POMEROY.]

We wish to ask you, "OLD GUARD," and you, veterans of Democracy, what good can come of giving up our party name, organizations, and principles, for the sake of forming a new Johnson party, as is proposed by many Republicans and a few Democrats of prominence?

Why should we now disband? What good can come of it? If President Johnson is right, we can endorse him as Democrats, and aid him better as a party in his efforts to restore the Union than as individuals. If his principles are the same as ours, what need of going forth with olive branches to meet him? If he is a Democrat, let him not prove himself not one, by asking such a thing. If he is sincere in his desire to see the Union restored, let him act with those who are like him, and not hesitate to cut loose from those who war against the Union and against those who uphold it. They tell us that Mr. Johnson is afraid of being called a Democrat; then he should be afraid to associate with, or to form a new party of such material.

Democrats want peace. They desire harmony and union. We wish to see the Union as it was, and to hear the hum of busy industry over all the land as of yore, and would, to secure this, sacrifice our party name, if necessary, but no such sacrifice is needed. Democrats have done nothing to be ashamed of. They did not agitate the country into rebellion. They did not sneer at the Constitution, ignore laws, endorse mobs, shield robbers, thieves and swindlers, as the Republican party has from its birth.

The Democratic party never has endorsed the wrongs, usurpations, extravagances, corruptions, malfeasances, delinquencies, incompetencies, buffoonery, and clownishness, as Republicans have.

Democrats have never closed prison doors on innocent men, beat the brains out of those who differed from them on principle.

Democrats never endorsed unequal taxation, upheld a favored bondocracy, and openly upheld favoritism in favor of the rich, as Republicans have done.

What have we to be ashamed of? Why should we say to the one million and eight hundred thousand Union-loving patriots of the North, who, despite bribes, threats, promises, bayonets, mobs, prisons, and abuse, in 1864, went to the polls and voted for the Union and Democracy, that their services are no longer needed? Who is there in the land that dare say this to the brave Democrats of America?

By the King of Heaven, that man had better never have been born, for the Democrats of the country are not the fools to be caught twice by the chaff of money-getters and place-hunt-

ers. Through the years of peace, Democrats were true to the Union, the laws, and the Constitution. They sought no war. They sought not to ruin half of the country to enrich a few speculators and fanatics in the other half.

And through all the dark, bloody, agonizing, terrible years of an unjust war, they never endorsed the robbery of innocent people, the murders of innocent men, the jokes of imbecility over the dying bodies of brave men, the efforts, to divide, distract and impoverish the Union Democrats' love and Republicans' hate.

Cowards to the rear! Up with the banner; there is no murderous blood on it! Press on to peace and victory. Let our watchword be *Democracy, the Union, and Prosperity!* Give us back the good old days. Two million true Democrats in the North—Democrats who dared bayonets, prisons and mobs for the sake of voting—are not to be fooled with. President Johnson must not ask us to disband—he cannot. To disband is to betray; to betray is to lose; to lose now is to sever the Union forever, and to throw the entire country into the hands of despoilers, fanatics, traitors, and Constitution-haters, who are more fierce for blood now than ever.

Let us stand firm for our faith, and sustain Johnson or any other man who does right; but to do this, let us not give up our identity, our principles, and our only means to save the Union. Let us stand like men of iron for the right, for the Union, for the laws, for the people, for the Constitution. We have fought together through one war; we have proved once our fidelity to principles, let us never consent to betray those who are true Union men into the hands of any men who are afraid to join with us, or to return to the love they left. We are opposed to such forsaking of principles as we are to the cruel system of unequal taxation, or taxation without representation. Give us back the old Union. Give us perfect equality of States.

Give us a white man's government for a white nation. Give us equal taxation or none; repudiation, if you call it so.

Give us back every State into the Union.

Give us the Union our soldiers fought to preserve.

Let us keep faith with the people we have ruined.

Give us, the people, a voice in the halls of legislation.

Give the people of the South the representation they have a right to, and give them a free right to chose their own representatives.

Failing to give us these, give us a new Confederacy under the name of the *Great West*, in which the South and West will join interests, and leave radicalism and New England out by itself.

Yes, give us perfect equality of States, give us equal taxation, or another war which will result as above, and wipe this sectional interference forever from our country.

THE RESOLUTIONS OF '98 STILL THE CREED OF THE DEMOCRACY.

NOTHING is more common than to hear the immortal Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 denounced as the "parents of the heresy of secession." And yet it is historical truth that these resolutions were the creed of the Democracy from 1798 until 1861. It is true that these Resolutions declare that

"The several States which comprise the United States, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their General Government. * * That whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force. * * That each State has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress. That the powers of the Federal Government are no further valid than they are authorized by the grants in the compact, and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted, the States have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining, within their respective limits, the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them."

There can be no misunderstanding the import of this language. It, in direct terms, asserts that each State is the judge of the violations of its rights, and may decide, for itself, what its mode of redress shall be. It is for it to say whether it will remain in company with aggressive, unfriendly, and oppressive companions. It is for each State to decide *for itself* whether it will be held to a compact violated and broken by the other parties to it. That is the doctrine of the Revolution of '98. For 63 years the Democratic party and the whole country, subscribed to the wisdom and truth of this doctrine. And no set of men were louder in its promulgation than the leaders of the Black Republican party. In a debate in the Senate of the United States, February 20th, 1855, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, said:

"I recognize the doctrine of State Rights in its application to slavery as well as to other matters of public concern. I will stand side by side with my Democratic friends in vindication of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798–'9, which they have endorsed.'

In the same debate, Senator Benjamin Wade said:

"I am one of those who at all times believe in the wisdom, the constitutionality, and the propriety of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798–'99. I ground myself upon these resolutions, and standing upon them, I denounce this bill as a violation not only of the spirit of these resolutions, but as an attempt to trample upon the rights of the States."

Again he said:

"Who is to be the judge of the violations of the Constitution of the United States by the enactment of the law? Who is to be the final arbiter—the General Government or the States in their sovereignty? Why, sirs, to yield that point is to yield up all the rights of the States, and to consolidate this Government into a general despotism."

The reader will find these speeches in the Appendix to Congressional Globe, vol. 31, 2d session of the 33d Congress, page 533.

In the subsequent Congress, Senator Wade, in one of the ablest and most studied speeches of his life, said:

"But southern gentlemen stand here, and in almost all their speeches speak of the dissolution of the Union as an element of every argument, as though it were a peculiar condescension on their part that they permitted the Union to stand at all. If they do not feel interested in upholding this Union—if it really trenches on their rights—if it endangers their institutions to such an extent that they cannot feel secure under it—if their interests are violently assailed by means of the Union—I am not one of those who expect that they will long continue under it. I am not one of those who would ask them to continue in such a Union. It would be doing violence to the platform of the party to which I belong. We have adopted the old Declaration of Independence as the basis of our political movement, which declares that any people, when their Government ceases to protect their rights, when it is so subverted from the true purpose of government as to oppress them, have the right to recur to fundamental principles, and if need be, to destroy the Government under which they live, and to erect on its ruins another more conducive to their welfare. I hold that they have this right. I will not blame any people for exercising it, whenever they think the contingency has come. I certainly shall be the advocate of that same doctrine whenever I find that the principles of this Government have become so oppressive to the section to which I belong, that a free people ought not endure it. You will not then find me backward in being the advocate of disunion. I hope the Union will continue forever. I see nothing at present which I think should dissolve it; but if the gentlemen see it, I say again that they have the same interest in maintaining this Union, in my judgment, that we of the North have. If they think they have not, be it so. You cannot forcibly hold men in this Union; for the attempt to do so, it seems to me, would subvert all the principles of the Government under which we live.'

Neither Mr Seward nor any other Republican member of Congress raised a note of objection to this doctrine. Nobody objected to it. It was the acknowledged opinion of all the statesmen in the country of all parties. Now behold the change! For having honestly, and, as he believed, patriotically acted up to these precise principles, Wilson and Wade now want to hang Jefferson Davis. For doing what these men said they would do, what they said all had a clear right to do, they now propose to murder Mr. Davis! But there stand the Resolutions of '98; and there they will stand, the everlasting monument of the wisdom and patriotism of the founders of our government, and a perpetual rebuke to the degeneracy, hypocrisy and crime of the politicians of these latter days! These Resolutions of '98 are still the creed of the pure Democracy—still the creed of every intelligent patriot in the land. But we are told by ignoramuses and loyal traitors that the war upset those principles. The war has no more upset the principles of the Resolutions of '98, than the stormy clouds of night have upset the sun. The eternal principles of right and truth, and liberty, cannot be changed by war. Every right which belonged to the States before the war belongs to them now—will belong to them forever, for all that war can do against them. War is simply brute force; but the rights of political communities rest upon the immutable principles of justice and of truth. Whenever those principles are violated, it is the business of all patries to revenge and repair the wrong as speedily as possible.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STIRLING PRICE.

Gen. Price, whose portrait we give in this number of THE OLD GUARD, was born in Prince Edward Co., Va., in 1810. He went to Charleston, in the State of Missouri, when he was twenty years of age, and settled down as a farmer. In 1841, he was elected to Congress by a very large majority from his district. When the Mexican war broke out he raised a regiment of cavalry, and went to Mexico as a Colonel in August, 1844. For distinguished services, he was soon promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and returned from that campaign, in 1848, with the reputation of a brave and skillful commander. A writer said: "This campaign had been one of the most brilliant of the war." On his return from the Mexican war, Gen. Price settled down again quietly upon his farm, until he was elected Governor of Missouri, in 1852. After the election of Mr. Lincoln, and when it became evident that the party electing him was determined to push their illegal and unconstitutional measures by the power of the sword, the State of Missouri assembled in General Convention, to prepare for the protection of the State. Gen. Price was chosen President of that Convention; and when it was resolved to resist the coming Abolition war, Price was appointed by General Jackson to head the Missouri State Guard as Major-General. The whole country, and especially the commanders of the Abolition army in the West, know with what zeal and ability he confronted the invaders of his State. His campaigns against the negro-liberating army of Lincoln were undoubtedly, for the means he possessed, among the most determined and effetcive of the war. Gen. Lyon, Gen. Fremont, and Jim Lane, and all the Abolition Generals who invaded Missouri, had good occasion to remember General Stirling Price.

The *personnel* of Gen. Price is thus described:

"He is over six feet in height, with frame to match, full, but not portly, and straight as an Indian. His carriage is marked with dignity, grace and gentleness, and every motion bespeaks the attitude and presence of the well-bred gentleman. He has a large, Websterian head, covered with a growth of thick, white hair, a high, broad, intellectual forehead, florid face, no beard, and among whom labent smiles you never fail to discover the iron will that surmounts all obstacles."

Gen. Price is, we believe, with his family, residing in Mexico at the present time. It has probably been his intention to make that country permanently his home. He regards this country as ruined by the revolution carried on by the Abolitionists, and seems to prefer burying himself among the ruins of Mexico to being a spectator of fallen liberty in his own land. While we accord to him the highest character of patriotism and personal honor, at the same time we think that it were more worthy of his reputation for him to remain and help restore liberty to his own country.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—We have devoted considerable space in this number of THE OLD GUARD to the subject of secession—the "heresy of secession," as it is now called in the language of popular ignorance. We shall mail this number to several distinguished statesmen, and to a number of Republican leaders, with a request that they will point out what is erroneous in the article. During five years of popular delusion and passion, the editor of this Journal has endeavored to hold up the standard of principles which guided our fathers in the establishment of the Federal Government. Now that the public mind is getting a little less insane, we desire to submit our whole course of argument to the test of logic and history. If the able men of the Republican party can point out errors in our arguments, we earnestly desire them to do so. We have no idea of abandoning the contest for liberty and constitutional law. Nor are we such a coward or scoundrel as to propose to "acquiesce" in the results of an illegal and unjustifiable war. Our business is to wipe out these *results* as speedily as possible. To sweep them away root and branch! We prefer the government that was made by Jefferson and Washington, to this *re-made* concern by Sumner, Thad. Stevens & Co. We cherish the right to hold those wretches in eternal contempt who prefer Thad. Stevens's government to that of Washington. The right of a State to defend itself, at all hazards, from aggressions on the part of the Federal Government was generally admitted by all parties, until Lincoln's election. This was a fundamental plank in the creed of the Republican party. The Republican Convention of Wisconsin passed the following resolution in 1859:

"*Resolved*, That the principle and construction contended for by the party which now rules in the councils of the nation—that the General Government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism, since the discretion of those who administered the government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their powers—that the several States which formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction; and that a positive defiance by those sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts done, or attempted to be done, under color of that instrument, is the rightful remedy."

This is the doctrine of nullification, pure and simple. The Republic was born of this principle. The leaders of this party always taught that, in the language of Jefferson, "*Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, a nullification of the act is the rightful remedy.*" At the time of Lincoln's election, there was not a respectable statesman of any party who would not have indignantly denied the right of the Federal Government to make war upon the State for any cause whatever. But we are told the matter is settled now. No, it is not. It is not so *settled* that it will not one day be unsettled. Nothing is *settled* by the unjust powers of the sword, except this one thing, viz., *the right of wronged justice and liberty to arise in their might and cut the throats of the oppressors!* The American who does not rejoice in that right must be either a sneak or a fool. Perhaps both.

—A Democratic editor asks "what is the meaning of an argument between a War-Democrat and a Republican?" We should say that it has about the same import of a debate between two negresses of Africa, which Burton, the explorer says, "means two fools talking foolishly."

—The papers announce, not with becoming grief, that "Jim Lane has shuffled off his mortal coil." Would it not be just as well to say that he has *coiled off his mortal shuffle*?

—Thirty riotous law-breaking negroes were killed in New Orleans; and because President Johnson telegraphed to the U. States military commander, stationed in that city, that he must assist the civil authorities in preserving the peace, the New York *Tribune* says the President is responsible for the

"murder" of these negroes. It is in an agony of horror that thirty negroes should have reaped the inevitable fruits of "Radical" instruction. But it has no tear to shed over the hundreds of thousands of white men who have fallen victims to the moloch of Abolitionism. The *Tribune* also boasts that "the Radicals showed their fighting qualities in various places." For instance, where? What leading or prominent "Radical" has shown any such qualities? We know that several of them have been at different times publicly whipped, but the only thing they did about it was to set up a howl like a kicked cur. When such men as Sumner, Wade, Stevens, Greeley, Park Godwin, and Chase, are found in the army, the sky will fall, and it will rain larks. True, Ben. Butler was in the army, but he took good care never to get once within the reach of Confederate bullets. So was another worthless creature by the name of Schenck, and he was as great a coward as Butler. It is notorious that all the efficient Generals in the Abolition army were Democrats, (alas!) while such sneaks as Milroy made up the type of "Radical" warriors. God forbid that we should boast of the Democratic Generals, for we have neither praise nor respect for them, but they were not such sneaks and cowards as the "Radicals" almost universally were. If these "Radicals" carry out their threats to get up another Abolition war to fight the President, we shall see how *they* will fight. These Radical revolutionists boast that they have now General Grants on their side. Well, suppose they have? President Johnson is Commander-in-Chief of the army; and suppose he should say to Gen. McClellan, "do thou lead my army?" It would not be long before a million of men would rally under his banners. And suppose Gen. McClellan should say to Gen. Fitz John Porter, "do thou keep peace in Congress, and see that the revolutionists are made to respect the Constitution and the laws," there would not be holes enough in all the land for these "Radicals" to skulk into.

—The following is a specimen "Brick" from the La Crosse *Democrat*, which is certainly one of the raciest and ablest papers of our country:

"Lincoln, who died of too much Booth a little more than a year ago, left word with Mrs. L., some months before he passed from the private box of a theatre to—well, wherever he is located—to give Fred. Douglass something to remember him by. She has accordingly sent the darkey one of Abe's old canes. The people do not need any relics to bear the defunct in remembrance. A half million of graves of murdered men, a dissevered Union, a debt of three thousand millions of dollars—cripples by the tens of thousands—taxation of the most burdensome description—many generations of Americans will bear him in *very dear* remembrance—and find it an impossibility to forget him."

—The following is another specimen from the same paper:

"When Liberty was murdered, Lincoln's cadaverous face, his lank jaws, were depicted on the money of the Republic—as the head of a new king is stamped upon the coin of the realm on the death of his predecessor. Nice man Lincoln was—but we are not sorry he has gone to that "undiscovered country," &c. That pompous-looking chap with coat buttoned up, is the great inventor of greenbacks—the man who *Chased* gold and silver out of your pockets and out of the country, and taught men the art of making money as printers do blacking labels—with steam presses. The greenbacks make pretty pictures, and the colors are bright, but after all you can't cheat yourself into the belief that the trash is really and truly "money," can you?"

It is this kind of *direct* talk which is giving "Brick" Pomeroy's paper the largest circulation ever obtained by any inland paper in America. The La Crosse *Democrat* has now a larger circulation than the New York *Weekly World* and the Albany *Atlas* combined. "Brick" Pomeroy strikes the old Democratic harp of a thousand strings with such fidelity and skill as to vibrate the chords of every truly Democratic heart. Play on, O, most excellent Apollo! Drive on the old Democratic chariot of the sun! It was Apollo who killed the serpent Pithon, generated out of the mud of Deucaliar's flood, which devoured the whole region of ancient Troy. So let "Brick" Pomeroy, our modern harpist of a *thousand strings*, smite the serpent Pithon, generated by the mud of Lincoln's Abolition flood! The ancient Apollo assisted Neptune in making the bricks with which Laomedon built the walls of Troy. Even so is "Brick" Pomeroy hurling forth the brick-bats which shall help rebuild the walls of Democracy!

—The editor of the New York *World* takes

a co umn to prove to the editor of the New York *Times* that the *World* did more for the war than the *Times* did. Why should these sons of Mars quarrel over the question of personal merits? They both did all they could to subjugate and crush the South, and to produce the condition of things in which the country now welters and mourns. The editors of these two *war organs* are not great either in body or mind, but they went their *bigness* for the war, whatever that may have been. Now it is a shame for the little fellows quarrel about it.

—The following appears in a Maryland paper, the Dorchester *News*. The editor says it was picked up in the road. We give it a place as a specimen of the intelligence and spirit of "unlearned masses" of the negro-Republican party:

"DORCHESTER COUNTY, M D
"CHURCH CREEK Janury 24t 1866
"Mr Stanton secretary of War sire

"I have the honor to report to you the editor of the Book called the *old guard* has been publishing treasonable langwige against the president of the united states i mean pr - sident Lincon and the hold cabinett as i was in the war nearly four years i fell it tis my duty to report it to higher orthority tho the war is over ther is a great dell said against him yet and the reders of his book reJoires over his langudged his name is horton his office is 192 Nassau strit New york there is sevril in this place takes it and they are as bad as him i still remain your humble servent, ——."

—It is common to hear politicians boast that they have conquered the South. But does that fact carry with it the sanction of justice? It is in the power of a jackass to kick out the brains of a philosopher; but that fact does not prove that such an accident would not be a great calamity. The stupid tyrant may boast, and the ass may bray; but by men of sense one is as much respected as the other.

—It is clearly proved that the agents and managers of the Negro Bureau are the instigators of nearly all the riotous conduct of the negroes. It is to be hoped that hereafter those who inspire riots will get the full measure of their deserts. Let the *white* negroes, who set on the *black* ones, get the first blow of popular vengeance. We pity the poor duped blacks, but we have neither pity nor mercy for the white villains who set them on. The curse of the country is this Negro Bureau, and all that belongs to it, from the Puritan parson down to the Puritan schoolmarm. They are all sent into the South for mischief. And if they are all sent beyond the surging billows of Jordan, their exit will be a blessing both to negroes and white men. Suppose Massachusetts were governed by a squad of meddlesome rascals from South Carolina? Why, what we have to say about it is, that if the Yankees did not get rid of the foreign busy-bodies, even by *pills*, if not otherwise, they would do themselves and their country an injustice. No man, and no set of men should thus invade our rights without receiving the same treatment that we give to a mad dog. The right of self-government is with every State; and everybody who aids and assists in destroying this right deserves *death*. This is the great lesson imparted by the Almighty, to the Jews, and freedom was never yet preserved on any other ground.

—An English paper calls Lincoln *Novus Homo*, which a happy Republican editor of this State takes to be praise, translating it as "a rare man." But, good sir, *novus* does not mean "rare," but *new*. *Novus Homo* is used to denote a man recently emerged from obscurity, or from a state of mean indigence. It is a term of reproach. The philology of our cotemporary is as bad as his politics, full of ignorance and mistake.

—A Western Democratic exchange says: "It is a great misfortune that Hon. S. S. Cox is not now a member of Congress, to use his sharp brad in the sides of the Radical beasts." We concur. Mr. Cox holds some opinions which we mean to devote our lives to combating, but we must confess that of all the Democratic members of Congress, he did the most to worry and drown the Republicans. Profound and learned in debate, when he has a mind to be so, he is almost as sharp as a razor in that peculiar cut and thrust style of argument which is most effective against such a set of renegades as the Radicals of Congress. They will hoot, and lie, and laugh at the profoundest demonstrations of logic, but Cox's satire and ridicule always made the rascals laugh on the other

side of their head. If the scamps were ever glad, it was when Cox's term expired. Some of them even expressed their great joy in set speeches on the floor of the House.

—Mr. Greeley says, in a leading editorial in the *Tribune*, "Constitutional forms are all very well, where the Constitutions are based on eternal and impartial justice; otherwise they may prove but a snare." This is a hard slap at the old Constitution of the United States. "Impartial justice" means *negro suffrage*, and as the Constitution does not allow that, it is to be kicked aside as a "snare." These Republican traitors obey the Constitution no further than it can be bent to their notions.

—A gifted southern lady writes entreating us not to believe that "the cowed and apologetic spirit of a few southern politicians is any indication of the real sentiment of the southern people." We think we understand that correctly. To be sure, there are some southern men who behaved like lions during the war, but who appear to us to have behaved like sheep ever since. These are, certainly, exceptions to the general character of the southern people. People who, in their hearts, are conscious that they have done no wrong—that they have only vainly attempted to defend their own rights, and the sacred principles of self-government—should never for one instant even seem to acquiesce in the idea that they are rebels or criminals. A people's honor is something to be defended at all hazards. Nor should a man who feels that he has violated no right appear among men with an apologetic spirit. The policy is as bad as it is damaging in point of honor. These Radicals will never be tamed until they are literally taken by the throat. They can never be quieted by bowing and bending on the part of the South. Dread of a future vengeance is the only thing that will hold the villains in check. The South, it is true, is not now in a position to punish the spoilers of her homes, but she *is* in a position to hold still, and to make no dishonorable concession.

—The Northern "Unionists" burnt down, during their invasion of the South, 1,012 churches, destroying over $5,000,000 worth of property devoted to the worship of Almighty God. It was Ben. Butler who discovered that negroes were contraband of war, and we suppose our northern *Christian* clergy discovered that *churches* were contraband. Many of these churches, before they were fired, were used by the negro liberators as stables for their horses. That is the way Cromwell used the Catholic churches in Ireland, but Cromwell did not set fire to churches, as these Puritans of our day have done. We have seen the prints of the feet of Cromwell's horses on the marble pavement in front of the altar of the old Cathedral in Dublin, but the bell in its lofty tower, to this day, calls, every Sunday morning, thousands of devout men and women to the worship of the Almighty. Not so any church in the South which lay in the path of such Christian commanders as Sherman and Sheridan. Dead men tell no tales; and burnt churches do not bear the marks of the sacrilegious hoofs of the *asses* who violated the churches of the South.

—In a wretched rigmarole of a speech of Ben. Butler's, at Lynn, in which the great unhung called for the murder of Jefferson Davis and Gen. Lee, he winds up by saying, "Let not any enemy of mine say I am bloodthirsty. Blood enough has been spilt already." True, blood enough has been spilt, but in justice even to a beast, let us say that Ben. Butler has shed no blood. His mission was confined to stealing spoons and such things, while braver villains spilt the blood!

—"Andrew Johnson, his Life and Speeches," is the title of a beautiful book, by Gillian Foster, published by Richardson & Co. It is a valuable compendium of the most celebrated speeches of President Johnson, accompanied with a well-written sketch of his life. The volume is timely, and is certainly deserving of the attention of the friends of the President. It contains a fine steel engraving of Mr. Johnson—the best we have seen.

—Doolady has just published a charming novel by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, entitled, "Ten Years of a Lifetime." Mrs. Hosmer has already established her reputation by "The Morrisons," and this last work shows that she has rather increased than abated the fires of her genius.

GEN G. W. SMITH

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—OCTOBER, 1866.—No. X.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

We have heartily supported the President in his patriotic fight with the "radicals," and we intend to do so to the last moment of the struggle. So far as the Philadelphia Convention can aid him in that great work, so far as its effect may be to combine all the elements of strength against the revolutionary disunion negro-republicans, every patriot in the land must give it his undivided support. Whether such a convention was the wisest plan to achieve the patriotic objects for which it is supposed to have been called, time will show. That the great body of the people who attended the Convention were actuated by the worthiest motives, will not be denied. That many politicians went to it from selfish and unworthy designs, will not be denied by any who are acquainted with the character of certain of its adherents. Very likely some Democratic politicians supported the movement with the, not very intelligent, hope of permanently splitting the Republican party; and it is quite certain that such Republicans as Seward, Weed, and their *factotum*, Raymond, supported it with the expectation of dividing, or swallowing up, the Democratic party. To suppose that these men are capable of a single impulse of patriotism is a childish and a foolish credulity. Hardened conspirators against the Constitution and laws!—chronic plotters of sedition and treason!—are they to be trusted with the delicate and sacred duty of repairing the ruin wrought by their own hands? The only difference between them and the other malignant architects of destruction is in the quickness of their sagacity. They see the inevitable fall of the vast temple of despotism and lies which they have reared. With the infallible instinct of self-preservation, they rush out, and seek some friendly shelter. It is a new party they want—a party which shall adopt enough of their principles to save themselves, so far as possible, from the damning record of their deeds. Let us not be deceived. Does any intelligent man doubt that Henry J. Raymond is playing a double game of

fraud and deception? In the whole course of his political career, did he ever do anything else? Where is the human being who has in twenty years suspected him of an honest intention? The blood does not flow in his veins that would give pulse to an honest thought. A "radical" in grain, he even *plays* conservatism awkwardly. Did he not in Congress talk *for* the President, and vote *against* him on every question vital to his general policy? He will do the same again. It is not only a great folly, it is almost a crime to trust a man like him where such great and sacred interests are at stake.

Do we, therefore, advise that honest conservatives and patriots should not permit such as him to strike palms with them in support of the President? By no means. Let these men—nay, let the devil himself lend a hand, if he will, to deceive his friends, but let us not confide too implicitly in either the devil or such politicians as Raymond, and Weed and Seward. Let us try to know the ground on which we stand. And the President owes it to himself and the country to fully understand the source from which his support must come. The strength which must sustain him lies almost exclusively in the Democratic party. There is nothing for him in the Republican party. The idea that the Philadelphia Convention is going to split the Republican party is an idle dream. It may pare off, here and there, a shaving, but there will be no *splitting* done. That party is so nearly a unit against the President, that it is not worth while to count the votes which can be abstracted from it. Personally Mr. Raymond has not the power to carry off fifty votes from the Republican party to the support of Mr. Johnson. If he ever takes his own vote to him it will be about all he can do. So of all the other so-called conservative Republicans; they will not, we believe, take five thousand votes in the whole United States to the support of the President that would not have gone to him through the action of the Democratic party. The Democratic party will support him as a unit; and, if the so-called conservative Republicans are really *honest* in their split from the "radicals," they could not, in any event, have withheld their votes from the nominees of that party. To vote against the Democracy would be to sustain the "radicals."

The floating mass of voters, who, by intimidation, bribery, fraud, and all sorts of *hocus-pocus*, have supported the Republican party for the last five years, are already sick of their unnatural affiliations, and were safe enough to go with the Democratic party in support of President Johnson. It did not need the Philadelphia Convention to secure this vote against the "radicals." Did it need the Philadelphia Convention to induce such a man as Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, to cast his vote with the Democracy in support of President Johnson? Did it need that Convention to secure the co-operation of any honest conservative Republican with the Democracy, for the same patriotic object? Where else could these men vote in such an issue? By a political necessity the Democratic party was master of all the anti-radical strength of the country. There was coming a political uprising, such as we witnessed in 1852, when the entire conservative, anti.

Abolition vote of all parties rushed in with the Democracy, and elected Gen. Pierce with such a majority as no President ever received before. It did not need the Philadelphia Convention to start this patriotic popular surge, for it was already started. We pray God that the ultimate results of that Convention may not be to confuse, distract and demoralize that patriotic uprising. While it is childish to talk of splitting the Republican party by the Convention, the true point of wisdom is to take care that the Democratic party is not divided by it. Does President Johnson require to be told that, while it is not in the power of a man like Raymond to bring to or take from him a hundred votes, it is in the power of a man like Vallandigham to bring to or take from him hundreds of thousands? Vallandigham represents a mighty mass of people, whereas Raymond represents nothing but himself and his masters, Seward and Weed. By the foolishness of Raymond, Vallandigham was made the sole lion of that Convention. Seven-tenths of the whole vast crowd shouted for him within the walls of the wigwam, and over six thousand people called to take him privately by the hand, until he was so exhausted by the popular ovation that he was compelled to sit in his chair while receiving introductions. It is probable that the fuss which a few such charlatans as Raymond made against Mr. Vallandigham may please some foolish people in certain localities, but it has disgusted hundreds of thousands of honest men all over the country. God have mercy on the President if he is to receive only such support as Raymond represents, while he loses that represented by such men as Vallandigham! If such a catastrophe falls upon him, he will inevitably be hanged by the "radicals" within twelve months. That is their sullen threat, and it is not in the power of the squad of men represented by Mr. Raymond to prevent them from executing it.

Had the Philadelphia Convention contented itself with a simple declaration of support to the President in his policy of the restoration of the Union, without attempting to lay down a political platform, and without the belligerent attitude of threatening to turn out any body who supports the President, it might have accomplished some good. And as it is, we do not wholly despair, because we rely upon the steady good sense and patriotism of the masses of the Democratic party to avoid being disgusted and turned aside by the foolishness and vice of Raymond and company. Despite of such men, the President must be sustained by the Democracy. And we wish to impress upon the honest Democratic masses that, in sustaining the President, they do not in any way involve themselves in the company of Weed, Seward and Raymond, or in the support of the political principles set forth in the address of the Philadelphia Convention. That address is an absurd, self-contradicting piece of patch-work, containing some of the best and a good many of the worst doctrines ever put forth by a political body. It is a match for Raymond's life in Congress, with his speeches all one way, and his votes all another. The first half of the address bears the unmistakable ear-mark of Weed and Raymond, while in portions of the last part, we think we detect the hand

of Reverdy Johnson, with here and there a little patch from some hand more addicted to the doctrines of Jefferson than Mr. Johnson's. But, as a whole, the address is pernicious ; and, when closely analyzed, is found to be full of principles which, if adopted, would not only overthrow Democracy, but would fix permanently upon our country the worst form of centralization and despotism. But, before we dissect the address, let us pause a moment at the resolutions. The second resolution, it strikes us, is a tremendous falsehood. It says :

"*Second.* The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution with all the powers which it confers, and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired."

We have repeatedly shown in the columns of THE OLD GUARD, that the war was a violation of the Constitution—that not a single article, section or line of it can be quoted to justify the war waged by the Abolitionists. Even Lincoln did not pretend to justify his first call for seventy-five thousand men upon anything in the Constitution, but upon an old defunct act of Congress, passed in 1795, to enable the State of Pennsylvania to put down a whiskey-rebellion, raging within its borders. Notwithstanding this act was passed to assist a State to preserve peace and enforce the laws within its own borders, Mr. Lincoln, with his india-rubber intellect, found no trouble in stretching it so as to make it justify him in breaking the peace and overthrowing the laws of sovereign States. Even though criminal enough to wage war upon States, he was not, at that early day, shameless enough to base his action upon any line found in the Constitution. The war was waged in violation of the "authority of the Constitution," and has resulted in the overthrow of that Constitution.

The very meeting of the Philadelphia Convention was professedly to snatch the Constitution from the ruin which has resulted from the war That is just the struggle, and is to be the struggle for years to come, to snatch the Constitution from the fearful abyss into which it has been hurried by the war. In order to harmonise the Constitution with the results of the war, the party which carried it on has been obliged to propose over a hundred "amendments" to it ; and we frankly confess that nearly all these proposed "amendments" are logically necessary to harmonise the instrument with the principle which justifies the Federal Government, the mere agent of sovereignties, in waging war upon sovereignties themselves. If hereafter the war is to be acquiesced in as having been right, then we say, let these "amendments" be made, so that the Constitution may logically agree with the centralized despotism on which the war was conducted. Either the war or the Constitution must be repudiated.

Then how can we say that a war which, it is claimed, ties up once sovereign States in an irreparable destiny, against which there is no appeal, but to lie still at the mercy of the sword and bayonet of the central *master*, which was before only the central *agent*—how can we say that such a war "has preserved the equal rights, dignity and authority of the States

perfect and unimpaired." The politicians who can digest such absurdities must have stomachs like anacondas. A convention of respectable men ought to be ashamed of such contradiction and absurdity. There may be in the man who can sincerely take such a "resolution" a surplus of patriotism, but there must certainly be a great destitution of brains. We, for one, are determined that, whatever posterity may say of our course, it shall not say we were a fool. Our love for the Constitution shall also bear the impress of logical consistency. The truth is, we suspect that the great body of the Convention made up their minds to swallow whole the dish cooked for them by a few politicians, who are desperately in want of a "new party;" but it must have been a sickening dose for the more intelligent and logically inclined "southern guests" to swallow. For instance, take the following sentence from the opening address:

"Since the meeting of the last National Convention, in the year 1860, events have occurred which have changed the character of our politics, and given the United States a new place among the nations of the earth. Our Government has passed through the vicissitudes and the perils of civil war—a war which, though mainly sectional in its character, has nevertheless decided political differences that from the very beginning of the Government had threatened the unity of our national existence, and has left its impress deep and ineffaceable upon all the interests, the sentiments, and the destiny of the Republic."

To the careless reader this sounds well, but it is full of cloven feet. Let us see; what is the meaning of "changed the character of our internal politics?" Why, if anything, it means that the original theory and structure of our Government have been destroyed. How destroyed, will appear in the latter part of the address. And this change, we are told, has "given the United States a new place among the nations of the earth." What does that mean? The place of the United States among the nations of the earth was that of a confederation of sovereign, independent and self-governing States. What is it now? Why, we shall see that, according to this address, it is now no longer a confederation of sovereign and self-governing States, but a consolidated *nation*, which has swallowed up all the sovereignties which erected it, and which were its owners and masters. That is, indeed, "a new place among the nations of the earth," and, if it is true, the old Government formed by our fathers is like the dead, whose places, we are told in the word of God, "shall know them no more forever." Stripped of all disguises, the meaning of all this Raymondish verbiage is, that we are now what the "radicals" call us, "a new nation." We are told that the war has "decided political differences," &c.; but how decided them? By the *consent of the governed?* No, but by the *point of the sword.* But the *consent of the governed* is the only way political differences can be decided in a republic, or among a free people. In a country where government is based upon the acknowledged principle of *consent*, a decision by force is precisely no decision at all. All people have a right to defend their life and property by the sword, but, among a free people, political institutions cannot be so changed by force that it is not the right and duty of those who can to

change them back again as speedily as possible. Why? Because it is for the interests of all that the *force* principle should not be allowed to stand as a precedent engrafted upon the country. The great anxiety of the Negro-Republicans is to fix the force principle permanently upon the country, and to settle the whole people down in the acknowledgment of the justice of the accursed work of their hands. It is seen by such cunning conspirators as Weed and Seward that the negro party has not the power to fasten the work of this war upon the country as a fixture, and hence their eager desire for a "new party," which could absorb Democrats of the easiest political virtue, sufficient to reduce the proud old Democratic party to a point where it will be powerless to tear up the bloody foundations of their late despotic deeds. Unless the Democratic party can be still further divided and demoralized, they know full well that the day is not far off when this land will no longer afford an undisturbed grave for such as they. This is the reason why Vallandigham is in their way. The "new party" must be used to fasten doctrines upon the Republic which men like Vallandigham will kick against and help to make odious. These conspirators seek *tools*, not *masters*. They want men of putty, not of granite. The first portion of the following extract from the address is very significant:

"In the next place, we call upon you to recognize, in their full significance, and to accept, with all their legitimate consequences, the political results of the war just closed. In two most important particulars the victory achieved by the National Government has been final and decisive. First, it has established, beyond all further controversy, and by the highest of all human sanctions, the absolute supremacy of the National Government, as defined and limited by the Constitution of the United States."

The reader will perceive that there is an uncomfortable fear burning them that the country will not long "recognise the results of the war just closed." The last sentence of this extract is evidently the work of two minds. The phrase "*absolute supremacy of the National Government* is evidently Mr. Raymond's, or, perhaps, Seward's, and "*as limited by the Constitution*" was probably added by Reverdy Johnson or somebody else. But how, pray, can a government be *absolutely supreme* which is "*limited* by the Constitution," or by anything else? A government that is *limited* by anything has no "*absolute supremacy.*" This sentence of the address is nonsense, but it betrays the cloven foot of the arch-conspirator, who is, more than any other, the author of all our country's woes. *The absolute supremacy of the National Government,*" which was the fond dream of the old monarchical party of our Constitutional period, but which was kicked out of the Convention by Madison, and afterwards kicked into its grave with Federalism by Jefferson, has always been the darling thought of the enemies of Democracy. It was on this kingly doctrine of *absoluteism* that the Abolition war was conducted. It could not stand a moment upon any other ground. Nor can the *results* of the war stand a single instant after the monarchical idea of *absoluteism* is repudiated, as it will be whenever the grand old principle of self-government is restored, by a return of the true Jefferson Democracy to power.

Again this address says:

"The war was carried on by the Government of the United States in maintenance of its own authority, and in defense of its own existence, both of which were menaced by the insurrection which it sought to suppress."

We detect three mistakes in this short sentence. First, the Federal Government did not carry on the war "to maintain *its own authority*," for no such authority ever belonged to it. The Convention which framed the Constitution expressly, and by a unanimous vote, refused to delegate to the Federal Government the right to carry on a war against a State for any cause whatever. It was to maintain no legal authority, no authority which belonged to the Federal Government, but to enforce a usurped authority, that the war was carried on. Every intelligent member of the Philadelphia Convention knows this to be true. Strictly speaking, the Federal Government has no *authority of its own*. It has no atom of original powers. Its powers are all *delegated*, *derived*, and are the property of the "several States." It has, under the Constitution adopted by our fathers, no independent sovereign existence, but is simply, in a few defined and limited matters, the general agent of independent sovereignties. Properly speaking, it is not a *government* at all, but is merely a Minister for several *self-governing* States. When you say that its powers are only *delegated*, you have only to ask *who* delegated them, to ascertain where *government* truly lies.

Secondly, it is not true that the war was for the defence of the existence of the Federal Government. There is a wide difference between the *existence* and the *jurisdiction* of a government. A government may lose jurisdiction without losing itself. When ten, or any number of States, resume their delegated powers, they only take possession of what is their own. The act of resumption does not make war upon anybody. Preparing to defend their resumed powers is not a declaration of war upon anybody. When a State resumes its delegated powers, it simply refuses further *jurisdiction* of the Federal agency, but it makes no assault upon the *existence* of that agency. When South Carolina passed the act resuming the exercise of its delegated powers, it neither made war upon the Federal Government, nor upon any State which wished still to remain under its jurisdiction. When all the southern States withdrew, they left the "Federal Government" entire, standing as whole and perfect in its "*existence*" as when first made. They went out, leaving the temple as perfect as when they were all in, and even covering, with its acknowledged jurisdiction, a larger number of States than when it was first made. Not one principle of the Constitution was violated by the withdrawal of these States. They left for all who remained all that was ever there. They left *habeas corpus*, the right of trial by jury, protection from unreasonable searches and seizures, and all the rest of the sacred charters of liberty. It was not secession which made war upon these sacred things, which constitute the real life of the nation, but it was Negro-Republicanism. It was not Jefferson

Davis; it was Abraham Lincoln. He led the real and the only war against the "life of the nation."

Thirdly, it is not true, as claimed by this address, that secession was an "*insurrection*," in the popular acceptation of that word. A sovereign State cannot be an insurgent, or a rebel. Subjects only can rebel, and the States were never the subjects of the "Federal Government."

But listen further to this address:

"But we had before the war complete jurisdiction over the soil of the southern States, limited only by our own Constitution.

This sentence is both untrue and foolish. The "Federal Government" never had jurisdiction over an inch of the *soil* of the South. It could not even build a custom-house, a post-office, or light-house, nor anything else, on the *soil* of a State without first obtaining the consent of the State. Then, what nonsense to talk of "a *complete* jurisdiction, which is *limited* by our own Constitution." That which is *limited* is not *complete*. *Completus* is to be *filled with*, to be *perfect* This sentence of the address also completely ignores the very existence of such things as State Constitutions.

We count twelve or fifteen other points in which this address is pernicious in doctrine, but we have space left only to remark upon the following closing paragraph:

"We call upon you in every Congressional district of every State to secure the members who, whatever other differences may characterize their political action, will unite in recognizing the right of every State of the Union to representation in Congress, and who will admit to seats, in either branch, every loyal representative."

Strange to say, other parts of this address set forth, in just and fair terms, the truth that the war has, in no degree, enlarged the powers of the general Government, nor effected any change in the Constitution. But here, in this passage, we have "*loyalty*" laid down as a qualification indispensible to admission to a seat in Congress. How does this harmonize with the other parts of the address just referred to? In what part of the Constitution is "*loyalty*" laid down as a qualification for members of Congress. When, and how have the powers of Congress become so enlarged that it can reject any member for his opinions, or for his political antecedents?

But it may be replied that the Constitution provides that "each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." But surely this does not give Congress the right to sit in judgment upon the opinions and political antecedents of a member. The Constitution itself happily does not leave this matter in doubt. It expressly defines the *qualifications* of which Congress shall be the judge. A representative must be twenty-five years of age, have been seven years a citizen of the United States, and be an inhabitant of the State in which he is chosen. A senator must have attained to the age of thirty years, been nine years a citizen of the United States, and an inhabitant of the State for which he is chosen. See article 1, sections 2 and 3. These are the only *qualifications* laid down by the Constitution, and it is these matters, and the truth of the election returns, in which Congress is the judge of its members.

Of the good or bad opinions of a member, it is not the judge. It has just as much right to refuse a member his seat for Methodism, Catholicism, Presbyterianism, Deism, or Millerism, as to reject him because he is what a political faction regards *disloyal*. A member is sent to *represent* the people of his State, and it is to them, and them alone, he is responsible for his opinions, or for his political antecedents. The powers of Congress are *legislative*, and not *judicial*. What is the value to a State of a representation in Congress, if that body can dictate qualifications not recognized by the Constitution, and which would reject every member that truly represented his State? According to this "loyal" qualification of the Philadelphia address, it may turn out that the southern States can be represented only by Yankee peddlers, and scoundrally adventurers, who have gone down there from the slums of the North, and who are necessarily and justly despised by a proud and virtuous people. After all, according to this *loyalty rule* of the Convention, the southern States can be only *misrepresented* in Congress. Their admission would be only an insult and a cheat. Better a thousand times that they should keep out of Congress until they can be fairly, honorably, and truly represented. The men in the South whom Congress recognizes as *loyal* are, politically, socially, morally, and intellectually *sneaks*, who have never, as a general thing, in any section of the country, occupied the position of gentlemen, or even of respectability. All that the address says about the States being still in the Union, and entitled to representation, is insulting nonsense and drivel, while it, with the same breath, recognizes the "loyalty" rule of exclusion. That rule as effectually excludes true *representation* as any measure proposed by the negro-radical. This address has not one word to say against the illegal and infamous *test-oath*, which is a perfect bar to representation, as it was designed to be by the Congress which passed it. To keep this question, and questions like this, from being discussed, no debate was allowed. It was a *dumb* Convention, in all except platitudes and self-glorification. It did not dare to take squarely hold of the real issues, like men. It walked slyly round them, like a fox looking for a trap. Its action was that of mere politicians, and fell far short of the greatness and manliness of statesmen and patriots. It showed a good deal more energy in keeping representative individuals out of its councils than it did in restoring States to their representation. We say these things because they are true, and because we believe that no amount of lying is a remedy for our woes; because the good doctrines of the address are more than neutralized by the bad ones. Better let chaos rule to the bitter end, than to suffer to be engrafted permanently upon the country the monarchical ideas slyly hidden in the cunning verbiage of this address. But, while we utterly repudiate these doctrines of the Convention, we heartily commend its recommendation for all who are opposed to the "radicals," to make common cause against their infamous rule. Indeed we are sure they would do so without the advice of the Convention. There is no other course left for patriots and men of honor. We do not believe that

there is a single Democrat in the United States who will not heartily vote to sustain President Johnson's administration; if the so-called conservative Republicans are honest in support of him, and not merely on the hunt for political power, they will do the same, without seeking to establish political dogmas which are odious to every true Democrat in the land. Our advice then is to throw these dogmas of the address to the dogs, forget if possible that they were ever put forth, and go in all together to support the President as with one heart and one hand. Our fear is, that the address put forth by the Convention may tend to dampen the hopes and enthusiasm of many of the best friends the President has in the United States. There is nothing but loss and discouragement in the assertion of known falsehoods by public bodies. What, for instance, is the good of such statements as the following: "The Government of the United States acted throughout the war on the defensive." Was this not requiring the southern delegates to subscribe to what they knew to be false? Did not every northern delegate know it to be false! From the beginning to the end of the war the South acted on the defensive. It was the Federal Government, in the hands of a faction of revolutionary traitors, which invaded the South, and forced them to fight not only in defence of their lives, but in defense also of their spoons, libraries, pianos, jewelry, and everything else that the hand of vandalism could reach! This is true, and it will be the inexorable record of history. In vain will Raymond and the other managers of the Convention attempt to obliterate these immortal stains. They are not to be wiped out by resolutions and addresses! The "little bell-ringer" would give more than his perjured soul is worth if they could. The cunning device of "getting" up a "new party" will never succeed in erasing the damning evidences of plunder and despotism which have signalized the accession of the Negro-Republican party to power. And let not the public be deceived with false hopes. The attempted so-called conservative lead of Weed and Raymond is an embarrassment, if not an irreparable injury to the President's cause, and to the country. They have no force to bring to his support, and their attempt to lead the Democratic party, to say nothing of the impudence, is a stupendous folly. Raymond's paper shows that he believes he is managing the Democratic party of the State of New York at the present time. He has taken it upon him to deny that there is to be any Democratic Convention in the State this fall. If the Negro-Republicans have not another easy victory in the State, it will not be Raymond's fault.

We believe that there is not the slightest doubt that the Democracy will triumphantly carry New York this fall, if those who refused to vote last fall can be induced to act with the party. And the less done by Weed and Raymond the greater the probabilities of success. They have no strength of their own, and they have left only the power of confusing and scattering, and disgusting the Democratic strength. The real point to be looked at in all these northern States is, that, while fishing for a few phantom Republican votes, we do not lose thousands of real solid Democratic votes. That is the chief danger.

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER XVII.

The Journey to Augusta.

The meeting of Randolph and Col. Seely was singularly cordial, for the intimate and warm personal friendship of both was increased by the tie of Bertha's affection; but the joy of the aged Abram knew no bounds. He leaped and shouted and said his prayers, and then unwilling that his prowess should pass unseen, narrated his feats with the stolen pistol. On hearwhich, Randolph, ever humane and generous, said:

"Undoubtedly some of those shot by Abram are in great suffering. General Early's corps is rapidly advancing, and a portion of it will pass with ambulances on this road. Let us, therefore, have the wounded men brought from the woods to the roadside, while my wounded men take rest."

"Be sure to bring that fellow who lies in the fork of the tree," remarked Colonel Seely, who had not forgotten Mike's story of outrage.

"Massa Kurnel," said Abram, as he started to guide the men detailed for the purpose, "you learned old Abram how to shoot."

"You are a good shot, Abram, and a devoted friend," replied Col. Seely.

"Well, I don't think dat man in de tree will ever come down alive; mind dat."

The detailed party hastened away, and soon reached the spot made memorable by Abram's ambuscade. They found one of the troopers dead upon the ground, the others badly wounded, and the one in the tree just dying. Mike breathed his last as he was lowered to the ground. There was no time to pause for burial then, and bearing away the wounded, the dead were left to their rest, the body of Mike, by a strange fatality, being left upon the very spot upon which the ill-fated Calvert Ashby had been murdered. But the bones of the latter were gathered by Abram, and placed near the spot, where they were afterwards found by members of the southern patriot's family, guided by information from Col. Seely, and thence conveyed to the family burying-place of this branch of the illustrious Ashby family.

But the body of the cruel marauder was left to such burial as the winds and accident might give it.

From Randolph Col. Seely learned that General Early's destination was Washington City, to effect a diversion of the Federal hosts pressing the army of Lee in Virginia, and that of Johnston in Georgia.

"You are believed to be dead at headquarters, Colonel," said Randolph, and your regiment is now under the command of your late Lieutenant-

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

Colonel, under orders to reinforce Johnston at Atlanta."

"And my daughter?"

"I learned on my recent visit to Richmond that Miss Bertha, despairing of my speedy arrival, had hastened to Atlanta," replied Randolph.

"Then I must join my command at once," said Colonel Seely. "I shall be able to take the field within a few days. And you?"

"Have an independent command, Colonel, but am at present attached to Gen. Early's corps, pledged to remain so until we shall have crossed the Potomac. After that I shall join Johnston in Georgia, unless Gen. Lee orders otherwise."

"Have you any information of the spy, Leighton?"

"None, nor have I heard of him since you insisted upon his escape from Bratton—a demand which has puzzled me ever since," replied Randolph.

"I am now at liberty to tell you the cause," said Col. Seely, gravely. "Let me whisper it in your ear."

Randolph inclined his head, and Col. Seely whispered some rapid words which caused the Confederate Captain to change color, and to exclaim:

"You astonish me! Well, you acted as a gentleman should, though—"

"Hold the secret for your own good, my son," interrupted the Colonel. "It may be of great use to you to keep it a secret."

"But what a sad thing it would be," said Randolph, musingly, "if this person should fall into imminent danger, and not have time to divulge what would undoubtedly be a protection."

"That person," replied Col. Seely, gravely, "has chosen to dare the danger, and neither you nor I are responsible. I must hasten to Atlanta, for I fear my daughter may become entangled in difficulties and dangers."

Further conversation was soon after interrupted, as large bodies of Confederate troops hurried by, pushing on after the flying Federals. Col. Seely contemplated with pride the war-worn but determined faces of the gray-clad soldiery, embracing men of every age, from the beardless stripling to the white-haired old man, and all classes of southern society, the planter, merchant, mechanic, student and professional man, all torn from peaceful and prosperous homes by the demon of political agitation. They looked worn and wan, sun-burned and tattered, but unmurmuring, for they were true patriots, and though falsely termed rebels, had a fervent love for those immortal principles of liberty and right implanted in their souls by the glorious deeds of the men of 1776. They fought not to hold the negro in bondage, as the false-tongued demagogues of a bloodthirsty fanaticism shrieked in the halls of Congress, but to establish their right to retain the inheritance of their fathers, and though they have failed to gain the day, their deeds and endurance are proud memorials of the much-reviled chivalry of the South, at which the sneaking Abolition leaders of the North securely sneer.

As Col. Seely gazed upon the war-stained faces, he recognized many of the great family names of the South, patiently trudging along in the ranks, not emulating military rank nor reward, but warring for a beloved country cruelly oppressed. He saw many who had left opulent homes for the hardships of war, and turning to Randolph he said:

"Our best and dearest, our most choice youth and talented men are in our armies, and therein lies one of the great weaknesses of our Confederacy. Almost all of our great minds, who would far better serve our cause in the halls of Government and Administration, have flown to the camps, and when the Southern Confederacy falls, as fall it will, let history write for its epitaph, 'Died from want of a Congress.' Our orators and statesmen are soldiers, and the one great mind at Richmond, the lion-hearted, the brave, the iron-willed, the choice of the southern people, noble Jefferson Davis, our President, cannot alone confront the increasing perils of the situation. And what will be his fate when the ship of state falls to pieces? If captured, he will be treated as a felon, for the majority of his enemies will be satisfied with nothing less than his life, for their miserable ideas of justice will demand the infamous death of Davis, because he was the head, in name and position, of the South. But if they do execute him," said the old Colonel, clenching his hand, "they will commit the greatest of crimes, for they will commit not merely murder, but a political blunder which will fill the southern heart with undying and vindictive hatred for ages unborn. It will be a useless insult to a temporarily prostrate people, the base stabbing of a helpless prisoner of war. Afterwards will come the reaction, the terrible reaction, North and South, and then Jefferson Davis and the mutilated Constitution of the United States will be fearfully avenged by the American people. Then these howling Thad. Stevenses, Sumners, Stantons, Butlers, Chases, Wilsons, and all that host of nation-renders, will seek Europe for a refuge."

The army passed on, some 12,000 in all, pursuing 20,000, and pushing them headlong towards Washington. Randolph bade Col. Seely adieu, and the latter hurried on with Abram, both now well mounted, for the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy.

A few days of hurried progress carried them into Richmond, and there Colonel Seely learned that his regiment had already departed for Georgia. He followed and overtook it at Charleston, where he found the Federal fleet still "pegging away" at the invincible city. There, too, he was met by a telegraphic order to return at once to Virginia to aid in the defence of Petersburg, to grasp which Gen. Grant was bending all his immense resources of men and means.

No tidings had yet reached him of the welfare of his daughter, and having obtained a few days' leave of absence from his regiment, he resumed his journey towards Atlanta.

Being still somewhat an invalid, he obtained a seat in the car appointed for ladies, the order forbidding common travel having been withdrawn for a few days, and seated himself facing the passengers. The car, though not crowded, was quite full, and the observant Colonel had ample room to employ his favorite study of the human face. Of the many women in the car, there was not one whose dress did not bear some mark of mourning. All were widows, or daughters, or mothers, or sisters, of Confederate dead, the noble women of the South, of whom the vindictive divines of the North have said, "The women of the South have

done more to protract the rebellion than Lee or Davis."

We said all, but there was one who was far from loving the South, and as the calm, meditative eyes of Col. Seely passed from face to face, noticing upon all the traces of sorrow and tears, the signs of hearts nearly broken by the loss of dearly beloved kindred, they at last rested upon this lady—a tall, thin, sharp-featured dame, whose cold, gray eye was hard and severe, and whose brow was furrowed with more traces of passion than time, though she seemed to be nearly fifty-five years of age.

He had looked intently upon this severe, determined face for some time before the cold, hard eyes met his own, and he started as they were turned upon him, studying his face as intently as he had studied that which they had lighted up. He noticed that faded cheek, so pale and sunken, grew suddenly red, and then paler than before, and that a gleam of deadly hatred gleamed from the eyes; and then the lady raised her hand and let fall a heavy black veil, which totally hid her features.

The Colonel closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. He had failed to recognize the lady, though he felt confident that she had recognized him, and that he had seen her to know her before.

With his eyes closed, he set his retentive memory to work to discover the time, the place, and the circumstances belonging to his remembrance of those features. That he had not seen them for years he knew, for memory associated them with events long past, and he strove to remember at what period of his life he had shrunk appalled, as he had just felt his heart leap with undefinable dread, from the deadly hate of that cold, gray eye. But he strove in vain, and he had consumed nearly half an hour in these reflections when he suddenly opened his eyes to see the lady holding her veil aside, and steadily regarding him. She instantly let fall the veil again, but the manner in which she had held it in regarding him at once recalled to his mind all that it had sought in vain.

"It is Mrs. Archibald Rasp," thought he. "The widow of the man who fell by my hand. This car is no longer the place for me. If she has recognized me, and doubtless she has, my presense must be painful to her."

Thinking thus, he withdrew from the car to another.

He was right in his surmise, although he had never seen Mrs. Archibald Rasp but once, and that was on the day when the body of her husband had been coffined and boxed, to be forwarded to her home in Massachusetts. On that day, Colonel Seely, who had been riding in the saddle, met, while returning to his house, a carriage, in which sat a lady and gentleman. As he was about to ride by, both lady and gentleman being strangers to him, the gentleman halted the carriage and said:

"Pardon me for interrupting you. We see that several gentlemen are riding towards us—will you inform us whether Mr. Hart Seely is with them?"

"He is not, sir. I am Hart Seely," was the reply.

At these words, the lady, who was deeply veiled, uttered a smothered scream, threw up her veil, and leaning forward, stared at the face of the speaker—a long, steady stare, full of hate and horror—and then letting fall

the veil, she said to her companion, in a fierce, bitter tone:

"Go on. I have seen him. I am satisfied," and the carriage rolled on, leaving Hart Seely speechless with astonishment.

He remained motionless until one of the gentlemen spoken of by the stranger, rode up to his side.

"Mr. Morgan," said Seely, "who is that lady in the carriage?"

"Do you not know?" was the amazed reply. "The lady is Mrs. Archibald Rasp; the gentleman is her brother."

Hart Seely spurred on without further remark, but that pale and sunken face, with its gleaming, gray eyes of hate and horror, cost him many a sleepless hour in after years, when the flush of anger against Archibald Rasp had given way to the remorse of a noble mind and heart, and as that face thus confronted him after the lapse of so many years, he sighed and thought: "She had cause to hate me; it was an evil deed, and may God forgive me for it. Yet, I did not intend to kill him, and he certainly did mean to add my death to the evil he had failed to work against me and mine. He would have made my wife a widow; but why seek for apologies? The laws of my country would have given me redress, but, like Hamilton, I yielded to the force of imperious custom, and now the blood of that woman's husband is upon my hand. She hates me yet, and she means revenge. She is probably on her way to Atlanta—for what? No doubt the ever vigilant and active Leighton has placed her upon the track, and she seeks to possess the papers now held by David Elmore. Probably she has, as others believed me, dead, and arranged her plans in accordance with that belief."

Colonel Seely pondered long and minutely upon the unexpected presence of the widow of Archibald Rasp, and finally resolved that the best plan to pursue was not to allow her to know that he had recognized her. He had hardly arrived at this resolve when the conductor of the cars addressed him.

"You are Colonel Hart Seely, I believe."

"I am, sir, at your service."

"Thank you, Colonel; but it is not I that need your services now," replied the conductor. "There is a lady on the train who desires an introduction, a Mrs. Pearl."

"Mrs. Pearl? Very well," replied Colonel Seely, and rising, he followed the conductor into the ladies' car. Much to his astonishment the conductor paused on reaching Mrs. Rasp, and presented him to that dreaded lady with the words:

"Mrs. Pearl, Colonel Hart Seely, of Virginia," and then bowing, left him, face to face, eye to eye, with the widow of the man whom he had slain.

It required all the Colonel's great powers of self-command to preserve his composure of feature and speech, as the keen, cold gray eyes fixed a penetrating glance upon him; but he bore it well, being too old and experienced a soldier to fall blindly into an ambuscade. He saw instantly that the widow had planned the introduction to discover whether he had recognized her as the widow of Archibald Rasp, and spoke at once in a free and polite tone.

"I am happy in forming your ac-

quaintance, Mrs. Pearl. Are you a relative of my old friend, Almore Pearl, who was killed at Manassas?"

"I am the wife of his brother," replied Mrs. Rasp, making room for the Colonel at her side.

But in this reply the cunning widow overshot the mark, for Colonel Seely had never known any one by the name of Almore Pearl, but had invented it in the flush of embarrassment, and the remark of Mrs. Rasp confirmed him in his conviction that she meant evil to him.

A long conversation followed upon indifferent subjects, in which Colonel Seely perceived that Mrs. Rasp framed every question and reply for the purpose of learning his destination, plans and business. He found need for all his keenness and quickness to baffle this shrewdly prosecuted inquisitiveness, without arousing her suspicion that he had recognized her.

Finally she seemed satisfied that she had fully deceived him, and speaking in a frank, confiding tone, as to a friend, she remarked:

"I am on the way to meet my husband, Colonel Seely. I hope to find him in Augusta, but may be compelled to go on as far as Atlanta. As you say you are the old friend of my husband's brother, may I ask the pleasure of your protection as far as Atlanta? I am alone, and fatigued nearly to death."

"I am at your command, my dear madam," said Colonel Seely, though he felt ill at ease in thus engaging himself as an escort for a woman who, he felt assured, longed to see him in his grave, and who was probably vindictive and daring enough to help to put him there.

The cool effrontery of the cunning woman sometimes almost staggered his conviction of her identity, and he dared not spring any surprises upon her to reassure that wavering conviction, lest she might learn that he entertained the suspicion.

Thus time wore on until they arrived at Augusta, where he conducted the lady to a hotel, and having bowed her into the ladies' parlor, descended to the office below, and saw that room 21 was appropriated to her comfort.

"I am free of her until to-morrow morning," thought the Colonel, "and certainly shall avoid her until then."

Having secured a room for himself, he sought the barber's saloon, to rid himself of the dust of travel, and was seated in one of the chairs of the saloon, enjoying the soothing influence of scented soap and keen razor, when a servant of the hotel entered, and glancing sharply about, called out to a mulatto lad:

"You, Cato, always loafin' dar. Hurry up! dar's a lady in No. 21 wants a guide to the telegraph office. Come quick."

"No. 21!" thought Col. Seely. "Telegraph office! Come, I may learn something of this mysterious lady in this matter."

He looked at the faces of those near him, to find one in which he might trust, and selected an intelligent-looking waiter, who was busy in doing nothing about the saloon. He called to him and whispered:

"The lady in No. 21 is going to the Telegraph Office. I wish to know what message, where and to whom she sends. I will pay you well—go."

The waiter, a very shrewd fellow, at once departed, and soon after the

Colonel seated himself in the gentlemens' parlor, to await the return of his messenger.

"It may seem very ungentlemanly in the eyes of that waiter that I should thus attempt to intrude upon the lady's affairs, but my scruples are all removed when I reflect that this lady certainly means to harm me in some manner, and she is no common mind to thwart. If ever a woman's eye meant assassination, her's did."

Nearly an hour passed before his messenger returned.

"Well?" said the Colonel, as he withdrew apart with the waiter.

"She telegraphed to Atlanta, sir."

"To Atlanta? Very well."

"To Miss A. R. Norton, sir, and the message was this: 'I shall arrive in Atlanta to-morrow. Colonel H. S. is with me. He will not, perhaps, leave Augusta. "A. R. Pearl.' That was all."

"You are sure that was the message?"

"Perfectly. I am well acquainted with the operator, and easily learned what had been telegraphed by the lady in black. Besides, I can read, and here is the original of the message. I picked it up," continued the waiter, with a grin.

Colonel Seely took the slip of paper upon which Mrs. Rasp had written her message, and found it word for word as the waiter had stated.

"I am much obliged to you," said the Colonel, as he secured the paper. "This will repay you for your trouble."

"Ten times, sir," replied the waiter, as he received a generous reward.

"But," continued the Colonel, "I need your services still. Watch that lady, and keep me well informed of all her movements. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said the waiter, who had a hotel experience of plot and intrigue, and therefore was a very good ally for the Colonel. He bowed and withdrew, leaving Col. Seely to his reflections.

These reflections were by no means pleasant. He read the telegram again and again, and each time his eye and mind dwelt long upon the words, "he will not, perhaps, leave Augusta." Here was a distinct threat, a pledge that this mysterious woman believed herself able to control his movements. How would she undertake to keep that threat? Was there any possibility that she would have him arrested upon some false charge, and thrown into prison? His mind rejected the idea. Col. Hart Seely was too well known, bore too honorable a name in Augusta, as well as elsewhere, to allow that thought to be considered. She, therefore, must intend violence of some kind, and doubtless treacherous violence. But if so, why had she suffered her desire for vengeance to slumber so long in inactivity? Why had she not assailed him during the many years which had passed since Archibald Rasp fell by his hand? Col. Seely, in reflecting upon this, concluded, and truly, that the desire for revenge may lie dormant forever, unless the hated object suddenly crosses the path of the hater, content to vent its fire of hatred in empty wishes and curses; but that the sudden encounter, and the supposed opportunity for gratifying a long-pent-up yearning for vengeance, had inflamed the vindictive heart of the widow to the fierce resolve of assassi-

nation. He studied closely the wording of the dispatch. This woman meant to proceed to Atlanta on the day following ; therefore all movements against him must be made within a few hours. He could easily guard against any attack, no matter how treacherous, for he could withdraw from the hotel and remain at the house of some friend, who would gladly welcome his presence ; or he could by private conveyance proceed to some near station on the railroad, and remain there until the train passed on the next day.

But Col. Seely thought these retreats savored of cowardice ; and, besides, any studied avoidance of the lady's presence would excite her suspicions that she had been recognized, and it did not suit his plans that Mrs. Rasp should suspect. His experience through life taught him that it is very easy to guard against another, when that other believes that there is no suspicion of deceit.

She had, also, an agent or a friend in Atlanta, seemingly a Miss A. R. Norton ; but Col. Seely rightly surmised this to be a fictitious name.

"Leighton," mused the Colonel, giving that name to the mysterious personage who has figured under it in this narrative, "has something to do with all this," and he was plunged in his meditations when the signal for supper was given, and it occurred to him that as he had accepted the post of escort, it was his duty to attend Mrs. Rasp to the table.

"Not at all a pleasant position," thought the Colonel, as he rose from his seat, "to be bowing and smiling, and playing the agreeable to a woman whom you know to be longing for a chance to stop your breath."

He could have made some plausible excuse, and so avoided the presence of the lady, but he knew the keen vigilance of her suspicion, and therefore entered the ladies' parlor, where he found his implacable but smiling enemy awaiting his escort.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Waiting to Strike.

As Col. Seely greeted Mrs. Rasp, he noticed a gleam of triumph in the cold, gray eyes, and rightly interpreted that it revealed her belief that he had not recognized her.

A few common-place and polite phrases were exchanged, and he offered his arm to lead her to the supper-room. He felt a cold shudder, as the pale, thin hand fell upon his coat-sleeve, soft and gentle as the fall of a snow-flake, for he knew that a soul full of the bitterest hate was yearning to clasp those delicate fingers upon his throat, or around the hilt of a dagger and drive the blade through his heart.

As they passed into the supper-room he caught the eyes of his ally, the waiter, fixed meaningly upon him, and no sooner had he seated himself and the lady at a side-table than the waiter advanced and claimed his attention.

"Colonel Seely, a gentleman in the office wishes to see you immediately—but for a moment."

The earnest tone and meaning eyes of the speaker said much, and apologizing to the lady, the Colonel followed the waiter.

On reaching the hall, the latter said:

"Colonel, be on your guard, if you fear anything from that lady."

"And why?"

"She means mischief. I have been

watching her since you spoke to me, and recollect her."

"Recollect her? You have seen her before, then?" said Col. Seely.

"I was formerly a servant in the employ of her brother. Her name is not Pearl—that is, it may be now, but when I knew her, her name was Mrs. Archibald Rasp," replied the waiter.

"Ah, that I know; but has she not recognized you?"

"She has not so much as looked at me," answered the waiter, and if she had, I think my features have been so altered by small-pox and age that she would not recognize one who was merely a servant, many years ago, of her brother."

"I hope so; but why do you think she means evil towards me?"

"She has inquired the number and locality of your room—even taken the trouble to pass secretly about the hotel, and observed closely the lock of your door, and been heard to count her steps as she paced from that door to the turning of the hall which leads towards the room. The key of your room is also missing, and the socket of the inner bolt taken off."

"Could she have so soon accomplished all this unaided?"

"She is a terrible woman, Colonel, and very daring," replied the waiter. "She may have an ally in the hotel—I do not know—you know that in these times a little gold can buy some men or women to almost commit any crime. But this is not all, or I would have waited until after supper to tell it."

"Not all! I do not understand you," said the Colonel, as the waiter drew him still further aside.

"On her way from the telegraph office," resumed the waiter, "she stopped in at a drug store, and bought something which she paid for in gold. She received it in a small, blue paper, and as she passed in with you, I am sure that she had that same thing in her left hand."

"Very well," said Col. Seely. "I will be on my guard, and am greatly indebted to you for your vigiiance. I will see you after supper. I do not wish her to suspect."

So saying, he returned to his seat at the side of Mrs. Rasp, after again enjoining the waiter to watch.

She glanced keenly at him as he renewed his apologies for having left her, but the calm and stately face revealed nothing of the truth to her anxious eye, and they began their meal with pleasant conversation, the Colonel being very assiduous in assisting her to all her desires, and she apparently as eager to return his politeness.

The main table, and nearly all the side tables of the large hall, were crowded with hungry officers and civilians, who paid no attention to the elderly lady and officer who sat somewhat apart.

"Our country is much impoverished," remarked the Colonel, as he tasted the miserable beverage dignified by the name of coffee. "This is considered one of our best hotels, and yet this coffee, as it is called, is a mere decoction of parched sweet potato, and very badly gotten up. I am not complaining, Mrs. Pearl, for I know the difficulties under which hotel-keepers labor. Our gentle enemies have enforced a stringent blockade, not merely as regards the luxuries of life and the needs of war, but even against the importation of medicine for our sick."

"It does seem cruel," replied the

widow, "that even the sick should feel the effects of war."

"Seem cruel! It is the refinement of the basest barbarism," said Colonel Seely, warmly. "Those savages of fanatical Radicalism level their malice even against sick women and children, and bed ridden invalids, making it a crime to sell medicine to the South, and yet upbraid us because the prisoners we capture suffer from the want of it."

"Allow me to prepare a cup of tea for you, Col. Seely," said Mrs. Rasp. "I think the South has failed to invent or discover a substitute for tea, and this is really a genuine article."

"I question whether the tea is not a spurious article," replied Col. Seely. "Our poverty, combined with the rascality of blockade runners, has so adulterated every article of commerce and trade, that I do not believe one can find even a genuine article of poison."

"Poison!" exclaimed the widow, flashing a glance of alarm upon his face. "And who could desire such a thing?"

He noticed the start of alarm, and the unsteadiness of her tone, but replied blandly:

"Why, the Yankees, who saddle every iniquity upon us, say that we poison our wells, our whiskey, even our food, that they may partake and die. We know, and Europe knows, that this foul charge is made to palliate their own fiendish prosecution of merciless war. No, madam, no Southerner ever poisons, unless one may call our negroes Southerners, and it is true that some of them have used poison at the instigation of rabid Abolitionists. But I must apologise for introducing two very unpleasant subjects, politics and poison, at our repast; not very agreeable side-dishes, are they, Mrs. Pearl?"

He laughed heartily as he spoke, but his laugh seemed very unpleasant to the lady, although it was hearty and mellow. But she was firm in her purpose and said:

"But let me persuade you to try a cup of tea, Colonel. I will make it as my husband, were he here, would like to see it made."

"No doubt of that," thought the Colonel, as he noticed the eager glance of expectancy in the cold, gray eyes, "but I do not think he would like to drink it."

"Well, Mrs. Pearl," he said aloud, "as you seem so anxious to please me, I beg that you will try your skill, and I have no doubt that I shall be delighted."

"And while I prepare it," said the eager lady, placing a letter before him, "please favor me by reading this letter; a comical one, I assure you, taken from a Yankee prisoner."

"Now this is a very cunning woman," thought the Colonel, as he looked at the letter. "She means to fix my attention upon the letter while she makes a cup of tea for me as 'her husband, were he here, would like to see it made.' But I see that my friend, the waiter, is quietly on the watch, and smiles encouragingly, so I will humor my lady."

"He fixed his eyes upon the letter, which was one of those so frequently taken from Yankee prisoners, a mass of ribald jesting against the Southern Confederacy and its leaders, and pretended to read, though he knew that the vindictive lady was engaged in

an attempt at deliberate poisoning.

She was very adroit in mixing the beverage, and made much parade and clatter with cup, saucer, and spoon, slily tearing open the thin, blue paper with her left thumb twisted into the palm of her hand, with which she feigned to hold firm the cup as she stirred the tea, a white powder falling from the paper into the cup as she manipulated rapidly:

"I think you will pronounce this excellent, my dear Colonel," said she, as she triumphantly and daintily poised the cup and saucer in her right hand, her left crushing the now empty paper into a tiny ball, and dropping it under the table.

"Allow me one moment," replied the Colonel, as he placed the cup before him, and feigned to inhale its perfume, but exchanging glances with his ally, the waiter, "it is very fragrant, and though not wine," he continued, raising the cup as if about to drink, "I must pledge you with a sentiment."

"Do, Colonel," said Mrs. Rasp, with a smile which had once been bewitching, no doubt, but which the tough Colonel secretly compared to that of the—nameless personage generally associated with Faust.

"Then, Madam, I drink to the speedy overthrow of all enemies of the Southern Confederacy, and utter confusion of all treachery, public and private."

He raised the cup to his lips; they touched its edge; the widow placed her delicate hand upon her bosom, as if to still its beatings; a red spot flamed upon each cheek of her pallid face, and she was about, as she thought, to avenge her husband, when a waiter, suddenly brushing past, with a tray of dishes, suddenly struck the Colonel's elbow, and the cup fell from his hand to the floor, its contents untasted.

"A thousand pardons, sir," said the waiter, who was the Colonel's ally, "I did not intend—I was going—you see my foot slipped—"

"You awkward scoundrel!" exclaimed Col. Seely, in pretended rage, and shaking his hand vehemently, "you have destroyed what none of your napkin-swinging tribe can make, a most excellent cup of tea, prepared by this lady with her own hands, for me, just as her husband, were he here, would like to see it made. Out of my sight, sir."

"I assure you, sir—"

"Away with you! I have no patience with such awkwardness!" cried the widow, almost weeping with rage and chagrin. "But, Colonel, the loss—' but she paused, for she recollected that she had no more *seasoning* to put in a cup of tea.

"Never mind, Mrs. Pearl," said the Colonel, "I am not a great lover of tea, which I think is a very poor beverage. So, as I see you have finished your supper, and I have a friend awaiting me in the registry office, allow me to offer you my arm to the ladies' parlor."

She rose, and again he shuddered as the thin, pale hand, touched his offered arm. He felt the nervous trembling of the fingers as they again rested upon his sleeve, and stealing a glance at her face, he saw that the cold, gray eyes were looking askant at him with a concentrated expression of bitter hate and baffled malice, so utterly devilish that he knew at once her passion had for the moment robbed her of prudence. She was deathly pale, too, and her lips sternly compressed.

He made no remark, fearing to arouse her suspicion, and smiled pleasantly, as he conducted her to a seat in the parlor.

"We shall meet in the morning, Mrs. Pearl," said he, bowing. "The train for Atlanta leaves the depot before daylight, however, so your rest cannot be sought too soon; that is, if you are as fatigued as I am."

She had quickly regained her composure, and smiling, bade him good night and pleasant dreams.

He departed and returned to the office below, where he found his faithful Abram, who had accompanied him from Richmond, awaiting him.

"Abram," said Col. Seely, "as soon as you have eaten your supper, come to me. I will be in the gentleman's sitting room."

"Done bin had my supper, Massa Colonel," replied Abram.

"Very well; take my luggage, and follow me to my room."

"Your room is No. 66, Colonel," said the clerk, giving him a candle. "The key is not in its place. I think the door is not locked."

"Come, Abram," said Col. Seely, and followed by the negro, who was much amazed by this early retiring of his master, he proceeded to No. 66, and found that the key and bolt-socket were gone.

"Abram," said the Colonel, in a guarded tone, after closing the door, "did you ever see Mrs. Archibald Rasp?"

"Mrs. Archibald Rasp? Yes, Massa; very handsome, pale lady. Seed her when—but we neber speak ob dat."

"Ever seen her since?"

"No, sah."

"Well, she is in this hotel, Abram."

"De debbil—beg pardon, Massah."

"I think I saw you peeping in at the supper table. The lady who sat with me, and whom I escorted from the Hamburg depot, is Mrs. Archibald Rasp. Silence; she rooms in No. 21. She is probably in her room, now, planning mischief. I shall not sleep in this room to-night, for no doubt she means to pay it a visit, or send some one—listen, Abram—to murder me."

"Gorra Mity!" cried Abram.

"Do you see? The door cannot be fastened. She tried to drug or poison me at supper. I think the best plan is for you to remain in this room."

"Me! Lord deliber me; dat's all, Massa."

"You will hide under the bed."

"Sure to do dat, Massa; or up de chimbly," said old Abram, rolling his eyes in terror "But den if dis nigga tries de chimbly, dat Rasp woman may come dat game ob smoking dis chile out, like Major John, when I war in dat stump. Reckon, Massa, if I must stay, old Abram will hide under de bed; what to do, Massa."

"Not to sleep, Abram, but to watch, and tell me all that happens. Hide the baggage under the bed, also. You know all that you are to do. Remain awake and watchful. If in any danger, cry out."

"No use to tell me to yell, under dem sorcumstancers," said Abram, as he pushed the luggage under the bed and crawled after it, having perfect faith in his master's wisdom, and ever obedient.

Col. Seely then returned to the registry office, and addressed the clerk:

"I find that there is no fastening to No. 66, and therefore desire to change my room."

"Certainly, sir. Here is the key to 83, on same floor, left hand hall. Here, Bird, show this gentleman to 83."

"No matter. I am familiar with the house," said Col. Seely, rejecting the guidance, and withdrawing with the remark "I am very tired."

A few minutes after a waiter appeared and told the clerk that No. 21 had desired him to see if No. 66 was below.

"No. 66 has retired for the night," replied the clerk, and the waiter reported the reply to Mrs. Rasp, who received the intelligence graciously, and dismissed the waiter without remark.

She then opened her trunk, and produced a very singular article to be found amid the delicate materials of a lady's wardrobe—a long dirk, broad, and sheathed in dark morocco. This she drew from its sheath and held near the candle. The beautiful polish of the murderous blade reflected the light, and seemed to sparkle as if endowed with sentient life. She touched its keen point with her long, pale fingers, and then drew the sharp edges, for it was double-edged, across her palm, bearing more than she intended, for a bright red line sprang up beneath the blade, a severe proof of its temper. She winced a little from the unexpected smart, and then smiled a fearful smile, as her thin lips murmured:

"It is very sharp—so much the better. And now to wait for the time to act."

She left the dirk upon the table, and extinguishing her light, sat near the open window, gazing forth upon the lamps of the city, and listening impatiently as a church clock, not far off, struck the first hour of her watch—nine. Time stole on, as it ever will, and the next hour seemed an age to the impatient watcher; but it pealed at last, in the mournful clang of the iron tongue of the tall, gaunt steeple, which she could see rising far above the housetops in the dim starlight—ten; and then the lamps of the city began to disappear, at first one, a large and flaring one in the street below, at which she had gazed in silent anger, that it should burn so brightly and gaily while her soul was so dark and heavy. Then other lamps began to sink into darkness, one by one, and another hour crept on, till the steady march of the minutes sprung the clang again and the old steeple chimed out eleven.

An hour to midnight, and between midnight and one the blow must be struck, at least the attempt must be made.

Oh, yes; she could wait, as she had been waiting for years, nurturing her deep, implacable hatred of that haughty Southerner, and wishing that if her hand could not deal the blow, her eye might see him die. And now chance had thrown an opportunity within her grasp. It seemed a dangerous thing to slay a sleeping man in the midst of a great hotel, a desperate deed; but in that fact lay its safety from detection. Who would be on the alert, when the streets were left to the guard of soldiers who patrolled them continually, and so gave peace to the slumbering citizens, and travelers. She had surveyed her intended field of enterprise. No doubt Colonel Seely, who had complained of great weariness, and who had retired early to rest, was already in dreamless sleep—sleeping profoundly as travellers will, who know they will be aroused by attentive wait-

ers at the proper hour, to prepare for the morrow's journey. It was a great pity that the awkward waiter had stumbled, and so prevented the drinking of that drugged tea—it was not poison, not active poison, but prepared opium—had Col. Seely swallowed it, his slumbers would have been almost death; at least utter helplesssnesss, and then there would have been no danger of his awaking to resist the blow she meditated. But she must risk that now, and she would not flinch from it, and while thinking thus the hour of midnight was heralded by the monotonous boom of the clock in the steeple—twelve.

Midnight, and but one of all the many lamps and lights of the city to be seen. Once she thought it, too, had yielded to the weight of night, like all of the others; but it flamed up again, and burned steadily, as if it meant to greet daylight with its strength. Perhaps it would burn until daylight. What if it did? What did it matter to the widow of Archibald Rasp, waiting there for the moment of vengeance to arrive? But it did matter. A sudden pause in the hitherto unfaltering resolution of her murderous purpose, found her staking the determination to do the deed upon the existence of that single flame. If it burned, she would not attempt the deed; but if it expired before the clock struck one, she would accept the fact as a token from her dead husband that she must strike, and she would strike, let come what might.

"Yes, upon your life, pale lamp, hangs the life of Hart Seely," she mused, and her eyes remained fixed upon it in stern and cruel resolve. There was a very distant steeple-clock, whose faint tolling of the knells of the dying hours, always fell upon her ear a few moments before the loud and hoarse roar of the nearer monitor spoke the passage of time, by which she timed her purpose, demanded her attention, and the single lamp she watched burned steadily until that faint stroke of time reached her vigilance. Then it flared, flickered, and expired, and she counted deliberately twenty before the nearer clock rung out, with a fierce, solitary stroke—one! "Hart Seely must die," said she, rising, and grasping the dirk, as firm in her bloody and revengeful resolve as the wife of the Thane of Cawdor.

She opened her door with a noiseless touch, and stepped softly into the hall. It was pitchy dark, and as silent as dark, all the inmates of the great mansion seemed locked in profound oblivion, and the depth of the darkness and intensity of stillness almost apalled her soul, resolute as she was. But she was a woman of powerful nerve, and paused but for a moment to harken. Hearing nothing save the ticking of the large clock in the office below, and knowing that she would not hear that unless perfect quiet reigned in every part of the house, she started upon her fearful purpose.

We have seen in chapter III. of this story how Bertha Seely, in the deserted Seely mansion, threaded her way amid the darkness, and perhaps admired her courage in battling the nameless terrors which hovered around her. But Bertha was familiar with every crack and crany in her childhood's home, whereas Mrs. Rasp, in the Augusta Hotel, had no clue by which to guide her steps save the rapid, though minute survey she had made a few hours

before. Even Bertha, in the spotless purity of her soul, and the uprightness of her purpose, felt those superstitious fears which sometimes fall upon the heart of the wisest and firmest, and as this vindictive woman stole along the dark halls of the hotel, her mind was assailed by a thousand indefinable tribulations. At any instant one of the many doors over which her outstretched hands glided, as she slowly passed on, might open, and a flood of light from within stream upon her ; or some wakeful servant might encounter her ; or she might stumble and by her fall alarm the hotel.

The blackness of her fell purpose, too, clung heavily about her senses, and she trembled as she reflected that she was doing and daring all this to commit a murder. Her hands were clean, and as they glided guidingly along the walls, taking careful note of every door, they left no trace of her passage. But how would it be on her return, which should be as noiseless and careful as her advance? Would her bloodstained hands, in groping her way back, leave their damning stains upon those walls, and so write, in unmistakable letters, upon her door: "Here is the murderess !" She must do her work well and deliberately, and leave no trace of the murderess.

She groped her way slowly on, until her memory told her that she had reached the door of 66. Then she paused, and rapidly retraced, in mind, the steps and course she had taken. There could be no doubt of it. She stood before room No. 66, the apartment appropriated to Col. Hart Seely. She had, in preparing the fastenings for a sure entrance, chipped off a sliver with her pen-knife from the lintel of the door-way, and sliding her hand about, her keen sense of touch recognized the spot. There was no doubt in her mind then, that she had attained the right spot.

She paused for another moment to listen, and bent her ear to the key-hole. She heard plainly a steady and heavy breathing ; the breathing of a wearied man in dreamless slumber. She listened again for sounds in the hotel. All was silent as a desert. Nothing to be heard, save that steady click, click, of the hotel clock echoing solemnly along the empty corridors, and to her heated imagination it seemed to say, "Strike ! Strike !"

She placed her hand upon the door-knob, and slowly turned it. It yielded to the steady pressure, without noise. She pressed gently but firmly against the door. It opened as noiselessly, but something had been placed against it, for she felt a resistance ; very slight, and on reaching in her hand, she knew that a chair had been placed against it. Pushing steadily, the door continued to open, until there was room for her to enter. She entered. She had surveyed the room a few hours before, and knew that the bed stood on the left as she entered. Her dirk was now in her right hand, and all fear and compunction had fled. She extended her left hand and advanced, feeling her way in the pitchy darkness. The extended hand touched the bed-clothing; it glides gently over the surface ; it slides as gently as a shadow from the face to the throat, thence to a broad chest, slowly rising and falling with the steady inhalation of the sleeping man ; there it pauses, exactly over the firm and regular pulsations of the heart. She can feel its strong and

bounding throat beneath her delicate fingers; there is the spot at which she must strike, aiming her dirk in the dark, and trusting to her firmness of hand. It might be fatal to her to make an awkward blow, and she coolly measures the distance, locates the spot, raises the dirk, and strikes!

(To be continued.)

MORNING.

Hail, gracious morn, pale mother of the day!
In eastern skies, with soul-inspiring light,
Thou com'st to chase the gloom of night away,
Thy chariot drawn up steeps of rosy light.
Old Sol, in haste his morning court to pay,
Greets thee with cloudy banners, all unfurl'd,
Their gorgeous folds, the orient winds display,
And bars of light fall on the awakening world,
From off whose face the dismal robe of night is hurl'd.

The mist from off the lake doth slowly rise,
Veiling the mountains, wrapped in forests green,
Sailing like incense to accepting skies,
On which the eye of God now rests serene.
The mighty oak, his arms uplifted high,
The rustling leaf, mov'd by the dew-bath'd bird,
The breath, which but at morn, the roses sigh,
The earnest lowing of the rested herds—
E'en inert rock, with man, to newer life is stirred.

Mortals speed earth at morn with angel feet,
But down life's slopes the clay-clogg'd steps fall slow,
When in death's baths these time-worn limbs are steeped,
Eternal morn on fadeless eyes shall glow.
Eternal Morn! it needs no noonday heat
There to mature, where night knows not the shore.
Created worlds with uncreated meet,
Unwearied feet unending space explore,
And with the chanting stars, Eternal Light adore.

Petersburg, Va.

LINES WRITTEN IN A PATRIOTIC LADY'S ALBUM.

Not with a "*loyal*," but a *freeman's* hand,
I am, dear friend, always at your command:
Loyalty's a knave that belongs to kings,
We hate such lying, thieving, traitor things,
And hurl defiance at usurping knaves,
Who cut loose negroes to make white men slaves.

MIDSUMMER FOREST LUNCH.

A SCENE IN FLORIDA.

[BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.]

Only a wigwam of the simplest poles,
Green cypress, with a somewhat Gothic roof
Of shingle, gabled, rising to a peak—
A portico of that Gothic which might be
Quite natural to the Apalachian tribes ;
Rude shafts of resinous pine, with all their knots
Bulging, supporting roof, proportioned well
To that which cover'd o'er the lodge itself—
All overrun, from base to parapet,
With native vines ; luxuriant, bearing flowers
That won the sun's love at the dawn of March,
And bourgeon'd ever thence tilll the late autumn
That brought the Indian Summer to its close.

A woodland lodge, close nestled 'mid great trees,
That broke the winter winds, and from the home
Cast off the lightnings. And, beyond, a lawn,
Wide-spread— a natural prairie, once the field
Of mightiest Micco of the Seminole,
Whose warriors, tall and powerful as the prince
Who fell at Gilboa,* measured their full heights,
Yet stood as pigmies 'mid their rows of corn.

Our host, that perfect nobleman of nature,
A perfect gentleman, with grace received us—
Grace gracing his simplicity with ease,
And that most rare, becoming dignity
Which blends with grace and ease the elegance
Becoming in the courtier ; so that ease,
Frankness not too familiar, yet at home,
With all consideration and due regard
Of all the nice proprieties which make
The best security of the social man—
With cheerfulness in aspect, and such tones
Of voice, so full of sweetness, mingled well,
In him, the gentleman reduced of fortune—
But never showing gloom because of gloom,—
To win approach of others ; with like ease
Counsell'd to confidence, that leads to faith,
From which, alike, all love and friendship grow.

* Saul.

He met us at the portals of a tent
Made of green boughs, with rushes carpeted,
In centre of a circle of great oaks
And lofty firs, and shrubs of rarest scent—
A l native—while o'er neighboring and broad plains
Our eyes beheld uprising the great tops
Of the magnolia,* with the cypress near,
Equally lofty, as if still rebuking
The pride which towers above a realm of death.†

Sweet odors, faint by distance, but most sweet,
Reached us from vast savannahs, where the vines
Lock the grand shafts in ever fond embrace;
And little lakelets, glimping on the sight,
Through the long vistas of each natural grove,
Brought tidings of the sea, in swell of waters,
With coolneas of a breeze all made of wings.

How, for such tent, so glorious in its green,
Its wild caprice of aspect, and grand forms,
Should host like ours deliver fond excuse
While giving welcome?
Wiser grown from loss
He had risen, in few short seasons, to the strength,
Soul-bodied, which in man's simplicity
Finds living truth in nature, and feels rich.

"*Our* world," quoth he, "in its virginity,
Fresh from the hand of God, so nobly fashioned,
So beautiful, and during in its beauty,
That art falls back abash'd, and only pleads
That she may know from nature, and begin
Her studies here, commencing with the *first*,
In fit prostration at each natural shrine,
Self-knowledge, in humility, to ask."

So speaking, forth he led us, in his walks,
Through the grand wilderness, and down by streams,
That, restless, found their way into the lakes,
Which lost them straight—and, by the lakelet's edge,
Where all the blended beauties of the waste
Seized on the several senses with such glow
That Thought forgot her mission, to inform,
And fell to brooding fancies, which had fill'd
Our hearts with dreams of yet another realm,
Hard by the Tigris,‡ but for the greater wealth
Of this more primitive empire.
We were stay'd
Beneath the cypress, close beside the swamp,
Gigantic column, from an arched base,

---

* Magnolia Grandiflora.

† The swamp, when the cypress grows its greatest size as well as the magnolia.

‡ Bagdad, and the Caliphate.

Soaring above the scene, with great, flat dome
Fringed with the Druid mosses.
There it stood
Erect, and mocked the majesty of man,
In its great, silent grandeur ; while its arms,
Significant of virtue in old age,
Were stretch'd paternal o'er the feebler tribes
That crouched, unconscious, in their very growth,
In humbleness below. The tooth of Time
Gnaws, unavailing, on the mighty shaft,
While the storm beats as vainly on its brow.

"Hath it no consciousness that thus it stands?"
Quoth he, our noble host. "'Twere well if we,
In our own consciousness of state, could be
As silent of our uses and our pride."

So rambling, and so speaking, we pursued
A devious progress through a sylvan realm,
Where Pan might yet, with music of his reed,
Muster his satyrs, with authority
Unquestioned of his tribes. This fertile realm,
Had sure provided for the scene enough
To make Arcadia.
But the bugle sounds,
From the gray lodge, and so comes on the hour
To bid us to the feast.
Then did our host,
With brightened countenance, and with all the grace
Of the old patriarch-prophet--poet, too—
Address us in an oriental style ;
With bidding, which might well have been a chaunt,
Borrow'd from Idumean, in those days
When Job had equal trials from his God,
His friends and enemies—yet kept erect ;
The nobler made by humbleness of heart.

I chronicle this invitation chaunt,
For that it makes some pictures to the thought
Which some day we shall see, when Art makes bold
To tread the forest in Fyoridian wilds,
Shall burn upon the canvas, and make song
A rapt enthusiast on the zephyr's wing,
Floating far off to Aidenne.
Thus he spake :

"I bid you to a regal feast, on cheer
Such as not simply satisfies the wolf,
But wins the fancy and beguiles the taste,
Beyond all creature need, and into realms
Where fancy grows to government, and shapes
The thought's conditions ; foreign, on free wings,
Yet native ; so that nature lapses glad,
Like gliding waters through accustom'd groves,
Which make the music for the dream, and soothe

All senses to the harmony of hours,
That never lack for wings.

"And we shall soar,
While sitting, and be busied best with bliss,
Half drowsing, though we feed.

"And in our calm,
Having our visions of the dreamy East,
With blended sun and shade, with scent and flowers
That to all senses minister in turn,
Making the effortless Light a messenger
To gardens of the Houri,—where it droops,
As motiveless for farther flight beyond,
Lapp'd, steep'd, and in its luxuries o'erfraught,
Beyond accumulation of more bliss.

"Our world, a world shut in from all the world,
Is peace ;—and plenty wedded to content,
Is ever fruitful in its promise still
Of worlds of peace beyond.

"The restless rage
Of the far nations doth not vex us here ;
We've nothing to despoil, that thirst of spoil
Seeks to appropriate, and so the strife
Goes singing by us.

"What we hear but makes
Our gladness, that the storm is ever past,
Still, without waking our accustomed peace.

"Here's plenty, and such cates as well provide
For all the natural tastes and appetites ;
This venison, late a burgher of the woods,
These wild fowl, lately sporting in the lakes ;
These birds that fattened on our fields of grain ;
These viand berries, with a pulp all sweet ;
Cream from the herds, and milk from fattest kine
Suffice the lowlier nature.

"But we've more ;
'Neath these ancestral oaks, while overhead
The song of birds, the flight of paroquets,
And breathings of delicious ocean airs,
Make an abode most like an Eden home,
Which, yielding wings to thought, endow with flight
Each fancy for a province of its own.
We've but to keep the human moods alive
Through books and memories, and society,
To be as happy as the life is long :—
Or long or short, the same, 'tis happiness."

And 'twas a regal feast ;
Our table spread
Beneath the shadow of great oaks and palms,
The odorous bay* in tribute with its sweets,

* The Bay, or Dwarf Laurel.

And the fresh breezes from the ruffling seas,
Capricious, and with happiest bounds of flight,
Commercing with the forests, whose glad tribes
Make them one common concert of gay song
That set their leaves to circling in a dance,
Which might have been the sport of elvish tribes,
Lurking unseen below, and with soft note—
An undersong, mere murmurs of delight
Subdued to dreaming—timing inanimate things
To comprehensive echoes, softly sad,
Such as the sea leaves deep in choral shells,
Whose twisted cores imprison the soft airs,
Only to teach them music.

There's yon bough,
Where, intertwisted, grow the myrtle and palm—
There sings the painted nonpareil—a flower
Animate with a soul!—a flower of wings,
All green and gold, and wearing wings at will,
Only because it sings! The regular lays,
Responsive, first and second, always two,
Tell of a life that hath a lease from Fate,
To dream and sing, and from the dreaming wake
Only for sweet renewal of the song,
That must, perforce, still lapse away in dream,
Which is the birth of new delight, and ever
Wins new delight from birth.

The nonpareil,
That cannot live or sing in colder skies,
Exiled, is like the Hebrew, who can string
No cord for Babylon's waters.*

Ah! they are hushed,
By a great master.† 'Tis the forest Puck,
Our Ariel of the woods, the mocking-bird,
That silences the choir with such a strain
As teaches music's self a sad despair,
Pouring a very cataract of song,
In spray and sunshine, glittering on glad wings,
That bathe in rainbows, and through veils of mist
Fling ruby and opal, fragmented, in air,
For lowlier tribes to gather and pursue.

So, we drank deep of vision—so beheld
A grand procession, born of beams and flowers,
Gliding on wings, through sunshine, over heights,
Each with a starred crown; and so we supt
To surfeit, with companions such as glide
On beams to earth, from earth again to heaven,
Making of songs their chariots.

---

* The "nonpareil" is an exquisite but tiny song-bird of the South, ranging from the Carolinas to the Floridas, and beyond. He is said to lose his voice utterly when carried North.

† When the mocking-bird sings the grove is silent.

Never court
Of Europe had such music at a feast;
Never an exiled Prince, by shipwreck tost,
And on the unknown isles of the ocean wreck'd,
Had such a Prosper as our noble host,
To summon Ariel to his dainty music,
And spell the son of the witch, Sycorax,
To proper service in his guests' behoof.*

* For these allusions, see Shakspeare's Tempest. Sycorax, if not a lady of the Puritan school, is extinct. But the *Caliban of to-day* is master of the situation. The wand of Prospero is buried, fathom deep, and Ariel has probably taken flight to the Arctic regions.

STAR-SMILING.

[BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.]

Methinks that some sweet spirit in yon star,
Looks out even as we gaze, as if it knew
How, gladden'd by the beautiful we view,
We watch'd it, with keen yearnings, from afar,
Embracing, through the beautiful, the true!

Faith tutors faith to worship; and the smile
Of one that loves will waken love in turn,
And when stars watch us, and with fondness burn,
They do our eyes to kindred fires beguile,
And warm us into wooing with sweet wile.

So, to a height like theirs, at last we climb,
Insensibly, and who shall stay our flight?
Wings growing at the shoulders of delight,
Which, in heart-gladness lifts the soul sublime,
And makes star passages for all our night.

Thus do we shape the cloud into a car,
Silvering its sable skirts with the bright glow
Of the pure crescent moon above the snow,
Charming it into smiling, till each star
Looks down as if the moon herself had sunk below.

MR. NOEL TRISTRAM'S LITTLE STORY OF THE YOUNG GIRL, THE BACHELOR, AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHOOTING AN ANGEL."

It was mid-day, and the 6th of June, 1863. The Luxembourg was flooded with light and warmth. With nothing more profitable to do, I strolled leisurely here and there, until I, at last, found myself solitary and alone, traversing the walk that borders Tinpiniere. I amused myself watching the busy little birds, hopping and twittering playfully among the fragrant trees. The air was full of sweet odors—of light—of music. Everywhere, on every hand, the fresh and exuberant young summer saluted my ravished senses with her melody and her beauty. Little children played like frolicksome lambs in the cool shade, and, now and then, a comfortable *bourgeoise* paced to and fro, enjoying the warmth and loveliness of the time and place.

It was no day to work. One felt that the good God had benignly prepared a charming *fete champetre,* to which He invited all Paris ; but Satan had sent his messengers, Avarice to the rich, and Poverty to the poor, to collect "regrets." One said :

"I have bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and see it."

Another : "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them."

Another : "I have married a wife, and, therefore, cannot come." *Vide,* St. Luke, xiv.

Another :

"Men must work and women must weep ;
There's little to get and many to keep,"

and so on, *ad libitum.*

For myself, I was idle, and went. The voluptuous softness and exuberance of the season penetrated to my soul. I was languid, dreamy, *ennui,* with just enough of an attack of *maladie du pays* to make me pleasingly disconsolate amid the verdure and beauties of the Luxembourg.

Pausing idly near the gladiator, I turned to review the green shady walk I had traversed, when, from somewhere very near me, I heard a low, mild treble voice reading :

"*Nous connaissons un homme qui, au milien de la fieore de changement et d'ambition qui travaille notre societe, a continue d'accepter sans revolte, son humble role dans le monde, et a conserve, pour ainse dire, le gout de la pauvrete.*"

Inspired by a natural curiosity, I peered around until I discovered the reader in a small, well-bred-looking old gentleman wearing a complete suit of black and the most dazzling linen and ruffles imaginable. A gold-headed cane rested against the seat beside him, on which lay his hat and spectacle-case. Over his knees a fine cambric handkerchief, like a lady's, was spread, and in his button-hole a deli-

cate pink rose breathed out its sweet life and fragrance into his finely cut nostrils. The extreme mildness of his countenance was saved from effeminacy by the steady, quiet fire of intellectuality that glowed far down in the depths of his benevolent blue eyes. His mouth was sweet and patient as a woman's, but his brow—broad, full, suggestive—massively overshadowed and strengthened the placid sweetness below it. His nose was a shade too refined and sensitive for a man's. He was, in fact, an intellectual Twemlow. He was intent upon the book he held, and unconsciously his eyes had moved, and given utterance to the preface his eyes had scanned.

My feet, crushing a dried stick in the pathway, made a crackling sound that attracted his attention. Lifting his mild eyes from his book, he fixed them upon my face, and then, obeying the instinct of a gentleman, he made a slight but courteous inclination of the head. It was in this simple action that he stood revealed. With an exclamation of surprise and pleasure I hastily advanced with hands outstretched to greet my old acquaintance of seven years back.

"Mr. Noel Tristram!" I ejaculated.

He was slower in giving me a local habitation and a name, but only for a moment, and then he remembered with great apparent pleasure. We shook hands warmly and cordially, and, after ten minutes, were seated sociably side by side, talking over matters and things of lang syne. The strangest circumstance of all was, that we, seven years gone by, should have parted regretfully on a cold windy morning in March in the dismal drawing room of an American boarding house, and here, on this exquisite June morning, should meet, after so many changes and vicissitudes, in the garden of the Luxembourg. I so much changed outwardly and inwardly that I could have sworn seventeen, and not only seven years had passed, and left me, instead of a young man, a middle-aged bachelor. As for Mr. Tristram, there was not one white hair more or less, a new wrinkle added, or an old one obliterated. From the crown of his venerable head to the sole of his silk-covered feet there was observable not any change whatever. He gave me an outline of his life since we parted. Five years before he had retired from business in affluent circumstances, and, coming to Europe in search of pleasure, found, after many and long travels, that Paris, as a place of residence, suited him better than any other, and, being free to gratify his fancy, he took up his abode there. Without family or ties of any kind to bind him, a benign and sweet-tempered cosmopolite, he became one human atom of the mighty mass of mighty Paris.

"And I come," he went on to say, "whenever the weather is kind enough to invite me to this charming spot, to read and to think. To-day I introduce myself for the fifth time to *un philosophe sous les toits.* Emile Souvestre has given me a friend, a familiar; nevertheless so mean and little am I, and so profound and gracious a disposition is his, that sometimes I feel a very stranger to this good fellow, of whom he says: *nous connoisseurs un homme*, &c., &c.

One good thought begets another. Out of this good fellow, my thoughts

have discovered the channel to another as good. This time the "fellow" is of the other sex.

"Perhaps the poverty, the innate refinement of soul and goodness of heart that distinguishes our attic philosopher has instigated recollection. However that may chance to be, certain it is that my mind, on borrowed wings, has flown away to the old days when *we* used to know each other; and, consequently, upon (as the best and purest part of those days) that heavenly-minded and lovely young gentlewoman, Rachel Kien. You remember her—my *vis a vis* at table? Her's was the sweetest face in the world—a face whose high cast and dear compassions stand out just now like some beautiful saintly picture in my memory."

Yes, I remembered her. A face one could hardly forget, because of its beauty and its variety. I remember being wonderfully attracted, as was natural for a young man to be, by the loveliness and silence of this girl, about whom two facts were glaringly manifest—her gentle breeding and her poverty. I also remembered with what a sense of mortified pride I saw the inevitable failure of my repeated attempts to attract her sweet eyes and attention. But she piqued my curiosity, because she *was* so cold, so lovely, so silent, so poor. That was seven years back, and to-day was the first time I had heard her name spoken in all that time. I made haste to feed my curiosity, which I found to be still as lively as ever it had been, and, at the risk of being chaffed by my elderly friend, I asked eagerly about her.

Closing his book and removing his glasses from his eyes, Mr. Tristram glanced curiously into my face, with a half smile; then, looking thoughtfully around at the gorgeous green and golden picture about us (a marvellous piece of handiwork by nature), he sighed audibly. The birds were twittering noiselessly and musically up in the trees. Mr. Tristram, glancing through the dancing fresh leaves at the pretty choir, said softly:

"I never hear the little birds, busy and tuneful as they fill the air with their songs of joy and amity, but I recall that young girl and her little charge. The boy was just like a bird. Let us talk about them. You open the past, and bring them back vividly. I have lived a life so separate, so distinct from that one in which we met, that time has seemed to lengthen into centuries since then. After you left, one dismal day, tired out, and worn down, I went home and heard they were going on a long journey," he began courteously. "The young woman, with her pale flaxen hair, knotted up at the back of her head, her sweet face wearing a sad shadow of thought and sorrow, and her lovely little charge, as beautiful and pure as a girl angel, are distinctly in my mind at this moment. I see her as she enters our shabby parlor, hushing, by the very quiet of her sweet presence, the storm of *words* that issues from the mouths of the two young ladies, the Misses Newcome, and are emulated by the three gentlemen who occupy the third story.

She walks with an ineffable and meek dignity directly up to the landlady, and begins to speak in such a low, soft voice that it sounds, after the *whir*, like a voice we hear in sleep. By-and-by I understood her to say:

"Yes, we are going a long journey."

I lay down my book upon the table with the mental inquiry, "Where?"

This is all vividly before me to-day, and it happened just six years ago. I can even recall the pattern of the table-cloth—a vile red fabric, embossed with black tulips, and the book I was reading—a work on Hypnatism, bearing the cloudy motto: "*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.*"

But the young girl? I can see even the nicely darned rent in her bombazine gown, low down on the left side, near the hem. I mention all this to prove two things—that I am of perfectly lucid mind, and that I could not have been sentimental. *Pourquoi?*

I am sixty-nine to-morrow, and *nota bene*, I was six years ago of an age scarcely (save when rare and unnatural exceptions come with dyed beard, padded calves, and deceptive teeth, to make us laugh and pity) under the influence of fantastic tricks of fancy and folly. Thus the sentiment I entertained for this fair-haired young maid was without the pale of such fantastic tricks. This I assert with profound gravity, upon the honor of a gentleman, with my hand solemnly over my heart, for the benefit of those narrow-minded and unpoetic skepties who do not comprehend or appreciate the most disinterested impulses and feelings of the human heart. They will at least accept the word of a respectable verity sixty-nine years of age.

It appears to me, my friend, that I am digressing sadly, the state of *my* feelings being in reality the remotest point of interest in this recital.

If you please we will return to Miss Kier, standing mildly before Mrs Dow. I heard her say she was going a long journey, and I began at once to review the long months of her dwelling in our midst. In the continual whirl of our boarding-house life I had noted this young woman, like a sweet, incarnate Peace, keeping her course artistically free of all dangers, and holding herself wisely apart for the sake of seclusion. At first this raised a storm of "talk" and scandal. Some sought resolutely to draw her out of her meek reserve, but found her steadfastly rigid to their advances. Neither kindness nor slight could in the least part the cloud that surrounded her in their presence, and completely enveloped her in the sanctity of her chamber. She never spoke a word save when she was spoken to, and then with such a gentle brevity and dignity that she disarmed her questioner at once. With her little brother for companion, she kept her room modestly, leaving it only to take her meals and to go out for a walk. At the end of a year neither feminine nor masculine curiosity had penetrated beyond the door of her chamber, or further into her history, occupation and intentions than was revealed in the sad lines of her sweet face and the invariable black frock. They knew she was well bred and educated; well bred, because *that* was patent to the dullest and coarsest mind; educated, because one of the most curious and least scrupulous had listened at the door, and had heard her talk in French to the child, and then singing to it, in a clear, cultivated voice, some plaintive German melody.

Beyond this no one knew aught, saving that she was poor, and had never had a visitor.

I confess she interested me. Her tawny blonde hair, plainly gathered up in a large knot at the back of her small head, had a peculiar charm for me. I never saw but one other person with such hair, and *it* was worn just so, but *that* has nothing to do here.

Her placid face, pale and almost solemn in its calm, was a singular and quaint face, unlike any other I ever saw or read of. Lately I have come across one that reminds me of her's, divested of its pride. It is the face of the Methodist, Dinah Morris. There is this difference: in one there is *all* meekness; in the other, Rachel Kier's, meekness allied with dignity—a thorough-bred face. I used to watch her at meals as she sat in silence, and apparently unconscious of those surrounding her. So uniform was her attire that I readily observed any change. Once an unpretending jet buckle confining her belt at the waist attracted my notice. Again—and the second and last deviation—a solid virgin gold ring, worn upon the third finger of the left hand, the morning before her departure, attracted my eyes just as she conveyed her cup of "contentment" on its first trip to her pretty lips.

The unusual sadness surrounding her, the black dress, little child, all rushed to my mind with a sudden, strange, torrent-like conviction, and I arose with a firm belief that, in spite of the little one's lisped "*Sister* Rachel," she was a widow whose history was a mystery and a sorrow, best shaded and lost, if might be, in the privacy of a boarding-house, where one's identity is and is not.

In this as in other convictions I erred.

I went out to my business, and, after a tedious day, returned jaded and hungry. Whilst I sat, endeavoring to read, awaiting my tea, I saw Miss Kier come in, and, by-and-by, I heard her say she was going a long journey.

What made me feel uneasy, and forget I was tired and hungry? I am free to confess, had I been a young man, one would be justified in answering promptly, *love*. But I was no longer young. I began to feel I was no more going to study a pale face and black frock at table; the face seemingly that of a saint beside the countenances of the known sinners hemming it in on either side. It had been a comfort and *rest* to my eyes. I found upon entering the dining-room that pale face, a whit paler than usual, in its accustomed place. I drank a cup of anti-stimulating tea, and nibbled a biscuit. I was no longer hungry. I was pondering upon the future meals that were to come and go in confusion and noise, no longer recommended and rendered palatable by that patient and gentle-going statue *vis-a-vis*.

I was henceforth to be left among the sinners without a saint to keep me in a charitable and amiable state of mind. I sorely needed it.

(I *can't* help seeing that exceedingly suggestive smile upon your lips, my friend. In parenthesis let me say you are not to conclude rashly that I had got up a *sentiment* for this sweet young thing. My heart, I assure you, was then, as now, *withered*. She could

not have been beyond twenty-three years of age at the utmost, and I was sixty-one, briefly told, at the very least. I was a weary-hearted man, who had been cruelly used by capricious fortune for twenty years, at the expiration of which time she gave me her hand and smile. My home and family she could not bring back out of a sad past, but, like many another worldly-minded body, she dressed my distresses in gold, and thought to beautify them. Those who have tried it know that a plaster of prosperity, liberally sprinkled with gold, does not heal the real heart wounds.

Apropos: I had once been *seriously* in love; consequently, always in love, neither able nor willing to drive the old fancy out of my heart for the sake of a new one. Accept this confession in the spirit in which it is made, and make due allowance for those tears it has called forth.")

He paused, closing his parenthesis by wiping two genuine tears from his wrinkled cheeks with his lady's handkerchief. His small hand lifted the white locks from his temple for an instant, and then sank into repose upon his knees. He resumed directly: "She interested me, because she was unhappy, poor, and friendless. So proud, too, albeit one would hardly have discovered this in a year; beyond that, she was patient, and silent, and tender. I respected her. The women, although they called her "queer" and inelegant, nay positively plain, envied her. The men, seeing her *alone* and sorrowful, doubted her, because she was young. For myself, perceiving all this, I became her friend. I handed her the nicest dishes from my side of table, helping the child to the largest and most luscious fruits, scrupulously avoiding her eyes always, and never, in one year, presuming to address a word to her. A simple recipe.

There was an unusual amount of flippant chatter in the ranks at supper, everybody trying to achieve that remarkable feat of eating and talking at the same time, to an accompaniment of knives and spoons, and the hissing of butter relentlessly imprisoned between hot cakes.

Miss Kier ate her toast and drank her tea in silence. When she had finished she raised her sweet eyes to my face. I felt their warmth dwell for an instant upon me (it was a mute thanks and farewell), and then she left the room. I saw the door close gently behind her for the last time.

I arose early the next day, putting my usual walk before breakfast an hour ahead.

It was a sad morning, gray and misty, like a penitential quakeress.

In the hall I paused and scrutinized a plain trunk and box, marked "R. K.," awaiting very patiently in the solemn dawn.

I loitered over my gloves, leisurely pulling on finger after finger. I had just reached the index diget of the right hand, when a sweet little voice, and a light step struck my ear. They turned the landing, and came down the stairs to where I was standing.

There they stood in the cold, grey dawn—she wearing her sombre black frock and bonnet, and the little boy hand in hand.

A lonely young woman and helpless child about starting on a long journey quite alone.

This thought parted my lips, and, saluting her gravely, I said :

"You are going away, Miss Kier ?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry, for I shall miss your little charge very much."

I stroked and stroked the crisp yellow curls. The child lifted its blue eyes to my face, and said prettily :

"I like you."

"Yes, dear, and I like you. If your sister will permit me, I shall be happy to do my last office of good will in carrying you to the station. My business (?) lies that way. May I accompany my young friend so far, Miss Kier ?"

She said, softly, that I might. I took the little fellow in my arms, and we started forth together. I talked a great deal to him—now and then addressing a word to her, but not until we reached the depot did I say :

"Shall you return to us, Miss Kier ?"

"No, sir ; we are going a long journey, Walter and I. It will carry us far, far away from here ; amid new people, in new lands, we hope to greet and *bear* our future. I don't think I shall ever revisit this city."

When she was seated in the cars, and the child stood wonderingly alongside her, she held out her hand, and said, softly :

"Dear sir, I have to thank you, before we part forever. I cannot forget your unvarying kindness and courtesy to me. I shall teach Walter to remember you as that gentleman who treated his lonely sister with respect when all others were insulting her by unworthy and petty suspicions. Goodbye."

I took her little, shaking hand :

"Dear young lady, may God have you and this child in His keeping. God bless you both."

"And you."

She laid her hand once more in mine. Obeying an impulse, I leaned over, and kissed it reverently. A clear, shrill scream from the steam-whistle warned me to leave the train.

"Pardon me," I said hurriedly, "I am old enough to say that I shall rejoice if I can at any time be of use to you and Walter. I pray you do not hesitate to call upon me, if you ever need a friend. I am, indeed, your friend."

"Thank you."

"God bless and keep you and him, dear young lady."

I hurried from the train, reaching the platform just as the cars began to move. A little white hand, seen dimly through the mist, waved slowly from a window, and a little, piping voice called out, "good-bye." There was another tortured shriek from the engine, and then the train and hand and little voice were whirled away rapidly down the long, level road.

Thus, a train hurrying away from me with the rapidity of lightning—a dense white cloud, floating off fantastically and gracefully over the bright, green fields—a loud, defiant shriek from the locomotive, and then they were gone. They had fairly started on their long journey.

I never saw them again.

My prayers have followed them always. May God keep and bless them, the pure young gentlewoman and the sweet child."

He arose as he made this fervent and pious ejaculation, and, passing his hand through my arm, suggested a short stroll.

"Let me," he said, as we walked leisurely to and fro, "tell you something about another friend of mine, who I design to make your friend at dinner to-morrow. I will not excuse you. You will find my apartment as pleasant a place as you have at command to while away a quiet hour or so. Besides, I want you to meet my friend. In my journey of life I have met one man who took from the first a tenacious hold upon my heart. If you please I will tell you something about this old chum of mine. He dates far back in the past. I met him at college, and, ever and anon, have rubbed elbows with him since. Pecuniarily speaking, he prospered rapidly. His profession—the law—gave him a neat income; and, by the time I was beginning to "do well" in business, he was already on the high road to fortune and fame. This was all very well—perfectly justified by his superior talents, and sufficient to satisfy ninety-nine men out of a hundred, but for him it proved the means of making him greedy and wretched.

He fell in love, as we all do some time or other, and, being rich, he saw no reason why he should refrain from marrying. Here was his error. There is every reason in the world why a man should *not* marry a girl who comes recommended by a pretty face and bewitching *toilette*. No drum was ever more empty than is the heart of such a one. Poor Arnold, struck with all the fervor and passion of youth and love upon one, and was made miserable by the hollowness of the instrument:

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

He has taken many years to get over the shock, a long time to endure disease, but he is at last cured. Allow me the privilege of telling you about him.

A year after the young girl, Rachel Kier, and her little charge, disappeared off *my* stage of life, I began to grow wearied of the nasty hum-drum of boarding-house life. I was getting old, and needed a *home* and a friend. I had prospered famously in business, and I suddenly resolved to hunt up that old fossil Arnold (for it is not well for man to be alone), and go to housekeeping on an abbreviated plan. In a month we were charmingly fixed in a pleasant little box, with the housekeeper of my late sister-in-law at the head of affairs. You can't imagine how luxuriously everything glided along. This is a tale of the heart, and not the stomach, or I should edify you with eloquent and lengthy recitals of Mrs. Duncan's proficiency as cook. It woul be *mal apropos*. I will leave this point with a single assertion: she was a perfect mistress of the *cuisine*. The winter came upon us, two old men, housed and warm. The long, cold nights found us in our comfortable sitting-room, with pipes, and a decanter and glasses between us. We would smoke a little, read a little, and talk a good deal; going back, over and over again, to that happy time of life—our youth. We would grow sorrowfully eloquent over our lost joys.

Know ye, who are in the prime of life, that there is an untouched chord in your hearts that hath power of mi-

raculous and exquisite music when swept by the potent finger of remembrance in your later years. It is an echo from the past, that comes in the melody of a sigh and the glistening of a tear. It is a pleasure and a pain, a satisfaction and a sorrow—the indescribable burden and blessing of the aged!

Once, when we were talking so, Arnold gave me the history of his love. Such histories are all alike. The perfidy of woman has been, *ab initio*, the fruitful source of suffering to man, and *vice versa*. We prey upon each other's hearts.

Arnold had a hard time; for, after a sweet season of bliss, his beautiful *fiancee* jilted him for the sake of a man old enough to be her father, and as gray as a rat.

Frederick Vaughn Kemble was an aristocrat of the purest type, and should have been a peer of the realm instead of a Louisiana planter of great reputed wealth. The hollow little cheat thought it a rare chance, and grasped it. The fact that the gentleman was no longer young—being a widower with one child, an angel, called Rhoda—offered not the least objection to her mind; she put her little white, wicked hand into his, and went to his antiquated bosom fervently, giving poor Arnold the "go-by" *sans ceremonie*. She flaunted into that grand old home, and took the place of Rhoda's sainted mother, darting her bright, black eyes imperiously into the meek, shrinking, tear-dimmed ones of the sweet motherless girl.

Poor child! this woman, barely two years her senior, with the face of a seraph and the heart of a serpant, was a desecration in that home. But Rhoda had a natural and comforting balm under these difficulties—a handsome and devoted young lover, whom she was about to marry.

She was one of those pure-minded, *thinking* women, who are, one might say, beyond the taint of evil; a girl who gave a virgin heart, with a trust rare and beautiful, hallowed by the sanctity of her innocence, into the keeping of her lover.

He, in return, gave her as much of a heart as he had to give. His was a meek, vain, vacillating nature, that had one only idol—self. She loved him utterly, just as such women always love. It is a miserable destiny that brings two such hearts together, making a monstrous union of extremes, and producing inevitably shipwreck. When we see a young heart, fresh, pure, enthusiastic, broken upon such a rock, we exclaim, sorrowfully, *O! quelle fatalite!*

Eleven months after Kemble's marriage his wife gave birth to a child; it was barely six months old when she eloped with Rhoda's lover.

What a mortal blow fell upon that unhappy household! Father and daughter cheated, outraged, dishonored, at one fell swoop. The blow had struck at the root of the tree, and it was falling. Mr. Kemble lay like one dead, when Arnold, at Rhoda's command, hastened to them. His eyes were closed, and his breath came in short, faint spasms, that gave promise of a speedy dissolution.

The girl's face was white, and as calm as death; her voice so low and concentrated, that it terrified the hearer, but she never gave way. Her composure was something alarming and wonderful, Arnold said. That

night Mr. Kemble died, having given no sign from the moment the horrid tidings struck him, like a dead thing, prone at Rhoda's feet.

He left nothing. His estate was swallowed up in debt, and when everything was arranged as best it could be, his daughter had nothing but a pitiful legacy of three hundred a year, left her by a maternal aunt.

Poor girl; Arnold's heart opened to take her in, but she could not stay there.

"I must go away—anywhere out of this place; and when I am gone, refrain from speaking of me to those who have known us in our days of honor and prosperity. Let it rest with father. Let us all be as dead. If *she* ever comes back, forsaken, forlorn, *penitent*, send for me; but not till then. How should *we* meet, save with broken hearts? When she has asked pardon of God, and would ask forgiveness of me, how shall I refuse it?"

And kindly declining Arnold's offers of assistance, she went away, with the deserted child in her arms, to struggle and to suffer. He received two letters in as many years, telling him she was working bravely, to live, in a distant city. She received a mere pittance from her work, but it was enough, with what she had, sparingly used, to support herself and the child.

"One night," said Arnold, "when it was blowing and snowing like mad, I went down to the pier to meet some friends. The cab was no security against the wind and rain; and by the time I had reached the pier, I was thoroughly drenched. Passenger after passenger crept out of the boat, and shivered away into the stormy darkness and night; but my friends did not come. Provoked, and chilled to the heart, I was about to turn away, when the last passenger, a woman, stepped from the plank, and stood trembling and bewildered alone upon the pier. The storm had blown off her bonnet, and was playing sad havoc with her hair and shawl. She looked wildly about her, up and down the deserted streets, and then tottered feebly forward, cruelly buffeted by the wind.

"Oh! Christ! what shall I do!" she groaned despairingly, falling upon her knees.

I went to her, and put my hand on her shoulder.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" I said.

At the sound of my voice she looked up. Ghastly, miserable, lost, I beheld her once again. She must have read in my face the horror I felt, for she grasped me wildly about the knees and prayed in agony:

"Will you leave me to die here alone? Have mercy upon me!"

I did not leave her; God forbid! I lifted her up silently, and placed her in the carriage. Lord help us all! it was a dreadful sight to behold. I could have wept over this wretched and wasted creature; and I had *loved* her once!

A frightful spell of coughing shook her from head to foot, and as the blood gushed from her livid lips, she gasped:

"You see that I am dying. I have come for *his* pardon—only for that—all the way from Italy. Oh, what days; what dreadful, hopeless, long days!"

"He is dead."

She did not speak a word; never even shook; it seemed as though she had no power to express her anguish, but I felt her hand turn to ice in an in-

stant, like congealed fire. We passed her old home. As it met her eyes, looming up grimly in the dark night, she covered her face with her hands and groaned solemnly.

"The wages of sin is death," she said softly, and sank exhausted and insensible upon the seat of the carriage. She had asked pardon of God. There was one other pardon she could not die without—Rhoda's. I summoned her. She came like an angel, and spread her white hands over the dying, saying:

"God pardon all your sins, oh! sorrowful and broken heart, as freely as I do that wrong done me."

She died humble and penitent. After all her years of sin, she found rest. Her crime brought its own punishment. Let us hope God's mercy reached her at the last.

As for Rhoda, she went abroad. Mrs. Shirley, a rich widow, took her as companion. She was a great invalid, and wanted a patient, educated, healthy nurse. At my suggestion, she took Rhoda.

God has that girl in His special keeping. In a year Mrs. Shirley had learned to love her so dearly, and to appreciate so thoroughly her beautiful character, that she adopted, for her own son and heir, the little orphan brother of Rhoda. He is now at school in Germany. Rhoda is no longer her "nurse." She is known as Miss Shirley, and is the beloved daughter of a fond mother. Her history is known to her adopted mother. Strange as it may appear, Kemble, in his youth, was the romance of Mrs. Shirley. She has made his children the romance of her age.

In all this, how visible is the hand of God! May He always bless and prosper that little family, gathered from the ruins of two, the best and purest parents. If you ever meet a lady distinguished above most other women for her rare beauty and elegance of manner, who spends her days in striving to please and comfort a sad and suffering lady, who lives in the sunshine of her brave, handsome, adopted son's love and presence, you may know at once that it is Miss, Mrs. and Master Walter Shirley, who have nothing to do, under God's mercy, but to be and do good, and be comfortable every day of their lives.

To look at them in their pretty villa in Italy, one would not guess what a sad series of struggles and sorrows these two young ones had battled through; but for the boy it is only a dream, for he was too young. All the hard, cold, and suffering, were in reality endured by that mild-eyed, lovely woman, as Rachel Kier. That is the charming finale of Arnold's story."

Mr. Tristram paused, and looked hard in my face. His own was radiant.

"You see," he said, with a pleasant, mellow tremble in his voice, "God *has* taken her into His care. My pretty *vis-a-vis* is a rich, and, let us hope, a happy young lady. Who knows, if you will visit Italy and meet her again, what might come of it? Hear what my friend the attic philosopher says: *Chacun de nous, avec l'aide de Dieu, ne se fait a luimeme sont temperament, son carectere, et son avenir.* I hope your future will be as pleasantly crowned as may be, and as God sees fit. Come, let us stroll down this charming walk, and have some account of yourself, your prospects of travel, and your hopes for the future. Do me the favor

and kindness to be a free chronicler. My friend here, in his Russia leather coat, will be a silent listener. I wish you or I were as good a man in this beautiful garden, as he managed to be in his attic. By the way, this handsome volume is a present from *her*, sent, with several other pretty keepsakes, through Arnold, to me, in remembrance of the days in the boarding-house."

He opened the book again, a superb edition of Souvestre's Philosopha, and on the fly-leaf, in a neat, delicate hand, I saw written:

"To my dear, and always kindly remembered friend, from his truly and gratefully,

"RHODA SHIRLEY."

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.

The following lines were written on the lost note of a Confederate soldier after Gen. Lee's surrender, May 20th, four years after South Carolina joined the Confederacy:

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell,
Of Liberty, born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
Too much a stranger to borrow,
We issued to day our promise to pay,
Hoping to redeem on the morrow.
But days flew by, weeks became years,
Our coffers were empty still,
Coin was so rare our treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.

We knew it had scarcely a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it,
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it brought us our bread to-day,
It was the best our country could do.
Keep it; it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last,
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success—*it passed.*

S. C. D. Y.

SPOILS, BY A RECEIVER.

"And whisper whence they stole those balmy *spoils.*"—*Milton.*

NO. III.

"The more music you can make on *one* string, the less it will cost you to keep your fiddle strung," says somebody—I don't know who; but he has concentrated into that pithy sentence a world of wisdom and philosophy. There are two cardinal doctrines which I receive as articles of faith: one is, that we can be happy at very little expense—*can make a deal of music on one string;* the other is, that *fiddles* are a useful institution.

The elements of happiness are few, but, like the bits of glass in the kaleidescope, can be thrown into a wondrous variety of shapes. Unlike those bits, however, they do not of necessity, at every turn, throw themselves in pleasing forms. Happiness is not regulated by machinery; these elements may be so thrown, that grotesqueness, even hideousness—that is to say, misery—may be the result rather than proportion, symmetry; in other words, happiness. The pure white rays of light, sent from their source, to them the meadows owe their green, the mountains their purple, the flowers their gorgeous dyes, the sky its blue, the clouds their dull gray. Thus it is with the pure white rays of happiness, sent from their source down to this otherwise dreary earth; they are so modified by the characters that receive them, that they are reflected in endless variety. There are none, I believe, who do not reflect at least a dull gray. Here I may say that people are happy in proportion to the richness of the rays they reflect rather than to those they absorb. Only a *lost soul* can absorb all into its own blackness; and all the splendor of heaven itself might be flung into such to be thus engulfed.

But we are not lost souls; we are in a world of light, and consequent beauty. Trees, flowers, mountains and brooks are for us. Even though, now and then, one of us crosses a Sahara, yet the blue dome of heaven is above him by day, and, night after night, the starry splendors are unfurled to him. We are here where the poorest can get at least *one* string to his fiddle, on which he can play grave-marches, or *hornpipes.* As brave a heart is lodged in the man that dances to the hornpipe as in the man that regulates his pace to the death march. Why? The good pure heart dances to almost any tune.

Yes, I believe in fun and frolic and mirth and joy. *I believe in fiddles.* Many good people harm the cause of virtue with their sour visage. "Dost thou think because *thou* art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Will you leave the cakes and ale to the vicious, and take *criminal* fare yourself—*bread and water?* The vis-

age of vice is too often concealed, as was the hideous face of the prophet of Kohrassan, behind a hidden veil. "The world is still deceived by ornament;" why not then accommodate yourself to the world, and array virtue in a garb suitable to her loveliness? Sin goes tripping along in apparent jollity —what though it is the "*Dance of Death*," yet it is a *dance;* why should not Virtue, who must be singing and making melody in her heart, regulate her step by this music? You, who have chosen her, know how sweet and lovely and cheering her companionship; not so, those who have not chosen her. Show to them that "she can," as Montaigue says, "be rich, potent and wise, and knows how to lie upon a soft and perfumed couch. She loves life, beauty, glory and health." The good man may have his "cakes and ale;" he may enjoy wit and humor, love and friendship; he may not only sing and make melody in his heart, but he may accompany it with a *fiddle.* It is true that more often the bugle notes are more proper to him in life's battle, as he charges the foe, and there are times when the music suited to his soul is the solemn organ peals—the grand music of the ocean waves of the eternity that breaks on his island shores. But, though his cessation from battle be but a bivouac, yet there the sound of the viol is pleasant and innocent to him, need not unnerve him for to-morrow's strife. Though the eternity waves ever break on his shore, yet he may occasionally drown their solemn music with merry fiddle tunes.

What is the string on which we can make the most music? What is the one greatest earthly source of happiness? I say *friendship;* some would say *love.* But love is too expensive; we play too hard and too exclusively on that one string; it is apt to break, and rarely can it be replaced with another that will suit us like the old one; it will be too coarse or too fine, the tones, consequently, too grave, or too acute. Yes, love is too expensive; it costs rest, the enjoyment of little, every-day things; a man too often gives for it all that he possesses; and then it may break, *that one string,* and leave him poor indeed. Ah! it costs too much for a "poor devil" like me. But friendship, none so poor that he may not have it; it will last—indeed, the more music you can make on that one string, the stronger it grows. Who says there is no such thing—that it is but a name —an empty word? If such, it is a *word* sweeter than any other *significance*—a chimera. If so, it is more precious than any other reality—a shadow. For this *shadow* I would give all the *substance* I possess. But it is not an empty name, a chimera, a shadow; I *know* that in this world there is *one* true friend—*myself.*

There are some people to whom the world is all wrong; they enjoy nothing; they may have wealth, intellect, all the luxuries that these can bring; they may have the full number of strings to their fiddle, but all is discord. Friend, *your fiddle wants tuning,* and, as the tuning process is very disagreeable to hear, I will take my leave of you before you begin; so, good-bye.

GENERAL CASS.

The death of this eminent citizen is an event that deserves something more than a mere passing obituary notice, usual on the demise of distinguished Americans.

Of all the distinguished men of his generation, General Cass must be regarded as the most fortunate, and at the same time as the most dangerous model for young and aspiring politicians to copy after. He was eminently an American, and in all his acts bearing upon our external relations, and in connection with our international policies, no man of his time was more thoroughly patriotic or emphatic in his republicanism. Even in his slight tendency to play the courtier to Louis Phillippe, when French Ambassador, and his natural facility to compromise, or to accommodate himself to circumstances, he never lowered the standard of his country, or permitted the slightest insult to republicanism to pass unrebuked while its honor was entrusted to his keeping. On all the great questions of the time, the North-east Boundary, the Right of Search, the Oregon question, &c., General Cass was always to be found in the front ranks of the national defenders, and sometimes almost alone in his bold and pronounced Americanism. But this brave and reliable Americanism was in singular and sometimes almost pitiful contrast with his weakness and facility to compromise his principles as a public man in our domestic and partizan politics, and no man of his day did so much to demoralize Democracy as did General Cass. The truth is, he never was a Democrat, or ever had clear, defined, Democratic convictions.

There are always two classes of men to be found in the Democratic ranks—those who have earnest and clear convictions of Democratic truth, and those who are merely organization Democrats, and General Cass belonged to the latter. He was an amiable, good-hearted man, and perhaps had a certain degree of sympathy with the masses, but he was utterly incapable of that deep and wide-hearted sentiment that rendered Jefferson and Jackson, and Silas Wright, such true exponents of the popular feeling, and that made them part and parcel of the people. With a profound conviction of the popular honesty and capacity for self-government, such men as Jefferson and Silas Wright instinctively submit their acts to the popular decision, and revolt at any intermediate agency for reaching public distinction. But men like General Cass always rely on these agencies, and rarely submit their political fortunes directly to the people, for instinct teaches them that their secret distrust of the popular capacity is like to be rewarded with defeat and rejection. Thus General Cass, in a very long public career, and holding varied and high positions in the public service, never sought nor ever filled the position of a representative of the people. When quite young, he was appointed Marshal of Ohio, by Mr.

Jefferson, and became Colonel of an Ohio regiment in the War of 1812, and finally was appointed a Brigadier-General by Mr. Madison. After the war closed, he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Michigan, which he held for many years, and during the administration of Quincy Adams; but when Jackson succeeded, though he had been a strong partizan of Adams's, he had the tact and address to get himself made Secretary of War, and for which his military experience, and his knowledge of the West, and especially of the Indians, eminently qualified him. But he soon became a burden, if not a danger, to the Jackson cabinet, and his fatal facility to compromise, just when the old warrior statesman was in the midst of that terrible struggle with the United States Bank, rendered it absolutely necessary to get rid of him, and this was done by sending him to represent the country at the French Court.

On his return, he easily managed the Legislature, where his party was in the ascendant, to get into the Senate, for being really a first-class man, and with a national reputation, it was desirable to the party to select him for that position, and as all the great issues of the party, and in respect to which he had been regarded as unsafe, were now disposed of, his extreme facility to compromise was supposed to be harmless. But it was just here where his political career properly commenced, and where his course was so demoralizing to the Democracy, and is so dangerous to young and ambitious politicians.

His first act of public importance was to vote for the Wilmot Proviso; then to dodge it, and again to defeat it, and all within ten days. The vast acquisition of territory from Mexico offered a chance to the enemies of Democracy to embarrass if not to overthrow it. Giddings, Lincoln, Corwin, and other Whigs of the day had violently opposed the Mexican war, as such men have opposed all *national* wars, and when it was proposed to place three millions of money in the hands of the President to buy a peace, these enemies of national development and prosperity proposed a proviso that "slavery" should be excluded from any territory acquired from Mexico. Or, in other words, that Jefferson Davis, and others like him, who had given their blood and won the territory from Mexico, should be excluded from it unless they consented to equalize with their own negro servants. To the northern men, the social and normal condition of the negro *seemed slavery*, or at all events, was called slavery, and "slavery" being wrong, of course they all voted to exclude it from the territories about to be acquired. But General Cass was a candidate for the then approaching Presidential nomination, and when he found the entire southern Democracy indignant at this attempt to shut them out of the territories they especially acquired, he said that it would not do to thus insult and wrong the men of the South, and not only changed his own vote, but brought all his influence to bear among his northern friends to vote down the proviso. The right or wrong of it never seems to have touched him at all, though *that* has involved the lives of a million of men since.

Mr. Calhoun said "this government was made for us and our posterity forever, and has nothing to do with ne-

groes, who are children, minors, or domestics, and if Mr. Davis, who perilled his life for this territory, takes negro servants with him, you cannot and shall not distort these minors into citizens."

But Corwin, Lincoln, Giddings, &c., said, "*We* hold that negroes are as good as white men, and we mean to make this a mongrel government, and therefore if Mr. Davis carries his negroes into the territories, we insist on distorting them into citizens."

What a stupendous question, a question though *directly* affecting but a few persons, and trifling interests, the principles in issue involve the civilization of a continent. If Lincoln & Co. were right, if the negro differed only in "color," and naturally considered, was entitled to the same status or condition as ourselves, and if the men who made this government designed it for a mongrel government, then it was such a tremendous wrong to hold these negroes in "slavery," and would be such a beneficent and boundless good to include them in the general citizenship, and rising above the foolish "prejudice of color," to encourage amalgamation, just as with the Irish and Germans that come to us, that Mr. Davis's claim to protection for his mere property interest would be contemptible, of course.

But on the contrary, if Lincoln & Co. were wrong, if the negro was a different and subordinate species of human kind, and in his normal condition when protected by his master, and if the men who made this government designed it for themselves and their posterity forever, and Mr. Davis's negro servants had no more connection with it than those running wild in Africa, then to exclude Mr. Davis, who fought for the territory, was not only a monstrous wrong, but to distort negroes into citizenship and mongrelize this government, was a treason to the American people, and a crime against American civilization so gross, atrocious and devilish, that Lincoln, Corwin & Co. would have deserved instant death were it not that they were lunatics, and did not know what they were about. But General Cass, Daniel S. Dickinson & Co., were not lunatics, had all their senses about them, but they were so profoundly heartless, so stolidly and strangely, and wonderfully without conscience, that they voted with Lincoln & Co. one day, and ten days after voted with the southern Democracy. Or, in other words, they voted with Lincoln & Co. to overthrow our system, and set up a mongrel government one day, and ten days after, not from any light received, or change of opinion, but from political expediency, they turned square about, and voted with Calhoun & Co. to preserve a white government. But this was only the beginning of that long and corrupting struggle which has so demoralized the country, and endangered our institutions.

General Cass wanted to be President. How could he secure the southern vote and yet not come in conflict with the Abolition delusion of the North? This was the problem to be solved, and he and his devoted friend Dickinson, no doubt gave it many anxious days' thought. It could not be reconciled, it was truly an "irrepressible conflict," simple but tremendous; a white or a mongrel government; the government we had always had from the Colonial days, or a revo-

lution, and indeed final destruction of our civilization.

Finally, the General abandoned all hope of reconciliation, and invented a dodge, the dodge of popular sovereignty, and the Nicholson letter came into the world. It was plausible, too; why not leave it to the people of a territory, who were directly interested in the matter, and for ten years the great "Democratic party" devoted itself to the discussion of popular sovereignty, where there was no sovereignty, and if there had been, had nothing to do with the question before the country.

Meanwhile, and during all these years, while General Cass, Mr. Douglas, and the great leaders of the party were discussing popular sovereignty and diverting the Democratic mind from the real question, the Lincolns and Sewards had the field to themselves, and the whole educated mind of the country became the victim of the mighty delusion that has since worked out such fearful results. The Compromise of 1850, the Nebraska bill, all the dodges gotten up by the Democratic leaders of the North, were of a piece, all the same contrivance to get round, instead of facing the question, to cheat the people for their own good, to overreach or outwit the Abolitionists, and keep in power without meeting the question. The final election of Lincoln was the result, not because the majority believed in Abolition, but because they could see the weakness and trifling, and insincerity of the "Democratic party," and the wretched shams and subterfuges of the Nicholson letter, Nebraska, &c. And Gen. Cass, above all other men of the day, was the leader of this school of politicians. They weakened and emasculated the Democratic mind, and so demoralized public men, that when their schemes were no longer available, and the great day of trial came, few indeed were able to resist the Abolition pressure, and fitly enough, the "sound" men, the men who made these shams the test of party orthodoxy, were those who, like Dickinson, Ben. Butler, &c., wentright over to the Abolitionists at the firing of the first shot.

If there had been no "Democratic party" in 1861, it is probable that there would have been no war, for a real, live, Democratic party would have sprung at once into existence to meet the exigency then existing. But be this as it may, it is certain that the question that confronted General Cass in 1848, and which he and his school dodged so dexterously, but at last disastrously, has to be met *now*. This must be a white or a mongrel government; the negro must remain a minor or be amalgamated in the general citizenship, and if the latter, if the "abolition of slavery" succeeds, then we shall have not only a conflict of race, but a far more terrible conflict than that just closed. We must, in short, restore the condition of 1860, both for white and negro, or collapse into mongrelism and social anarchy, as in Mexico, &c.

A TRIBUTE TO THE "BEAST."

"CONQUERED TERRITORY" OF LOUISIANA, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS,
August 17, 1866.

C. Chauncey Burr, Esq., Editor of The Old Guard:

DEAR SIR—After four years of bloody war, battling for our constitutional rights, and the rights of States, we find ourselves neither in nor out of the Union, so called; but treated as conquered subjects of the darkest despotism with which this world has ever been cursed, practicing the last philosophy, viz.: "Wait and Hope," for what we know not.

Enclosed please find a description of one of the victories of the "*Beast*" in our midst, on Sunday, October 12th, 1862, which seems to me to be worthy of a corner in your valuable Journal, in which the Constitution of the United States is supposed to have still some of the force of law.

I remain, dear sir, with sentiments of highest esteem, your obedient servant,

W. H. H., Sen.

Come, boys, and listen while I sing
  The greatest fight yet fought—
That time the hated Yankee
  A real Tartar caught.
'Twas not the first Manassas,
  Won by our Beauregard,
Nor Perryville, nor Belmont,
  Though Polk then hit him hard;
Nor was it famous Shiloh,
  Where Sydney Johnston fell—
No, these were mighty battles,
  But a greater I will tell.
'Twas fought on Sunday morning,
  Within the Church's walls,
And shall be known in hist'ry
  As the battle of St. Paul's.
The Yankee Strong commanded
  For Butler the abhorr'd,
And the Reverend Mr. Goodrich
  Bore the banner of the Lord.
The bell had ceased its tolling,
  The service nearly done,
The Psalms and Lessons over,
  The Lord's Pray'r just begun;
When as the Priest and people
  Said "Hallowed by Thy name,"
A voice in tones of thunder
  His order did proclaim:
"As this house has been devoted
  To Great Jehovah's praise,
And no prayer for Abra'm Lincoln
  Within its walls you raise,
Therefore of rank Secession

It is an impious nest,
And I stop all further service,
And the clergyman arrest;
And in name of General Butler,
I order furthermore,
That this assembly scatter,
And the Sexton close the door."
Up rose the congregation—
We men were all away,
And our wives and little children
Alone remained to pray.
But when has Southern woman
Before a Yankee quailed?
And these with tongues undaunted
That Lincolnite assailed.
In vain he called his soldiers—
Their darts around him flew,
And the *Strong* man then discovered
What a woman's tongue can do.
Some cried, "We knew that Butler
On babes and women warr'd,
But we did not think to find him
In the Temple of the Lord."
Some pressed around their pastor,
Some on the villain gazed,
Who against the Lord's anointed
His dastard arm had raised.
Some said, "E'en to a Yankee
We would not do such wrong
As to mistake another
For the gallant Major Strong;
So we'll look upon the hero
Till his face we cannot doubt,"
While a stout old lady shouted,
"*Do some one kick him out.*"
"Don't touch him," cried another,
"He is worthy of his Ruler,
For he fights with women braver
Than he fought at Ponchatoula."
But when the storm raged fiercest,
And hearts were all aflame,
Like oil on troubled waters,
The voice of blessing came—
For though with angry gestures
The Yankee bid him cease,
The Priest, with hands uplifted
Bid his people go in peace;
And called down heavenly blessings
Upon that tossing crowd,
While the men their teeth were clenching,
And the women sobbing loud.
And then with mien undaunted
He passed along the aisle,
The gallant Yankee hero

Behind him all the while.
"You better bring a gunboat,
For that's your winning card,"
Said a haughty little beauty,
As the *Strong* man called a guard.
"'Tis only 'neath their shelter
You Yankees ever fight,"
Cried another spunky woman,
Who stood upon his right.
But the Major thought a cannon
(If his men could not succeed
In clearing off the sidewalk,)
Would be all that he should need.
And I guess his light artill'ry
'Gainst Christ Church he will range
When his "base of operations"
Next Sunday he shall "change."
'Twas thus the tyrant Butler,
'Mid women's sobs and tears,
Seized a Priest before the altar
He had served for twenty years.
We know in darkest ages
A church was holy ground,
Where from the hand of tyrants
A refuge might be found;
And from the meanest soldier
To the highest in the land,
None dared to touch the fugitive
Who should within it stand.
'Twas left the beastly Butler
To violate its walls,
And to be known in future
As the Victor of St. Paul's.
He has called our wives "she-adders,"
And he shall feel their sting,
For the voice of outraged woman
Through every land shall ring.
He shall stand with Austrian Haynau
Upon the rolls of fame,
And bear to latest ages
A base, dishonored name.

LINES FROM OVID.

Ah, why do you try to grasp an empty shade?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows:
With thee the color'd shadow comes and goes
Its empty being on thyself relies,
Step thou aside, and the fell charmer dies.

THE LOST CAUSE.

A certain class of writers have much to say about the "Lost Cause," and Mr. Pollard, the author of the Confederate History of the War, has recently prepared an important historical work with this title. The "Lost Cause;" we would like to see a definite or rational explanation of that "Cause," for thus far, we must say we have met with nothing that can be said to justify, define or explain it, and it seems as cloudy and mysterious to those who write about it as the Man in the Iron Mask, or the shadowy author of Junius.

Some have said it was to set up a *new* nation; but, as those who conquered the "Lost Cause" claim to have done that very thing, of course they *must* be mistaken. Others have said that it was a revolution; but, as the States composing the Confederacy did not change their Constitutions, but have been forced to do so by their conquerors, of course that too is a mistake, and, indeed, quite as absurd as the new nation business. Others again have said it was a question of State sovereignty; but, as no offer was made by the Confederate authorities to make common cause with New York, or other State sovereignties, as did Jefferson and Madison in the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, this, too, must be abandoned.

Finally, it has been said that it was to get released from class legislation, and especially the cupidity of New England, who, in the form of national banks, tariffs, fishing bounties, &c., had plundered the agricultural South for half a century. But the northern Democracy, the agricultural and producing classes of the middle and western States, were plundered equally with the South, and the poorest Irish hodman, or German gardener, or American mechanic was robbed of the fruits of his labor by banks and tariffs just as effectually as the wealthiest "slaveholder" in Virginia or South Carolina, and, therefore, this too must be given up.

Now, it being evident that neither of these things—neither a new nation, nor a revolution, nor State sovereignty, nor class legislation, nor indeed any of the things ordinarily suggested—constitute that "Lost Cause," what is it in reality, or was it a mere illusion, bloody and terrible, but nevertheless an illusion without body or soul, or tangible *fact?* No indeed, it was an awful reality, but it was a mistake—in short, a stupendous blunder—based on a multitude of mistakes.

A few brief sentences should make this clear; and, as the time has come when the plain, simple truth, and open, outspoken utterances of that truth can alone save the country from still greater calamities in the future, we propose to call things by their right names, and to state the facts involved without regard to individuals

or parties. This Government was made by "slaveholders," and administered by "slaveholders" until 1860—that is to say, it was made by men who, if they had no direct pecuniary interest in the services of negroes, recognized this negro element as in domestic subordination outside of our political system, which acted only on the master race.

Most probably all, certainly a majority, of those who actually made the Government were what are called "slaveholders;" and, though Massachusetts, by a judicial decision, had declared that, within her limits, negroes were "free," there was not a man in that State, or in all the United States, that ever dreamed of such a monstrosity as claiming Federal citizenship for the negro. They are a child race, natural minors, with the intellect and wants of the white minor of twelve to fifteen, and all the States and all the people everywhere thus practically regarded them. A notion, borrowed from Europe, that they had the same origin, and, in some absurd and indefinite way, had the same nature, even then prevailed with the "educated" classes, those who read British books, &c., and Washington and Jefferson and others were insincere enough to assent to this nonsense, and their "descendants" are now called upon to pay the penalty of their ignorance and insincerity in these respects.

But practically every one regarded this condition of the negro element as right, and the States having of necessity entire control over the status and relations of their own populations, while the Federal Government acted only on the master race, there was no disturbance, or, indeed, any cause of disturbance, among the American people in regard to this peculiar element of American society.

Such was the American Union—a union of States, composed of white people, and which continued until the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

But European monarchists, naturally hostile to the American system, had long been at work to undermine and ruin it by the "Abolition of slavery" and amalgamation of races on this continent, for instinct, if not reason, taught them that the whites, Indians and negroes of America amalgamated together in the same system, of course the natural equality of white men would be ignored and broken down, and Democratic institutions rendered impracticable. Thus agents were sent among us, societies formed, tracts issued, &c., and State after State followed Massachusetts, and declared their negroes free, and part and parcel of the State citizenship. Still the Federal Government remained pure and untainted with this hideous leprosy of mongrelism, and there being but a handful of negroes in the North, the people did not see or feel the evil, though the terrible *fact* disclosed by the census returns, that negroes died out, should have taught honest and humane men the stupendous crime committed. Here, then, in 1860, were two classes of States, those of the South standing where all stood, save one, in 1798, and those of the North, who had undergone the most tremendous change that the mind can conceive of, from white or homogeneous to mongrel governments, but having but a handful of negroes in their midst, this tremendous revolution was not seen or understood.

It should be a self-evident truth that negroes being subordinate by nature, should be protected in a subordinate condition, but here was the tremendous *fact* revealed by the census, that they perished in Massachusetts and increased in South Carolina, &c., and *therefore* the southern States were right and the northern States *necessarily wrong* on this subject. An Almighty and beneficent Creator has of course designed that all His creatures should increase and multiply their kind, and as the census shows that the negroes of the South increased quite as fast as the white people did, and those of the North died out at the rate of five per cent., it is absolutely and unavoidably certain that so-called slavery is in accord with the will of the Creator, and so-called freedom an impious and tremendous crime.

But it is more ; it is social suicide, for human society cannot exist an hour on such terms, and if Massachusetts had as many negroes as whites, and some outside power kept the peace, it would needs be only a question of time when all must necessarily perish from the earth.

The combination of the northern States and the election of Lincoln, and change of the Federal Government from a homogeneous to a mongrel government, was therefore not alone the most tremendous revolution ever known or ever attempted in human affairs, but it involved the utter and irreparable destruction of southern society. What should they do to save themselves and their children from a fate so horrible, that rather than be doomed to it, it were better the earth opened and swallowed up the entire southern people? They should have explained their condition and exploded the monstrous delusion years before. The writers of the South, and indeed the Democratic writers of the North, should have said, "American society is right—there is no slavery in the case ; domestic subordination of this child-race, this inferior negro element, is not only humane, just and beneficent for it, but as it serves to prevent those unnatural distinctions of class common to the old world, it is for the white masses the greatest blessing that Providence ever conferred on any people."

Furthermore, they should have said, "Abolition of the distinctions of nature, or so called 'freedom,' is the most transcendent crime ever attempted by mortals, the proof of which is daily presented by the census returns, for it kills the negro, and in the nature of things must be equally destructive to the whites."

But though a hundredth part of the effort made to propagate this infamous and damnable madness would have exploded it forever, nothing was done, and therefore when it got possession of the Federal Government, the people of the South were forced into a very terrible position, for though it finally involved the whole people, those of the South were directly perilled. They seceded, withdrew, sought to separate from the northern States, an instinctive and natural movement, it is true, but an irrational and fatal one. 1st, because half of the northern people voted with them against mongrelizing the Federal Government ; 2nd, because the geography of the States forbade such a thing ; and 3d, because secession, if successful, was no cure for the disease, and would leave the southern States and southern society

more exposed than ever to the great delusion of the century.

But worse than all beside, while they preserved the American system in all its original purity, the Confederate leaders called themselves revolutionists, and actually admitted that Lincoln was defending the American Union.

If Mr. Davis had claimed to be the head of the American Government, and retaining its symbols, had asked the northern people to accept him as such, and issued a proclamation denouncing Abraham Lincoln as a social outlaw who was striving to transform the Federal Union into a mongrel nation, like Mexico, &c., then he would have truly expressed the principles involved in this contest. But he simply represented an attempted separation, not of States or of principles, but of an imaginary geographical line, and as that has failed, the "Lost Cause" is no cause at all, and cannot even leave a memory behind. This fatal issue has left the whole South defeated and helpless at the feet of the monstrous delusion of the century, and the simple but awful question now is, shall we restore the Federal Union of 1860, or shall we degenerate into a mongrel nation, and collapse into social anarchy and final dissolution? It is well for southern men to strew with flowers the graves of Confederate dead, and to cherish the glories of chivalry, but if, when they do this, they permit abolition to do its work, and negroes to become a part of the general citizenship, all must needs be lost for us as well as themselves.

If southern men, with their heads in the clouds, continue to perplex themselves with abstractions and dreams of an imaginary lost cause, and do not see and will not grapple with the terrible *facts* that environ them, then, however brave and chivalrous the men, or pious and devoted the women through those awful four years of blood and suffering, the memories and very traditions of these things will perish from the moral world as certainly as the Confederacy has from the material. But the cause of the South is not lost; it is the cause of the North, of republican institutions, of American civilization, and however fearfully perilled at this moment, it will finally triumph in the end. We are too young and vigorous a people to perish utterly from this monstrous Abolition malady, and as youths often outgrow the most fatal diseases, and reach a vigorous and well-developed manhood, so, too, will this young nation outlive the revolting and unpronouncable horrors of Abolition. But no compromises, or even Andrew Johnson plasters can save the nation, nothing but the Constitution, in its simplicity and purity, as made by our fathers, and as administered until the advent of Abolition, can save us from social anarchy and disintegration. The States must be restored to their Constitutional equality, and have control over their own populations again, and all that the Abolition traitors have done that does not accord with the Constitution must be blotted out of existence before the country can be restored to health or prosperity again. If the people of any State are so benighted, besotted, and sinful as to "abolish slavery," and strive to amalgamate with the negroes in their midst, they have the constitutional right to do so, but they cannot force their negro citizenship on other States, or on the Federal citizenship. The Federal Government must be a white or homoge

neous government forever, with no more to do with negroes than it has with those of Africa, and thus fixed and understood and accepted by the people everywhere, we may absorb the whole continent without any danger to our institutions, or to American civilization. But, first of all, the public mind must be cured of the hideous lunacy that oppresses it, for however correct our political formulas, so long as the Abolition "idea" dominates the American mind, there can be no peace or safety of American society. The negro is a different and subordinate species of human kind, and *must* be restored to his normal condition, and when this is understood and accepted, then the Union will be restored, and our political system re-established, but never before—*indeed, American society itself is forever impossible save as it always has existed in the South.*

GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

When the late civil war burst upon our country in all its startling reality, two comparatively young men, who had been educated at the Military Academy at West Point, occupied official positions under our city government. The one was Gustavus W. Smith, the other Mansfield Lovell. The former was Street Commissioner, the latter his Deputy. The offices they held were lucrative and honorable, giving them not only a good but a luxurious living. Both were popular, both enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a large circle of influential and respectable people, and there was no position, either civil or military, to which they might not have honorably aspired. Both were southern born, but neither was from States that had seceded, Kentucky and Maryland. They might have joined "the Union army," as it was profanely called, and not have been liable to the charge of having been untrue to their State, according to the southern code.

But what did these gentlemen do? Did they consult the flesh pots of New York? Not at all. They threw aside the emoluments of office, they stamped upon and spurned with contempt the luxuries of a metropolis, and the dazzling offers of a powerful administration, and resolutely cast their lives and fortunes with the persecuted and despised southern States. They turned their backs upon plenty, and sought the hard fare and camp life of the Confederate soldier. Lafayette, leaving the shores of France to stand by the defenders of liberty, could not have been actuated by any *better* or *higher* motives than prompted the action of these men. Whether what they professed to aid were right or wrong, does not alter the *fact* that they sacrificed all their worldly prospects to what they believed to be their duty. And yet, in a case where the self-abnegation must have been so apparent even to their opponents, they have received only abuse and slander. We recollect

to have seen no word written in this city which has done justice to their motives or honor to the noble and disinterested character of their acts. We mean that THE OLD GUARD shall do this tardy justice to gentlemen widely known in our city, and universally respected by all for their high sense of personal honor and their noble devotion "to the right, as God gives them to see the right."

We give in our present issue a steel plate portrait of General Smith, and as a brief sketch of his life may not be amiss, we would state that he was born near Georgetown, Scott county, in the State of Kentucky, on the first day of January, 1822, and is a cousin of John C. Breckenridge. He was appointed a cadet at West Point in 1838, through the influence of Col. Richard M. Johnson, at that time Vice-President of the United States. He graduated with honor in 1842, and was recommended for promotion in the corps of United States Military Engineers. In 1846 he was assigned to duty with the company of engineer soldiers, or "sappers and miners," which company had just been authorized by act of Congress. The captain was Alexander H. Swift, of the corps of Engineers, an officer of great distinction and experience, who had passed two years in the military schools of Europe, acquiring information in regard to practical engineering, there being no engineer soldiers in the United States previous to that time. Capt. Swift was taken sick soon after his command reached Mexico, had to return to the United States, and died in New Orleans the day after his arrival there. This left the command in the hands of G. W. Smith, then senior lieutenant.

It was in this capacity that Gustavus W Smith, at the age of twenty-five, won for himself the reputation of being one of the best officers in the American army. The records of Congress, in regard to the war with Mexico, abound in notices of the gallantry and skill of the young commander. At the siege of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco and Chepultepec, and at the attack on the San Cosmo Garita, and in the bloody street fighting withing the city, the name of G. W. Smith is conspicuously mentioned in the official dispatches of General Scott, and by Generals Worth, Twiggs, and others.

He was three times breveted for skill, gallantry, and distinguished conduct upon the field of battle—at Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco, and at the city of Mexico. General Scott often bore testimony to his high character and professional ability. In an official letter, he said :—"In conclusion, I will add, that I have never known a young officer so often or so highly distinguished as Captain Smith was during the war with Mexico."

After the Mexican war Capt. Smith served for several years as principal assistant professor of engineering and the art of war, in the United States Military Academy. He was stationed at West Point on this duty at the time he resigned from the army, in December, 1854. He came to the city of New York in October, 1856, and was engaged soon after as Chief Engineer of the Trenton Iron Company. He held various other important and responsible positions, and was associated in business relations with men of the highest position and standing in this community. In 1858, under the ad-

ministration of Daniel F. Tiemann, he became connected with the city government, and took charge of the Street Department in November of that year As Street Commissioner of this city he showed himself as competent to discharge the duties of a civil executive and administrative officer, as he had previously done as a soldier and engineer. When the administration of Mr. Lincoln made war on the southern States, Capt. Smith did not hesitate for a moment, but promptly resigned his office, went South and offered his services to the Confederate Government. He was made Major-General by President Davis, and appointed to the command of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Beauregard commanding the First Corps, Gen. Jos. E. Johnston being in command of the army. After Gen. Beauregard joined Gen. Sidney Johnston in Tennessee, Gen. Smith was the second officer in rank in the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, until Johnston was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, when he succeeded to the chief command. Within twenty-four hours Gen. Lee was appointed as its regular commander. Soon after Gen. Smith was assigned a separate command, embracing North Carolina and the southern coast of Virginia, including Richmond. About this time President Davis seems to have imbibed a strong prejudice against General Smith, and in one day promoted six of his juniors to be Lieutenant-Generals. All this, however, did not damp the ardor, however it might have wounded the sensibilities of General Smith, who continued to devote his constant and earnest attention to his duties.

In 1863, however, Gen. Smith felt that President Davis had become so personally inimical to him that he could no longer retain command under him, except at imminent risk to the vital interests of the Confederate cause. He therefore resigned his position in the army, and was soon after elected President of the Etowah Manufacturing and Mining Company of Georgia. These were extensive iron works, secon in importance only to the Tredegar Works in Richmond. In this capacity he did great service to the Confederacy in producing the materials of war, until the works were burned by General Sherman in 1864. Soon after Gen. Smith was elected Major-General of the militia of the State of Georgia, and continued to serve in that capacity until captured and paroled at Macon, Ga., on the 20th of April, 1865.

The Georgia militia were brought to a very high standard as soldiers in a very short time by Gen. Smith, and during the ten months he commanded them, they did their duty like veterans. This result may well be considered a great military achievement.

In the fall and winter of 1865-'66, Gen. Smith visited New York, and was warmly received by his old friends. His object was to obtain capital to rebuild the iron works at Etowah, but the unsettled condition of the country prevented. In the spring of 1866 he accepted the position of general manager of the South Western Iron Company at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he now resides.

Gen. Smith has many elements of character which his friends believe would give him superior rank as a military man, if a favorable opportunity were allowed for their development. He has a remarkable command over men, which arises from a powerful will, combined with a rare sense of justice, while his own devotion to what he believes to be right cannot be shaken by any of the appliances which are now so common in this demoralized age.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—We notice occasionally what purports to be a report of the speech of some southern gentleman, to the effect that they "submitted the question to the decision of arms and lost." This, it strikes us, is both a shallow and an untrue statement of the case. The South did not *submit* the question to the decision of arms, but that decision was *forced* upon it. As we have shown in the leading article of this number, the southern States undertook to resume the exercise of their delegated powers. This was no act of war, but an assertion of right which was held sacred by all the States at the adoption of the Constitution. The Federal Government, backed by the Abolition States, rushed to war and forced the southern people to fight for their lives and their homes. This is the simple truth of the whole matter. They no more *submitted* the issue to the decision of arms than a man submits his property to the decision of arms when he defends himself from the assaults of the midnight thief. If some few southern gentlemen do not learn to talk a little more sensibly on this subject, we advise them to let the ladies of their section do all the talking, for we can say that they, quite universally, appear to comprehend the question properly. The thousands of southern ladies who had their jewelry and wardrobes stolen by the Abolitionists, understand that they never agreed that their right to their spoons and silk dresses should be decided by powder and bayonet. Nothing has been decided by the war except the damning *fact* that the southern people have been inhumanely murdered and plundered by the Abolitionists. We have no softer word to apply to the bloody despotism than *murder* and *theft*, and we use them, not because we delight in such language, but because we mean, God helping us, to do our duty in vindicating the justice of history. It is right that the despot should be called a despot, the thief a thief, and the murderer a murderer.

—President Johnson made an excellent speech in New York to a little party of rich men who called themselves "The Subscribers"—men who were able to give a hundred dollars a piece for a dinner, and who monopolized the President, dragging him off to a private dinner at Delmonico's, when we are sure it would have been much more to his taste to have met the people face to face and declared in their presence the utterances of patriotism and truth. But this would not suit the pleasure of a certain little clan of rich men—for the most part inflated ignoramuses—who were once poorer and raggeder than Lazarus themselves, and having, by hook or by crook, gotten up a little in wealth turn round with scorn upon their former ranks. Andrew Johnson is emphatically a man of the people, and would, we know, have preferred to remain immediately in contact with the people to being locked up in a room with a knot of rich men calling themselves "The Subscribers." A. T. Stewart issued an order to "*The Subscribers*' with more circumstantial pomp, and containing three times more specifications than Lord Nelson's last telegraph to the navy of England at Trafalgar, or than Napoleon's order to his army at the foot of the pyramids of Egypt. The city authorities of New York were nowhere—the President was snatched up by "The Subscribers." If modesty isn't a jewel, it ought to be. If doubted, ask "The Subscribers."

— A Republican paper boasts that "neither the President nor the Copperheads have any remedy against the decision of Congress not to admit the southerners to seats." What we say is, that if they have no remedy against such a usurpation, it is because they have not the pluck of brave men to assert their rights. This usurpation, if acquiesced in, ends the republic. If Congress can reject those who are disagreeable to the majority, and expel whom they please, then it will become a *self-created* and a *self-existing* body. For this monstrous wrong there is a remedy. The southern States have the

same rights there that the northern have. Every conservative member, North and South, has as good right there as the radicals, and they should take their seats, and "fight it out on that line." It will be the President's duty to see that the laws are enforced. It will not take long to legally squelch the Stevens and Sumner insurgents if they attempt to forcibly eject members from their seats. In our opinion this is the duty of the conservatives. The southern and northern conservatives are a majority of even the present Congress, if legally organized. We say let them go there, and together refuse to be put down by the "radical" revolutionists. The scuffle would be brief, and would end right. It will be the President's duty and his pleasure, we doubt not, to recognize the legal majority as the *Congress*. As now organized, it is not a legal body.

—The Lancaster *Intelligencer* says that "Forney, like every other dog, has had his day." And it has been permitted to be a good deal longer than the day of most rabid dogs.

—Dr. Nightingale, who has recently become the editor and proprietor of the Hunterdon County *Democrat* (N. J.), says the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 form the only basis of Union that guarantees the sovereignty of the States and the freedom of the people. That sounds like good old-fashioned Democratic journalism. It is refreshing, after the years of journalistic apostacy to Jeffersonian Democracy, to hear, now and then, the bugle-notes of the fathers of American liberty. When Democratic editors all return to the bold and manly advocacy of Democratic principles, there will be a speedy end of the reign of negro-radicalism.

—The Dayton *Daily Empire*, in reply to censures of Vallandigham for withdrawing from the Philadelphia Convention, says: "Mr. Vallandigham distinctly declares his withdrawal was against his own deliberate convictions of right and duty, and done in deference to the almost unanimous opinion and desire of friends." We will add that we know this to be so, although we took no part either in or outside of the Convention. It was enough for us to see the Convention run, to a great extent, by Raymond, who has in every instance voted with the "radicals" in opposition to the President's policy. If somebody was not to be cheated, we knew that "the little villain" had mistaken his occasion. But it was a laughable sight to see Mr. Vallandigham, who had honestly supported the President, withdrawing at the dictation of the demagouge who had so uniformly cast his vote against the President in Congress. We suppose that even, Mr. Vallandigham's enemies, admit that he is an honest supporter of President Johnson in his fight with the radicals, but not even Raymond's friends imagine him to do so. Of the two, Raymond was the man who should have withdrawn.

—We are accused of discouraging the men of the present time. Our fault is in comparing the present generation with the generation of our fathers. What a frightful contrast! Think of the time when the United States was led by such men as Jefferson and Madison, and look at it now, as led by such men as Sumner and Stevens! We are only reminded of the bitter words of Horace:

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Our fathers bore an impious race;
And we shall have more wicked sons;
Impiety still gathers in its course;
The present times are bad, the future will be worse.

—The New York *World*, in criticising Pollard's "Lost Cause," says:

"Nor does Mr. Pollard understand why the Southern Confederacy failed. It failed because nearly one half of its inhabitants were to be directly benefited by its failure."

There are two mistakes in this brief sentence.

1. The negroes were not politically, or in a civil sense "inhabitants."

2. They have not been benefited by the "failure," but immeasurably injured by it. But the editor of the *World* was one of the malignant type of Abolitionists, and he is full of the ignorance and foolishness of that class. In pretending to edit a Democratic paper, he makes a piece of patchwork which is ridiculous enough from the absurd blending of all manner of unsuitable colors. Nothing saves the paper from utter contempt, except the clever leaders written by Mr.

Chamberlain. But though a writer of unquestioned ability, he never claimed to be a Democrat.

—A Republican paper thus speaks of Gen. Dix:

"He is a miserable demagogue, who can only live in the shadow of greater and worse men. He is nothing in himself. A lie is as good as the truth for him to stand on."

Gen. Dix has, for five years, been keeping company with these wretches and uniting with them in abusing true Democrats as they now abuse him. The same epithets which they heaped upon the editor of THE OLD GUARD, they now pile upon President Johnson, Senators Doolittle, Cowan, and even poor old Thurlow Weed. But Weed probably deserves all the abuse which the wrath of all mankind could heap upon him.

—A correspondent from Dayton, Ohio, writes to the *Freeman's Journal* as follows;

"On the 15th and 16th of March last, forty to fifty children, principally of Irish Catholic parentage, were sold in Piqua, Miami County, at a public place to the 'highest bidder.' The bidders were rather scarce, and so Rev. F. Donahue bought five of them. I have learned this day, that seventy children were similarly disposed of in Hudson, Michigan, a little distance (about thirty miles) from Toledo. In Middletown, twenty-three miles from here, some time ago, another crowd of Irish children were offered for sale in the Methodist Church. Father Bulger can tell all about it. Out West, from being in Illinois, dollars were rather scarce, and the 'white-slave dealer' traded them for oxen and other stock. I have positive ocular proof for this. The great depot whence all these children are furnished is New York City. What a howl would be raised all over the country if these children were only blacks! They, however, 'were Irish!' and the wail of the mothers cannot reach the ear of the Irish Catholic merchant princes of New York!"

The same set of villains who have ruined our country to free the negroes, it seems are extensively engaged in kidnapping Irish Catholic children, and selling them to those who will generally bring them up to the fiery Puritan's hatred of the religion of their fathers, for the Puritans' religion is hatred of everything and everybody, not Puritanic. One of the peculiarities of Puritanism is, that its god is a devil, and its worship a ritual of blood and murder. It is a propagandism of cruelty and death.

—A Democratic exchange says of the Philadelphia Convention: "Its real purpose was, in spite of disclaimer, to break up the Democratic party." Well, if that should be the only effect of the Convention, we shall not be so unhappy—for, as now organized, there is little dependence upon the Democratic party. It is, to a great extent, in the hands of men who are either faithless or incompetent. A majority of the so-called leaders have their hands dripping with the blood of their countrymen, and their pockets stuffed out with the spoils of their inhuman plunder. Our only faith is in Democracy; but the shattered and demoralized party organization is in just about as bad a way as the Union under the control of the "Radicals." The party having been for six years a sort of tender to the Abolition engine, is is in sad need of reconstruction.

—We are asked, by some of the intolerants, if we "approve of the cruelties inflicted by the South upon the northern prisoners of war?" We do not approve of the abominable lies which the abominable Abolitionists have suborned witnesses to swear to on that subject. The official documents show that during the war 261,000 prisoners were taken by the South—of which 22,500 died. The North took 200,000—of which 26,500 died. That is, two prisoners out of twenty-three died in southern pens, while two out of fifteen died in northern pens. That fact sufficiently answers the incomprehensible lies of the Abolition press. The truth is, that the Abolitionists have made a record of theft and barbarity which they would be glad to lie off of their own shoulders.

—A Boston critic tells us that "the English language excels almost every other for true poetry." We are astonished at his modesty. Why did he not say the language of Boston?—for the Bostonsans believe that pure English is written and spoken nowhere but in Boston. But we are compelled to doubt the poetical merits of the English language. It is not a language of real harmony. But in this respect, it is at fault in company with nearly all living languages. The Greek and Latin alone can lay claim to true harmony. These languages alone seem to possess a versification of genuine measure—that is, a certain rythmus, or mixture of dactyls and spondees, and what may be justly called quantity in syllables. In this respect the Greek and Latin tongues have, we believe

no equals among modern languages. The language of Tuscany, which has been called "the eldest daughter of the Latin," is perhaps nearest to these ancient standards. But we beg pardon of Boston.

—To the gifted lady from Baltimore, who asks our opinion of the Philadelphia "Address," we reply that it appears to us like the statue of Nebuchadnezzar, one half gold and the other half dirt.

—Because a western editor speaks of Wilkes Booth as a "hero and a patriot," a Republican editor flies into horrors of horrors, and declares that never before since the history of man, was a wretch found to praise an assassin." Read, O, stupid! the instructions of Jehovah to His people in the Old Testament, and learn how tyrants were to be treated. How many years has the name of Brutus been synonymous with patriotism and virtue? When Henry IV. was assassinated, one of the first men of France wrote an apology for John Chatel, the assassin, in which he said, "This parracide is a virtuous, generous and heroic act, comparable to the greatest, either in profane or sacred history, and none but an atheist will doubt it." Among many ancient nations those who dispatched usurpers and tyrants were worshipped as gods. Others had a law that whosoever killed a bad king should be king himself. If our Republican editor knew a little of history, he would write less nonsense. There is a famous old work on this subject—*Junius Brutus Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*—which, however, we are not aware of having been translated into English. But there is a work in English entitled "*The Soverigne Power of Parliaments and Kingdomes*," published at London in 1643, which is full of matter touching the just fate of tyrants and usurpers.

—A furious "Radical" asks "what has the scholastic traitor who edits THE OLD GUARD to say to the noble utterances of the patriot Governor Brownlow?" We have simply to say—*Le pauvre diable*, if it be proper to call a miserable scoundrel who received a hundred thousand dollars as the price of apostacy, a *poor* devil.

—Among the heresies and disloyalties of which we are accused by fanatics and ignoramuses is this one, that we "attempt to disparage the learned Grotius." We have not disparaged his *learning* but his *blunders*. In one place he gravely tells us that the general conflagration of the world is foretold in *Hystaspes and the Sybilline Oracles*, and to their testimony he adds that of Ovid and Lucan. He quotes Lycophron to prove the history of Jonas. See his Treatise on the Christian Religion, book 1, chapter xxii. As a writer on laws, he is sometimes equally as fanciful and unsound. To the admirers of Grotius we commend his harangue to Anne of Austria, on the subject of her pregnancy, where he tells her that the dolphins, when they frisk on the water, announce an approaching calm, and, for the same reason, the Dauphin that leaped in her womb prognosticated a cessation of the troubles of the kingdom. This was a Latin pun, as the word *Dauphin* means both a fish and the title of a prince. Such an author was *Grotius*. Puffendorf is sounder and heavier. But neither should be read except as a penance for venial sin. If in the shades below such wretches as Stanton should be doomed to read these authors to all eternity, we could understand that they are not without their mission of usefulness.

—The *Tribune*, in estimating the chances of its party this fall, makes the following true remark:

"Last fall we polled rather more than our actual majority, because the Democratic managers undertook to plow with strange heifers, and so disgusted the rank and file of their party that thousands of them utterly refused to vote. The disgust and disaffection will probably be greater this year. The New York Democracy are rather hard on the bit; and it will take some time to reconcile them to the leadership of Weed, Raymond, and the ringer of the 'little bell.'"

—The negro wench to whom Ben. Butler wrote a letter, beginning "Dear Madam," has written "the beast" another letter. Of course, "the beast" will favor the wench with another *billet-deaux*. What a scene for a picture! An Apollo who has just killed Hyacinthus—a Cupid looking at Psyche in a swoon—a Venus by the side of a dying Adonis—are subjects for fine paintings, but not equal to the scene of affection between Ben. Butler and Dinah. Here is a chance for such *lights* and *shades* as would ravish the pencil of an artist.

GEN J.E.B. STUART

THE OLD GUARD.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV —NOVEMBER, 1866.—No. XI.

DEMAGOGUEISM AS AN ELEMENT OF GOVERNMENT.

To-day by bribes debauched, the encroaching throne,
Makes patriots sell the people to the crown;
Long rolls of Senators submit to pay,
And pensioned parliaments the country's trust betray.
—[*De Foe's Jure Divino.*

No greater curse can befall any nation than to have large numbers of citizens following politics for a *profession* rather than for a *principle.* Among such men, patriotism is unknown. The venal wretches soon learn to sell themselves to whatever party can offer the highest bribes of office or money. They are in the market to betray their party, to overthrow a constitution, or to assassinate a people's liberties, just as the brigands of Italy, in 1498, were to do any private murder in the pay and interest of Cæsar Borgia.

When the smoke is all lifted from the late inglorious battle-fields of this now wretched and dishonored country, the impartial historian will trace the bloody trail of the war up to this exhaustless fountain, *the venality, the faithlessness, and the treachery to established principle of our public men.*

Before the accidental accession of the Negro-Republican party to power, it embraced but a mere, despised faction of the American people. And its principles were in a more despicable minority than its voters. Not two in ten of the people endorsed these principles. Even the—among virtuous people—ever-to-be-unlamented Lincoln, was obliged to sit, or stand, or walk about, with a string of lies pendent from his mouth, in order to save his whole system of revolution from miscarrying. Congress was obliged to pass resolutions endorsing principles which it was secretly determined to overthrow. The war was officially declared to be *for* an object which every man, not a fool, must have known it would destroy. All the measures which have since been pushed forward into miscalled *laws*, were started in

fraud, and had to be covered up with chaff during the whole period of their inception.

How has it come to pass that principles so unpopular, and measures so abhorrent to the whole genius and history of our government, have been worked up into an apparent triumph, while doctrines and opinions which hail from the foundation of the republic are hissed and tabooed? How do we explain this, just now, painfully blatant fact? We cannot be so senseless as to affirm that principles have really changed; that the essential elements of political truth have expanded into shadows, or cropped out into political lies. Principles which were inherently sacred in the days of Jefferson cannot be intrinsically profane at the present time. Doctrines which were unanimously refused admission into the Constitution by its framers, in 1787, cannot be legally admitted under that Constitution in 1866.

These propositions will not be contradicted. We must seek, therefore, for the great change, not in the elements of *polity*, but in the dereliction of those who administered it. We shall find it in the apostacy of public men. Statesmanship and politics have run into the market-place, and are doing the business of venders and huxters, where both men and principles are bought and sold. The greatest traffic now done "on 'Change" is in the political Wall street of the United States. Here we behold the largest exhibition of bulls and bears, and all other sorts of venal speculators, from the millionaire capitalist down to the pennyless curb-stone brokers. They are all here, buying and selling their country

This is the way principles once sacred are now thrown down and trampled under foot. There is a passage in Demosthene's Tenth Oration against Phillip, descriptive of the fallen condition of Athens, which is quite applicable to the United States at the present time:

"And now, what is the cause of all this? (for there must be some cause, some good reason to be assigned, why the Greeks were once so jealous of their liberty, and are now so ready to submit to tyranny.) It is this Athenians! Formerly mens' minds were animated with that which they now feel no longer, which conquered all the opulence of Persia, maintained the freedom of Greece, and triumphed over the powers of sea and land; but now that it is lost, universal ruin and confusion overspread the face of Greece. What is this? Nothing subtle or mysterious; nothing more than a unanimous abhorrence of all those who accepted bribes from princes, prompted by the ambition of subduing, or the base attempt of corrupting Greece. To be guilty of such practices was accounted a crime of the blackest kind, a crime which called for all the severity of public justice; no petitioning for mercy; no pardon was allowed. So that neither orators nor generals could sell those favorable conjunctures with which fortune oftentimes assists the supine, vigilant, and renders men utterly regardless of their interests superior to those who exert their utmost efforts. Nor were mutual confidence among ourselves, distrust of tyrants, and such like noble principles, subject to the power of gold. But now are all these exposed to sale as in a public mart; and in exchange such things have been introduced as have affected the safety, the very vitals of Greece. What are these? Everywhere a man hath received a bribe; laughter, if he confesses it; pardon, if he be convicted; resentment at his being accused; and all the other appendages of corruption. All the old principles have lost their force, all their efficacy, all their virtue, by means of these traffickers."

The ruin that fell upon Athens from this cause, has fallen upon us. It re-

mains to be seen whether there is virtue and courage left in the land to save our country from the melancholy fate of the Athenians.

Phillip of Macedon was the enemy of Athens. By place and gold he bribed certain leading men of the Athenians to betray their country. What Phillip was to Greece, the Negro-Republican party is to the principles of self-government and liberty in the United States. Their policy of bribing the leading men of the opposition to their revolutionary designs, with place or money, has been, alas! too successful. This, indeed, is the sole secret of all their triumphs. To their successful traffic with the demagogues of the Democratic side, they owe their victories, whether on the field of battle or in the arena of politics. There was not a single principle underlying the Federal call to arms, nor one which is now claimed to be the conclusive result of the war, which is not a violation of every principle of the Democratic party, and at variance with every one of its public professions, made during the seventy-three years of its existence, from the establishment of the Constitution in 1787 to 1860. Lucifer did not fall from heaven more suddenly than the Democratic party fell into the vile embraces of the Negro-Republican party.

We now propose to give some extracts from speeches of leading Democrats, (which were without dissent, endorsed by the whole party in the North at the time they were made,) which will show how suddenly, how almost miraculously the leaders of the party changed front after the commencement of the war.

After the southern States had withdrawn from the Union and when the Negro-Republican party were preparing to make war upon them, the Democratic party of New York held a State Convention at Syracuse, in which the contemplated coercion of States with Federal arms was denounced in words as bitter and defiant as any contained in the English language. The Hon. Lyman Tremaine made a powerful speech, of more than an hour's length, in which he set forth "the wrongs and persecutions of the South," and the "criminal designs of the Abolitionists," with such force as to make the flesh creep upon the bones of his hearers. He not only worked himself into a tempest, but he lashed his audience into a ferment of wrath against the very idea of the Republican proposition "to coerce sovereign States by Federal arms." What was the response of the Convention to the following language of Mr. Tremaine's speech:

"What has old Virginia done—the old patriotic commonwealth which has in all past time done so much to cement and strengthen the American Union? While with one hand she is holding out the olive branch, imploring the President and people to take no action that would precipitate hostilities, she at the same time has resolved, with great unanimity, that an attempt by coercion and force to bring the power of the Federal Government against these seceding States, will be resisted by all the power of old Virginia. [Loud applause."]

Yes, *loud applause* that old Virginia *would "resist"* any attempt on the part of the Federal Government to coerce the seceding States. Such was the temper of the Democracy of New York even after the bugle note of the negro war was sounded. Not that the Democratic party of that State was in favor of disunion, but it was opposed

to the war on the ground that it was illegal and unjust, and on the ground that a war-preserved confederation would not be a Union, but a despotism.

Again, said Mr. Tremaine:

"In my judgment, secession can be sustained only as any other revolution can be, for causes sufficient to warrant the people in throwing off the Government, a right reserved under the Constitution, and existing inherently in the people, obtained not from Government, but from the Almighty Ruler of the world. [Loud cheers."]

Loud cheers again at the declaration of the right of the southern States to self-government, in any way best suited to their own sovereign will.

After giving a history of northern aggressions upon the constitutional rights of the southern people, which would justify those State a thousand times in resuming their delegated powers, this determined leader of the Democracy said:

"These are considerations which should be borne in mind when we are required to pass upon the question, whether we should now, in the heat of contest, draw the sword and load the cannon, and point the bayonet, to crush out our southern friends for their action on this subject. [Loud applause.]

* * * * * * *

"For one, gentlemen, I desire to say, that if the cities of our beloved country are to be sacked, if our flourishing towns and villages are to be laid waste by cruel, desolating, civil war; if the feet of soldiers are to be permitted to tread upon the smiling, fertile fields and plantations of this land; if the soil of this glorious Republic is to be crimsoned with the blood of those united to us by all the ties that bind men together; if the sweet notes of peace and the busy hum of industry must give way to the hoarse sounds of war, to the groans of the wounded and dying, and to the wailing and lamentation of widows and orphans, made such by the cruel havoc of bloody war, I would have no responsibility for this state of things resting on my shoulders, on yours, or on those we have the honor to represent. [Loud and long continued cheers.] And I think I am speaking for the unterrified, brave, conservative citizens of this State when I say, we have not only no responsibility in this, but we give native now that that war will be waged in spite of our opposition, and against our endeavors. [Renewed cheers.] * * * It is enough that now I am prepared to take the responsibility of saying I am resolved to resist it here and to resist it everywhere. 'And if that be treason, make the most of it.' [Prolonged applause.] * * * If, I repeat, we have reached that point in our history, even then I would say, spare the blood of my brethren; let us part in peace; and no part of this responsibility shall rest upon us. [Applause."]

Such were the sentiments which were applauded to the echo by the Democracy of the State of New York, in official convention, even after the passage of the acts of resumption of delegated powers by the southern States. Such was, in truth, the sentiment of the whole Democracy at that time. Now, how long was it after this convention before the Democratic party of the State of New York had both its hands dripping with the blood of its country, in the service of Abolitionism? We are ashamed to answer the question! The honest masses of the party never gave their adhesion to the war for a moment, but the leaders were all bribed or frightened into its support. It was only a short time after this thundering speech of Mr. Tremaine that he was equally noisy on the other side of the question. In the violence of his language, he even outdid Phillips and Thad. Stevens. In another short time he was elected the Negro-Republican Attorney-General of the State of New York; and has been, and is now, the most violent and inde-

cent of the "Radicals" in this State. Whether the pay for his apostacy was all in office, or part in money, we have no means of knowing; but this we do know, that it is not within the powers of the human mind, in a sane condition, to honestly attach itself to two such contradictory sides in so astonishingly short a space of time.

The late Daniel S. Dickinson was another remarkable instance of political apostacy and demagogueism. His record is well known. In the winter just before the war, when the Abolition hosts were preparing to muster, Mr. Dickinson, in a public speech, said:

"I know that there are those among us who say that the South do not intend to secede; they say that this is an unnecessary alarm; they say they can be coerced and driven back in their position. All that is necessary is firmness. But the South have seen for years these little rivulets of opposition forming upon the hills and forcing down through the gorges, until they form the black and bitter waters of one great sea of Abolition, which threatens to overwhelm and ingulf them.

"Let those who believe that this evil can be averted, and that the Union can be preserved by force, attempt that method; but let good men, every true patriot, set to work to correc the public sentiment of the North. The public sentiment of the South has been goaded and irritated until it has arrived, in a good degree, at a point of desperation, The South cares little about the mere election of Mr. Lincoln; they view it as the development of a public sentiment, as a last and final evidence of the sentiment of the free States."

But the very next thing we heard of Mr. Dickinson was, that he had more than gone round to the other side—he had become the leader of a fresh war-cry for the blood of the southern people, because they affirmed the very principles which he himself was just before teaching. The next thing we heard of Mr Dickinson, he was running on the negro ticket for Attorney-General of the State.

There is, in this very locality, another, less notable, but not less infamous instance of apostacy, in the case of the Hon. John Cochrane, who went to Richmond just before the war, and, in a public speech, declared that no Yankee regiment should ever pass alive through New York on its way to invade the South.

At a regular meeting of the Mozart Democratic Committee of the city of New York, on April 4, 1861, at which Mr. Cochrane presided, the following resolution was passed, receiving his vote:

"*Resolved*, That the rapid developments of the last five months have rendered the existence of the Southern Confederacy an historical fact, that excepting by the free, spontaneous act of the separate members composing it, its independentt nationality can only be interf red with by violence; and that we are opposed to every form of menace, restraint or coercion, under whatsoever pretext of enforcing law, collecting revenue, or retaking property, which may lead to conflict with the seceded States."

The ink with which this resolution was written was hardly dry before the "honorable" gentleman had the whole city posted over with posters, calling for recruits to a new regiment, which he was raising for the war, to be commanded by himself. This regiment he lead into the war, notwithstanding he had just solemnly and publicly resolved that, "*We are opposed to every form of menace, restraint, or coercion under whatsoever pretext.*" From a Colonel he became a General; but his military career was so marked a failure that he

resigned, and came back to New York to be also made the Negro-Republican Attorney-General of the State He is now one of the redest of the Radicals.

We give these examples of Democratic apostacy in the State of New York, which may be taken as illustrations of what took place, more or less, in every other State. Ben. Butler run himself for Governor on the Breckinridge ticket, and took such extraordinarily extreme southern ground as to disgust every southern gentleman who happened to listen to his harrangues. In a speech in Washington he advised the southern people to prepare for war. Andrew Johnson was in the audience, and when interrogated as to what he thought of the speech, he replied: "By G--d, sir, I don't like a man to be more for me than I am for myself."

In this list of demagogues, who advocate one set of opinions to-day and another to morrow, if the wind changes, we must place the name of the late Edward Everett. In 1861 he declared, in a letter read in Faneuil Hall, Boston:

"The foundations of our Government are shaking, and unless the destruction is stayed, we shall soon see our people shedding fraternal blood in civil war. Fellow-citizens of Massachusetts, I declare that the State of Massachusetts has violated the national compact by laws now on her statute-book, which conflict with the Constitution of the United States."

In this, he correctly threw the responsibility of the approaching conflict upon the North; but, after the conflict had come, changed his ground, and declared in a public speech:

"The history of the world does not furnish another such monstrous usurpation. It was not caused by the election of Lincoln. * * * The slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and rallying the South. * * * The disunionists would not wait for overt acts, because they knew none could or would be committed."

What ware the "laws of Massachusetts" which he had the year previous declared "violated the national compact," and which were intended to rob the southern people of their constitutional property—what were these but "overt acts" against the South! Such legislative acts, as Mr. Everett declared were on the statute books of Massachusetts were *overt acts* in themselves; and, both in that and in other northern States had led to violent armed resistence of the laws protecting southern property. After this manly confession in 1861, how could Mr. Everet, the next year, without blush, say that the South knew no overt act would be committed? The whole course of the Abolition States had been, for years, *overt acts* against the Federal compact and the vested rights of the southern people.

But, on February 2, 1861, Mr. Everett wrote a long letter, deprecating the conduct of the North, in which he said:

"To expect to hold fifteen States in the Union by force is preposterous. The idea of a civil war, accompanied, as it would be, by a servile insurrection, is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. If our sister States must leave us, in the name of heaven let them go in peace.'

In a few short months after this utterance Mr. Everett was perambulating the country, stirring the people up to the work of *force*, which, in this extract, he declared to be "preposteous." But let us hear from him again in 1861:

"The suggestion that the Union can be maintained by the numerical predominance and military prowess of on section, exerted to coerce the other into submission, is, in my judgment, as self-contradictory as it is dangerous. It comes loaded with the death-smell from fields wet with brothers' blood. If the vital principle of all republican government 'is the consent of the governed,' much more does a union of co-equal sovereign States require, as its basis, the harmony of its members, and their voluntary co-operation in its organic functions."

Here Mr. Everett truly states the character of our government; but in a brief time afterwards, we find him at work, with words of malice and cruelty, urging on a strife which, according to his own provings, could only result in overthrowing "the vital principle of Republican Government." Is there a single prominent northern man who took a leading part in the war upon whom may not be charged the same inconsistency and demagogueism?

The editor of this magazine can quote even Mr. Seward to sustain his whole course of opposition to the war. Speaking for Mr. Lincoln and himself, in a cabinet letter, addressed to Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, he wrote:

"The President is not disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of the South, namely, that the Federal Government cannot reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest, even though we were disposed to question that proposition. But, in fact, the President willingly accepts it as true. Only an imperial, or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the State. This Federal Republican system of ours is, of all forms of government, the very one which is most unfitted for such a labor."

This is the doctrine of THE OLD GUARD. It was Mr. Seward's doctrine only a few months before he sat in the chair of the Secretary of State, ringing his "little bell," ordering law-abiding citizens to be plunged into military bastiles on his right hand and left, and helping to work the bloody machinery of a war which he had just before affirmed the Federal Government had no right to make. Did space allow, we could quote language equally strong against the right of the Federal Government to carry on war upon States for any cause whatever, from Chase, and Wilson, and Wade, and from all the rest of the leading politicians of both political parties. Stanton advised the southern senators to withdraw, and force the Abolitionists to abandon their plans by arousing the northern people against them. The deeds of his infamy we will not attempt to describe. Holt, the abandoned wretch, who wanted to get the whole South murdered, and who suborned scoundrels to swear away the lives of innocent men and women—he, too, believed and urged the right of secession.

And what are the antecedents of the few southern men who now go with the Negro-Republicans of the North? Who is Governor Holden, of North Carolina? Is he a statesman or a demagogue? The following is one of his utterances, on the 13th of September, 1856:

"If there be a Fremont man among us, let him be silenced, or required to leave. The expression of Black Republican opinions in our midst, is incompatible with our honor and dignity as a people. If at all necessary, we shall refer to this matter again. Let all our schools and seminaries of learning be scrutinized; and if Black Republicans be found in them, let them be turned out. That man is neither a fit nor a safe instructor of

our young men who can even incline to Fremont and Black Republicanism."

Hear him again on the 20th June, 1861 :

"The people of North Carolina are at war with Lincoln, a military despot, for the protection and maintenance of those rights. We shall and will resist him with all the force and all the means God has given us."

No man in the South was fiercer for the war than he—not one more furiously denunciatory of the Black Republican party. But now he wants these northern Radicals to hold the South in eternal subjection. April 27, 1865, he wrote :

"Our secession rulers would have subjugation, and now let them take the consequences."

Take the consequences of that which he, as much as any man, had urged them to do !

Who is Governor Hamilton, familiarly called Jack Hamilton—who is he ? Is he a man of honor ; a man to command the respect of any people who respect themselves ? His inhumanity to negroes seems to be a part of his somewhat notorious record. His life has been spent in the most violent opposition to the principles he now adopts. In 1856, he presided at a public meeting in Texas, when the following resolutions were unanimously passed :

"*Whereas*, We have learned with sincere pleasure of the prompt and merited castigation inflicted by the Hon. Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, upon the person of Senator Sumner ; therefore,

Resolved, That the Hon. Preston S. Brooks is entitled to the earnest thanks of the whole South for the energy and hearty good will with which he struck down her infamous enemy, on the very spot where the honorable ruffian poured forth, for four consecutive hours, unmerited abuse of her institutions and favorite sons.

Resolved, That in testimony of our appreciation of the patriotic conduct of Colonel Brooks, we will present to him a cane, made of the toughest wood which grows on the soil of Texas, and which, therefore, with manifest propriety, should be applied with the full force of a stout southern arm upon the backs of our hypocritical and slanderous enemies."

We quote these resolutions for the purpose of showing that Mr. Hamilton, in all probability, has not the slightest honest sympathy with the opinions of the Radical ruffians whom he now serves. Indeed it appears that the whole party of southern Radicals (to the honor of human nature not large) are such men as every respectable gentleman may well close his door against. Murder and rape appear to be among the slight peccadillos authentically laid to the charge of several of the most noisy of them at least. Who imagines the blasphemous wretch, "Parson Brownlow," to have a single honest thought or impulse in what he is doing ? His whole life is on record against the fanaticism of his expiring days. But, let it not be called *fanaticism !* His violence and extravagance spring not from fanaticism, but from malice and revenge. His is not the madness of an enthusiast, but of a brute. Which one of all the leaders of those who are called "Radicals" is an enthusiast ? Is Thad. Stevens an enthusiast ? Can dirt and slime have *enthusiasm ?* Is Hunter an enthusiast ? Is Holt an enthusiast ? Is Ben. Butler an enthusiast ? No, it is not enthusiasm, it is not delusion that urges these men on. It is the desperation of malice and revenge, spurred on by a brutal instinct of self preservation. Hav-

ing in the first place sold themselves (*sold* is the word) to a cause which they really abhorred, and which they knew to be wrong, they now fight with the fury of pirates to protect at once their plunder and their lives. This is the attitude of all the leaders of the "Rad cals." And it is, more or less, the attitude of a large number of their supporters, who, from the lowest slums of poverty and vulgarity, have been suddenly possessed of *plunder* which is politely called *wealth*. In estimating the kind of conflict which is yet before us in this country, we must weigh all these things. We are contending with men who *dare not* lose power. Do we propose to appeal to the reason of these men? Their reason is not at fault. They know the wrong they are doing better than we can tell them. Do we propose to argue with them? They have often argued the question, just as we do, themselves Among men of intelligence, and of an equal amount of information, there cannot be an *honest* difference of opinion on the great questions now before our country. On all these questions—involving the limited nature of the Federal Government--the sovereignty of the States, and the *inalienable* rights of the citizen-- all the leading Radi als believed and taught, six yea s ago, just as we do to-day. The reason that they teach differently now, is not that they *believe* differently. Has the Hon. Lyman Tremaine ever attempted to show wherein his former principles and arguments are unsound? No; and he never will. No matter how desperately he may fight to retain the office and the plunder which were the rewards of his apostacy, he will never venture upon the task of answering his own former arguments. He can abuse. He can call those who refused to reno nce Democracy, and to follow in the footsteps of his apostacy, "Copperheads," but he cannot answer himself!

Now, then, who are these easy politicians, in blinders, who, with the solemn docility of an ass, advise the Democracy to "wait patiently for the returning reason of the Republicans!"

Democratic editors, Democratic orators, and Democratic conventions, are in the habit of declaring that the Negro-Republican party obtained and keeps its despotic power by illegal force and fraud, and yet--astonishing fatuity!--counsel the people that they must meet *illegal force and fraud* only with *argument!* Do we argue with a highwayman? By all means, if argument will do any good. But, if we know it will not, what then?

President Johnson affirms that the present Congress is a revolutionary and an illegal body, and Democratic editors and Democratic conventions quite unanimously sustain him in that opinion. Well, the fiends and employes of this "*revolutionary and illegal body*" are everywhere proclaiming that it will impeach the President, for refusing to acquiesce in its illegal and revolutionary schemes. This would leave all power in its hands.

Suppose this threat is executed, will the President and the Democracy acquiesce in the impeachment, and quietly give up the liberty of themselves and the people to the merciless grasp of a revolutionary and illegal body? The threatened impeachment of the President by the "Radicals" of Congress, if submitted to by him an the Democracy, would be the end o

the little there is left of the government formed by our fathers. Is it proposed to quietly let the Republic's head be laid upon the Radical block; or, shall we bravely meet the headman's uplifted axe with *argument?*

Wise statesmen are we! Brave defenders of our country's liberty! It is knowingly whispered that the "Radical" Governors have pledged the "revolutionary and illegal" Congress that they will, if required, almost instantaneously furnish it with an army to enforce its decrees, whatever they may be. Is there any security in the character of these Governors that they will not attempt such a thing? Which one of their number is a man of respectable talent, or of high patriotic character? Which one is not a mere blind tool of his faction? It is not for us to advise the President. But if it were, we should, with the characteristic wisdom and pluck of a true "conservative," counsel him to allow himself to be gently soothed, and put to sleep by such worthy patriots as Messrs. Raymond and Stanton, until the threatened cannon of the "Radicals" are booming in his ears, when it will be ample time for him to awake and meet the bristling steel of the "revolutionary and illegal" scoundrels with the crushing thunders of his *arguments!* There are two or three hundred thousand of returned soldiers, and a million or so of other men, who, being naturally fond of debate where the Constitution is the question, would willingly assist him in the "argument" if invited in time. In time! But the President must consider that an *army* cannot be as easily extemporised as a *speech;* that it takes a little more time to find out precisely what Generals can be relied upon than it does to appoint a committee of reception; that the great "commander-in chief" takes care that he is not surprised by a superior force, especially when that superior force is openly threatened!

MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

'Tis the voice of the night, of the soft guitar,
That whispers of love as it wanders afar,
It sounds like the wing of a spirit bird,
And it draws forth a sigh whenever 'tis heard.

It tells of a passionate, beautiful land,
Where, touched by the skill of the minstrel's hand,
Of the balmy nights of old Castile,
When its throbbing notes o'er the senses steal.

And it tells a tale of the magic power
That beauty holds in the evening hour,
When melody floats with enchanting spell,
O'er memories fields we love so well.

And it tells of a burning, melting eye,
Imploringly bent and flashing high,
On the eye of the fair at the minstrel's side,
The theme of his song, and his melodies pride.

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER XIX.

"*No.* 66."

But before we tell the consequences of that murderous blow, we must enter the registry office of the hotel one hour before Mrs. Rasp left her room, and explain why the bed of No. 66 was occupied.

At twelve o'clock, then, just after the wearied clerk had departed for his own room, leaving a solitary watchman in the office, a stranger clad in the uniform of a Confederate Colonel demanded admittance. The watchman admitted this late guest, who entered boldly, carrying no baggage save a small carpet-sack, and saying in a bluff, authoritative tone:

"You close early for a hotel, my friend."

"No one had come in, sir, for over an hour, and the clerk was tired of looking at the wall—"

"Very well; can you give me a room to myself?" demanded the stranger.

"Please enter your name, sir," said the watchman, pointing to the register.

The stranger inscribed, in a bold, free hand, thus:

"Harrison White, Col. C. S. A., 10th Tex."

He was a large and stoutly built man, with a closely trimmed moustache and peaked beard, shaved close on the cheeks, and both hair and beard were inky black. The eye-brows, too, were of the same dark hue, and but narrow, well-defined lines above the clear, brilliant eyes, which the watchman noticed were of a bluish gray, as the light shone upon them.

"Now, then, let me have a room, for I leave in the morning for Atlanta."

"A single-bedded room—well, let me see. I think all are occupied, and indeed all the double-bedded rooms, too," said the watchman, glancing carefully over the book. "We are somewhat crowded, sir, at present, and there is but one gentleman in No. 83—a double-bedded room—a Colonel Hart Seely."

"Colonel Hart Seely!" exclaimed the stranger, with a start. "That would be a joke. "No, I must have a room to myself."

"Ah, you can have No. 66, sir. I see it is vacant."

"Good; show me to No. 66," said the stranger.

The watchman took a candle, lighted it, and conducted the traveler to No. 66.

"Here, where is the key? No socket to this bolt, either. Why, friend, you are not afraid of thieves in this hotel."

"The key was not on the rack; it should be here, sir."

"Well, it does not matter," replied

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

the other, "and if any one attempts to rob me he will catch a Tartar. You may go. See that I am called in time for the Atlanta train."

"I will, sir," said the watchman, and then departed to his lonely vigil in the office below, where he was fast asleep within ten minutes, as is the wholesome practice of hotel watchmen the world over.

Under the bed, crouching against the wall, in horrible fear of detection, was our old "fellow-citizen of African descent," shivering with alarm lest the new-comer should, as his cautious master ever did, explore every corner of the room before going to sleep. His great trepidation prevented him from paying the slightest heed to the brief conversation that had passed, his senses being wholly swallowed up in the fact that a man had entered the room who might find him under very suspicious circumstances, and at once wreak mistaken justice upon him as a thief caught in the attempt.

"White folks is mity peert on de trigger in dese days," thought old Abram, as he glued himself to the wall, "'specially for true when dey shoots at a nigga under a bed. Do, good Lord, delibber me. Massa Kurnel ought ter minded dis."

Meanwhile, the stranger contented himself with placing a chair against the door, and then tossed off his coat and pulled off his boots. Old Abram, spying slily, saw him examine a repeater very carefully, and glance at a knife before placing them under his pillow, and the sight of these truculent weapons redoubled the quakings of the unhappy negro.

"'Fore God, dis ain't no pleasant tea party," thought Abram. "'Spose dat white man find dis nigga here? What you want? he say, an' den bang, bang, an' ole Abram curl up dead for sure; de bressed Lord delibber me. An' I got to stand all dis cormotion ob de nerves twill daylight. Please God I see daylight once more, an' you nebber see dis nigga under a bed so long as he draw breff"

The stranger flung himself upon the bed, and Abram soon heard him snore.

Almost dreading to breathe, quaking lest he might sneeze, as he sometimes did when least expected, the old negro awaited the passage of the night. Suddenly he remembered that his master had hinted something about a visit from Mrs. Rasp, and intended murder.

"If dat woman comes dare will be a muss for sure," thought he. "She will think this strange white man my old foolish master and lay him out. Its de duty ob dis chile to arouse dis white man—tell him de debil am agwine to come down upon him like a load of poles. If I don't tell him he may nebber see daylight agin. I must woke him."

Animated by this thought, he was about to crawl from under the bed, when another thought fell upon his soul like an avalanche of horror.

"Stop, fool nigga. Just as I touch him he wake, quick, and nebber say nothing, nor think nothing, but grab dat pistol, and put half a pound of lead in my head afore I can say don't. Dis won't do. Take de chances white man; take de chances. I done tooked de chances and I ain't dead yet. Massa Kurnel ought ter minded all dis; but tain't Abram's bizness—take all de chances, white man; take dem all, and de Lord delibber us boff."

Having thus concluded, Abram laid

his nose to the floor, flattened by nature for the close contact, and awaited the progress of events, until he heard the clock strike one.

Not long after, his vigilant senses became conscious that the chair which had been put against the door was sliding slowly but steadily inwards.

"Dar now," thought he, "dat woman done come! 'Spose I dart out and make a fuss? What den? She run away, and de white man up dar in de bed raise hisself rite up and pop away promiscus wid dat cussed pisterel—bang, bang. Just my luck to get four outen five balls into my head! No, take de chances, white man; take all de chances. Massa Kurnel got me into dis scrape, an' he got to get old Abram out, dat for sure."

He, fearfully wide awake, could hear the soft sliding of the feet of the desperate woman, and fully comprehended her purpose.

The catastrophe seemed an age in reaching its climax, and as old Abram felt his blood curdle in his veins, he mused:

"If dis don't come to a head and bust mighty quick I must holler. Can't stand dis teasing much longer. Lord hab mercy! She done it now."

The blow had fallen. Abram had heard the convulsive start of the sleeper as his slumbers were rudely broken by the furious thrust; and yet the blow was not fatal At the very instant that the dirk descended, plunged with all the strength of the vindictive woman, the sleeper turned in his sleep, and threw forward his shoulder, so that the dirk, instead of reaching his heart merely punctured the muscles of his back; a deep, severe, and painful wound, but not mortal, nor even disabling.

The stranger was awake instantly, and had seen too much of war to lose presence and quickness of mind, though so suddenly wounded in his sleep. His movements of defence and attack were as agile and strong as the leap of a tiger. To grasp his repeater, and, bounding from the bed to close and place his back to the door, was, with him, the act of a breath.

Mrs. Rasp, astonished and bewildered by the strength and activity of her intended victim, found herself shut up in the room with the man whom she had intended to slay. She still believed him to be Colonel Hart Seely, and terror stricken by her dangerous position, crouched in one corner of the room. But she knew her dirk had wounded him, how severely she knew not, but she had felt the guard of the hilt strike the flesh, and knew that a wound had been inflicted. Her enemy might be mortally wounded, and perhaps his spring from the bed was the convulsive leap of death. The man uttered no sound save a hoarse ejaculation of surprise as he sprung up. But her reflections were horrible, for she dreaded detection, and whether her victim lived or died, her danger was great. If alive he might summon aid; if dead his body lay against the door, and to remove it would certainly stain her hands and clothes with blood, and thus the deed would be traced to her room.

But her suspense was soon ended, for the stranger spoke, and she almost shrieked as she perceived that the voice was not that of Col. Seely.

"You've missed the mark, my fine fellow," said the stranger, in a deep, hoarse whisper of rage, "and by the —— you shall not escape from the room alive."

The oath, the dreadfully horrible and blasphemous oath accompanying this threat, terrified Mrs. Rasp. She had never heard but one person use that oath, and in dismay she cried:

"You are not Hart Seely."

"Hart Seely! Did you strike at my life thinking me Hart Seely?"

"Oh, Heaven! It is my son. It is John Rasp," exclaimed Mrs. Rasp, in delirious terror.

"Silence!" whispered John Rasp, for he it was. "There has been a great mistake. Silence, or the hotel will be aroused, and your son will be killed outright, or be captured and hung as a spy. Be calm, while I strike a light. I am bleeding fast."

"Oh, John—"

"Keep still!—hush!"—whispered Rasp, as he struck a match against the wall; you forget that we are in a rebel city, and that Hart Seely is under this roof."

In the meantime old Abram had become convinced that all things were working for his ruin. He had almost died when Rasp leaped from the bed, for he was sure that he would take refuge under the bed, as he, Abram, would have done; and when he judged that the wounded man had placed his back to the door, he grew stiff with horror at the thought that Mrs. Rasp and the stranger would make a tough fight of it, in which there was a probability that Abram would come in for a few random bullets as big as hen eggs, or a few slashes of knives, which his imagination figured to be larger than scythe blades, and keener than razors.

But when he learned that the stranger was the redoubtable Major John Rasp, and that he was striking a light, the terrified negro almost gave up the ghost. If he, that formidable marauder of the valley, should find him! But there was nothing for him to do save to "take all the chances," and trust to fortune.

John Rasp lighted the match, and then the candle, and then mother and son gazed upon each other in wonder. His left arm and side were covered with blood, some of which had got upon his face. She, ever thin and pale, looked terrific in her ghastliness.

"Here, let me open this carpet-sack" whispered Rasp, unlocking it; "I have lint and dressing for wounds. Now do be cool, mother. I am not badly hurt, though I bleed so much Come, dress the place; I can't reach it," and he bared his back, so that his mother might dress the wound. "It touched the ribs, too, and you struck hard. What a mistake. Pity it hadn't been Hart Seely instead of John Rasp, though it was a miss ——"

"You turned in your sleep just as it struck," said his mother, dressing the wound.

"Lucky turn for me. But it was a miss, and had I been Hart Seely, you would have been caught, for the old rebel is a tiger. But how foolish in you to undertake such a thing in a hotel."

"Your father's spirit demanded it, John."

"It did," sneered the son, grimacing with pain, "I wish the spirit of the devil had put the blow in the right

man. But what are you doing in Augusta? Where is Catherine?"

"In Atlanta, where I am going. But what are you doing here, and where are you going?" demanded his mother.

"I am going to Atlanta, with secret despatches to the Union men in that city. In short, I am playing the spy, and at the same time I am after Bertha Seely."

"Bertha Seely! You told me when we parted last year that the bullet she put so near your heart had driven all love for her out of it."

"So I thought, but it didn't. I love her yet, and knowing that she is in Atlanta, I mean to carry her off—bah! Atlanta has plenty of Union men who will help me. Besides, we have learned who has the vouchers, papers, and all that, about Hart Seely's claims to the Avonvale estate."

"So a letter signed Leighton has told me," said his mother, "and, therefore, I am on my way to aid Catherine in securing them. But where is your command?"

"On its way to Chattanooga, if not already with Sherman's army. I intend to pass through the rebel lines, after having made a thorough investigation of the defences of Atlanta."

"You are on a very dangerous business, my son," said Mrs. Rasp, warningly.

"Dangerous!—of course. I love danger. No sooner did I see that General Hunter intended to retreat to Washington than I determined to follow Catherine to Atlanta; she is too slow with her caution"

"Better caution than foolhardiness," observed Mrs. Rasp.

"Boldness ever wins the day. But see; how about this Hart Seely—where is he going?"

"To Atlanta."

"It seems that Atlanta is much sought after by some, though I saw a hundred or two of what they call the 'melish' this evening who are to go to aid in the defence of that city, whose faces looked anything but eager to see Atlanta."

"Colonel Seely is to be my escort to Atlanta," observed Mrs. Rasp. "He rode in the cars with me from Charleston to-day, conversed with me, escorted me to this hotel—sat by me at supper."

"And recognized you, by ——"

"How could he? He has never seen the widow of Archibald Rasp but once, years ago, and then but for an instant, and he did not then know who I was."

"Never trust to that, mother. If he knew you then, he knows you now. He is a man of powerful memory and unfailing presence of mind. Come; as briefly as you can, relate to me all that passed between you and him."

Mrs. Rasp rapidly narrated all that occurred to her, and as she concluded, her son shook his head.

"Mother, he has recognized you, I fear, and yet I can find nothing to hang a proof upon. What do you intend to do?"

"I do not believe that he has recognized me, and I intend to continue to accept his escort to Atlanta."

"Has he a negro with him?"

"A negro!—oh, yes, an old white-headed negro, whom he calls Abram."

"Lord delibber me!" thought Abram, "day gwine to talk 'bout me."

"That is the fellow," said Rasp, as he proceeded to change his blood-stained clothing, regardless of his mo-

ther's presence, and, indeed, requiring her aid at times, for he feared that the wound would bleed again.

"That Abram must be knocked on the head, and I will do it at first chance."

This threat by no means cheered our friend Abram, and he trembled so violently that he feared he was shaking the floor.

"If it had not been for that black rascal Hart Seely would now be swinging by the neck to a tree in Virginia. I owe the dog a death, too, for knocking the breath out of my body—nothing but the boss of my belt buckle saved me. Hark!—some one is stirring in the hotel. Listen."

Both remained silent, and heard the sound of footsteps approaching the end of the hall in which No. 66 was situated.

"There are two of them," whispered Rasp, as he listened to the footfalls "Hark!"

"You will find No. 66 the last door on the left," said a voice which Rasp recognized as that of the watchman who had conducted him to the room. "Take the candle, sir, but I think you are wrong, for the gentleman is now in No. 83, in the other hall, on the right."

The person to whom he spoke made some reply, but in so low a tone that the words were inaudible to Rasp, and then the latter heard the sound of a man's firm tread approaching.

"He is coming to this room," said Rasp, "and will find me here," replied Mrs. Rasp, quaking with alarm.

"He shall not come in, let him be who he may," growled John Rasp, placing his heavy foot and hand against the door.

"Let me hide!—let me hide!—I will get behind the bed," said Mrs. Rasp.

"Silence; do not move; he is at the door," whispered her son, as the approaching tread paused before No. 66.

The unknown rapped loudly at the door, and tried the knob; but John Rasp held it hard and fast.

"Colonel Seely!—Colonel Seely!"—said the unknown, in a voice which made John Rasp turn deathly pale.

"Colonel Seely is in No. 83," replied Rasp, in a sharp, feigned voice.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said the unknown, "a friend told me that he was in No. 66. Pardon me sir," and then Rasp heard the unknown pass on towards another part of the hotel.

He waited with upraised finger, enjoining silence upon his mother, until the tread had passed into inaudible distance, and then whispered:

"Mother, am I pale?"

"You are very pale, John."

"Do you know who that was?"

"Not I; how could I?"

"It was William Randolph, Bertha Seely's bethrothed," said Rasp, in a sullen tone. "I left him, as I thought, with Early's army. I do not like this. Hart Seely alone is a match for me; so is Randolph. Together, they are dangerous. No. 83; they are together now. I wonder if he has suspected that I am on this trip to Atlanta. It looks black to me. But how is it that he arrives here at this hour of the night?"

"How was it that you came in so late? Indeed, how was it that you arrived in Augusta?" asked his mother. "Were you on the Charleston train to-day?"

"I was, but avoided notice as much as possible, having secured a place in the baggage car, under pretence of illness; and there I lay upon trunks and baggage the entire trip. I had some despatches to deliver to certain parties, and that duty detained me several hours. I do not like this business of playing spy, it does not suit me. I fear that Randolph has followed me from Virginia. But it will not do to waste the night in talking If we are to go on to Atlanta, we must agree upon concerted action. You are determined to continue under the escort of Hart Seely. I must proceed on the same train. Do you think he could recognize me—my hair and beard and eyebrows dyed and trimmed, and a bandage across my nose?"

"I think not, but you need not allow him to see you," replied his mother. "But I must return to my room; it will soon be time to get ready for the morning train. Be careful, my son. At Atlanta we can converse again."

Mrs. Rasp then left the room, and hastened back to No. 21, where she lighted her candle, and returned her dirk to her trunk. But a few moments had passed when a tapping at the door called her attention.

"Are you up, madam?" asked the voice of the watchman.

"I am. What do you wish?" demanded Mrs. Rasp, not opening the door.

"An extra train, with passenger cars loaded with refugees from Atlanta, has come in," replied the watchman, "and an old lady wishes to see you immediately."

"An old lady? Who is she?"

"Miss A. R. Norton," said a female voice.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs Rasp, as she hastily opened the door to admit the lady.

The new comer, apparently a very aged and feeble woman, hobbled into the room, and closed the door instantly

The two women remained silent until the footfalls of the watchman had died away, when the new comer threw off her cloak and hood, the band of false gray hair and her colored spectacles, and stood revealed as Catherine Rasp.

But slight interchange of affection took place between mother and daughter, for very little existed. Mrs. Rasp's power of loving had been exhausted upon her husband, and her heart clung to his memory with a tenacious fidelity that denied strong love of any kind to any other being.

"What success, Catherine?" she asked.

"I have succeeded, mother The important papers are in my bosom," replied Catherine, as her eyes flashed with triumph. "But I am pursued."

"Pursued! By whom?"

"David Elmore and Bertha Seely. Two nights ago I succeeded in gaining the box which contained the papers, and was very nearly captured; so nearly that I was forced to hide the box, and was unable to regain it until last night. Here are the papers." She drew a packet from her bosom, and gave it to her mother. "I would have destroyed it, but believed the papers might be of use to us. But they are now in your possession, mother. Let us both return to the North

as soon as possible—not together, for I am pursued, and may be apprehended. We must separate at once, for I may be watched. David Elmore and Bertha Seely were on the train, but did not recognize me."

"Then why not retain your present disguise?—it is a very safe one"—asked her mother.

"I will tell you," replied Catherine. "On the train was a young lady whom I recognized as the daughter of the keeper of Hubert's House in Brandon, Virginia—a very cunning and active girl, whom I once was near having arrested in Washington as a female rebel spy, but she managed to escape. She sat near me in the car, and, though I wore a heavy veil, seemed much attracted towards me. I do not know that she imagined me other than I seemed, but she is very sly, and I guard against possibilities, and accept probabilities as certainties at such times. She is in this hotel, and so are David Elmore and Bertha Seely."

"Is she acquainted with them?"

"Apparently not, but that makes no difference to me. Hark! there is some one moving along the hall, perhaps listening." She put her ear to the keyhole, and then suddenly opened the door to see nothing. "I may be mistaken," she resumed. "But I must change my disguise, and as soon as possible leave the hotel. Wait for me at Washington."

"Your brother is in this hotel," said Mrs. Rasp.

"John Rasp in this hotel!"

"Yes, and so is Colonel Hart Seely."

"You amaze me, mother"

"It is true. But there is another in this hotel, Captain William Randolph," said Mrs. Rasp.

"Randolph, Hart Seely, Bertha Seely, Julia Schampper, John and Catherine Rasp and their mother, all beneath one roof—and David Elmore, too, mother; this is becoming very critical. Let me hasten to disguise again."

CHAPTER XX.

"*No.* 83."

In the meantime, Captain Randolph, after leaving the door of No. 66, had aroused Colonel Seely very easily as that gentleman had not undressed, nor retired to bed, but sat in a chair, near a window, patiently awaiting, as he thought, the arrival of the time to take the train to Atlanta. But the veteran had slept now and then despite his determination to remain awake. His candle was still burning as Randolph rapped at the door, which the Colonel did not hurry to open, for the late attempt upon his life had aroused all his caution.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"William Randolph, of Virginia," was the reply, and, instantly recognizing the voice, the Colonel at once admitted the speaker, whom he greeted as a son.

"Randolph in Augusta! I am delighted to greet you. This is a pleasure I did not expect."

"The very day after we parted in the Valley," said Randolph, "I received orders to report at Richmond, where I received private despatches from his Excellency, President Davis, to be delivered to Governor Brown of Virginia—verbal despatches, you understand. I gained upon you by your

detention in Charleston, and on my arrival on the extra train, just in from that city, to meet an extra train from Atlanta, for transportation of refugees from the latter city, I hurried to find you. At another hotel I met a friend who told me that he had seen your name on the register of this hotel, and that you occupied No. 66. It seems you have changed your room since supper."

"And for a very good reason, as you will presently admit," remarked Colonel Seely. "Did you call at No 66?"

"Yes; just disturbed the rest of some stranger who growled, or rather snapped out that Colonel Seely occupied No. 83."

"Ho!—that was old Abram," laughed the Colonel. "And yet I wonder that he did not recognize your voice—neither should he have told the number of my room."

"It was not Abram that spoke," said Randolph, emphatically; "and I think I heard another voice—a female voice—I am not sure of this—just before I rapped at the door."

"Not Abram! Another voice, too?"

"Yes, and the voice of a female, and distinguished the words 'behind the bed,'" said Randolph.

"Come; this must be looked into at once. Abram may be in danger: he is under the bed of No. 66. Mrs. Rasp, the widow of Archibald Rasp, is in this hotel, and has designs upon my life; therefore, I changed my room, and left Abram to report all that might transpire."

"If Abram was in any imminent danger," remarked Randolph, "he would yell for assistance; be sure of that. There was a light burning in the room, and if Mrs. Rasp has any intention to attack you in your sleep, she would refrain on seeing the light. I think you had better suffer old Abram to remain undisturbed. You know he would have called for help if caught, and could not be harmed without a great clamor."

"Perhaps you are right, William, but the old fellow must be nearly frightened to death for fear of detection; besides, this stranger, or these strangers in No. 66, may shoot him at once."

"They have not yet, or you would have heard the report. Old Abram will have a good budget of scandal for us in the morning," replied Randolph, "so let him remain where he is a while longer. Now, let me ask if you have any news from Miss Bertha?"

"None. I am impatient to reach Atlanta," said Colonel Seely, "to relieve my anxiety of mind. But be amused at my position: Mrs. Rasp, who has recognized me, does not suspect that I have recognized her, and has so managed her affairs that I am to be her escort to Atlanta—she passing as Mrs Pearl."

"That reminds me to tell you, my dear Colonel, that in Richmond I was overtaken by one of my scouts, who had followed me with the important information that John Rasp had left the army of General Hunter, and entered the Confederate lines. Following up this information as well as I could during the four hours I had to spare in Richmond, I learned that John Rasp had doubtless passed through the city in disguise as a Confederate offi-

cer, and was on his way South. Detectives are upon his track, but he has escaped so far."

"Escaped! Then he is doubtless in Atlanta! Oh, my poor child, how can you escape the daring of John Rasp, combined with the cunning of Catherine?"

"He is not in Atlanta."

"You are sure of that, Randolph?" asked Col. Seely, anxiously.

"I am. He has escaped the vigilance of the detectives, but he has not escaped me. He is in Augusta," replied Randolph.

"In this city!"

"In this city. He was in Charleston yesterday as a South Carolina militia man, and arrived in Hamburg in that disguise, traveling in a baggage car. What disguise he now assumes I have yet to learn; but John Rasp never made a greater mistake in all his life than to try to play spy in the Confederacy I shall run him down before noon of the next dawn. He may be shrewd enough not to get into the Atlanta train at the depot; but he is a bull-headed, reckless fellow, and that has always carried him through. But I hear steps approaching our door—quite a party."

The party to which he alluded soon paused at the door of No. 83, and both Randolph and Col. Seely sprang to open it as a sharp rapping upon the panel was followed by the words:

"Father, dear father, open the door," and the next instant saw father and daughter locked in each others' arms.

Bertha Seely's cheek was pale, for she had undergone much fatigue and anxiety, but the beautiful eyes were as brilliant as ever, and as they glanced from her father's happy face to the room he occupied, they suddenly encountered those of William Randolph, beaming a world of love and joy.

"You, too!" cried the delighted girl, springing into the strong arms of her lover, and meeting with all a fond heart's confiding impetuosity the joyous kisses he bestowed. "I did not know that you were here, dear William. Mr. Elmore saw father's name in the book in the office—oh, I forgot in my joy that there is another at the door. Come in, Mr. Elmore," and as she spoke that worthy gentleman entered and shook hands heartily with Col. Seely, an old friend whom he had not seen for many months.

"Here is my intended, Mr. Elmore," said Bertha, speaking with a light heart, and placing her fair hand gaily upon Randolph's shoulder. "This is Captain William Randolph, with whose love for me, and my love for him, you have been teasing me about all the way from Atlanta"

"That is the unlucky fellow, is it?" observed Mr. Elmore, surveying him intently, "who is to attempt, for life, to make a woman happy, and who is so insane as to hope that a woman can make him happy. Eh? Well, his father, like mine, and all married men, was a fool before him—it is natural—and I wish you joy, Captain Randolph, and can give you some hopes of happiness, for this young lady is quite charming, for a woman. How do you do, sir?"

"Thank you exceedingly well. I suppose you have never married"

Old David Elmore made a grimace and shook his head, but changed the subject abruptly.

"Colonel Seely, I suppose you were on your way to Atlata? Very well,

you need go no farther, for here is your daughter, and here am I. She can greet you with a hearty joy, but my old friend, I am here to receive your reproaches I have lost those important papers which cost you years to gain, and much money to find, and which you entrusted to my care. Abuse me—I shall not be at all satisfied until you give me a sound and well-merited cursing Come, why don't you open fire?"

"Because, my old friend, I know that if you have lost them, no other man could have kept them," replied the Colonel, though his brow was clouded with disappointment.

"I doubt that; but then Catherine Rasp is the—excuse me, Miss Bertha—is the devil in petticoats. She stole them, snatched them from under my nose, and was off like a shot."

"That makes the matter worse, for the Rasp family can use them to the serious injury of the rights of my daughter," remarked Col. Seely. Her mother is in this hotel."

"Her mother, Elizabeth Rasp, widow of Archibald Rasp, in this hotel!" exclaimed David Elmore, much moved. "Then I must hurry away I would not meet her for the wealth of England. She is the only woman that ever had the pleasure of saying to David Elmore—no. I courted her when she was young, and she jilted me. I have hated the entire sex, including my grandmother, ever since, you excepted, Miss Bertha, and yes, that amiable lassie, Julia Schampler; there's a woman for you, that pretty Julia. But, seriously, what can Mrs. Rasp desire in this hotel?"

"She is on her way to Atlanta," said Colonel Seely. "She tried to poison me at supper."

"Oh, she can attempt anything," replied David Elmore, "and you are very lucky to be able to say she *tried* to poison you. But to return to the papers. Catherine Rasp has them, and she was on the train this day."

"Then why did you not arrest her?"

"Because we did not know it," said David Elmore, taking snuff rapidly. "Miss Julia put us on the track in Atlanta, and persuaded us that Catherine Rasp would lose no time in leaving the city with her prize. But Miss Julia failed to detect Catherine Rasp in the well assumed disguise of a very old and feeble woman, until that pretended old woman, when in the ladies' parlor below, drew off her glove. The fair, plump, rosy-nailed fingers proved deception, and Miss Julia believes she is Catherine Rasp. She is now in No. 21."

"No. 21! Then she is with her mother, for Mrs. Rasp occupies that room," said Col. Seely.

"Ah, that proves that Miss Julia was right," exclaimed Mr. Elmore, admiringly. "What a lawyer that Miss Julia would make!"

"If all this is true," said Randolph, it is very probable that the stolen papers are in No. 21."

"Of course they are," replied Mr. Elmore.

"But where is Miss Julia? I would like very much to see her, and thank her for the great service she rendered us on that terrible night when Bratton was burned," observed Randolph

"Miss Julia is wise, though a woman," said Mr. Elmore. "She keeps her own council. But I hear some one

blundering along the hall." He opened the door as he spoke, holding a candle so that the passage was lighted up. He saw, groping in the darkness, a negro whose eyes looked like two moons, as the light of the candle fell suddenly upon his face.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot, Massa," said the negro, crouching to the floor

"Shoot! of course I won't shoot," replied Mr Elmore.

"It is old Abram," said Col. Seely "Come, Abram, what is the matter?"

Abram waited to hear no more, but at a bound reached the side of his master and shut the door.

"Lock de door, massa; lock him quick," said he, trembling violently.

"What is the matter? What has happened? Are you hurt, Abram?"

"Pour water on my head, massa! Bleve I gwine mad, bin skeered so bad. Who you tink bin sleepin' on de bed what I hide under; who done bin do dat you spose?"

"To judge from your looks and the quiver you are in," said Mr. Elmore, "I should think it could have been nobody less than the devil."

"Dat him! dat him! 'twar de debbil, an' nary mistook, massa. It war Black John of de Valley—Major John Rasp!"

"Ah, you see my suspicions are truth," remarked Randolph.

"Do you mean to say, Abram, that Major John Rasp is in No. 66?" demanded Colonel Seely.

"Dat's perquetly what old Abram mean. Dat is, he was dar 'twill Leighton—"

"Who?"

"Dat man dat you leff run loose in Bratton," said Abram. "Yes, Black John ob de Valley comed in dar long arter Massa Kurnel leff me under de bed, and, arter cavortin' roun', and lookin' at his pisterel—which was as big as a cannon, 'fore God!—he tumbled into de bed, and began to snore rite strate off, for all de world like unto a sick mule. Arter time somebody creeped into the room, and stuck a knife in him back; dat was his mudder, Mrs. Rasp Den he jumped outar dat bed mity quick, and struck a light; 'bout dat time old Abram said his prayers, cause, you know, 'sposin' he see dis niggar under dat bed! Den Mr. Rasp, she dressed the cut, and day talked a while, and den Mrs. Rasp go away. Den Black John do some tall cussin' in a low voice, put me in mind of a bull dog just gwine to bite, and swore he'd hab revenge on Massa Colonel and Massa Captin; you see he done 'cognizated Massa Captin's voice; den he swear he gwine to hab young missus; how dy do, Miss Bersie; glad to see you look so—"

"Come, Abram, tell us about John Rasp," interrupted Colonel Seely.

"Yeth, massa. Well, he fumed and stomped round dat room like short-tailed bull in de fly time, and ebbery minit I 'lowed he war gwine to find me. By-and-by, he quit dat foolishness, an' began to pack his bloody clothes in his carpet sack. Jist as he done, done it, rap-rap-rap at de door, and den somebody say, 'John, come with me to No. 21. Come quick,' and he grab of his carpet-sack, and go; and rite after dat, I 'cluded dat room aint big enough to hold old Abram any more time, so I jist changed my base. But who you think that was

what said, 'John, come wid me to No. 21?'"

"Did you see the speaker?" asked Colonel Seely.

"No, massa, but I know de voice—sharp and—oh, I know dat voice."

"Well, who was it?'

"Leighton; I kin swar to dat. It war de voice of de man you turned loose in de Seely mans'um in Bratton," said Abram, decidedly.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Colonel Seely, "for Leighton and Catherine Rasp are one and the same person."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Bertha. "Then that explains the mysterious vindictiveness of that person towards me. So the cunning spy, Leighton, is Catherine Rasp."

"True; and that is the secret she told to me at Bratton, when Randolph was about to deliver her to his troopers. She bound me to secresy for one hour, and until now I have not had an opportunity to reveal the secret that then saved her life."

"You do injustice to my troopers," remonstrated Randolph "They would not have harmed a woman."

"Not if they knew her to be a woman, I am sure, but in the flush of capturing a spy they would have killed her without knowing she was a woman; and as she had pledged me to secrecy for one hour, in that hour I felt that she must escape or perish, for she is of that disposition which would die before revealing her sex to a company of troopers."

"Very well as it has turned out," said Mr. Elmore, "but I would not have been so squeamish. But all this is past. It seems that the vindictive mother, and her no less vindictive daughter and brutal son, are all in No. 21. We must capture the party, and immediately."

"Right," remarked Col. Seely, "and trust we may secure them without violence. It seems very cowardly for us, three men, indeed four, including Abram."

"Please excuse dis child," said Abram; "I done been demoralized, like de Yankee at Bull Run; 'sides, Black John express a partiklar desire to knock me on de head. Jess count me outen dat, Massa."

"It seems very cowardly in us, three strong men, to war against two women."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Elmore, "your ideas of chivalry are simply absurd. We can let the women go. We want the papers, and the hangman wants John Rasp. But while we are talking they may suspect and escape."

"Let us act, then," said Randolph. "I will capture or slay John Rasp. Do you and Col. Seely take care to secure the papers. It is not probable that he will be taken alive, for he knows certain death on the gallows awaits him."

"Take him alive, if possible," said Col. Seely. "John Rasp is too vile a man to die an honorable death."

"Father, dear father, why need you go?" cried Bertha, clinging to him. Randolph may fall and—"

"Therefore should I go, to avenge him if he falls," said the Colonel, stoutly. "But Randolph will not fall."

At this moment a light step approached the door, and then a quick rap demanded admittance Mr. Elmore opened the door and Julia Schampfer entered, clad in the dress of her sex.

She blushed deeply as she recog-

nized Randolph, and her frame trembled violently as he grasped her tiny hand in his own, and with the true grace of a cavalier, bowed until his lips touched the taper fingers.

"I owe my life and liberty to you, Miss Julia," said he, pressing her hand warmly. "But for your skill, coolness, and unfaltering courage, I and all my troop would have been slain or captured. Accept the most profound sentiments of gratitude and esteem from my heart."

"I did but my duty," replied Julia, in her gentle, modest voice. "It is sufficient reward to me to reflect that I was the means of saving to my country the services of one of her noblest and most gallant captains, and to that dear lady the one she loves and who loves her."

"Fiddle-faddle!" cried Mr. Elmore. "This reminds me of a farce. I verily believe you both love each other; look sharp, Miss Bertha; but in the meantime our three friends will escape, that is, if they suspect, and that Miss Catherine always suspects. Come."

"You need not be in such haste," remarked Julia, quietly. "I have just been listening at the door of No. 21, and they are laying their plans to depart, it is true, but not within half an hour."

"Ah, that is like you," said Mr. Elmore. "What a splendid lawyer you would make!"

"Or lawyer's wife." whispered Bertha, archly.

"Away with you," said Mr. Elmore, in the same tone. "But seriously, she is divine. But this is not a time to speak of 'tilting with lips,' we must have 'bloody noses and cracked crowns.' Miss Julia, I beg leave to differ with you; we must use haste to catch that pleasant and amiable family party in No. 21. You are well armed, Colonel; and you, also, Captain. So am I, though I am a peaceable man; but our friend Abram."

"Nebber tink ob me, Massa. Who gwine to stay to perteck Miss Bersie? Reckin I knows who ain't gwine to leab her an' Miss Julie all a one an' noboddy wid dem in dis room. Don't be foolish, Massa. I ain't gwine near Black John; hy! he too anxious to knock me on de head," said Abram, earneastly.

"But I am going too, Abram," said Bertha, resolutely.

"And so am I, Abram," remarked Julia, as firmly. "You may stay to take care of the room."

"Stay in here alone! Young Missus' I done had nuff ob foolishness. Old Abram go wid de party, since de party needs his assistance."

"Well, Abram, that being settled, we will give you the post of honor," said Mr. Elmore, as the gentlemen examined their weapons before departing.

"What is de post ob honor, Massa? Dat just what I want; de post ob honor suit me, I know."

"The forlorn hope, Abram. You shall lead the advance, and be the first to enter No. 21."

"Den I resigns, Massa," said Abram, vehemently "I takes de advance in de rear. Don't play Yankee, Massa, and always put nigger in de front. Think old Abram a fool not to know his place is behind de white folks?"

"We are all ready," said Randolph; "I will lead the attack"

"Cannot this ruffian escape from the window," asked Mr. Elmore.

"If he can fly he may," remarked Colonel Seely, drily. "But forward! Bertha, my dear child, keep well in the rear with Miss Julia, if you are determined to accompany us." He glanced at his daughter's face. It was pale but resolute, and he sighed as her features recalled the remembrance of his massacred son, Marion.

But it was no time for sad memories then, and kissing her cheek, he waved his hand to Randolph to move on.

But the young soldier paused to provide more light for the party, and produced several candles from his carpet-sack, and lighting them said:

"Abram, take one in each hand; we must have plenty of light, or the fellow may escape. Miss Julia, you also, and you too, Miss Bertha. Now then for the struggle. Silence, and be prepared. If the door is opened at my summons, gentlemen, we rush in at once. If not opened, I will burst it open, and you will follow me. Come on as quietly as possible."

The party had entered the hall when the door opposite to No. 83 was opened and a great face, with large, staring eyes, made its appearance, and stared at the array.

"Look here, what does this mean, strangers?" demanded the owner of the owl visage. "Drat me if it ain't Captain Randolph and Colonel Seely. Don't you know me? I'm Ransum Huckl-berry; just going home to old Talbot on a furlough from the hospital."

"A good ally," said Colonel Seely. "Come, Mr. Huckleberry, we are going to capture your old friend, John Rasp."

"Is he in this tent? Then count me in by the barrel," replied the once corpulent trooper, but now quite thin. He joined the party, half dressed, as he had been sleeping, and catching Randolph's eye, remained silent.

Colonel Seely, being most familiar with the rooms of the hotel, pointed out the direction to pursue, and very soon the party was arranged about the door of No. 21.

Randolph stood in the centre, at the door, pistol in hand. On his right stood Colonel Seely, and on his left Mr. Elmore. Immediately behind him stood Huckleberry, while in his rear, on the left, was Abram, half dead with terror, the two ladies facing him, both calm and resolute.

Randolph glanced about him, and then raising his pistol, struck the door loudly with the butt.

The silent halls of the hotel echoed with the sound, and old Abram muttered a rapid prayer for personal deliverance from the wrath of John Rasp.

(*To be continued.*)

LINES WRITTEN ON THE RUMP PARLIAMENT IN 1639.

Wise men suffer, good men grieve,
Knaves devise and fools believe;
Help, O, Lord, send aid unto us,
Else knaves and fools will quite undo us.

IN A CAUSE THAT THEY THOUGHT RIGHT.

"In a cause that they thought right!"*
Slavish and craven strain!
Is it Might makes Right in your conscience-code,
And cudgels to this your brain?

"In a cause that we thought right!"
O, logic of the lash!
For that bristling arms are with us no more,
Nor the cannon-peal and flash.

Shall we call Right Wrong for these?
Shall we say who wins is best?
Of Rectitude—immutable Truth,
Do we make brute force the test?

"In a cause that we thought right!"
What think ye now? and why?
Have results transmuted Eternal Truth?
Or blinded your equity eye?

"A cause that we thought right!"
Ephemera on the wall!
Does it taint His Truth, destroy His Law,
If the same shall creep or fall?

You transcend the terms of your bond
In your loyalty to Might,
It has conquered your acquiescence in terms,
Not bought your conception of Right.

Do you feign your new-born zeal?
The clumsiness of your art
Shall better bear insult to the brain
Than brotherhood to the heart.

Better challenge the stern It Is—
Threaten honestly to his face,
With weapons of peace to conquer him yet,
And God give ye heart of grace!

Ye have promised to sheathe the sword,
Aye, keep your faith with might,
But who asks repudiation of self
In—"the cause that we thought right?"

Valueless verdict wrung
By the strong man's grasp at your throat,

---

*Many newspaper editors.

'Till a stronger comes and claims your voice,
And ye sing to the self-same note—

Birds of a single note,
Birds of a single song,
The same in defeat or victory—
"Hurra! hurra for the strong!" FANNY FIELDING.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SON OF NAPOLEON I.

[BY JAMES W. WALL.]

UNTIL my visit to Europe, in 1854, I was a firm believer in the reports in circulation regarding the cruel treatment of the son of the great Napoleon by the Austrians. A hurried visit to Vienna enabled me to correct these impressions, and cast a more favorable light upon the history, talents and ambition of the young prince.

I was waiting one morning very patiently at the Hotel Munich, for the arrival of my cicerone, Marx, of whose ability, honesty, and large experience as a guide, the loquacious little landlord had been discoursing at great length. I had but a few days to scour the city in sight-seeing, and desired the leadership of one whose comprehensive and discriminating knowledge of localities would enable him to concentrate my labors to a good purpose. Soon Marx arrived. In outward appearance he was as finished a gentleman as one could desire to see. He consequently understood the influence of first impressions. His dress was faultless, and there was an air of quiet, elegant ease about him, reminding me very much of the well known Henry Wyckoff, so queerly associated with the annals of English and American diplomacy. Marx spoke English almost faultlessly, an accomplishment, I learned afterwards, he had acquired while serving in the capacity of valet to an English nobleman in London, where he had resided several years. It did not take me long to arrange with this elegant individual the fees of office, which, to my surprise, were much more reasonable than I had any reason to expect from the proverbial character of Austrian guides for extortion.

Our first visit was to the subterranean chamber under the Church of the Capuchins, where the embalmed buried majesty of the House of Hapsburg repose, but *without their bowels*, as all the interior arrangements of Austrian royalty, hermetically sealed in silver vases, find a resting place in the Church of St. Augustine, or in the Cathedral of St. Amiens Stephen, the heart and entrails being equally divided between them. In these vaults below the Church of the Capuchins, are the ninety-three imperial coffins, some of silver and

some of bronze. Nothing in the way of a mausoleum could be finer than the bronze tombs erected in one of these vaulted chambers by the celebrated Maria Theresa for her husband, and within which she herself was afterwards entombed. It is an immense sarcophagus of bronze, ornamented at the sides with raised work of pure silver, representing remarkable incidents in their lives. The half reclining figures in bronze of the royal pair, upon the top, are most beautiful, and characterized by a sharpness of outline and an elegance of finish not surpassed by any of modern execution They are full-sized statues, and that noble presence and majestic look of the Empress, once so proverbial throughout Europe, are most admirably preserved. A large medal of solid gold, presenting the classic profile of one of her daughters, ornaments the foot of the tomb. The sarcophagus stands upon a lofty pedestal in the centre of the vaulted chamber, while round it in decent order placed, are the bronze coffins of their children and grand-children. In the next crypt lie Francis of Austria and his Empress, parents of Maria Louisa, in a large bronze sarcophagus, while near it, upon the stone floor of the vault, may be seen the bronze coffins of the Empress herself, and that child of such brilliant hopes, but unhappy destiny, the son of Napoleon, who was to sustain the reputation of the House that Rodolph of his name had founded. Strange that the blood of the injured, insulted, and persecuted Josephene should now quicken the pulses of him who occupies the French imperial throne, to obtain an heir for which she was most cruelly thrust aside to make room for a daughter of the House of Hapsburg Lorraine. That Empress and her son die exiles from France, while the grandson of the despised Josephine, and if rumor lies not, *without one dr p of Napoleon's blood in his veins,* wields the sceptre of Napoleon, and restores the ancient glories of his reign. Who shall say, in the face of all this, that God is not just; or that there is no Nemesis in history?

It was over the bronze coffin of this son of so many hopes, and about whose life the world seems to know as little as it does about "The Iron Mask," that I obtained from Marx the following interesting incidents. I had spoken quite severely of the unnatural cruelty with which the young prince had been treated by those who had been so nearly allied to him, when I was met by the indignant protest of Marx, who denounced all those reports as the sheerest fabrications.

"He came to the halls of his maternal ancestors," said my informant, "with his education to be commenced, and his character moulded. Of course it was the desire of his grandfather that he should be educated as a Germanic prince, and if he manifested, as he grew older, any enthusiasm for the military profession, it should be encouraged; but still it was held to be good policy to keep him excluded from all connection or communication with the political agitators of France. When I first saw the prince, his frame had all the slenderness and frailty of infancy. There was a paleness of the cheek, and a languor in the expression of the eye, that most clearly indicated great delicacy of constitution. At the time I first saw him, he was just springing into manhood, and took the

greatest delight in military exercises, of which he was inordinately fond, and in which he attained great proficiency. His spirit and unremitting attention to his military duties, soon devoured his strength, and it was during these last months of his life, while rapidly sinking beneath the ravages of disease, that I was called upon to attend him as his body servant, and often did I wheel him about in his garden chair among the leafy glades and quiet solitudes of Schoenbrun, attending him until he breathed his last, in the very chamber his father occupied when flushed with the glories of the conquest of Vienna. It was a cruel story the Napoleonists circulated all over Europe that the young prince was poisoned by order of his grandfather. Never did I behold such affection as existed between the aged Francis and his grandson. Never did a day pass during the last years of the life of the prince, when time could be spared from his duties, that his grandfather was not by his side for hours, lavishing on him the most endearing epithets, and the most unremitting kindness. The prince was evidently very fond of his grandfather, and often used to speak to me of his affectionate attentions with tears in his eyes.

"I have already said that he took great delight in military exercises. It was on the 10th of June, 1831, that the prince was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel, and took command of the Hungarian regiment in Vienna I was present with an immense crowd that had come out of the city to witness the parade that was to inaugurate the event. It was evident to all when the prince made his appearance that death would soon claim him for his own. He could hardly sit upright on his horse ; but there was a fire in his eye, and a singular strength in the tone of his voice, that evinced how great and successful were the struggles his pride and will were making against his physical weakness. In him everything announced the symptoms of the fatal disease which attacks more particularly the sensitive and the beautiful ; and while the eye beams with lustre, and the cheek glows with a seeming rosy freshness, is insidiously undermining the health, and slowly but surely gnawing at the vitals. I heard Dr. Malgette, on that occasion, shortly after the drill, say to the prince quite earnestly, 'I desire you to remember that you have a will of iron in a body of glass, and this indulgence of yours in violent exercise must soon prove fatal.' The next day Malgette considered it his duty to report the precarious condition of the health of the prince. Both patient and physician the next day after, were summoned into the imperial presence. Malgette made his report. The emperor then turned to the prince and said : 'You will repair immediately to Schoenbrun.' The prince bowed respectfully, but as he was raising his head, he gave a glance of excessive indignation towards his physician, and said in a low, earnest tone, 'it is you who have put me under arrest.' It was only a few weeks after this that I was called upon to attend him. The process of his disease was most singularly rapid, being of the kind known as galloping consumption ; but as each day I wheeled him about the grounds, and was an eye-wituess to his patient endurance, his almost womanly gentleness, and felt the fascination of his manners, my feelings of attachment

grew stronger and stronger, so that when the de troyer claimed him, and his eyelids closed in death, I felt that I had lost my dearest friend, and wept like a child. I never observed his resemblance to his father until a few hours after his death. The face, as it often does in death, went back in its outline, until it took that form which in fancy struck every one from its marvellous resemblance to the great emperor.

"The prince was passionately fond of reading everything pertaining to the history of his illustrious parent, and had perused almost everything that had been written concerning him. He had accumulated a perfect library, in every language, of biographies of Napoleon, with commentaries on all his important battles. To Prince Metternich he is said to have often remarked: 'The essential object of my life should not be to make myself unworthy the glory of my father; I hope to be able to reach that point, and must try to approximate his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks upon which he was shipwrecked.'

"One morning a short time before his death, he said to me, 'Mark, my good fellow, how I abominate this wretched body that thus sinks in spite of my will.' As he said this, there was a fire about his eye, and a compression about his lips, that reminded one strongly of some portraits of the Emperor. The burden of the conversation, while I was with him, was about his father and his campaigns, and he would converse about them, not showing any signs of weariness, whereas upon all other subjects he soon became listless and fatigued. One morning, in speaking of Waterloo, he said: 'I have often wondered my father did not follow the advice of my uncle, and perish there at the head of his guards. What a glorious death this would have been, and what a magnificent close to his brilliant career. Ah, these perfidious English! Why could they not have treated him with that magnanimity I know he would have shown their great Wellington, if the fortunes of war had thrown him into my father's hands?' His familiarity with every incident in his father's life was perfectly marvellous, and it was to me a considerable source of delight to hear him expatiate upon the great conceptions of Napoleon, and listen to his well digested and appreciative criticisms upon some of his military achievements. He appeared to be perfectly familiar with the locality of every battle-field where his father's eagles had witnessed triumph or disaster; while his knowledge of the prominent traits distinguishing each of the Marshals by whom he was surrounded, exhibited what an appreciative and critical judgment he had brought to bear on this his favorite study The last week of his life that he was able to take exercise in the open air, he appeared, contrary to the usual influences produced by this insidious disease, to be oppressed with the belief that he was about to die; but his only anxiety seemed to rest upon the doubt whether he should recognize his father in the other world. He indulged in most curious speculations in regard to his father's employment in a future state; and whether he would there find exercise for his military genius, and frequently repeated the German poem that gives permanency to the superstition of the old soldiers of the Em-

pire, that the good Emperor reappears on every anniversary of his birth, to hold a midnight revery. He always repeated with great delight the following verses in that poem:

'And when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along surrounded by
His shadowy staff in the gloom.

'A silver star so bright,
Is glittering on his breast;
In a uniform of blue and white,
And a gray camp cloak he is drest.

'The moonbeams shine afar
On the various marshalled groups,
As the man with the glittering silver star
Proceeds to review his troops.

'In files the troops advance.
And then are no longer seen;
The challenging watch-word given is
France,
We answer it, St. Helene."

"The two last verses seemed to be especial favcrites with him, and he repeated them with a spirit and energy that were delightful to witness."

In alluding to Maria Louisa, Marx said that her attentions to her son were unremitting during his short illness, and he breathed his last sigh in her arms, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I am dying!" but that she always appeared to him as very indifferent to the memory of her husband, an indifference clearly manifested by her second marriage with one inferior to herself in rank, and possessing neither attractions of mind nor person.

My informant ceased his narrative; and I continued for some time wandering through this royal necropolis, every now and then reading some familiar historic name on the coffin lid, that brought up memories of mailed knights, and warrior kings in battle slain, or dying by the assassin's knife, the strangler's cord, or the poisoned bowl. I emerged from the damp vaults of the Capuchins with new and more agreeable impressions of the son of the great Napoleon, and with charitable feelings towards members of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine now mouldering there. The life of him who, in his cradle, had been saluted with the title of King of Rome, was brief; but brief as it was, it served as a most withering satire upon the aspirations of human ambition.

THE LADY'S BLUSH.

(*From the Arabic of Radhi Billah.*)

Leila, whenever I gaze on thee,
My alter'd cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila, shall I to thee the cause impart
Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle on thy face.

"ELEMENTS OF THE ART OF POETRY."

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, in his paper entitled as above, appearing in the issue of "The Galaxy" for July 1st, though giving some sayings quite acceptable, has nevertheless, in two or three of his renderings of judgment, contrived to run counter to certain opinions or prepossessions of our own. He asks, "What is poetry? Can we not reduce it to exact terms? For our part, we are fully impressed with the power of man's highest corporeal faculty, speech, to express in words the nature of any influence to which his being is fairly subjected. The late Mr. Poe, though often superficial in his researches, was a believer in this adequacy, and made an effort after the philosophical manner when conceiving his formula, 'Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty.' His error lay in the subsequent explanation of his terms, by which he limited beauty almost to the department of the sensorious, and somewhat restricted the poet to mechanical processes and effects."

Mr. Stedman's answer to his own question is this: "*Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language interpreting nature.*" Then follow a separating and defining of the words forming the sentence. "The word *nature*," says the definition, "is here used, in its widest and profoundest sense, to include every aspect and principle of the universe, physical and spiritual, with their co-relative attributes of beauty, goodness and truth. It embraces all material forms and forces, all created beings; finally, and the result of all, the passions, intuitions, aspirations, whose presence is the existence, and whose action is the history of the mind and soul of man." But, although nature, thus filling every modicum of immensity, is to be *the one* subject of the poet, "her unattractive or distorted phases should not be objects of his too frequent contemplation; for a chosen and repeated lowness of theme will degrade the tone of his productions. He is not, in the vulgar sense, an imitator or reproducer of her external forms. There is an inner mystery behind every outward truth, and unto its revelation the mere copyist can never attain. We perceive that the poet, while interpreting nature's external forms, so glorifies and adjusts them, that we catch for ourselves the beauty of her higher and future combinations. He thus becomes a prophet:

> "For he sings of what the world will be
> When the years have died away."

Through his imagination we feel that we walk upon the borders of the infinite, and have glimpses of other existences and far off serener worlds.

Neither must the poet forget that "he is a man of like emotions and experiences with those about him; and amid all the harmonies of natural things, he must seek and discover

> 'The still, sad music of humanity.'

To set forth nature in a cold, material and unsympathetic form, is to fail of elevating the souls of those whom he addresses."

"The poet, like other artists, must contemplate his work as a whole, and invariably, when a question arises between the retention of a favorite passage and the preservation of the general effect, sacrifice the former to the latter. Tone, harmony and connected total expression are the tests of constructive power."

"The conflict of a prevailing didactic manner with the true poetic spirit is at last most thoroughly understood. To all its faults the sentiment of our late school has added this great excellence, that it is wholly hostile to moralization in verse. The critics perceive that the mission of art is not to teach in homilies, but through the ministrations of the beautiful."

Finally, as to the province of the poet, he "is endowed with boundless freedom, and adopts or changes all modes at will. Those who would restrict him to lyrical song, for example, and who decry the claims of a poem which cannot be read at a single sitting, conform their theory to their own weakness, which is incapable of enduring prolonged or renewed elevation of soul No; the poet is limited to no rhythm, dialect, locality, incident, or school He is an universal eclectic, though never an indolent and doubting chooser."

Now, the points of our objection to all this range themselves in a line running in a direction indicated as follows:—The essayist first condemns Poe's explanation as wanting in length, breadth, depth and essence · then, in going through the process of his own expounding, he reproduces not only the spirit, but the substantial letter of that explanation, making it, indeed, the only portion of the definition offered by himself which will bear the test of a close analysis. For instance, in pronouncing against "moralization in verse," he does nothing but follow his original; for all through Poe's criticisms of productions claiming to be poetical, is the error of didacticism held up for reprehension. In truth, the iterations and reiterations upon the matter are so many as to be themselves offensive, were it not that the evil decried had become so widely spread and strongly rooted, and of so rank a growth as to require continual digging around in order for its eradication. Poe was virtually alone in his self-appointed work of eradication, having united against him the popular school of poets, with Longfellow, perhaps, at their head in this country, and with the horde of penny paper reviewers, puff-pipes in trim, for a rear guard. The success of his labor may be gathered from Mr. Stedman's admission of the present perception by the critics, that the mission of art is not to teach in homilies, but through the ministrations of the beautiful. Such perception he grants to be the result of "the sentiment of our late school," which sentiment "has added this great excellence, that it is wholly hostile to moralization in verse." We take the liberty to adopt so much as quite a high, though evidently an unintentional, compliment paid to Poe himself; for who, besides him, can, with any show of a regard for facts, be introduced as the teacher in "our late school?"

To proceed with our synopsis: It

is declared that "the poet must contemplate his work as a whole, and invariably, when a question arises between the retention of a favorite passage and the preservation of the general effect, sacrifice the former to the latter." Poe insists upon the same over and over again, even going so far, for his totality and acme of effect, as to require the last stanza of a poem to be composed first, in order that the first, fresh, untired, therefore the loftiest, inspiration of the music may be caught and centered where it will give the finishing touch to the picture in the imagination of him who shall peruse the poem. For example, see "The Philosophy of Composition," in which it is stated that some of the opening lines of "The Raven" were purposely weakened, that they should not, by relation, take from the strength which had been previously concentrated in the closing verse.

To set forth nature in a cold, material and unsympathetic form, is a failure on the part of the poet to elevate the souls of those whom he addresses. We need only to withdraw the phrase, *elevation of soul*, and put it in italics, in order to remind the reader that he is listening to the instruction of Poe, who was constant in pressing the claim that the office of the poet is, not to excite the passions or start the intellect, but to raise the soul, and awaken it to visions as if it were of the realm above the real, the weird, inthralling beauties of which are not, save in glimpses through his prescient eye, to be opened upon the world of mortals.

Now, a brief proving of Mr. Stedman's elucidation by itself, to find how well it hangs together. We have already copied the passages expressing the meaning attached to the word nature. It includes everything conceivable throughout all the universe, whether pertaining to the body and spirit of man, the love of woman, the fat of animals, or to the ingredients making up the dead clods lying in he midst of the mountains. We don't know as there is anything from which to dissent in what is said upon the terms rhythmical, language, and interpreting, each of these having a specific signification. well understood and generally received. But in leaving the word imaginative wholly undefined, as it in reality has been left, it seems to us that the definer has neglected to provide himself with the very instrument which, other parts being in order, would have served as a key for the full unfolding of his subject. The imaginary is literally the opposite of the actual; so that interpreting nature in imaginative language is giving a false interpretation. We think Mr. Stedman will hardly consent that his propositions take such a turn; yet, by the singing of his term through its proper changes, so to speak, he might have made it apply exactly to the object sought. He should have had resort, here also, to his predecessor, who would have guided him to a comprehension how that which is discarded by the mind as contrary to fact may, all the more surely, steal into the spirit's mysterious recesses, a revelation of truth extending upward into the life everlasting. But we have to do particularly with the foundation word, nature Interpreting nature in any one of her phases constitutes poetry; still, nature's unattractive or distorted phases

should not be the objects of the poet's too frequent contemplations. Why should they not? There is no semblance of a reason why given in the original provision. According to that, inspiration can as well and as often be found in an unsightly as in a lovely scene—as well in the gnawing of the earth-worm upon a carrion carcass, as in the strange uprisings, through a mirage, of unknown cities, dipped in the gold of sunbeams and mist.

Again, the poet, amid all the harmonies of natural things, must seek for and discover

"The still sad music of humanity,"

else he fails to do his appointed work. Here, too, a condition is set which is neither stated nor implied in the general definition; for even the most "liberal constructionist," though he may maintain that *Nature* embraces all mankind, cannot but allow that she may be *interpreted* without having reference at all to persons. Mr. Stedman must admit this, and hence his conclusions knock all the props from underneath his premises, or must present himself as holding to the absurd doctrine that any given single poem, to come up to his standard, must describe all the sights, sounds and motions of all the lifeless things and breathing animals, as well as give voice to the multitudinous desires, hopes, fears, and unuttered longings of all the human beings throughout the bounds of the universe.

The summing up of the whole matter is, that the theory broached is radically wrong. By a usage which has come to be common consent, the natural world and the world of human kind are reckoned apart; so that nature does not include, "finally, and as the result of all, the passions, intuitions, aspirations, whose presence is the existence, and whose action is the history of the mind and soul of man;" and there is no point, no significance, no clear, distinct idea, in the proposition that poetry is the rhythmitical, imaginative language interpreting nature. Has not Poe given a better response than this to the question which it was intended to answer? His deduction is, that *poetry is the creation of beauty.* We leave out the term rhythmitical, because Poe was accustomed to employ it rather in the explanation than in the general statement of his definition, holding rhythm and rhyme to be indispensable mediums for the origination of his images of beauty, therefore that the word beauty, by itself, included the idea embraced in the other two words.

Well, to create is, in short, to form a new compound out of elements already existing; and to create beauty, in a poem, is to combine words so that the resulting composition shall impress the recipient of the imprint of the beautiful with its novelty, its strangeness, its something made up of sublime picturings, of wonderful harmonies, and of aspirations indescribable and full of awe, reaching away into the clime of the Infinite. Which is the recipient of the imprint of the beautiful—is it the heart or the mind? According to Poe, neither, but the soul. The principal force of his argument is expended in maintaining and exemplifying this. And to our view, he firmly fixes his position. Mr. Stedman grants as much in requiring his poets to teach through the ministrations of the beautiful, by touching the soul of their readers.

It follows upon all this—upon Mr.

Poe's analizations, and upon his critic's uncred ted copyings from them—that "those who decry the claims of a poem which cannot be read at a single sitting," do not "conform their theory to their own weakness." On the contrary, the very nature of the emotions which are asserted to have their seat in the soul, demands that there shall be no break before the full effect of stirring them has been produced. For illustration, suppose one having his soul's sense enwrapped and carried away in a strain of music, would there be no injury done to the totality of effect in suspending the strain in its midst, and taking it up again the next hour or the next day? Mr. Stedman will scarcely be inclined to reply in the negative, we fancy. Then let him show wherein our illustration is unfair, or recall his insinuation of weakness against his progenitor and master in all the essentials of a sound criticism.

Perhaps we cannot more fitly close this somewhat rambling commentary than by quoting a portion of a review of "Longfellow's Ballads," appearing in an old torn number of "Graham's Magazine," (April, 1842,) which has just now come to our hand from a heap of rubbish in an out-of-the-way corner. Mr. Poe says:

"In our last number we had some hasty observations on these ballads' —observations which we now propose in some measure to amplify and explain.

"It may be remembered that, among other points, we demurred to Mr. Longfellow's themes, or rather to their general character. We found fault with the too obtrusive nature of their didacticism. Some years ago, we urged a similar objection to one or two of the longer pieces of Bryant, and neither time nor reflection has sufficed to modify in the slightest particular our convictions upon this topic

"We have said that Mr. Longfellow's conception of the aims of poesy is erroneous; he does violent wrong to his own high powers; and now the question is, what are his ideas of the aims of the muse, as we gather these ideas from the general tendency of his poems? It will be at once evident that, imbued with the peculiar spirit of German song (a pure conventionality), he regards the inculcation of a moral as essential. Here we find it necessary to repeat that we have reference only to the general tendency of his compositions; for there are some magnificent exceptions, where, as if by accident, he has permitted his genius to get the better of his conventional prejudice. But didacticism is the prevalent tone of his song. His invention, his imagery, his all, is made subservient to the elucidation of some one or more points (but rarely of more than one) which he looks upon as truth. And that this mode of procedure will find stern defenders should never excite surprise, so long as the world is full to overflowing with cant and conventicles. There are men who will scramble on all fours through the muddiest sloughs of vice to pick up a single apple of virtue. There are things called men who, so long as the sun rolls, will greet with snuffling huzzas every figure that takes upon itself the semblance of truth, even although the figure, in itself only a 'stuffed Paddy,' be as much out of

place as a toga on the statue of Washington, or out of season as rabbits in the days of the dog-star.

"Now, with as deep a reverence for 'the true' as ever inspired the bosom of mortal man, we would limit, in many respects, its modes of inculcation. We would limit to enforce them. We would not render them impotent by dissipation. The demands of truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All that is indispensible in song is all with which she has anything to do. To deck her in gay robes is to render her a harlot. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreathe her in gems and flowers. To convey 'the true,' we are required to dismiss from the attention all inessentials. We must be perspicuous, precise, terse. We need concentration rather than expansion of mind. We must be calm, unimpassioned, unexcited—in a word, we must be in that peculiar mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. He must be blind, indeed, who cannot perceive the radical and chasmal difference between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be grossly wedded to conventionalisms who, in spite of this difference, shall still attempt to reconcile the obs inate oils and waters of poetry and truth.

"Dividing the world of mind into its most obvious and immediately recognizable distinctions, we have the pure intellect, taste, and the moral sense. We place taste between the intellect and the moral sense, because it is just this intermediate space which, in the mind, it occupies. It is the connecting link in the triple chain. It serves to sustain a mutual intelligence between the extremes. It appertains, in strict appreciation, to the former, but is distinguished from the latter by so faint a difference, that Aristotle has not hesitated to class some of its operations among the virtues themselves. But the offices of the trio are broadly marked. Just as conscience, or the moral sense, recognizes duty; just as the intellect deals with truth, so is it the part of taste alone to inform us of beauty. And poesy is the handmaiden but of taste; yet we would not be misunderstood. This handmaiden is not forbidden to moralize in her own fashion; she is not forbidden to depict, but to reason and preach of, virtue. As of this latter conscience recognizes the obligation so intellect teaches the expediency, while taste contents herself with displaying the beauty—waging war with vice merely on the ground of its inconsistency with fitness, harmony, proportion." [We wish it to be understood that we are not quite satisfied with the employment of the word taste in such connection; for whatever appropriate signification it may have had originally, it is now so brought down to discriminate the mere, petty ornaments of dress and the like, as to seem out of place, sitting in judgment upon the proportions of the pinion which shall bear the spirit into view of its glories to come. Likewise, let it be noticed how far Poe is from limiting beauty to the department of the sensuous.—Ed.]

"An important condition of man's immortal nature is this, plainly—the sense of the beautiful. This it is which ministers to his delight in the manifold forms and colors and sounds and sentiments amid which he exists. And, just as the eyes of Amaryllis are re-

peated in the mirror, or the living lily in the lake, so is the mere record of these forms and colors and sound and sentiments—so is their mere oral or written repetition a duplicate source of delight. But this repetition is not poesy. He who shall merely sing with whatever rapture, in however harmonious strains, or with however vivid a truth of imitation, of the sights and sounds which greet him in common with all mankind—he, we say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a longing unsatisfied, which he has been impotent to fulfil. There is still a thirst unquenchable, which to allay he has shown us no crystal springs. This burning thirst belongs to the immortal essence of man's nature. It is equally a consequence and an indication of his perennial life. It is the desire of the moth for the star It is not the mere appreciation of the beauty before us. It is a wild effort to reach the beauty above. It is a forethought of the loveliness to come. It is a passion to be satiated by no sublunary sights, or sounds, or sentiments ; and the soul, thus athirst, strives to allay its fever in futile efforts at creation. Inspired with a prescient ecstacy of the beauty beyond the grave, it struggles, by multiform novelty of combination among the things and thoughts of time, to anticipate some portion of that loveliness, whose very elements, perhaps, appertain solely to eternity.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REDWITZ.

I sit and pray beside the cradle,
And draw, my child, the veil from thee,
And as I o'er it bend and listen,
How purely dost thou look to me!

Let me implore with prayer so fervent,
That thus while thy existence rolls,
Thy soul may in thine eye beam purely,
O, thou sweet image of our souls!

——:o:——

RADICALS AND PEACE DEMOCRATS.

"I have seen the wicked ["Radical"] in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay-tree ;
Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not ;
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
Mark the perfect man, [Peace Democrat,]
And behold the upright,
For the end of that man is *peace*." —[*Psalms* xxxvii.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

[BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.]

But yield yourself to Nature, and you drink,
From her abundant fountains as you go,
New life and gladness! 'Tis but to throw wide
The bosom, and absorb, through eye and ear,
The aliment of beauty.

But forget
That you have cares and studies, and great thoughts,
Shaping an empire—the ambitious zeal
For conquest, and a life beyond your time;
That men behold your coming with a hope,
And look to your departure with a fear;
That you're a man of state, from whom the nation
Expects great things; that you're a man of wealth,
Needing great speculations to increase
The useless treasure, that upon your soul
Hangs heavy, with an ever-pressing care,
Lest wealth take wings to itself, and flee away,
As with a dream at dawning; that you are poor,
Needing some daily struggle to disarm
The wolf that ever rages at your door,
For wife and precious ones!

Our tyrannies
Of self, stand over us ever, in some shape
Of persecution; and between our pleasures
And hearts, for ever interpose denial;
And so life palls upon us, and the beautiful
Fades everywhere from nature!

Would you forth,
Seeking her blessings?

Then depart, forgetful
Of what you are; deliver yourself to her;
Hearken her counsels only—song or whisper—
And be a freeman in her fond embrace,
Untrammell'd and unterrified by self!

Oh! she is such a charmer, that, but give her
The privilege, and she will, with a whisper,
Steal softly to each warm place in your bosom,
And make it fruitful of delicious fondness,
To keep it warm forever.

She will sing you
Through zephyr and leaf, a song shall rouse up fancy,
To uses of her wings ; and though she wander,
Capricious as the bird or bee, as happy
In the discovery of honied treasures,
Lurking in rugged tree or simple flower,
Yet will she bring you her discoveries home,
If you but woo her.

Drowsing on the bankside,
Half dreaming, she will troop before your vision,
With royal train of beauties ; each with tribute
To satisfy the longings in your bosom,
As these declare for beauty.

You shall gather
From this sweet commerce with her goodly train,
Great store of thoughts and fancies, most delicious,
That shall bring recompense in lonely hours,
Long season after ; and rare melodies
Will haunt your senses with most loving echoes,
From ditties, sinking now into your soul
Unvoiced, that, when the hours grow sad about you,
Shall bring you cheering, and make strong your spirit
For the rough troubles of the encroaching world.

Never than Nature was there fonder mother
To him who brings due service and allegiance,
And searches lovingly her haunts of refuge,
Forgetful of vain pa sions ; still imploring,
With open heart, her counsels with her fondness.
She gives, besides, her blessings, in such fortune,
As wealth may neither buy nor sell ; nor fate
Rob from the treasury of a loving heart.

Oh! see, and hearken! with mysterious whisper
The breeze comes laden ; murmurs of the brooklet
Body the music dear to innocent fancies,
When love grows first a wooer, aiming fondly
At proper utterance of the flush he feels ;
And, with the choral songs of wind a d forest,
The very soul grows lifted into stature,
Feeling the effusion of a sovereign God,
And finds great wings that bear it onward, upward,
Until it grows illuminate, in presence
Of the Eternal Beauty, which makes Nature
The type of the Eternal.

I'm a dreamer
In the world's notion ; but, if these be dreams
They are not less my ra tures. I have pleasures
In this mute converse with the woods and waters,
That fertilize all senses, and make fruitful
The whole soul-garden.

What if I forget
That bread is wanted for the morrow? Now,
I am full-fed! The old gods bring me food;
And in forgetfulness of the physical need,
The spirit drinks of such a nourishment
As clothes each mortal faculty with wings,
To fly to all the gardens of delight,
Where still an angel keeps the gate, and beckons
Each to his proper province, and makes free
To the repast, where evermore the bounty
Excels the appetite, and makes abundance
The future need of memory and of thought!

Ay, 'tis in very happiness of spirit
I feel within me sacred elements,
Here at the board of nature, where I wanton
In glorious fancies, in whose every whisper
Breathes forth a blessing!

Won to confidence,
Through love, I wander off with sightless speed,
Borne far in the forest with glad company
Successive troops of winged creatures, bent
To do their angel work for joy of earth!
The starry hosts watch brooding as they go
To hallow their performance. Not a cloud
Frowns on the roving ministry; and waters,
Soft stealing through green-fringed avenues,
Sing sweetly upon ze hyrs in the trees,
That echo soother back each fonder frain.

These are grand harmonies! How sweet the accord
Of stars, to all the voices of the void!
These breathings of the bodiless breeze, that, slow,
Lifts up and spreads aloft its gossamer vans,
Fitfully for awhile, then sinks to rest,
On the light billows which its wings have made.

Thus Nature wings us to a spirit world,
Where every voice is music. Hark! the strain—
If that thy spirit be attuned to thought
Beyond its daily custom; and thy fancy
Hath shaken off its fetters; hark, the strain
As of old voices, when the crowding hills
Leaned forward, with beguiled sense, to catch
The far sweet tones from other worlds than ours;
Then, with unconscious effort, and glad burst,
Requited them in echoes, which were full
Of a new hope, that blessedly came down
As meant to link this lowly world with Heaven!

And such is Nature; for, in all her realms
Gather innumerous spirits, that but take
Their robes from woods; their voices from the breeze,
And breathe out sweetness to us from the flowers,

By which alone we know them, when we might,
Were we less heedful of material things,
Enjoy more perfect knowledge of that nature,
The commonest thing of being, yet a God,
Which should inform, with perfect sympathy,
Each yearning passion lonely in our hearts.

THE HISTORY OF A WOMAN.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHOOTING AN ANGEL."]

Le glaive est contre toi tonne de toutes parties.—[*Le Harpe.*

I was looking from the window at Arno, in the blue distance, and at Mount Morello. But the gleaming, shining course of the river, and the dark sides of the mountain, were only parts in the picture before me. I was looking at, but did not see them. My mind was elsewhere. I was thinking of my young friend, pale, sorrowful and desolate, pacing to and fro in that darkened room overhead, out of which the sunlight had been mournfully shut, when the light of a life had suddenly been extinguished there. That is one way we pamper sorrow. I was wishing I might presume to go to her, and comfort her—that I might be her near friend and companion for the three days she had yet to live in Florence, when the door opened softly, and, like some pale, sad, black-robed young ghost, she came towards we with extended hands.

"My plans," she began, in that peculiar, low, vibrating voice, "are changed. I leave Florence to-day. When I am gone, read these letters. I shall not see you again. Good-bye." She spoke with averted face, and streaming eyes. She laid in my hand a package, and then rested her long, slender fingers upon my shaking palm.

"Do not speak to me! I feel so much now; I am so worn, so weak, I cannot stand one word from you. Be kind to me, my friend. Do not make this a cruel parting. It is hard to go from here but it must be so. You have been so good to us! In return for your goodness, I leave with you a clear explanation of many things you have never understood. Remember me with kindness when you have discovered how much and how strangely I have suffered."

Her hand closed tremulously on mine for an instant, and then withdrew itself suddenly. Hanging her dear head, I saw her disappear through the dark door, while her eyes dropped their sad tears as she walked.

That was ten years ago, and, until to-night, I have never seen her since.

I am writing of her, not of myself; therefore, as little as may be, shall refer to my own part and pain in this History of a Woman. In a few words I will make clear (since I consider

thus much necessary) how I stood in regard to her.

I met her in Switzerland in the summer of 1855. She was traveling in com any with her father, who appeared to be in wretched health, suffering under a species of hypochondria that rendered him the most sorrowful and solemn man I ever saw. His daughter, a lovely woman, characterized by the most exquisite tenderness in all things, at once attracted, and deeply interested me.

I saw at the first that some trouble weighed heavily upon both, and judged, naturally enough, from the black dress of Miss Eyre, that death had bereft them of some dearly loved one.

We travelled in company to Erno, where Mr. Eyre began to fail rapidly. It was deemed best by his physician for him to push on to Italy, as the last of October was at hand, and a warm climate was absolutely necessary for his safety. Here was at once the test and the crisis! I suddenly found that I must go to Italy. Upon this hinge the door turned, and revealed to my mind the irresistible truth that I loved Josephine.

I was surprised and dejected, for I had not known myself, and I knew her. That pale, sad, sweet woman's voice and face had compassed me about by a charm I could not shake off. But for myself, I had fallen pleasantly upon their gloomy life, and cheered it somewhat, that was all. She did not think of the possibility of a love affair. I was just her friend. A solid fact! I found my resolution too feeble to combat the demands of my heart, that loved her, and my vanity, that hoped to win her love by-and-by. The consequence was inevitable; I went with them, and, together, we wintered at Rome.

My daily association with them did not serve to break through the mystery of their trouble, or to explain, beyond a few unsatisfactory and insignificant facts, any of the circumstances of their former life

I knew that they were highly educated, refined and wealthy. These were patent facts of the present. I could not, and did not care to explore their past.

We had been in Rome two weeks when I drifted into the saddest mistake of my lifetime. Against the dictates of my reason and cool judgment, and in the face of my consciousness that she did not love me—never had thought of such a thing—I made a proposal of love and marriage, as we walked through the Coliseum one bright night. With a face as white as the moon that looked down upon her, she told me she could not marry me, and then earnestly and pathetically said:

"You must forget this, otherwise we cannot even be friends. I confess that thought pains me, for you are a comfort to us both, and I should be sorry to give up your friendship. Let us forget this little mistake, and continue as hitherto. Shall it be so, or do you say good-bye?"

I said we would forget it, for I could not deny myself the exquisite happiness I drew from the blessing of her presence. My comfort lay in the knowledge that no one else, here at least, took precedence of me in her dear favor.

I hoped to teach her to love me.

What man but has the vanity to believe that, with the advantages of time

and opportunity, he can win any woman's empty heart and life? I made the common and egotistical mistake. Josephine was not for me, and her gracious nature rewarded my constancy at the last by teaching me why she was not.

In the early part of January, Mr. Eyre began to fail so rapidly, that it became evident that a few weeks longer, at the most, would terminate the pangs of mental and physical sufferings.

He expressed a wish for my presence at his bedside whenever I could find it convenient to be with him; I was, therefore, constantly his companion, and, consequently, the companion of Josephine.

One cloudy, windy morning, the physician called me out, after he had made his customary early visit, told me that the end with him was rapidly approaching, and advised me to break the information to him.

I imagine my face must have betrayed my sad business; for when I entered the room, Josephine started up, and, with a countenance full of sorrow, whispered to me:

"Let me tell him; it is better so"

She leaned over him, and parted the hair from his forehead: "Father," she said, in a voice of the most ineffable tenderness and sadness, while her eyes rained their pity upon his face, "you will be with her to-night."

A smile illuminated his countenance—the first and last I ever saw.

"Thanks be to God!" he ejaculated, fervently, lifting his thin hands aloft; "the long prayer, as long as your life, Josephine, is answered at last. Yes, answered, and I am contended, child."

He closed his eyes, murmuring inaudibly to himself. In truth he seemed content, for his proud, sad lips relaxed their rigid and sorrowful sternness, and a placid shadow gathered about and rested on his face. After a long and painful silence, he said gently:

"Josephine, kiss me, my love, and tell me your heart has no hard thought in return for it all. Give me your pardon. My heart has suffered and cried; it calls aloud for your blessing and forgiveness."

She leaned over and kissed him passionately.

"Do not think of me, dear; there is nothing to forgive; no, nothing to forgive Only tell me once that you love me, O! father."

He drew her head to his breast, and rested his hands graciously upon it. I think he was invoking God's blessing and protection. Directly he said, softly: "My dear, I love you."

I think he died as he ceased speaking, for when she lifted her face, she saw that he was gone forever.

And from thence, out of her loneliness and grief, sprang the short-lived comfort that came to me. Mine was the hand that sustained, protected, did all for her. For one week I was brother, father, friend; then came the change that drifted her away from my life forever.

Ten years have gone by since then in all their tedious length, bringing no token or word from her to me.

Why did I never seek token or word?

What follows will give a conclusive answer.

Touching myself I shall say little else beyond this: I came upon her tonight with a sudden pang of conviction teaching me, at the sight of her

sweet changed face, that I love her still with a devotion that knows not the nature of change; and leaving this, I go back to the beginning.

It was late at night when I cut the string that bound the package, and spread the letters carefully out upon my desk.

All the while was I thinking how simply and how surely she was traveling away from Florence and from me, through the darkness and the night. The letters were four in number; all bore the address of "Miss Ellenor Pegram," and were signed by Josephine. Upon the back of one, in her fine, clear hand, were written these words:

"Into your keeping I give these letters."

"I can think of no better or wiser means of showing you my life than by submitting to your eyes the history I wrote for a dearly oved friend, who besought me to reveal to her the eventful story of my life, before she knew me. Unfortunately this letter never reached her. She died at her home in England, the week I wrote it from Rome.

"It was returned to me by her family, with the rest of my letters, and the sad announcement of her death. I now offer it to you, my next good friend. I shall not have written it in vain if it gains from your heart, first pity, and then forgetfulness of--

"JOSEPHINE EYRE."

I opened the envelope with trembling fingers. I cannot explain why it was that my brain whirled with confused thoughts, and my hands grew cold. An undefined dread and pain of coming knowledge oppressed and tormented me

I was eager, anxious to know, and yet I was afraid.

"Josephine's history!" I said, as I drew the lamp nearer, and opened the letter.

It ran thus:

"ROME, November 10, 1855.

"To you, who have been the kind friend of a troubled and sad woman, I address these words of explanation. When I first met you, and received the great bounty of your generous, hearty love and goodness, I experienced for the first time the sensation of love for a mother. Your kindly words: 'Josephine, my love, let me be your friend. Come with your trouble, whatever it is, and let me know and share it. Believe me (an old woman, who has known sorrow), that I will comfort you.'

These words appealed to, and softened my heart, but they could not break, all at once, through the silence that hung, like death, about my past. I left England, and you were not answered. Here my conscience has driven me to wish to confide in you. Motherless, and alone, I crave for the sympathy of a warm, kind, pitying woman's heart.

"An old woman, who has known sorrow," can surely point out the wise hand of God to a young girl who has known sorrow; but, alas! too little of the workings of that hand and Lord who does not willingly afflict.

Pity me in my darkness and my sorrows!

Show me that He does not willingly afflict. Withdraw my hard heart from this cold, dead, pitiless life, that surrounds and chills it! I have no loving, tender creature to lean on, and be

guided by. The stern duties of my life are figures of ice, tangible, hard, glacial, inexorable. Oh! show me God's mercy and love above and beyond all this!

Be my mother, for that young fair girl, just on the threshold of womanhood, glorified by the power of beauty and love, who was my mother, died in giving me birth.

Know, then, how tragically my life began.

My eyes open at once upon my greatest misfortune and my life. The pale, dead face of the best earthly friend saluted my poor little gaze as I turned it upon earth. There was the yearning, loving heart, that would have adored me, dead!

Above me, stricken as if by some deadly blow, leaned my father, mourning wildly the irrevocable loss of her he loved better than life; and learning there, in the first moments of my existence, to recognize in me the cruel means and cause of his hopeless sorrow.

His heart hardened to me—nature could not combat or survive the agony, the despair of his loss.

There was the warm heart dead, and, between it and his living dead heart, my own palpitated and fluttered into the first strength and hour of life.

The cold, shrinking look he turned on me that night never left his face; its reproachful gloom followed me ever after, and, when I began to feel and know the chill, it filled my young heart with dread and shrinking.

My ears have never lost the sound of his formal, passionless voice, that never uttered a loving or a harsh word; a dead, indifferent intonation, that was alike incapable of encouragement or condemnation. He did not care that my heart craved love; he had none to give, and he had not the will to comfort me

This killed my youth, and made me a sullen, sorrowful, silent child.

I cannot look back and discover the hour, in all my young days, when I laughed immoderately, neither can I find my father evincing a moment's tenderness for me—a kiss, a word of kindness, or a look that betrayed any feeling beyond the cold indifference that greeted my entree into life.

I was early placed under the care of thorough teachers, who worked in, and developed my little mind with the business-like energy and success that marks the endeavors of well-paid employes. They crammed my brain, and much too soon, it was packed with the knowledge of later years.

I was apt, and eager to learn. My delicate body belied the vigor and purpose of my mind; and before they expected it, I had reached excellence in all my studies I took in, as it were, all at once.

I had a fine taste for music, and played and sang with sentiment and skill. The sound of the piano drove my father from the room, and the notes of my voice seemed to give him actual pain, and yet he would have me taught "thoroughly." And I was taught thoroughly; a pale, languid girl at sixteen, highly educated and "finished," I stood upon the borders of womanhood, looking forward into life, without expectation, and longing; and back, without a single loving regret. Only one question suggested itself to me, when I was told that my governess and teachers were done with me, and that I was a young lady. "Shall I go

away from home?" I said to my father, as I stood before him in the study, "or am I to stay here just as before?"

He walked up and down for five minutes, and then paused. I can hear his cold, calm voice now, as he replied, slowly:

"I have thought of that. I presume you will have to go into the world, Josephine. This is customary. The idea of bringing you out *here*, and bringing the world in here, is not to be considered for an instant. It is utterly out out of the question. You must go away. It is better; more in accordance with my own comfort and your pleasure. On Thursday I will inform you what I mean to do. In the meantime make Keyser overlook your wardrobe; it will need to be replenished. Now go."

I left him hurriedly, with a sudden sense of *lightness* utterly new to me.

"Going away!" I exclaimed, shutting the door of my room, and standing half bewildered on the floor; "away from this gloomy place; away from *him*, from Keyser, from all of them! Then, thank heaven!"

In the mirror I saw my sallow cheeks flush vividly, and my eyes drop two hot, big tears. "This," I said vaguely, resting my elbows on the dressing-table, as I surveyed my face in the glass, "is the first time ever I was happy. Am I happy, I wonder? What a singular look my face has."

I watched the two tears roll down upon my breast, and sighing, I again asked myself, "am I happy?"

Three days after, my father informed me that he had arranged to send me to my aunt in New York, a fine, fashionable lady, who had never, since my birth, been to Eyreleigh, and with whom my father had held no communication since his marriage, beyond a few formal letters which passed at stated periods between them. There was no absolute alienation, only a natural coldness and apathy, growing out of their utter incompatibility of temper and character. She was traveling in Europe at the time of his marriage, and returned home to find he had become husband, father, and widower, within a year.

The young wife and mistress of Eyreleigh she never saw. A cloud, impenetrable as death, shrouded her memory. The brief life of love and happiness had vanished, leaving a terrible, irrevocable change in my father, and only me, a desolate little child, to testify to it ever having been. Her history, her very name, was unknown to my aunt. Where they had met and married, she never knew, and dared not seek to learn of him.

His imperious, unbending disposition, had awed and controlled her in their youth, and now, that she found grief had set a seal upon his trouble, she shrank from obtruding her sympathy or her curiosity, where she knew they would find not the shadow of satisfaction. Shrugging her shoulders, she said to her husband, "Alfred is as silent as the grave. He has buried his wife in more senses than one. I have not dared to question him regarding his marriage, which I presume was a *misalliance;* only I can't exactly understand *how* his wife could have been low-born, and yet so beautiful Her picture hangs in his chamber, and is the loveliest thing I ever saw. One of these days he will, no doubt, con-

fide in me; in the meantime, I must call it a *misalliance*, and content myself with that view of it."

But he never confided in her; and when I reached sixteen, he wrote her that he desired to place me under her charge, and begged her to advise him when I could be sent to her. He was wealthy enough to make the proposition acceptable. Aunt Winchester wrote that I should come at once.

"You will go to-morrow," he said. "Your aunt has my commands to furnish you with everything requisite. Whatever you need, do not hesitate to go to her for; and remember, Josephine, that I desire you to appear in the world with every advantage money can command. Your life has been a dull one at Eyreleigh. I hope and believe you will find the change a pleasing one. You must arise early to-morrow; and now, good night."

I went thoughtfully to my room, my hands clasping each other nervously, and my face burning as from fever. There was a strange tumult in my mind. I was awakened to a sense of joy for the first time in my life; joy at leaving my home, and my father; joy at the prospect of new scenes, new faces, and a new life; joy at the opportunity of beholding that outer world, where people were happy enough, absolutely to laugh, and sing, and dance.

To dance? *I* might learn to dance, too!

I looked down at my feet, and regarded them carefully. Ah! I was a veritable woman! Even my warped and solemn youth had not killed the weakness of my sex in me. I had never observed it before, but I saw it now, and calculated the effect and necessity in regard to dancing. I drew my dress up and said aloud:

"I have small feet and a beautiful leg."

I blushed as I said it. There was a struggle between my innate vanity and my educational prudishness; nevertheless, my foot revealed itself small and shapely; and the leg round and tapering; and I found myself contemplating both with a fondness that thrilled and shamed me at the same time.

I had little hands, with a tender pink adorning the tips. I spread them out before me, and looked critically at them.

"Yes, my hands and feet *are* pretty; but alas! my face is dark and plain enough. What colors become such a sombre face as mine? What an odd face it is, to be sure." I forgot my feet and hands, and studied my face. It *was* an odd face then; sallow and sad enough for a girl; and suddenly it made me cry to contemplate it, because I knew, in the world, that the beautiful women, pink and ripe, and rich, with youth and vivacity, were the queens; and then I saw that I was neither young-looking nor pretty.

I had never thought of this before. A serious and pallid face had looked at me out of the mirror for years, and I had not thought if it were a comely or an ugly countenance. Now, with the instinct of a woman who is going in contrast to the charming of her sex, I saw that it was not a lovely face.

"Will any one ever think me good-looking?"

I dropped my hands and averted my face, murmuring apologetically to myself:

"Monsieur Fromantin tells me a

handsome set of teeth and a good complexion are indispensable. The most perfect face in the world is ugly, lacking them; and they render even a plain woman pleasing to look at. I am plain

Am I?

I pushed the heavy hair back from my temples, and scanned my face, my lips apart, that I might see the white teeth within. For twenty minutes I inspected myself without particularity, and without mercy. The result was, that I had a pair of clearly defined horizontal brows that expressed distress; a fine, white, perfect set of teeth, and a pair of calm, light gray eyes, under abundant dark lashes, that reminded me of what Monsieur had read about the *malus oculus*. This was all I could claim. I was just thinking how very little it was, when my door opened simultaneously with a slight tap, and my father entered. With a grave inclination of his head he said, with more than ordinary sadness:

"I wish to say a few words to you, Josephine. To-morrow I shall not arise to see you and Keyser off, and so, to-night, I bid you adieu. I have done what I consider best and most pleasant for you, and in urging you to make the wisest use of the opportunities now about to be offered you, I will say just one word by way of advice. I doubt not it will be futile, useless. Fate and nature are so powerful, and we so weak; nevertheless, I shall not fail to warn you. Women, and especially young women, start out in life with one paramount, dominant idea, and wish, to marry, and to marry well. A young girl feels that she only half fulfills her destiny if she fails to love *some one*. It is, after their *toilette*, the most serious business and demand of their lives. Take care! It is at once the easiest and saddest lesson of life to learn. Love is never a completed history, subject as it is to the power of wrong, deceit, change, and death. If I had never loved, I had never suffered! Life would have been at least *a calm;* now I recognize in it only the tedious means of reaching death, and through death, the hereafter."

He leaned solemnly over me, and kissed me for the first time. Then he said good bye, and passed like some grave, admonitory spirit out of the room.

And through my dreams his words rang with the mournful and prophetic cadence of a warning.

"If I had never loved, I had never suffered," I murmured drowsily, as I fell off into profound sleep, and dreamed, like a girl, of a lover who made me happy; and this you see was the first direct effect of his warning upon me.

Futile and useless? Yes.

The strangeness and confusion of my position in my first journey from home failed to entertain and amuse me; for my natural timidity continually assured me that people were looking at me, and I shrank from observation. Once, a sweet-faced girl, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, whispered to him:

"How like Maria she is, Gervase."

I overheard it, and, without considering the impropriety, I said, looking in her face:

"Maria must be an ugly woman."

The girl opened her eyes wonderingly at me, as if she thought me a lunatic, and, with a little shrug, and a confused half smile, half sigh, said:

"I beg your pardon."

From time to time I inspected her pretty face, as it lay, quite naturally and quietly, upon her companion's shoulder. Its soft white and pink prettiness caught my fancy, and held it, until the mild, blue eyes, drooped by-and-by, and she slept. Then, for the first time, I observed the face of the man.

He was looking abstractedly from the window into the moving darkness outside. The clear light from the lamp overhead fell directly upon his face, revealing to my fixed gaze a countenance embodying all that I had ever read or heard of, grand, heroic, splendid, in man.

I had never seen anything comparable to it. It was the incarnate beauty and nobility of manhood that I looked upon.

My feeling was one of awe rather than mere admiration; and so absorbed was I that Keyser said to me twice, "Here we are," before I quite understood; then I permitted myself to be led by her strong hand out through the jamming crowd to the cab that conveyed us to my aunt's house. It was a luxurious home, with an affable, *distingue* mistress, and three flashing, handsome girls, as inmates. Three? I should have said two; for Barbara's was a dark, serious face, with great, gray eyes, and a thin nose. Two things I noted as she advanced to meet me: her shoes creaked as she walked, and her hands hung, clasped languidly before her; on the third finger of her left hand she wore a diamond ring, the symbol of engagement. Her hands were small, and her skin remarkably clear and smooth; but her *tout ensemble* conveyed to my mind a vague idea that she had by some strange freak of destiny strayed out of her sphere, and should have been a Sister of Charity, or the matron of a hospital, she was so serious, and silent, and wore such a plain, sober, gray gown.

The other two were beautiful. The gay, flashing charm of their appearance and *toilettes*, presented the most bewitching living picture my unsophisticated eyes had ever beheld.

Two days with them convinced me that they were wealthy and belles. They were so lively and good-tempered, always smiling and happy, that I began to fall naturally into their ways, and to lose the shyness that annoyed me at first. Indeed how could I help finding my ease and self-possession with this happy, prosperous family, which was so thoroughly well-bred as to make one feel at home at once.

What am I to say touching my initiation into the life of pleasure and fashion which they led? The gay company and balls; the splendid entertainments and operas, broke upon me like enchantment, and touched the latent fires within me, to a flame. I saw the beauty and elegance of my cousins, and their effect. I said:

"I am not beautiful, but I am well-bred, and educated. I find myself in my natural element; so, I shall emulate their elegance, and have my effect too."

They were all kind and loving towards me. I was not brilliant enough to alarm Julia; nor pretty enough to pique Bessie; regarding Barbara, I began to know, after seeing her excited and bright-humored, that *we* were somewhat alike. I think she made the discovery before I did, for I heard her say I *was pretty* the day after I went among them.

Poor Keyser detested the whirl into

which my father had sent me. The French *cuisine* did not suit her bucolic palate; and Juliette's fine costumes were a source of infinite contempt. The manners of the men servants were impudent, and the "airs" of the women disgusting.

"I shall be glad to get back to Eyrefeigh," she said as she brushed my hair one night after a *soiree musicale*. "Won't you, Miss Josie?"

"No; I am satisfied here, Keyser."

Satisfied! Yes, that was just it. I was satisfied to be amused and attended to. I was satisfied to dance and be cheerful; and, more than everything, I was satisfied to have sung better than any one that night. I recalled with a strange thrill the surprise that I kindled in the faces of my aunt and cousins, when I took my seat at the piano. They did not know I could sing, and were afraid my country manners were about to lead me into a laughable *contretemps*. Julia leaned beseechingly over me, and whispered:

"Dear Josie, don't sing if you think you will fail; that would be too bad."

"I shall not fail, dear," I replied, running my hands a little nervously over the keys. Then I began.

My voice lifted itself tremendously over the complete silence. I felt that the first note had commanded attention. From under my half drooped lids, I beheld the faces around me surprised, delighted, thrilled, and that gave my vanity sudden courage; I threw myself enthusiastically into my work, and, in lifting my eyes, when I had reached the end, in a pardonable little inward flutter of triumph, I beheld—fixed upon my face, with a beaming admiration, that thrilled me from head to foot—the great, wonderful eyes of Gervase, and beside him his sweet-faced, blue-eyed companion, whom I had shocked by my *brusquerie*. The storm of applause that followed my effort fell unheeded upon my ears. The fact that I had surprised and charmed a highly critical reunion failed to impress and flatter me. I was conscious of, and afraid of two figures making their way gracefully towards me; they were Julia and a gentleman. I scarcely dared lift my eyes to the splendid face as she presented him—I was so scared at the possibility of his recognising the uncouth little lady of a month past who said, "Maria must be an ugly woman."

But he had forgotten all about me!

I heard Julia's silvery voice say: "Mr. Roanoke desires to compliment you, Josie. He says you sing like—"

"No one else I have ever heard;" he came around, and stood leaning gracefully over me at the piano. "You sing," he said, in a lower voice, in which the subtle charm of an eloquent tribute betrayed itself, "just as Maria Cerinthia must have sung."

Ashamed to confess I did not know the name, I must have been child enough to blush, and arise suddenly to hide my ignorance. He walked easily at my side, plucking as he went, a beautiful white rose from a superb bouquet on a table, and saying, with a pleasant, gracious smile: "Let me bestow upon you an impromptu *Memorial Rose*. Your voice has given me such an exquisite pleasure.

He placed it delicately in my hand.

It was the first act of sentiment that I had ever received from a man; and I was woman enough to think over it, and afterwards to conserve the flower. I have it now—a crisp,

yellow thing—between the leaves of the book to which it referred.

Am I to occupy you with the trivialties, and the mere forms of my gay life at my aunt's? I wish to get at the pith of my history, and so I slip the many pleasant nothings and trifles that made up the sum of my existence there until, at the end of two months, I reach the grand catastrophe of my life.

What do you conclude? A woman makes but one conclusion, touching another woman's secret, if she be young.

You say I had learned to love this Gervase Roanoke?

Yes, and by some quaint caprice of fate he loved me—plain, dark, unhandsome, as I am.

Do you know what this did to my heart?

Remember my life before I came here, and learned, all at once, the charming and seducing lessons of young, untrammeled, happy life.

And in the midst of this gay, bewildering, outward whirl and joy came the profound enchantment of love. All the dear pathos, tenderness, majesty of heart, hallowing and enchanting my nature!

His proposal astonished me.

Julia or Susie might have hoped to win him, but I had never dreamed of such a thing as coming to me.

My aunt betrayed a remarkable fortitude when he appealed to her as my visible guardian.

She thought he had made a mistake!

Open eyed curiosity and surprise greeted his prelude! She imagined, in his confusion, he had said "your niece," instead of "your daughter."

By-and by, however, she discovered that the mistake was her's, and she knew that her manœuvers in Julia's favor had accomplished nothing more satisfactory than this—a proposal of marriage for her plain niece.

After some requisite delay she consented to an engagement, with a kind and dignified suavity of manner, that convinced me of her native goodness of heart. You see her extreme disappointment did not permanently affect her benevolence and gentleness of character. To evince the completeness of her forgiveness, she, with the hearty co operation of Bessie and Barbara, entered with real energy and zest into the arrangement of my *trousseau*.

It was with some pain and considerable mortification that I heard from her, three days after the announcement of my engagement, that no notice had been given my father of the event.

She explained, with a sort of hesitating distress, that he had stipulated, in placing me under her charge, that I should pass as completely into her control, and be subject as much to her direction and advice as one of her own daughters. My command of money was to be almost unlimited, and my opportunities for all legitimate and reasonable amusements and extravagances, absolutely uncontrolled; but this unusual liberality and kindness were counterbalanced by the declaration that she was in no wise to exercise her match-making propensities in my behalf. He said I was plain and shy, and, if let alone, would probably never attract, or be attracted, sufficiently to form an engagement. He desired, above all things, that I never should; but if any improbable destiny of the sort should fall to my lot, the consequences must be borne by her and

by myself; he would have nothing to do with it beyond his natural and sincere desire to place always at my disposal, and for my benefit, means sufficient to maintain my position as his child.

She was not to speak of any such engagement to him—the subject was always a hopeful one—and would be doubly so, involving, as he really, in his morbid state of mind, believed—the happiness of his child. She said: "I have written, Josie, to-day; but, knowing Alfred as I do, I have not dared to speak of your good fortune; for it is good fortune to be such a lucky girl! I will tell you a little secret, and remember, my love, it is strictly *entre nous*. Without the least ill feeling, I confess that I thought Mr. Roanoke was attracted by Julia. I should have consented had he been so as freely and gladly as I have in your case. Is that not a complete tribute to him? It shows you how entirely I admire and respect him. That little mistake of mine led me to make for him opportunities that I thought would ultimately result in my child's happiness, for I could not believe that if such a man loved any woman could reject his overtures. I imagined he would succeed by-and-by in winning her love. You see what a funny mistake I made. It was you he sought, and found, and won, before my eyes, and I never guessed it. Julia is heart-whole, and ignorant of my plans; but you have slipped out of my keeping just upon the skirts of that solemn warning and prohibition of your father's. I believe and pray that I have done well. I have resolved, at least, to obey him to the letter, and will 'trouble him' with no knowledge of your happiness until it shall be too late for him to interpose his own unnatural and sickly fancies between you and the happiness God has placed in your path. If I had not such a fund of pity in my heart, I should be inclined to despise Alfred's weakness, but I know it has grown out of his passionate mourning for your mother, whom he loved with an intensity bordering upon idolatry. I never saw her, and, will you believe it, he has never mentioned her name, or her antecedents to me. The subject is so solemn and distressful a one to him that I have never dared to broach it. Do you wonder now that I take complete possession of you in your present affair? Tell me that you think I have done right."

I kissed her, and assured her I thought so.

A sudden fear that his cold, still, glacial voice and denial would arise, like death, between me and my happiness, if he was apprised of it, terrified me. He had expressly said it must be withheld, and I cordially and eagerly consented.

So the days flew rapidly and joyfully away, lessening the distance surely between me and my marriage. My *trousseau* was splendid. Aunt Winchester had spared neither money nor taste. Like a girl I was pleased at it all; but, down in the depths and silence of my heart, I was happy, happy!

This is an old story to you—this happiness. I remember the feeling with which you related the romance of your youth to me. I look back and behold the anguish that followed hard upon your joy—that crushing, terrible loss, that overwhelmed and desolated

you ; and I weep for you, but for myself I have no tears—albeit my story is harder than your's ; for death is not the cruelest blow aimed at love.

My marriage day came at last.

To tell you about the subtle emotions that filled and bewildered me, is to hold up to the artist a copy of his glorious, beautiful creation. You know it all. Besides, I *cannot.*

At the last moment Aunt Winchester had written to tell my father, and ventured to plead with him to so far overcome his feelings as to be present at my marriage. She urged just and sensible reasons—beseeched him in the name of that dear lost one, who would have loved me, and rejoiced over my good fortune—to come, and give into the hands of a worthy, admirable man, his only child. She set forth eloquently the necessity and propriety of this ; painting, with free and appreciative hands, the character of Gervase Roanoke, for his inspection.

But the next day came, and passed into night, and, one after the other, our guests arrived, and my father did not come. At the last, as Aunt Winchester bade me prepare to descend to the drawing-room, I regretted his absence ; but so happy, so bewildered, was I, as I moved slowly down, with my hand resting upon my companion's arm, I soon forgot father, friends, everything, in the one wild, absorbing whirl of conscious love and happiness.

We were married.

I have a confused recollection of replying nervously, with my eyes upon the ground. My hand trembled in the firm grasp of his strong fingers. I was aware of his presence ; and the flashing lights, and brilliant company about me ; the low, soft intonations of the minister's voice, as he began to pronounce the blessing, and the slight rustle of Aunt Winchester's dress near me. Then—I remember I lifted my eyes involuntarily, and—passing in at the door, with hands upraised and frightened, ghastly face—I beheld my father appear like a despairing ghost.

I heard his voice forbidding the ceremony. I heard Aunt Winchester's quick tones of alarm ; a loud, strange, confused rush of language, whispers, noise ; then a dead, horrible silence, in which somehow, from whence or whom I have never known, the miserable truth fell, like a shameful sentence of death, into my wretched ears, and I fainted dead away at my husband's feet, with a wild, despairing prayer in my heart, that I might die.

Gervase Roanoke was my uncle!

Can you not comprehend the unhappy story? How my father had married away in the South, the only daughter of a proud, imperious, unbending family? How they had repudiated her, and scorned him? How they regarded her clandestine marriage as criminal—and from thence, knowing no forgiveness for her fault, had as completely and surely buried her as though she lay six feet under the green sod? How her sweet name was a forbidden and disgraced sound forevermore among them? How they had denounced him, and renounced her? How she drooped, and pined, far away in her northern home under this consciousness of their condemnation? How she loved her husband, and longed for her people? How the heavy penalty of her disobedience hung about, and saddened her life? How they lived, loving and secluded at

Eyreleigh, having, in existence, the single blessing and comfort of love? How the yearning, sensitive young heart mourned and rejoiced at the same time? How the coldness and injustice done her hurt and stung him? How he adored but could not altogether comfort her? How he began, for her sweet sake, to hate the proud hearts that had power to pain her? How he closed the door of Eyreleigh to the world, and gave his life to her? How she strove to forget everything but her happiness in his love? How happy they were? Then, how, as her time of trial drew on, hopefully and anxiously they both looked forward to the future, and their child? How it came at last, bringing the child, and taking the mother; the child, that had the dark, uncompromising aspect of that resolute, haughty father, who had made her suffer? How he beheld and froze to it? How the days went on darkly and coldly? How, in obedience to her last request, he wrote, sorely against his hard, stubborn will, to her family, and announced her death—asking, for her sake, that they would acknowledge her child, and, through it, repair the harshness they had shown her? How he rebelled, and shrank from this petition? How he conquered his proud heart, and wrote? How the letter reached them in the midst of their rejoicings and fete, in honor of the return from Europe of the heir and only son? How they said among themselves, "She died two years ago, when she left us?" How they mourned in silence, and gave no sign outwardly? How hey rejected the petition of his letter, and forever alienated him? How the son knew nothing, but that she had left her home, and had died without pardon? How the very name of the man who had caused all this trouble was unknown to him, and prohibited among them? How he remembered her as a fair, sweet girl, and regretted her? How he shut her memory away in his heart, and strove to forget her? Then, how the child grew in the sorrowful, unloving, hard life, at Eyreleigh? How her father grew morbid, and a recluse? How she, by and-by, left the ungenial home, and went into the bright world? How she met her strange and monstrous destiny, and suffered it? How it was resolved to let the morning find him flying from that dire calamity, over the seas—and she, crushed, wretched, ill, hurrying on her desolate way to Eyreleigh? He had only said, once: "*Separation!* Separation, to kill the heart first, and then death for the body. After death, freedom from this unnatural bond. In no other way can it come to us. The law cannot annul such a bond; it can only brand us. We must endure to the end."

And I said, we must endure to the end.

Without once meeting each other's eyes, we touched hands, and parted. My love had died as I lay prone at his feet that night; but something awful possessed its place within me. I could not rest. Here and there, wherever my restless spirit drove me, we went—my father and I. Too late had his compassion and tenderness come, to save me from a sorrowful doom, but not too late to fill my heart with a new love and kindness. He has endeavored to comfort me. Ill in body, and doubly broken in heart, he follows my wandering steps, striving to make

amends for the past, and he has done it. We comfort and sustain each other at last, thank God!

One word, and I have done.

"The speedy 'death of the body' gave him freedom." We never met after that night.

Among the snows and eternal chill of Siberia he found deliverance from that "unnatural bond."

To his niece, Josephine Eyre, he bequeathed his large fortune, without condition, or limit, or reservation.

My history is in your hands, dear friend. Soon I shall stand alone in my life, for, day after day, I behold the slow and sure approach of death to my father. When he is gone, I shall return to America, and take to my home that sweet-voiced woman who was my near kin, though I did not know it when she said I "looked like Maria." She is cousin to my mother, and was named Maria Roanoke; now she is a sad, young widow, to whose comfort and consolation, and to the care and protection of whose child, Gerase Roanoke La Mar, I dedicate myself and my fortune.

The future is full of promise of good. God willing, I shall find—in a useful, earnest life, productive of joy and prosperity to others—comfort; and perhaps, who knows, for the short term of my remaining earthly probation—a sort of restful happiness.

To do good; yes, to feel for the rest of the world about us; to find forgetfulness of self in our labors of love for those who appeal to us for help; to dedicate our means, and our hearts to the comforting of our race, is to achieve that sublime happiness, that is, of all earthly happiness, the only one enduring

May God give me strength to accomplish it. His blessing be upon you, my good friend.

Always your loving,

JOSEPHINE EYRE.

SONG FOR VIRGINIA.

Virginia, Virginia, thou gallant old State,
The home of the valiant, the good and the great,
Whose sons in the front of the battle have stood,
And in Liberty's cause poured out their life's blood!
Thy annals are filled with their deeds of renown;
Their names are the jewels that shine in thy crown.

CHORUS—Virginia, Virginia, thou gallant old State,
I ne'er will desert thee, whatever thy fate.

The land of statesmen! may thy sons ne'er see the day
When thy glory shall wane, or thy strength shall decay;
But long may thy banner wave proudly on high,
And "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*" forever thy cry!
May thy patriot sons bid the nations afar
Render homage and praise to Virginia's star!

CHORUS—Virginia, Virginia, thou gallant old State,
I ne'er will desert thee, whatever thy fate.

Washington, Sept. 10, 1866. A VIRGINIAN.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S STAR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

In the fall of 1864, I was detached from field duty in General Lee's army, and entrusted by the Confederate Government with a mission to one of the northern States, requiring great secrecy and dispatch; but with this my story has nothing to do, save as an explanation of my presence at such a time in the enemy's territory. Having reason to remain a few days in Philadelphia, I was surprised and gratified to find sympathizers with our great struggle even in that most Radical and loyal city. Carefully concealing my position and business there from my old friends, who so gladly threw open their doors and hearts for a traitor so called to enter, I enjoyed some pleasant hours in the society of those who were compelled to speak with bated breath, but whose hearts throbbed and eyes kindled at the recital of southern wrongs and southern valor.

Upon descending to breakfast one fair October morning, my charming hostess, Mrs. B. (a Virginian herself, but married to a northern man), met me, wreathed in smiles, and holding in her hand a highly embossed envelope, whose dainty ribbon knot and beautifully engraved initial letters, although entirely different from anything I had seen for three years, savored to my mind strongly of matrimony. My thoughts went back to the halcyon days of the past, before heavy cares and disappointments had left their impress on heart and brain, and the exposure of camp life, added to the fatigue and privations of the march, had ploughed long, silvery tracks in my raven locks—the only silver, by-the-way, then in my possession. When I "looked love into eyes that spoke again," and the merry marriage bell was ready to chime for me; when just such bits of perfumed paste-board covered my table, and my services were asked by friends, who, joyfully entering the matrimonial bark, bid me God speed on a like cruise. The sequel of these thoughts, which flashed along the wires of memory, issued from my lips in the single word "Wedding?"

"You are a good guesser," said my fair friend. "Yes, it is an invitation to a marriage and reception of my lovely little pet, Minnie Norman, whom you met here the other evening, and admired so much. She was born in the Old Dominion, and clings fondly to every recollection of our glorious old mother State. For two years she has devoted herself exclusively to relieving the necessities of the Confederate prisoners, and nursing the sick and wounded in the hospitals here. Listen to what she says in a note accompanying the invitation-card:

"Bring your mysterious and agree

able friend, Mr. W., with you on the 12th ; although he will not tell us the nature of his mission here, because he has the absurd idea that a woman cannot keep a secret, yet I know it is something connected with the welfare of my beloved South, the land of Jackson and Lee. His hearty, cordial tones and dear old accent are music to my ear ; will you not ask him to grace my wedding with his presence ?"

"I shall be only too happy to accept," said I; "that note falls like dew upon my heart ; none but a dear little Virginia girl could have written such. I hope the man of her choice is worthy of the gem he has gained."

"Oh, he is a noble fellow," returned my hostess, and the entrance of breakfast put an end to the conversation.

The eventful day arrived, and, arrayed in the regulation dress on such occasions—glossy black, immaculate choker and irreproachable fitting kids —a costume in which I was somewhat puzzled to make my own acquaintance, I took my seat in the carriage beside Mrs. B., and was rapidly whirled to the scene of enlivenment. We did not attend the ceremony which took place in church ; therefore, upon our arrival, the bride of an hour had already received the congratulations of her friends upon her accession to new dignity. Entering the drawing-room, from which the daylight had been carefully excluded, my Confederate eyes were completely dazzled by the splendid array of beauty, fashion and wealth gathered there, and, for some moments, I imagined that I had been transported to fairy-land. I was, however, awakened from this trance, by an exclamation of delight from my companion, and found myself standing before an impersonation of grace and beauty clad in white silk, orange blossoms, illusion, and a dozen other airy nothings with which the fair sex arm themselves to slay their unsuspecting male victims.

Collecting my scattered senses, I soon managed to settle down to a "peace basis," and, paying my devoirs with tolerable composure to the happy couple, gave place to the eager throng behind me. Refusing, for various reasons, the entreaties of my friend to be introduced to sundry damsels of her acquaintance who were "pretty and so rich," I retired to a corner, from which post of observation I became an amused and interested "looker-on in Vienna."

My eye roved over the brilliant scene,
"The flashing of jewels, the flutter of laces,
And odors of tropical musk;
Men and women, most beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk,"

mingling with the witching blue of the northern clime, until at last, like a weary bird, it returned to the figure of the bride and rested there. Something in her quiet, dignified bearing, and happy, trustful face was refreshing to me, and, almost unconsciously, I scanned her whole person. What struck me particularly, as I inwardly commented on the tasteful elegance of her attire (for I am somewhat of a connoisseur in such matters), was the absence of all jewels. Instead of the bridal pearls, a single highly-burnished star caught at her throat the light fall of lace that covered neck and shoulders. My curiosity—for I plead guilty to the weakness—was aroused to fathom the origin of a fancy, or wearing such an ornament on the most eventful day of a young woman's life,

and, musing upon it, my thoughts took another direction. The camp, the battle-field, hopes of promotion, and the dawn of a day when I, too, might wear a star, engrossed me so entirely that I forgot time and place, and was only aroused from my revery by a light touch on my arm, and the sweet voice of the bride in my ear, saying:

"I shall not allow you to make statues in the corner any longer, Mr. W.; if you will not join the dancers, at least do homage to me. I intend to throw aside etiquette for a few moments, and sit down in this alcove with you, for I wish to ask some questions concerning my friends in D xie."

Was ever mortal man deaf to such an appeal! It is needless to say that I complied, and, through the introduction of many mutual acquaintances, soon regarded myself on a footing sufficiently intimate and friendly to inquire the history of the "lone star."

She hesitated upon hearing my question, then, lowering her voice, said: "In this 'land of the free and home of the brave,' to name one of the South's great chieftains in tones of praise is treason; but, since you are a true son of her's, I will venture to relate to you the story connected with this precious relic of Stonewall Jackson, and how it came into my possession.

"Some months ago, while visiting the C. hospital, my attention was attracted towards one of the patients who had been brought in the day before. He was a young man, apparently about twenty years of age; and, although almost wasted to a skeleton, his broad open brow, delicate high-bred nose, and general air of refinement indicated that his was no mean lineage. The beautiful brown eyes followed all my motions with such a yearning, beseeching expression, that I was irresistibly drawn to his bed side. Offering him an orange to cool his parched tongue, and seating myself beside him, I inquired into his condition. "Will you not bathe my head, as mother used to do," said he, "and then talk to me—it is so long since I have heard a sweet, low voice like your's."

Taking out my cologne, I did as he bade me, talking in an encouraging, hopeful manner, meanwhile, until, by degrees, he revived a little, and told me his history.

"I am a Virginian," said he, and his wan cheek flushed with pride; "my home is on the banks of the Shenandoah, and I was one of the first to answer the bugle note when our fair valley was invaded. Jackson was my leader, and I belong to the Stonewall Brigade. Although only an humble lieutenant, I had rather be a private in that noble band than hold a general's commission in any other corps. Jackson was my hero; for him I would have scaled any height, undergone any hardship, and since his death, I have scarcely cared to live, save by the faithful performance of my duty to assist in winning fresh laurels for the brigade he loved so well." He then went on to tell me that he had been taken prisoner six months before, and, accustomed to an active life in the open air, the confinement of a prison had undermined his health, and the home sickness and despair of a "hope deferred" preyed on his mind until a slow fever ensued, which was then draining the strength from his youthful veins. Of course, all this was not

told at once, but at intervals, in answer to my questions. Finally, fearing the excitement would be injurious, I enjoined quiet and rest, bidding him good bye, with the promise to return the next day.

For a week, at the same time every morning, I attended my "Virginia boy," and my entrance was always the signal for a brightening of the sad, hopeless eyes. Sitting by his side, with his thin hand clasped in mine, he would relate many little incidents of his campaigns with Jackson, always dwelling on the famous exploits of his adored commander, or e se pour forth a tide of recollections of his mountain home, of the dear old father and mother whose pride he was, the fair-haired sister who so fondly awaited his return—his horse and dog, and a thousand minor details of the sweet home life so dearly treasured in his heart. But I shuddered to mark how fast his strength was ebbing away, and wept at the thought of the sorrow that would soon fall like a crushing weight upon that absent household.

Upon the seventh day I was much shocked by the distressing change which had taken place in his appearance, that peculiar pallor and contraction of the features always the herald of death, having settled upon his countenance. No glad smile greeted me as I approached his cot, but only a faint pressure of my hand as I bent over him. "Will you not taste this cooling drink I have prepared for you?" said I.

"No, dear lady, nothing to drink for me," replied he, in a faint voice, and then continued, painfully laboring for breath: "Save it for some one else; I am dying. The surgeon would not tell me just now when I asked him, but I feel the death damp on my brow. I am not afraid, for I am a soldier, but it is so hard to die alone, never again to see my native mountains, and feel the cool air fan my cheek—never again to hear my father's blessing, or receive my mother's good night kiss Will you not do me one more favor—write to my mother?"

I assented, and, drawing forth paper and pen, wrote as well as my fast-dropping tears and trembling hand would allow. After speaking of his situation and my kindness, he proceeded to send affectionate farewells to various members of the family, not forgetting the servants, whom he mentioned by name. There was a pause, and he lay silent for some moments, the large tears gathering in his eyes, and rolling down the wan cheek. Then, pointing to the worn, grey uni form that hung from a peg on the opposite wall, he asked me to hand it to him. Fumbling in the pocket, he took out a knife, and, indicating a particular place in the waist band of his pantaloons, directed me to rip it open. I did so, and drew out a small roll of paper, containing something hard, which, upon opening, I found to be a military star, the wrapping paper being closely written over.

After gazing fondly upon them both for some time, he took up the star, and, handing it to me, said:

"When General Jackson fell, it was my painful task to assist in carrying him off the field to a place of safety. My command was forming in line of battle, and, although my heart failed, and my right arm felt nerveless at the thought of charging the enemy unaided by his presence, stern duty call-

ed me to the front. Kneeling to take one last, silent gaze at his pale, heroic face, I spied the stars on the collar of his overcoat, which was slung loosely over the litter. Quick as thought, I took out this knife, and, cutting one away, concealed it in my bosom ; with it on my heart, I hastened to the battle-field, and no sword did better service that day than mine. Here it is ; will you not keep it for the sak of one, who, dying amongst strangers and enemies, has had his last hours soothed by your gentle care?" Completely overcome by grief, I took the precious gift, and murmured my thanks. Then, holding out the paper, he asked me to enclose it in the letter to his mother. "Tell her it is the last leave of absence I ever received from General Jackson, signed by his own hand—a happy furlough spent at home. I shall soon have another, endorsed by a greater Captain than he, to go to a dwelling where pleasures are endless."

Exhausted by the effort of speaking, he sank back motionless, while I smoothed the damp curls, and moistened the dry, cold lips. Rivited to the spot by my affection and sympathy for the poor sufferer, two hours passed away, and I watched with sickening dread the death film dimming the beautiful eyes, and bent to catch the last faint breath. Suddenly a glorious light shone in his face ; partly rising, and pointing upwards, he exclaimed, "I see it—the star, the star ; General, I am here !" and, heaving one farewell sigh for earth and friends, the young hero rejoined his beloved commander.

Her voice faltered, and she ceased speaking, while I was too much moved to make any comment. Regaining her self-possession, she said : "Can you wonder now, Mr. W., that I should prefer wearing this gem, hallowed by so many sacred memories, to the costly jewels that lie in my casket, up stairs ?"

"Indeed, I do not," said I, "and I hope it may be a beacon light on your pathway through life, and that, when translated to the realms above, the owner may sparkle as the centre star in the Victor's crown." Bending over the fair hand lying near me, I imprinted a reverent kiss thereon, and, threading my way through the crowd, whose mirth was now so little in accord with my chastened feelings, I gained the side of Mrs. B , and, receiving her gracious permission to retire, left the gay wedding-scene.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE LOST CAUSE: A New Southern History of the War of the Confederates. Drawn from official sources, and approved by the most distinguished leaders. By Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia. With numerous splendid Steel Portraits. New York: E. B. Treat & Co., Publishers. 1866.

If we were to find fault with this book, it would be for its title. We have believed, and have not failed to assert the opinion, that the struggle on the part of the Confederates was a righteous one, and we dislike to admit that such a cause is ever "lost." None regretted more than we the dissolution of the Union. But we could not disguise from our own mind the fact that the Union was really dissolved, by the legislation of northern States, and by a course of aggressions upon the rights of the southern people, long before the conflict of arms. We never doubted the right of a State, in the language of Madison, as *a last resort*, to resume its delegated powers. Until a recent date, no respectable statesman in America ever doubted it—not even President Jackson. We could not, therefore, doubt that Lincoln's war upon States was a monstrous crime. The resistance offered by the South, we hold was just. It was simply resistance to usurpation and despotism. And notwithstanding the wild clamors of ignorance, delusion, and malice, we do not doubt that impartial history will abundantly vindicate its justice. In that immortal sense, at least, the cause is not *lost*. Right and truth never are lost. Nor do we, by any means, give up the cause of *State sovereignty*, *self-government*, and *liberty*, as lost. It was in defence of these that the South was forced to arms. If these are lost, liberty is lost. Then, instead of a Confederation of free States, as organized by our fathers, we have a consolidated, imperial system of government, worse than the one our fathers resisted when they fought against England. We, for one, are not yet prepared to concede so much success to the brutalized Abolition despotism. If the whole American people have not become sneaks and cowards, this abominable revolution will one day be rolled all the way back again. Let us have the government as it was made by such men as Washington and Jefferson, and not as it is spoiled by such men as Sumner and Stevens. Let us not call the cause *lost!*

But Mr. Pollard has brought unquestionable talent, and a vast amount of laborious industry to the production of this splendid volume. He has a right to be proud of it, for whether we agree with him or not in all his conclusions, we must accord him a first rank as an author, and should hardly know how to dispense with his work as a reference. We especially rejoice at the measure of justice which he has dealt to Sherman, whom we regard as destitute alike of humanity and the sentiments of honor.

IN VINCULIS; OR, THE PRISONER OF WAR. Being the Experience of a Rebel in two Federal Pens; interspersed with Reminiscences of the late war; Anecdotes of Southern Generals, &c. By A. M. Kelly, a Virginia Confederate. New York: Blelock & Co., No. 19 Beekman street.

This is a neat little volume of some two hundred pages or more, handsomely printed, and written in easy, graceful, and off-hand style. The writer's clever and pungent pen gives us an inside view of the prison pens at Point Lookout and Elmira, with many thrilling reminiscences of the late war. A chapter is especially devoted to "Beast Butler," into whose quarters the writer was ushered immediately after his capture before Petersburg. The interview which followed is graphically told, and the character of the "Beast" stands out in unmistakable colors on the canvas, as portrayed by himself. The author deserves the thanks of all candid, right-thinking men, for the exact and truthful sketches he has given, and the future historian of the war will find therein much valuable material in the impartial labor that awaits him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—We notice that a prominent Negro-Republican is advertised to lecture on "*The Dark Ages.*" And a black muddle he will make of his subject. He had better lecture on the present age of the United States, if he is afte darkness. That period of the middle ages which is called "dark" produced King Alfred's glorious institution of trial by jury, which has been abolished, to an extent, by the Negro-Republicans of this age. How could that be considered *dark* which solved the difficult problem of liberty, freed man from the shackles of tyranny, and subjected his actions to the decision of twelve of his fellow-countrymen? We confess that we look with admiration to those times that are called dark. The Goths understood liberty a good deal better than we practice it at this precise moment of time. They said to the monarch, you shall be our emperor; but we must be princes, and free on our own estates. and over them you shall have no power! The vassals said to their prince, we will serve you in your wars and defend your castle; but we must have liberty in our own circle, our cottage, our cattle, our portion of land. The cities said, we acknowledge you for our emperor; but we must have our own walls and strongholds, and be governed by our own laws. If we call such an age as that *dark*, what, for God's sake, shall we call the present period of the United States? It was the dawn of Caucasian liberty, as compared with the African midnight of our own time and country! If that was an age of *darkness*, this is an age of *darkies*. There were *stars* in that night. It would seem that this night of ours has nothing but *negroes*.

—Dr. Holland, (Timothy Titcomb,) in his work entitled "Lessons of Life," although himself an Abolitionist and editor of the Springfield *Republican*, draws the following true picture of the architects of the Negro-Republican party:

"Look at those who have been the prominent agitators of the slavery question for the last twenty years. Are they men of charity? Are they Christian men? Is not invective the chosen and accustomed language of their lips? Do they do not follow those against whom they have opposed themselves, whether for good cause or otherwise, into their graves with a fiendish lust of cruelty, and do they not delight to trample upon great names and sacred memories? Denouncers of bigotry, are they not the most fiercely bigoted of any men we know? Preaching love and good will to men, do they not use more forcibly than any other class the power of words to wound and poison human sensibilities?"

—A cotemporary says that "all liberty is found in unity, that is centralism." This is not true in any sense whatever. Unity, in the sense of centralism, as applied to government, is always despotism. On the other hand, freedom was always found connected with ununity or decentralism. All the despotic governments of the East were complete *unities*, while the free government of the Greeks was *manifold* in its character. Centralization of power was always despotism; while freedom was always decentralization of power.

—Did human eyes ever before look upon such a set of knaves as stumped Pennsylvania for the Negro-Republicans in the late elections? Seditious by trade, and malcontents for bread, they would sell, not their honor, for that they never had, but their country, for as few pieces of silver as Judas Iscariot asked to betray the Saviour of the world. They have transformed patriotism into a wild and foaming hydrophobia, and the people seem to be badly bitten by these human canines. There was a time when such wretches would not be tolerated by even the pothouse politicians. But the country has been at war with decency for five years, and these indecent specimens have been brought to the surface.

—A new book, advertised in the London papers, entitled "*Nosology*," is referred to by an American editor as "a work on the sublime subject of *noses*." We hate to put our cotemporay's *nose* out of joint, but will

take the liberty to remind him that the Greek word *nosos*, of which the title of the book is in part compounded, means a *disease*. *Nosology* is, therefore, *the doctrine of diseases*, without any regard to the nasal promontory on the human countenance.

—We have received an anonymous communication entitled "A comparison between the poetical merits of Stoddard and Aldrich." But these poetlings are not worth a comparison with each other. It is a comparison of *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*. Stoddard is more *debauched* than *delicate*; more *artistic* than natural; easy in his verse; a libertine in his ideas; incorrect in his style. Aldrich has a rabble of words, and a surplus of rhyming nothings, which remind us of Shakspeare's rascal who had been to a great feast of languages and stolen all the scraps. Our poetaster has not been to such a feast of languages, but to a dancing-ball supper, from which he has brought off all the bouquets of artificial flowers.

—A writer in a so-called literary paper says that "no respectable poet ever yet divided a word, leaving a part of it at the end of one line, and carrying the rest over to begin the next." What does he say to the following from Horace?

> *Jove non probante uxorius amnis.*
>
> Jove disapproving the uxorious river.

Horace frequently takes this liberty. The following is a specimen from the Greek Pindar:

> *Amphi te Latoida.*
>
> The son of Latona.

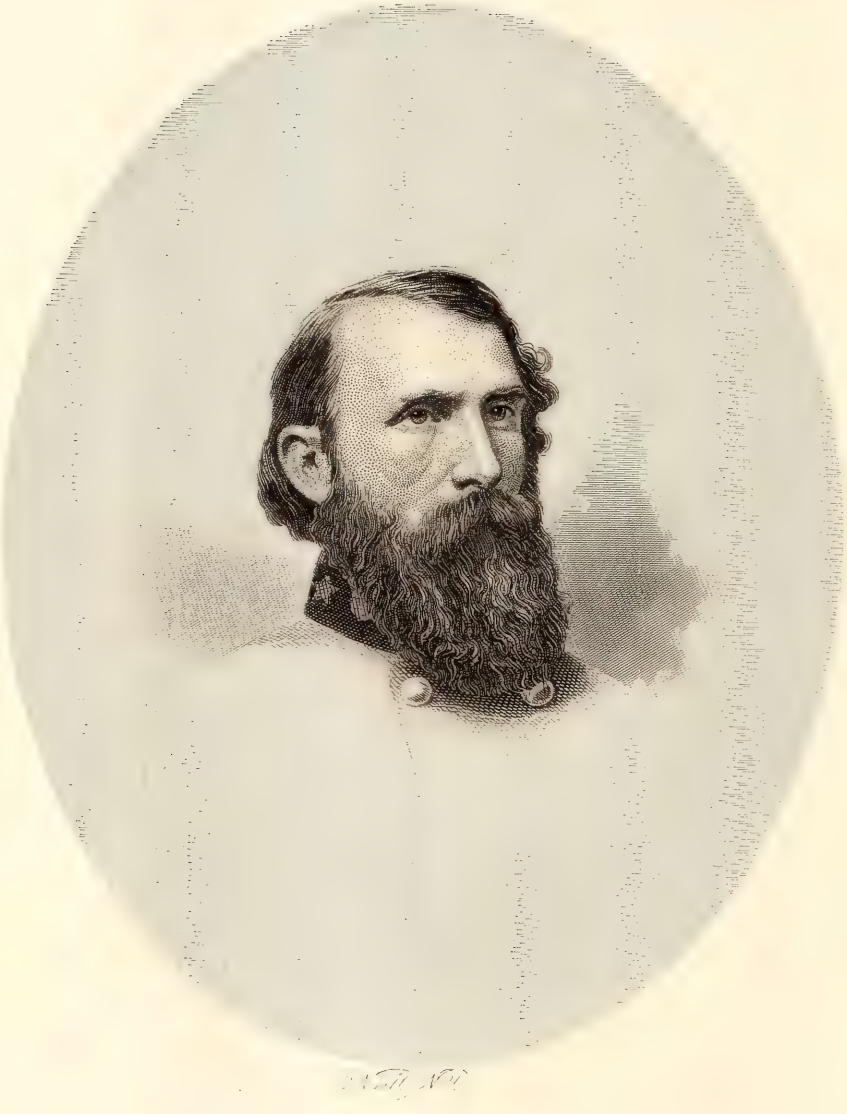
We confess that we do not like it; but who can find fault with a method which Horace and Pindar adopted? We believe that neither Homer nor Anacreon ever in a single instance thus cut their words in two. But still, what Horace and Pindar did, any other poet may do without being killed for it.

—In a late speech to which we listened, we heard a judge ask, "who in these times thinks of reading the writings of Jefferson?" We, sir. Sometimes when all nature sleeps, we make a nocturnal visit to his works, and read and admire his clear and simple arguments for self-government and liberty. The writings of Jefferson are worth more to a people determined to be free than all which has been written since his day. But we do not blame any one who has made up his mind to "accept the results of the war" for deprecating the writings of Jefferson. If the doctrines of Jefferson are true, then the man who "accepts the results of the war" is either a fool or a knave.

—Such light mental crafts as William D. Krownlow, and Jack Hamilton, are in the habit of exhibiting themselves as "*leaders of public opinion.*" They are leaders of public opinion, just as the ball of filth is a leader of the tide on which it is borne. A particle of dust, agitated by the wind, saith not *I command the winds*. But then a particle of dust has neither the impudence nor the foolishness of such worthies as Kelly and Brownlow. There is a very strong *simoon* wind sweeping down over the country just now, and all the lighter particles of human dust, and floating mass of filth, are swept along with it. That is what is called "public opinion." It is not *opinion*. It is rage and storm, and dust, and filth, and wind.

—We present our readers this month with a steel plate likeness of the brave southern cavalry leader, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who lost his life during the last year of the war in a fight near Brandy Station, Virginia. Few men stood any higher in the estimation of the southern people than this gay, dashing, and gallant Virginian, nor is there one whose grave is more tenderly strewn with the flowers of affection than his, whose sword so often flashed in every battle from the Potomac to the James.

Paul Young



GEN. A. P. HILL.

Jacob Young

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME IV.—DECEMBER, 1866.—No. XII.

THE ENGLISH-IRISH, AND PURITAN-AMERICAN UNIONS.

If we look intelligently at Ireland, we shall see something besides bogs and cabins, through which squalid misery crawls over pallets of straw.

We shall see the most beautiful and uniform climate of western Europe, with more than twenty-nine millions of imperial acres of the richest soil, 20 millions of which are capable of the highest cultivation. We shall see the most western land of Europe, which seems as if designed by the Almighty for the great depot of trade for the western world. A land endowed by nature with almost everything that superinduces national prosperity and greatness.

Over the dim ages of this nation's wrongs our eye has rested upon that everlasting page of history when, during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, Ireland was the chief seat of civilization and learning for Europe. When the noble and the lower ranks of England were sent to Ireland for education; when the Irish scholars were sought after and placed at the head of the principal institutions of learning in Europe; when Charlemagne looked to Ireland for his first teachers in the Italian schools, and even France drew her largest intellectual resources from Irish learning; when Ireland opened her powerful arms and became the friendly refuge of the English, as they fled away before the furious Franks and Saxons, when they spread a common destruction over ancient Britain and Gaul; when it was reserved for Irish valor to protect again the conquered English from the terrible Roman, as the shout of his victories and desolations were heard over western Europe; when Irishmen were the chief missionaries of Christianity for Europe, who, with a piety and zeal equalled only by the first heralds of the cross, coursed their way over the British Isle into Switzerland and Germany, and rested not till they had penetrated the Lombard dominions, and planted the standard of the cross among the peaks of the Apennines.

These old, bright days of Ireland

come up before us, and the question presses hard, "Does the world owe nothing to this country? Has England no debt of gratitude to pay? She found her Burkes and Sheridans there. The world has found some of her finest orators, poets, wits, heroes, and apostles of freedom. And why is it that this once glorious nation, this birthplace of genius and learning, this land of genial clime and fruitful fields, this natural depot of commerce for the whole western world, is now a beggar?"

England must answer that question. Let her answer it while she hears that cry of want that goes up to God, and sees that nation's arms stretched out as if to clutch the thunders of terrible retribution that hang like pillars of fire in her sky.

A rough, truth-speaking old Englishman, Samuel Johnson, said to an Irish gentleman, not long before the detested Union, "Beware that you have no union with us, for we should unite only to rob you—we should have robbed the Scotch if they had anything for us to rob them of."

England did rob Ireland. She did not, in the government of Ireland, merely adopt a course of doubtful expediency, merely try experiments in government, but she deliberately, calmly, set herself to work to ruin Ireland. She began by crippling her commerce, by breaking up her manufactories, stopping her spindles and looms, forbidding, by heavy penalties, the manufacture of glass and iron, and crushing nearly every branch of mechanical industry, that she might drive all the raw material out of the country into her own manufactories at home.

She violently seized the ancient estates, ejected the rightful owners from the soil, and with but one rule of war and extermination massacred the people into submission, and held them to a forced obedience.

Then, by a ferocious system of penal laws she sealed all the other acts of her crimes, and reduced the great mass of Irish population to the condition of slaves. It was declared a crime punishable with banishment and death for an Irish Catholic father to teach his own children to read or write. There was what was called the law of discovery, by which the English Protestants might possess themselves of nearly every Irish Catholic's property in the country. There was a law which rewarded the Catholic child for apostacy to its parent, which paid the Irish wife for infidelity to her husband, and allowed the robbing of an Irish gentleman of his horse on the highway. All rights of Irish property were destroyed, and every personal disability enacted.

This was the first measure of English law and English Christianity to her ancient friend and protector.

And so, for six hundred years and more, the history of British legislation in Ireland was only the history of a bloody, treacherous, God-and-man defying robber. The surface of government only varied by here and there some insulting and hypocritical scheme for relief, while beneath was only the same dead, immovable stagnation of misery, with no sign of any life but in the terrible muscular heaving beneath the British load. And what is still the policy of the British government in Ireland? Only spoliation and endless ruin. The system of entails, absenteeism, sub-letting, tithes, and the whole

administration of the disgusting and horrible nickname she calls *Justice*, would depopulate the kingdom of God, and turn paradise into a desert, or a pandemonium. And this is all that Ireland has ever to hope for until the British hoof is lifted from her soil—only famine and ruin. Her mind, her heart, nay, even her muscle, is worn out and wasted in the service of this great taskmaster of nations.

Do we hope that England will some day get weary of her crimes, and give back to Ireland her freedom? It is a vain hope. The history of the world, civilized and barbarous, tells you there is no hope of that. The ambition of England can be glutted only by the contagion of her own lust. Ask Hindostan what hope there is from England; ask Affghanistan; ask China, who must be murdered because she would not consent to be poisoned by British opium; ask Holland, with her war of 1672; ask France, how England refused to give up Malta to the Knights of Jerusalem, as she had solemnly promised to do, and which caused a terrible war, in which millions of human lives were sacrificed, and many empires overthrown; ask Denmark; ask the Spanish galleons which she captured, loaded with treasure, without even the declaration of war; ask India; ask massacred and plundered Naples; ask the whole history of modern Europe; and it tells you that the bloodiest wars have been owing to the grossest breaches of national faith on her part. Ask America, and let the heroes of the Revolution lie unquestioned in their graves, while the history of our western posts, after the peace of '83, answers that England is encroaching, crafty, treacherous, and faithless to the last degree of depravity; and that her most sacred treaties mean only that she will keep them just so long as it is for her own advantage, and no longer. Even the stipulations of the Irish Union, which were effected by the force of the bayonet, by bribery and fraud, were broken in less than ten years after they received the British seal.

England, and England alone, has ruined Ireland. And do you still hope for a remedy? What remedy? Why, such remedies as those already given by Elizabeth, the Stuarts, the Straffords, the Cromwells, and Dutch Williams, extermination and death. It is true that about twenty-five years ago she made a great show of relief for Ireland, by enacting what was called *the poor law*. And this was only adding the damning sin of hypocrisy to the catalogue of her crimes. England knew that this *poor law* was no remedy for Ireland. She had tried it at home, and it failed: it unavoidably lowered the price of wages of the industrious poor, while it pampered only indolence, and was alike ruinous to the industry and morality of the mass. So she was obliged to "root it out," and exported it across St. George's Channel, as a means of pacifying, for a while, the suffering Irish peasantry with a trick, a vain show of relief. What was the amount of this *poor law*? Why, simply to feed a nation upon charity—to dole out a slave's allowance to a whole nation of hard-working freemen. In one word, to stay the tide of beggary by pensioning it with public charity.

Is that a remedy for a nation's suf-

ferings? No. The only hope for Ireland is its freedom and independence. With that it might start up the freshest and brightest spot in Europe.

As we have said, it has the most fruitful soil of western Europe, varied with every degree of elevation that renders it most favorable for all kinds of agricultural produce, with the most inland districts traversed by rivulets and streams; having also the largest rivers of the three kingdoms, all situated in a mild and uniform climate, where the dews of Heaven fall gently on all parts, as if to make it the peculiar abode of happiness and freedom.

Then the geological structure of the country is alike remarkable for variety and richness, with rocks of slate, quarries of limestone and granite, iron ores, sand-beds and coals, the most extensive in those islands. The iron ores of Leinster and Connaught are said to average even above those in England. Then there are extensive mines of copper, and rich veins of lead stretching all the way through Wicklow, Wexford, Cork, Down, King's county and Clare.

Then Ireland possesses unlimited capabilities of water power. The banks of the Shannon, the Lee, the Liffey, the Blackwater, the Boyne, or the Bann, invite every variety and extent of machinery; where factories for the manufacture of flax, cotton, or wool, might work incessantly in the midst of a greedy market. And what is best of all, the raw material might all be found at home. Wool especially could be had at their very doors in unfailing supplies. Ireland has over two millions of acres of the finest pasturage, at an elevation of 800 feet above the level of the sea. What a wool-growing country it might become!

Then to all these natural advantages for national independence and wealth, we must not forget to add her fisheries, which have been called "a girdle of gold encircling the island."

Ireland has eighteen maratime counties out of her thirty-two; and it is estimated that at least 120,000 heads of families might be profitably employed in working these inexhaustible sources of wealth.

But notwithstanding these exhaustless treasuries with such facilities of transit, the soil is poorly cultivated, the mines are unworked, the rivers and streams flow idly on to the ocean, and the richest land in the world is crushed into beggary. England must manufacture, and Ireland, with immeasurably richer resources, must be her market-place. Hence there was an English law to crush Irish manufactories. There was a penalty upon industry, and upon the investment of Irish capital, which stopped at once many thousands of spindles, turned many thousand Irishmen and women out of employment, put a seal on the mine's mouth, and still sits by the water's side, like a foul witch, frightening honest industry from his path!

It is estimated that Dublin city alone sends several hundreds of thousands of pounds annually to Newcastle and Whitehaven for coal, while under the soil of Leinster, according to Sir Robert Shane, the total quantity of pure solid coal is 63,000 000 of tons. We see here how effectually English law has broken up, in Ireland, the natural relation of town and country; a policy that would impoverish and destroy any

country on earth, even were it peopled by men as pure and faultless in habit as the angels of God in heaven.

In this case of coals, we see what is true of nearly every article of consumption in Ireland—of food, clothes, and furniture; the cities and towns are made the channels through which the country is drained of its wealth. The city's trade is only the robbery of the country. That is just what Ireland gets from England.

Ireland's independence would re-establish that natural relation between her town and country, by which the city's wants are made the country's wealth. That alone would save the country. An Irish Republic would at once re-establish the legitimate trade of its old strongholds, such as Dublin, Ballingary, Kilkenny, Carrick, Loughrea and Limerick, by unfettering the soil from the effects of those English laws that condemned them to barrenness and uselessness.

Once the noble island of Sicily was the granary of Rome, and was administered as a province of the Roman empire, under a Prætor (so the lord lieutenant was called), whose duty it was to see that Sicily sent her tribute of corn, and wine, and oil, punctually to her master's gates. For many generations this process went on; but the end came; the richest island in the world began to be desolated by a perennial famine; and at last the eyes of Cicero saw it thus:—"Those very fields and hills, which I had once seen in all their verdant pride and beauty, look now squalid and forsaken, and appear as if mourning for the absence of the husbandman. The fields of Herbita, of Enna, of Murgantium, of Machara, of Assorium, of Agyra, are mostly deserted; and we looked in vain for the owners of so many fertile jugera of land. The vast fields around Ætna—once the best cultivated, and those of Leontini, the pride of corn countries, which, when sown, seemed to defy scarcity, have become so degenerated and wasted, that we in vain looked for Sicily in the most fertile part of Sicily."

Such was the fate of Sicily. Such is precisely the fate of Ireland. Only Ireland has a worse misery than the steady drain of her resources, in the endless distraction of her population. A people staring at each other with mutual distrust and horror—made enemies to one another by every artifice and falsehood which the prolific mind of England can devise—that is the crowning misery of Ireland. This has been a never-resting labor of both the religion and law of England to sow Ireland with fire-brands, and distract with mutual hatred and jealousies her population.

The following extract from the Dublin *Nation* of July 1, 1848, will give the American reader some idea of Ireland's capabilities for self support:

"There is growing to-day on Irish soil £80,000,000 worth of produce, by the reckoning of the best accountants. There are begging to-day, between the hedge rows that fence in these treasures, two millions of the Irish people; there dwell next door to beggary and bankruptcy in the towns and ports through which this vast hoard of wealth, it is said, must be smuggled away before Christmas next—another miserable million.

"To our minds, if these £80 000,000 were boldly taken advantage of, a new foundation for life might be laid in Ireland. Let us suppose the thing about to be tried—let us suppose a thousand Clubs, of 300 men, spread over Ireland—their Club-rooms over against every barrack in town and country—their

scouts spying through every pass—their thousands battalioned in every city—their Irish League or Council of Three Hundred honest, clear-headed, and brave—what great purposes might not a regeneration fund of £80,000,000 be not turned to?

"Less than one-half of it would feed the people till another harvest had forced its way into the light.

"It is the opinion, even of English economists, that one year's produce in Ireland is two years food. Upon the appropriation of this first part there could be no quibble, and should be tolerated no argument. If any man said nay, and put forth his hand upon the people's food, their answer should be the pike-point or the bullet.

"The use of the surplus produce is a legitimate subject for deliberation, and will indeed challenge our economical knowledge, seeing the Statistical Society and Dr. Whately will lend us no light in its distribution. To direct the expenditure of £40,000 of money to an Irish Government just come to power, must be a task of great perplexity and anxiety. How much of it shall be diverted into the long dried channels of native trade, and how—what proportion of it shall be appropriated by the state, and for what purposes—what balance of it may go to pay a fair rent to resident proprietors and buy out those who wish to be quit of Ireland—all these will be very vital and primary considerations. But whereas the rental of the country is £13,000,000, and its usual imports of manufactures not very much more, this surplus might well be made to cover all our actual requirements from harvest to harvest, though, of course, the mortgagees, Jews and absentees would suffer by the new courses our expenditures would take."

The right and the true policy of an Irish Republic undoubtedly would be to seize not only all the produce growing annually on Irish soil, but to seize also every foot of the land held by absentee landlords. This land belongs to Ireland. A rood of it was never bought, but was stolen from the Irish. Let them enter again upon their own land. Let a Republic divide those immense landed estates into small parcels, break up the parks, and subdue the waste places for farms, to be possessed only by actual settlers—to be worked again by the nation to whom God gave the soil—and Ireland has every means of being the richest and happiest nation in Europe. This small culture system alone would make the Irish land workers the happiest peasantry in Europe. The best cultivated portions of Europe are precisely those where the large estates have been long divided into these small occupancies. We see it in Belgium, Switzerland, Tuscany, Baden, Wurtemberg, and other parts of Germany. This system has given a tolerable agriculture to even the wretched climate of Norway. We have also seen how this system surmounts the greatest obstacles in the rich and prosperous condition of Flanders. The whole desert country extending from Ghent to Antwerp, the Pays de Waes, has become a vast garden of the most abundant produce. Even the Alps of France and Savoy give us the same beneficent results from the same system. All that Ireland need do to become a rich and glorious Republic, is just take what is her own. Even in her present miserably cultivated, miserably governed, English bedeviled condition, she supplies "merry England" with an abundance of "pudding and beef." It is a fact that should not be overlooked that while—to use the language of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer—the "people and working classes (of England) are steadily growing more comfortable," the Irish people are faster sinking into starvation and death. In the same ratio that England improves the condition of her own peasantry she kills that of Ire-

land. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in speaking of the greatly increased consumption of "luxuries" in England, says: "Recollect that this consumption cannot be accounted for by attributing it to the higher and wealthier classes, but must have arisen from the consumption of the large body of the people and working classes." Oh, to be sure not. We must not expect the "higher and wealthy classes" to retrench an iota of their "luxuries," even while their Irish "fellow-citizens" go off, as they have sometimes, at the merry tune of two millions a year by starvation. Nor must we expect that the "increased consumption of luxuries" is among the higher classes of England. Oh, no; the higher classes are already stuffed out like a Bologna sausage with all possible luxuries. And now the good Chancellor tells us that "the people and working classes" are beginning to get large mouthfuls of these good things. He shows us that in 1846 they consumed seven million of pounds more of coffee than in 1843. Of tea the consumption had increased since 1843 by five million four hundred thousand pounds. And, even in the article of currants (for currants, it seems, are getting to be a "necessary of life" to the English peasants), the increase had gone on for three years, from two hundred and fifty-four thousand cwt., to three hundred and fifty-nine thousand cwt. by the year.

Now we do not grudge the English laborer his coffee, tea, or his currants; but this horrible fact stares us in the face, that, during these three years of increased consumption of luxuries in England, the Irish working classes were sinking in starvation.

As an English farmer, artisan, or laborer began to insist on tea in the morning as well as in the evening, an Irish farmer, artisan, or laborer, found it necessary to live on one meal a day; for every Englishman who added to his domestic expenditure by a pudding thrice a week, an Irishman had to retrench his to cabbage leaves and turnip tops; as dyspepsia crept into England, dysentery ravaged Ireland; and the exact correlative of a Sunday dinner in England was a coroner's inquest in Ireland.

There is probably no friend to liberty in the world who would not be glad to see Ireland *free*. But no one except a lunatic believes it can ever be made free by the monstrous crime of cutting the throats of the unoffending people of Canada, nor is it probable that men of sense, anywhere, believe it will ever be made free by such shallow leaders as either Stevens, O'Mahony, or Roberts, who appear to possess barely capacity sufficient to rob the confiding Irish servant girls and the hard-working Irish laborers in the United States

We, especially, have neither faith in, nor respect for, these Fenian leaders, because they have quite generally been engaged, for four or five years, in assisting the Negro-Republican party to revolutionize this country, and reduce the once glorious union of free, equal and sovereign States, to the same accursed thing that is called a *union* between England and Ireland. The Fenian leaders say the relation between England and Ireland is not a *union* at all, because Ireland is a party in it against its consent. Union implies *consent*; therefore it is not a *union* but a *despotism*, and an oppression. This is the Fenian leader's plea against

England in this matter; and it is perfectly good and unanswerable. But why, then, has he united with the negro party to burn and plunder, and murder the people of the South, because th y asserted the everlasting truth, the right to self-government?

What we in the northern States attempted to do by the war, was to establish on this continent precisely the same kind of a union that exists between England and Ireland. It is the same kind of a *union* that exists between Austria and Hungary, and between Russia and Poland. It does not possess one element of a *union;* but, on the other hand, possesses all the elements of the most atrocious despotism. Thus, the Fenian leader, while filling the world full of a just and thundering outcry against the shocking despotism of England, rushed into blood to his arm-pits to help establish precisely a similar despotism in this country. By what principle have the Irish people a better right to self-government than the people of the southern States? By what rule does an Irishman fight to *destroy* the unjust and despotic principle of an *enforced union* on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and then turn round and fight to *establish* that same *enforced union* on this side? What argument can be found adverse to the right of England to rule the Irish people against their consent, that is not, to say the least, equally good against the right of the northern States to rule the southern States without their consent? There is none whatever. If England is wrong in its treatment of Poland, if Austria is wrong in its treatment of Hungary—then is the negro party of the North doubly and even more damnably wrong in its war upon, and in its congressional treatment of the South. Unless our Declaration of Independence is a lie—unless the fundamental principle underlying our whole system of government is a fraud and a cheat, the late war of the negro party, and its present programme of action, deserve nothing but the execration and the hatred of every good man and friend of liberty.

But we have only half stated the crime of the northern States in their war upon the southern, when we compare it to England's despotism over the Irish people, or to Austrian and Russian despotism in Hungary and Poland.

There are elements of injustice and of crime in this northern negro war, which find no place in the European instances we have named. The relations of England and Ireland never were of the fraternal, voluntary, and federal character of those existing between these States. England bases the accursed despotism she calls a *union* upon *conquest.* But our union was based upon mutual bargain and consent. It was simply an agreement entered into between a number of sovereign and independent States. The Constitution is the instrument of this agreement. The object of these States in forming the Union was simply a mutual or joint protection of their external and foreign interests—of such interests as were *general,* without embracing those that were personal and peculiar to individual States. All the internal or domestic affairs of the several States were, after the Union, just as they were before, under the sole and entire control of the State governments. No jurisdiction over the in-

ternal domestic institutions of the States was ever delegated to the *federal governmental agency* established by the Union. The States still held their organic existence, not by the powers of the Federal Constitution, but by their own *State Constitutions.* This was expressly decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in these words: "The powers of the States depend on their own Constitutions."—1 Wh., 325. "The powers retained by the States proceed not from the *people of America,* but from the people of the several States, and remain after the adoption of the Constitution what they were before."—4 Wh., 193, S. P.; 5 Wh., 17, 54; 9 Wh., 203, 9. "The State jurisdiction is co-extensive with its territory."—3 Wh., 187.

This, then, was the nature of our *Union.* Neither the Federal Government, nor any number of the States combined, had any business whatever with the internal government of any individual State. Massachusetts could no more say to South Carolina, "*you shall not have negro slaves,*" than South Carolina could say to Massachusetts, "*you shall have slaves.*" And in all other domestic affairs, the States were equally independent of each other and of the Federal Government. None of the affairs of the States were *in common,* except those external interests over which jurisdiction was delegated by the States in Federal Convention.

The States, *as States,* were the only parties to this mutual agreement. It was binding upon all the States just as long as the agreement was kept by all, and not one moment longer. If even one State is aggrieved by a settled policy of violation of its internal institutions, on the part of one or more members of the Union, that State has the clear right to resume its delegated powers, if it so desires, to protect its own organic State-life. It is sometimes said that, because one or two, or three States, legislated against the individual rights of some of the rest, that fact does not justify the injured parties in withdrawing from the compact of the whole, because that would be to punish the innocent States with the guilty. But this is a shallow and mistaken view of the question. Let us suppose that the State of New York should find her property institutions endangered by the hostile legislation of Massachusetts and the rest of the New England States, and suppose that in her own sovereign opinion it became necessary for her to resume the exercise of all her delegated powers for the safety of her property and rights; but New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, would step in and say, "you cannot resort to that measure, because you would then punish *us* to protect yourself against the Puritans of New England."

What would be the reply of New York? Why plainly this: "That if you have not, or having, will not exercise, the power to prevent the recreant States from robbing us, or rendering our property or life insecure, then we must regard you all alike as involved in the wrong. In becoming a member of the Union, we neither surrendered jurisdiction over any of our domestic institutions, nor abandoned the right to resume the powers we delegated whenever we should think necessary for the preservation of our organic sovereign existence. If, therefore, you are either incompetent or unwilling to protect our sovereign State-

hood from the threatened destruction, we must fall back upon our own inalienable right of resumption of all our powers of self-defence." Who will attempt to disprove the correctness and the justice of this answer? We have heard a great deal of ignorance, and babble, and lying on the matter, but we have heard no argument.

Now, then, the attempt to force a State to remain in the Union is throwing up, at once, the whole American theory of government. To force is to kill consent, and is, therefore, to destroy the Union. Secession leaves the principle of union untouched and unharmed, and always ready for reunion, whenever mutual and just considerations shall favor; but to force is to annihilate the principle of union. It was to overthrow the force principle, and obtain that of consent, that our fathers inaugurated the glorious war of the Revolution. And it was to kill that principle of consent, and reinstate the old European principle of force, that this Abolition war was inaugurated. Or, if men will really say that such was not the object of the war, no fair man will say that such is not its effect. If the war is to be acquiesced in at all, then the thing hereafter to be called the American Union rests precisely upon the same logical foundations as the horrible tyranny called the Union of England and Ireland. The man who disapproves of that hateful thing, the English-Irish Union, and yet approves of this nasty Puritan spawn of the same thing is, to say the least, as badly off as a lunatic. If we have made up our minds to acquiesce in the *force principle* sought to be established by this war, then let us not be *fools* as well as rascals. Let us own up to what we have done. Let us confess that we have thrown down the grand American superstructure of 1776, and adopted the English-Irish *force principle* of union. Then the history of England's crimes is henceforth to be the history of the Government of the United States. What has England done to Ireland that the besotted and implacable majority of the northern States have not done, or do not propose to do to the people of the South? When the principle for which we of the negroized North have been fighting and plundering and burning, is fixed upon a country, all liberty, together with the prosperity and happiness that result from liberty, are thrown down together. What remains is simply despotism. If we are to rest at this point, let us talk no more of liberty. Neither let us hope for peace, without constantly recurring revolutions or convulsions.

God grant that we may never, never, never find peace in despotism. God grant that this stupendous abomination of a *Puritan-American Union*, on the basis of the *English-Irish Union*, may not survive to curse the generations of our children. Let us have the old Union without one of the Puritan subversions!

BERTHA SEELY,

THE HEROINE OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

CHAPTER XXI.

"*No.* 21."

The astonishment of John Rasp, on hearing the voice of his sister, as has been related by Abram, was great, but he was not a man to pause upon surprise. He seized his carpet-sack, and opened the door, to behold Catherine Rasp standing in the hall, awaiting him.

She instantly placed her finger upon her lips, and hurried away to No. 21, followed by her brother, who stepped noiselessly after her. Both soon entered No. 21, and Catherine locked the door

"Have you succeeded?" were the first words of her brother, not even pausing to exchange greetings.

His mother smiled triumphantly, and held up the stolen package.

"You are a smart woman, Kate," growled John, with a grim smile, "smarter than I am."

"You have admitted it at last," said Catherine, with a sneer, for she had very little, if any, respect for her ruffian brother.

"But let me glance at these papers, and see if they are worth all the trouble we have had to get them," observed he, as he took the package from his mother.

"Be speedy in your examination, John, for our bitterest foes are in this house," said Catherine.

"Yes, I know that Hart Seely and William Randolph are now in No. 83," remarked John Rasp, as he began to glance over the papers.

"Yes, and David Elmore, Bertha Seely, and Julia Schampfer are also under this roof," replied Catherine.

"The ——, they are!" exclaimed John.

"They arrived on the same train with me from Atlanta; so, be speedy with your examination, for this house is a dangerous place for any of the Rasp family, especially for John Rasp, Major in the Federal army."

"Do you suspect that they recognized you?"

"I have fears of Julia Schampfer," returned Catherine; "she is so accustomed to disguise, that it is difficult to deceive her."

John Rasp examined the papers in silence for several minutes, his mother and sister remaining silent also.

Mrs. Rasp was pale and nervous, and the slightest sound startled her. She was sure that she heard voices coming, either in the dark and deserted streets, or within the hotel.

Catherine was pale also, though a bright red spot flamed upon each cheek. She had already changed her disguise from that of an old woman to

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Van Evrie Horton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

that of a Catholic priest, and her black garb and gown-like coat so altered her appearance, that it would have puzzled Julia to recognize her. Her hands were carefully covered with black kid gloves, much too large, the surplus room being stuffed with cotton. Her small feet, encased in gaiters of black silk, were covered again with heavy shoes, and her fair hair, rolled up into the smallest compass, was covered with a wig of flowing black hair. Her eyebrows she had darkened, and at will she could change the natural expression of her brilliant and intelligent face to one of stolid humility and piety. A large white kerchief encompassed her throat, and hid her chin. She was well disguised, and was ready to leave the hotel.

She watched her brother impatiently as he read, and at length spoke.

"Come, you have read enough, John," said she. "We must separate, and, before parting, agree where we shall meet."

"The papers are valuable," remarked John, as he returned them to his mother, "and are worth a fortune to us. Well, I am ready to leave."

"We must wait half an hour or so," said his sister, "until all who have last come into the hotel are fast asleep—"

"I think I can manage to escape now unperceived," replied John, "but I would like to settle accounts with Hart Seely and William Randolph."

"I would have no objection to that, John, if it were not so dangerous," said Mrs. Rasp.

"Dangerous! Bah! You know I like danger, or I would be anywhere but in this hotel," growled John. "My wound smarts like a burn, and I am mad to hurt somebody else. Mother, you have given me a sweet love-token," snarled he, darting a glance of rage upon her.

"Be thankful that it is no worse, John Rasp," observed his mother angrily. "You know I thought you were Hart Seely, so never throw your accidental wound into my face again."

"Be careful then not to throw such accidental wounds into my back again. I can hardly move my arm. What are you thinking about, Catherine, staring at that candle?"

"I am thinking that mother had better go on to Atlanta."

"To Atlanta? For what?"

"Why, as Bertha Seely will meet her father in the morning, if she has not already—though I think not—he will not probably go on to Atlanta. If he does, it will be to seek for those papers, unless—and there is the danger—Julia Schampfer knows him, and has recognized me in the old woman on the train. To continue the deception begun by mother, she had better go on to Atlanta; or, if Hart Seely does not meet his daughter—and that is quite probable, for the Atlanta train leaves before daylight, and neither he nor she may suspect the presence of the other—it is very well for mother to continue to accept his escort to Atlanta."

"And how did you find out that our mother was in this city?" asked John.

"I have been expecting her," replied Catherine;" and, on arriving at this hotel, I sent for the register, and found the name I knew she travels under—Mrs. Pearl. I overlooked Hart Seely's name, in my haste to examine for the names of ladies. As soon as

my eye fell upon 'Mrs. Pearl,' I looked no further."

"Your plan as regards mother is very good," said John Rasp; "so she had better keep the papers. But now for yourself."

"I shall leave this hotel as soon as the passengers for Atlanta begin to stir. Another watchman will then be stationed below—though I shall avoid all observation, if possible, and take the train for Charleston, pushing for Washington. I laugh at the system of passports used among the rebels."

"And now for my movements?" asked her brother.

"Are you obliged to go to Atlanta?"

"Obliged! No. I intend, now that we have the papers, to push for the Federal lines, and then to resign. If Hart Seely escapes until the end of the rebellion, I can deal with him easily. I dreamed the other night that the rebels caught me, and hanged me as a spy, and the mere dream is enough for me."

"Then, do you leave the hotel as you entered it—boldly. Once in the street at this hour, I am sure you can take care of yourself, and make your way to the fleet off Charleston or Savannah. After that, to reach Washington is easy."

A few more minutes were passed in elaborating their plans, and John Rasp was about to depart when Mrs. Rasp, whose nerves were on thorns, heard footsteps in the hall.

"Hist! there is certainly some one moving about the hotel," said she, laying her hand upon her son's arm, as he was in the act of reaching to unlock the door.

"True," whispered he, "and it appears that they are stepping very cautiously. Come, I may be the object of this."

He drew his pistols, holding one in each hand, and sturdily awaited what was coming. He looked formidable and fierce, as his suspicion of an attack arose keener and keener each instant, with his flaming eyes fixed upon the locked door, as if they could pierce the heavy panels, and decree sudden death to those without; his scowling brow knit into a frown of desperate daring, his lips compressed, and his entire attitude breathing defiance and resistance unto death.

His mother seemed to grow calmer as the fact that her son and daughter, with herself, were about to be arrested seized upon her mind; and, as the sound of footsteps ceased at the door, she secreted the package of papers in the bosom of her dress, and stood erect, her features full of determination.

"John," she said, in a clear, low voice, "if they come to arrest you, and you cannot escape, die here, and not on the gallows."

He growled an oath that hemp had never grown stout enough to make a cord for the neck of John Rasp, and awaited the summons he expected.

Catherine Rasp quietly stepped to a window, and gazed out. She could see little, for the darkness was great, but there was a single lamp burning in the yard below, the lamp of a lantern, forgotten by some servant of the hotel, and she saw that escape in that direction, without ropes, was impossible.

"We are caught in a trap," said she, with a bitter ejaculation, "to die like rats."

At that instant Randolph struck

the door. John Rasp glanced at his mother, and she spoke.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Open the door," replied the deep, threatening tones of Randolph.

John Rasp and his sister exchanged glances. They had recognized the voice, and knew that the time had come.

"I will not open the door," cried Mrs. Rasp. "I will alarm the hotel."

The words were hardly spoken when the door was lifted from its hinges, as Randolph surged his powerful shoulder against it, and came down with a crash upon the floor, and he bounded into the room, as John Rasp discharged two shots at his head. Both balls missed Randolph narrowly, but one of them gashed the shoulder of Huckleberry, and the other struck a candle from Abram's hand.

Randolph returned the fire with better success, and Rasp felt that the ball of his enemy had torn a hole through the muscles of his neck. Randolph was rushing upon him, regardless of the rapid delivery of his fire—for he fired three quick shots—when John Rasp dealt him a staggering blow with his pistol, and, as the Confederate reeled with the shock, darted towards the door, to be met by a ball from the pistol of Colonel Seely, which struck him in the thigh, and he limped to a corner where, with his back to the wall, he glared his hate and defiance.

While this hot contest was going on, Mr. Elmore had rushed into the room, and grasped Mrs. Rasp by the arm, to prevent her escape. But that determined lady answered his attack with a slap in the eyes, and, jirking her arm away, rushed for the door, where her further progress was checked by the enraged Huckleberry, who was smarting from his wound. He seized her by the waist, and held her, as if a child, regardless of her nails and teeth, for she fought like a tigress.

In the struggle, the package of papers slipped from her bosom, and fell to the floor.

Until that moment, Catherine Rasp had remained motionless, watching the strife with a vigilant eye, and ready to take advantage of any opening to escape. When she saw that the package had fallen to the floor, she bounded forward, snatched it up, and sprang into the hall. She recognized Bertha Seely, as that young lady stood holding a candle, but Bertha did not recognize her in the priestly garb. But Julia did, and was prompt to spring forward, meet her rush for escape, and snatch the package from her hand, and toss it far from her into the darkness of the hall.

"We owe all this to you," said Catherine, in her bitter rage, as she drew a knife, and plunged it into the bosom of the unfortunate Julia. "Take that, and that!" she cried, as with rapid and vindictive hand she repeated the thrusts, and darted away as Julia sank to the floor.

But now old Abram came up, mad with horror at seeing, as he supposed, a man stabbing a woman, and, with a sudden twist of his foot, threw Catherine to the floor, her head striking heavily, stunning her to insensibility.

Mr. Elmore had seen Catherine snatch the precious package, and he sprang in pursuit; but as he passed Mrs. Rasp, still struggling in the arms of Huckleberry, that lady seized him

by the collar, and, with astonishing strength in one so frail, for a moment held him back, exclaiming :

"Run, Kate, run !"

Shaking off this grasp, Mr. Elmore sprang to the side of the wounded Julia, with a cry of dismay :

"You are wounded, Miss Julia !"

"Three times, Mr. Elmore. I shall die," replied the unfortunate girl, as her fast-flowing blood robbed her of her strength.

"I hope not, my dear young lady," said Mr. Elmore, as he loosened her dress, and began to examine her wounds. "Hold that candle nearer, Abram—I am a surgeon, you know, and must attend to the wounded."

While this side scene was transpiring, Randolph had recovered from the blow he had received, and again faced the desperate marauder of the Valley.

"Surrender, John Rasp," said he, leveling his pistol.

"And be hung ? Never, Randolph," was the fierce reply, and he fired two rapid shots—one at Randolph, and the other at Colonel Seely. But the room was now full of smoke, and his aim was deceptive, and the balls missed their intended mark. A sharp shriek followed these shots, and stout Huckleberry felt the form of Mrs. Rasp Shudder, and grow languid in his arms, while a faintness stole over his own strength, and he unclasped his hands to keep himself erect. One of the balls, of those last shots, had passed through the neck of Mrs. Rasp, and entered his body.

"Oh, John, you have killed your mother," said Mrs. Rasp, as she reeled and fell upon the bed.

"And given me a long furlough, I fear," groaned Huckleberry, as he sank down.

"Take him alive," cried Col. Seely, as he raised a chair, and closed in upon the desperate man.

John Rasp had now become very weak from loss of blood, and the room and all in it swam around him in a sickening, reeling dance. Col. Seely, though advanced in years, was strong and unwounded, and his plan of capture was instantly imitated by Randolph, and the marauder felt himself hampered to the wall by two strong and resolute men.

He raged and cursed, but could not aim his weapons to discharge the few shots that remained in them. But still he struggled fiercely to free his hands for a death blow at Colonel Seely, who, bearing all his weight upon a pinioned arm, was reaching to wrench the pistol from Rasp's hand. The noise of the affray had aroused the whole hotel, and the hall was becoming thronged with rushing feet, and cries of questioning. What he could do must be done quickly. He saw that his enemies could easily kill him, and that their design was to take him alive, that the infamous gallows might end his evil career.

He struggled then with a fierce resolve to aim the next shot at Colonel Seely, and the next at his own head. But this was denied him. His increasing faintness and the activity of Randolph vanquished him ; and, as men came pouring into the room, he sank down, faint, bleeding, and disarmed, his only wish being that he might die within an hour, or an instant.

The marauder was captured, and his hands were soon in irons. Propped

against the wall, he glared his hate upon those around. He cursed Mr. Elmore and other surgeons, as they dressed his wounds.

"Why do you not let me die in peace, you rebel dogs," he growled, as a pertinacious young surgeon probed his thigh. "You pretend great humanity, but I know why you wish to cure me; you intend to hang me."

"That is very true, my friend," replied Mr. Elmore, blandly. "You have been a very bad fellow in your time, and killed many a good citizen of the South. You are a devoted disciple of the kill-and-burn throng of your Yankee Congress, and will be an excellent martyr. Your death will resemble that of your great prototype, John Brown, Ossa—somebody. You will hang; but, if I could substitute some of your speech-making friends in Congress, I would gladly let you go."

"How is my mother? I see you have had her removed."

"She will recover," replied Mr. Elmore.

"And my sister—did she escape?"

"I am very sorry to say that she did. In the confusion, she recovered from her fall, and escaped. But she is not wanted; in fact, we are sorry that your amiable mother did not also escape. Now, sir, your wounds are dressed, and I think you may live—"

"To be hanged," said John Rasp, with a bitter oath.

He was placed upon the bed, and two men left to attend upon him. Morning was beginning to dawn, and, as he lay upon the bed, his eyes could see the gradually lifting of the light in the East. Day was breaking upon the world, but hope had fled from his soul. With desperate cunning, he gradually twisted his hands into a position in which his fingers could pluck at the bandage around his wounded thigh, and, unsuspected by the two men placed in the room to watch him, he succeeded in tearing the styptics from the wound.

"I shall bleed to death," thought he, with grim triumph in the thought, "and my enemies shall not see Major Rasp dangling at the end of a rebel rope."

He set his teeth, and closed his eyes, fierce as a dying tiger, desperate to the last, but his thoughts were a hell to his departing life. All the dreadful things which he had done in the name of the "Union;" the murders he had committed, under the sanction of the license of barbarous war; the outrages upon helpless women and children, which he had perpetrated under the mocking plea of military necessity; the thousand crimes he had wrought in the name of Federal authority—these swooped around his pillow like foul and ravenous vultures, plucking at his heart, and rending his soul. A nameless, but agonizing dread of future punishment in the unknown world beyond the grave, hung upon his thoughts, and tortured his imagination. He felt the blood soaking the bed beneath him, and dimness began to fall upon his sight, as he opened his eyes for a farewell glance at the rising sun. The great globe of light and heat seemed a thousand times more beautiful, more magnificent than ever, and, as the warm, fresh sunbeams fell upon his face, he groaned to think that, ere that sun should reach the zenith, his soul should be writhing beneath the fire of eternal torment.

One of the watchers noticed that the

sun shone in the eyes of the wounded man, and, rising, closed the shutters.

"Ah, I shall never see the sun shine again," thought John Rasp, as the sunlight was banished from his eyes, and the darkness grew blacker and deeper. "I am dying, but I shall not hang. Victory!" and, with his last defiant breath, he shouted his triumph, and gasped but once, and died, brave, reckless, unrepentant as he had lived,

The watchers rushed to his side as he shouted, but they were too late. The soul of the fierce marauder had fled, and the warm corpse a one remained, with an expression of scorn and desperate exultation stiffening upon the livid face.

Our story is now nearly completed, and we hasten to conclude.

Mrs. Rasp, after a painful illness, consequent upon her wound, and, by the influence of Colonel Seely, was suffered to depart for the North. Of her life or fate since the close of the war, we know little. She returned to Massachusetts, where she found her daughter, Catherine, whose great skill and courage had baffled detection; indeed, she was unpursued by Randolph or Seely, and, with her, is now engaged in lecturing to gaping fools upon the superiority of the negro race, both being fine specimens of that class of strong-minded women which degrades the sex in the opinion of all sensible men and women.

Bertha Seely and Captain Randolph were made man and wife in Augusta, and she attended him during the remainder of the war, and at its close, with her father, sailed for Scotland, Elgin McDermott having died, and the Avonvale estate falling, by right of succession, to Mrs Randolph, our heroine, Bertha Seely.

The inheritance came in good time, for both her husband and father were impoverished by the results of the war, and Colonel Seely, disgusted by the rabid vindictiveness and barbarous malignity, and political cowardice of the Radical party, who seek the ruin of the American Union, to elevate the negro, shook the dust of his native soil from his feet, saying:

"I was born under a government created by white men for white men; may I die a dog's death if I remain in a country where the negro is made a demigod, and the white man a scoff."

He lives still, hearty and strong, happy in the love of his family—for grandchildren have sprung up around his knees—and firm in the belief that the great heart of the American people will, even in his day, return to the noble principles of 1776 and 1787—true to the great charter of Democratic Government, the Constitution as Washington administered it, and as its immortal framers intended it.

With him, as hale as ever, is old Abram, who amuses the canny Scotchmen with his tales of his prowess in the war of secession.

Mynheer Schampfer died in 1865, on learning that he had lost all his Confederate bonds—a large portion of his property, though quite a handsome estate was left for his widow, who still resides in Virginia, content to await the day, which she firmly believes will dawn, when the North will ask for southern bayonets to preserve the ruins of the Union.

Our friend Ransom Huckleberry recovered from his wound, and we saw

him, not long since, huge with a crop of honey, and a new-coined story of how he and "Bob Lee" whaled out "that ere fellow what had his head-quarters in the saddle—what's his name, Pope—thar was a mistook in the word, my frens'—his *head* quarters war bilin' for old Abraham's bosom."

And now we believe we have mentioned all our chief characters, save Julia and Mr. Elmore, and their names run together very smoothly, for they are man and wife.

The tender devotion and delicate kindness of the good surgeon demanded from Julia a reward, and, after the marriage of Bertha to Randolph, she had the excellent sense to put aside a hopeless passion, and, soon after her recovery from her wounds, she became his wife, and now says that she loves him as devotedly, and is as happy in his ardent affection as she could love, or be happy, if he were twenty years younger; and Mr. Elmore now says that women, as a class, are very useful members of society, especially his wife, "who is divine."

So let every married man believe, and what a happy world would this be!

THE END.

LINES FROM PERSIUS.

From thee both old and young with profit learn,
The bounds of good and evil to discern,
Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search de ay,
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.
But is one day of ease too much to borrow?
Yes sure; our yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gained;
And all thy fruitful days will thus be drained:
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task—
Who, like the hindmost chariot wheels are curst
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

—:o:—

LINES FROM HORACE.

He is not numbered with the blest,
To whom the gods large stores have given;
But he who of enough possest
Can wisely use the gifts of heaven,
Who fortune's frowns with patience bears,
And the worst ills the gods can send.

VOICES OF SOLITUDE.

[BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.]

The heart that never had a taste of grief,
Hears never a voice of solitude. She sings
For sorrow and thought, with song beyond belief,
Perchance, by sense of desolation taught.

The comforter lies buried in the oak,
The solace in the brook. The meadow heaves
With sympathy; and, in shadows of the wood,
Lurk sweet reflective aspects, that persuade,
Through breathings, that might be of summer winds,
Were a leaf shaken!

In lone hills and dells,
Methinks there lurks a tribe of tiny elves,
That, with a proper ministry, unseen,
Beguile the wanderer to forgetfulness;
And solitude, the mother of them all,
Brooding in depth of shadow, sends them forth
Each with becoming office, for the heart,
Too long a trembler, in a fearful watch
With Dread and Death, and at the couch of Pain,
Knowing to suffer only—not to save!

Solicitous, though silent, she hath spells
So to veil the perished hours and forms,
That never to our hearts brought solitude,
Until they perished.

To my spirit's sense,
Lone, wandering through these groves, arise the shades
Of many who, with fingers clasped in mine,
Went, singing of the sunshine, 'till each leaf
Took on a twiring motion, as in dance
To music, in whose every string a heart
Grew to vibration; and within mine own
Waken'd all thoughts to singing.

Once again,
Methinks, I have them back; all living still,
In absence of the living! "*Do* they live?"
I murmur, with a doubt uprising still,
Even though I feel each presence of the Past
About me, and hear, singing in mine ears,
The dear sweet music of the first love, making

Its music for itself ; for the first time
Beholding all this glory in the sky,
Bloom in the flower, and fragrance in the breeze,
Down on the pink, and, in each every fancy
Wings wrought in looms of rainbows.

We are far
From the dear homes that knew them, where, so long
It needed not the re ssur ng thought,
That I am still in the beloved embrace,
With all her dear, sweet music in mine ears,
With all her brooding charms before mine eyes,
And with a finger's touch receiving thrill,
As from the subtle fluid of the cloud!

Those homes are far away—the glorious plains
That nursed my hope, from fond conceptions fresh,
To the fruition of a bliss, whose flight
Was winged with fire, and found relief in tears—
Themselves a rapture—and mine eye, perchance,
Shall look upon their glad vintages no more,
That gave me wine in roses, songs on wings,
And beauty and bliss in common bread and meat!

Alas! that I should wonder, when the voice,
Through thousand tr c s and realms of solitude,
Still follows, and with ever-during prayer,
Implores me back to gardens, where the blooms
Still make the glory for the waste, and crown
The silence with a starry canopy,
Whose birds sing wanton of a blest condition,
That fears no future, suffers from no change,
While the free will, no more a wanderer,
Anchors with faith, and knows for once content.
Where am I? Wherefore wander, when these voices
Entreat me to the folding up of wings,
And the realization of a bliss
Which leaves the Ideal to a sad despair?

Deep wastes surround me where the chortah roves,
And the wolf howls, along the untrodden way.
Are these the fit exemplars for a life
That took its lesson in Idalian groves,
By classic fountains, under skies of Hellas,
And from the clear, deep voices of the Muse,
Whose pipes were of Apollo? Shall this realm
Of barrenness compensate for the lyres
Of those, who, full a thousand years ago,
Sate on Perian summits, and taught songs
That built grand temples to the gods, on heights
Made sacred to all ages by their shrines?
And shall there be a power in any song
For these grand sol tudes, which sh ll summon Pan
To teach the hidden secre s o his pipe
To the wild hunters of this wi der realm,

Making them ministers in those holier arts,
That win the way to peace through melody?

I know not! Not for me the office set
To shape the moral of the nomade tribes,
That here have range most ample, but no home
And yet, even here, that inner sense of soul,
So taught by ancient song, divines the true,
And feels the way to every dear possession
As certain as if memory were at fault,
In record of her losses.

They are here,
With leaf and breeze at ministry; gray shades,
And giant trees, and colors that, like words,
Read to me from the lichen of the rock,
In lines of red and orange, till, methinks,
The voices grow to audible speech of love,
And what is only a soul consciousness
Asserts itself in meaning to the ear,
Quickened by each emotion of the Past
To a new life in Hope.

Yes, they are here,
Sweet presences of love, the gay, the good,
Graceful and even tender, in the shrub,
That bends towards me, like a nymph of summer,
And waves me with a palm branch in her hand.
They come in groups, in troops, and through the forest,
Send song with fragrance, blessing every sense
That once had birth in rapture! They are here,
The heart that loved them, and must ever love,
Pursuing as their own.

'Tis no solitude,
Where common life is voiceless, that wakes love,
With all her summer voices of gay birds,
Happy with wings, and mated in their flight,
Through gardens of the tropics, where the bloom
Makes still the being.

'Tis solitude,
That memory wakens, with her scriptural tongue
Telling of what we did at Easter-tide,
By that sweet murmuring river near the sea,
Where first I sang my ballad from the heart
Seeking another's; trembling like the seeker,
For that she felt that she alone was sought.

What then was said, what sung—what murmured only,
Having a fate in it—precious as a blessing
Which yet enshrines a fate.

So memory takes,
Tutored by solitude to be the seer,
Prophetic virtue on her tongue of tears,
And what is past of the delicious hours

Grows to be present, shorn of every aspect
That might make memory fearful.

With her smiles
She sweetens sadness, and, along the waste
Pours her unwasted sunshine.

Sudden, the way
Grows bright before me.
Blue the arching sky
Springs from each hoary tree-top.
Soft, the smile,
Diffused, as from the opening porch of heaven,
Streams in upon the waste, with flowery tints
That carpet earth with beauty, flinging fresh wreaths
Of loveliness, in grace, o'er withered stems,
Which cover up decay, and on their brows,
Plants with a diadem, made up of stars,
That care that sorrows in their streaming moss.

Sweet glory, and the rich delight of love
Glow in each aspect, that in sterile realm
Hath found a bosom, profligate in wealth,
In which to plant the rose and rear the bloom!
And, what a sudden flood of merriment,
Discourseth that one bird, who from the bush,
Leaps out with swift gyrations, whirl on whirl,
Still carolling wildly with a clarion throat,
As Love, in very dawning of its day,
Telling my heart of all those gleeful hours,
When boyhood scarce knew heavier toil or task
Than just to sing and lose itself in play.

CONQUERED BANNER, LOVE IT STILL.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag that slumbers,
One day to avenge your dead.
Keep it widowed, sonless mothers,
Keep it sisters, mourning brothers;
Furl it with an iron will,
Furl it now, but love it still.
Think not that its work is done;
Keep it till your children take it,
Once again to hail and make it
All your sons have fought and bled for,
All their noble hearts have sought for,
Bled and died for all as one.
All alone! aye, shame the story!
Millions here deplore the stain;
Shame, alas! for England's glory,
Freedom called, but called in vain!
Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,
Furl it gently, for 'tis holy.
'Till that day, yes furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly—
Conquered banner, love it still.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.

The negro in Africa is but little known; first, because Barth Livingston, and the missionaries generally, have a theory that he is an uncultivated "colored" man, or man like themselves in a state of savagery; and in the second place, there is nothing, or at all events very little to know, for isolated and by himself, he is just where the first generation were thousands, or perchance millions of years ago.

It is true, later travelers and enquirers, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, &c., have seen him as he is, a simple, useless, non-advancing "heathen," but as they were mainly interested in the geographical and topographical history of Africa, rather than in the vastly more important human creatures of that continent, but little is known of the latter. For thousands of years before the Christian era, Africa was invaded, conquered and occupied by hordes of Caucasians, and at a reasonable estimate five hundred millions have occupied that continent, since the era of authentic history, though at this moment, save the French in Algiers, there probably are not fifty thousand white people in all Africa. What has become of them? They did not migrate elsewhere; were not destroyed by pestilence or war, or famine, and yet these numberless and innumerable millions have disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and engulfed them. But they have left their monuments behind them in those numerous mongrel populations that yet remain scattered over large portions of the continent, and that are so often, indeed universally confounded with the negro, and by ignorant and foolish people referred to as proof of the capacity of the negro. The Caucasians who invaded and occupied Africa, committed suicide, and destroyed themselves by amalgamation with the lower races, or rather lower species of that continent. First came conquest, then a settled empire, then a certain degree of progress, wealth, corruption, ending in the intermixture of conquerors and conquered, with the consequent mongrelism, loss of vitality, and subsequent destruction of the ruling force, and reaction of the native element.

Thus the comparatively modern Ethiopeans, Abyssinians, &c, like the Moors of our own times, were no doubt originally Caucasians, but going through that process of mongrelism, finally end in the total death of the lesser element, and the reaction and re-establishment of the larger native material.

The same thing has been going on in India from time immemorial, and right here, too, under our own eyes in America, though the materials may vary somewhat. Ignorant and foolish people often say the negro will "die out like the Indian;" but instead of the Indian, it is simply a *fact* that the white man is "dying out," and rapidly, too, from the Rio Grande to Brazil, while the Indian is increasing, not

rapidly, it is true, but absolutely increasing in all this vast region. The negro in Africa is not known in history, for there is nothing to record, nothing to make history of, and the entire race, both in Africa and America, might disappear utterly without the slightest effect on the history of the world.

This total absence of historical material in Africa is not, as the ignorant Abolitionist supposes, because the negro has been a savage, a "slave," or shut out from Christianity. On the contrary, Africa was the very centre of civilization when Europe was "barbarian," and if Christianity had its birthplace in Asia, its cradle was certainly in Africa. Centuries before Britain was Christianized, three hundred Christian Bishops assembled in Carthage, and there were forty thousand religious houses in the Valley of the Nile before a single Christian church had been built in England. But the negro has no history, for the simple reason that he can no more make history than he can change the color of his skin, and if some Almighty or supernatural power should suddenly annihilate the white people of this country, and leave the negroes to themselves, a hundred years hence there would not be even a tradition of the presence of the former. He is, of course, a human being, as absolutely so as we are, but a different *species* of the human creation, as an owl is absolutely a bird as well as the eagle, but a different species of bird. He is not only inferior, but different, with a brain twenty per cent. smaller, but also twenty per cent. different, and with his different physical and mental nature, of course designed by the Creator for a different and subordinate condition, whenever and wherever in juxtaposition with us. Isolated in the great centre of existence, where God placed him, he has aptitudes necessary to his preservation, and increases and multiplies his kind. But it is obviously designed by the Almighty Creator that he should be in juxtaposition with the Caucasian. First, because otherwise his existence would be comparatively objectless; second, because his wonderful imitative capacities adapt him to the wants and welfare of society; and, third, because otherwise a very large portion of the earth, and naturally the most genial and fertile, would needs be lost to mankind. And these obvious purposes of the Divine design are absolutely demonstrated in the *fact* that negroes in South Carolina &c., increase and multiply themselves more rapidly than they do in their native Africa, when isolated. These conditions, isolation and domestic subordination, or so-called slavery, being the only possible conditions of negro existence, and the latter being more favorable to the primal command to increase and multiply, it is therefore absolutely certain that the Almighty Creator designed them for juxtaposition rather than for isolation or separation from us. Such, then, is the negro in Africa, a useless, non-advancing, idle heathen, just where he was at the era of authentic history, and just where he *must* always be as long as the world stands, if isolated from the control, guidance and protection of the white man. He was brought to America, not as ignorant and foolish people fancy, through the caprice of a Spanish priest, or accident of any kind, but in obedience to a natural law and industrial necessity as irrevocable as a law

of gravitation ; though, like other, and all other fundamental laws of social development, it may seem accidental. The Moors, when they conquered Spain, brought great numbers of negro servants with them, and when the Spanish conquerors occupied Hispaniola and other islands in America, they carried some of these negroes with them, and soon discovered their specific and peculiar fitness for tropical production.

Instead of suffering, or dying from fever, like their Spanish masters, they grew fat, and rejoiced exceedingly in the blazing suns and sickening odors of these burning climes, and instantly stood revealed the great industrial law that this negro was designed for tropical production, a law infinitely more important to human welfare than a thousand of such discoveries as that of Professor Morse, or the success of an Atlantic cable.

Production, the cultivation and growth of the natural products of the earth, are the first and essential wants of human society, and though, as we know, northern latitudes do admit of such productions as will produce both food and clothing, and therefore admit of a certain degree of progress, if the world were suddenly denied all tropical production, northern civilization would suffer to an extent difficult to estimate, or to express in mere verbal terms. Commerce in our times depends almost entirely on tropical productions ; indeed, we may say, commerce never existed until the lower races of mankind were made available for tropical production. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the commerce of Tyre and Sidon, and later, of Venice and Genoa, &c., but there is more commerce, more ships and sailors employed, and more property acquired through the cotton produced by the negro in one day in New York, than there were in any year of the centuries of commerce elsewhere. The commerce of the East was mainly in jewels, in spices, in some few rich stuffs, silks, linen, &c, but until the negro was brought to America, and Englishmen made the Mongolian hordes of Asia available in the cultivation of cotton, sugar, coffee, rice, &c., commerce, as we now understand it, can hardly be said to have existed. But with the introduction of the negro in America by the Spanish conquerors, a new and better civilization dawned upon the world, that vast tropical production was begun that has changed the whole character of society, and peopled the ocean almost as densely as the land, for those great maratime cities, whose people draw their subsistance from commerce, properly belong to it. Ninnevah and Babylon, and the great cities of the East, never had a ship or a sailor. Rome and Paris, and Vienna, and the great cities of modern times, indeed London itself, before the negro was brought to America, can hardly be said to have had any commerce.

It was the introduction of the negro in America, and the cultivation of tropical products, therefore, that originated that mighty commerce of modern times that has so changed the destinies of mankind, and increased the happiness and well being of such countless millions of God's creatures.

The Spanish government provided, with the utmost care and kindness, for the welfare of the imported negroes. A certain number of females and children were always selected, and so far as family existed among those people,

it was thoughtfully preserved. They were an inferior *species* of human kind, natural minors, adapted, and therefore designed by the Almighty Creator for a domestic condition, and all this was humanely provided for by the Spanish government. Though an inferior creature, they were, like other children or minors, capable of being Christians, if they were fortunate enough to have Christian masters and Christian homes, and the clergy duly baptized them in the Christian faith, and with good examples set them by their masters in this respect, they became as good Christians as children often are. Indeed it is only justice to at present rather a disreputable government, and unpopular faith, to say that both the Spanish government and the Catholic Church did their full duty by the negroes, and probably no number of human creatures were more carefully looked after than were the negroes originally imported by the Spanish authorities. But soon after this discovery of the *specific* fitness of the negro for tropical production, the Dutch and English began that wide-spread, and in some respects abominable traffic, of the "slave trade," which has been so extensively practiced since. The New World was a wilderness and labor everywhere in demand, and instead of the importation of negroes within their own natural centre of existence, the English and their "Yankee" descendants regarded the negro as a mere work animal, and carried him everywhere where they could find a market, and not only supplied the central and southern colonies, but thrust the miserable creature among the snows of Canada, whenever they could find a purchaser. This monstrous violation of climatic and industrial laws was surpassed by the still greater outrage on the instincts of reproduction and the law of offspring. Adult males always paying best as mere work animals, but few females were imported by the British traders, an atrocious crime against nature that finally was followed in the tropics, and is even in these days in Cuba.

It is estimated that there were three hundred thousand males, and only sixty thousand females originally imported into these States. But though nature was thus outraged, her inherent forces are so potent, and reparatory that at this time the sexes are equal, and though no human law has been enacted to bring it about, the great body of our negro population are at this time, approximately, within their own centre of existence. But though the "slave trade," in thus violating a fundamental law of nature, was in that respect atrocious, in all other respects it was humane and proper, for the pecuniary interests of the traders of course prompted the utmost care and protection to the negroes. Indeed, in contrast with the millions of emigrants from Europe of our own race, it is simply common sense to say that the negroes imported from Africa were, from the nature of things, vastly better cared for, for while, if the Irish or German emigrant died on the way, there was no loss to those who brought him over, but if a negro died, it was a direct and considerable loss, of course, to the carrier. Indeed, save in the one respect of mainly importing males, it is safe to say that the negroes imported into the tropics were the best cared for and most protected people that were ever brought to America, not

even excepting the Pilgrim Fathers and their hop ful progeny. All the great tropical centre of the continent, with this negro labor, was rapidly brought under cultivation, and with the rapid development of tropical production, that mighty modern commerce which has so changed the surface of modern society *first* began. Great cities sprang up as by magic, Vera Cruz, Panama, Kingston, Port-au-Prince, &c., were centres of trade and traffic such as the world had never before known, and the results upon the welfare and progress of society in the Old World were as beneficent, as widespread and pervading.

There was only a single drawback, the comparative non-importation of females, thus compelling a continual trade with Africa, and the prevention of a regular, natural and settled condition of human society. But otherwise all this mighty region was a busy scene of labor and production, and the centre of commerce, the whole world was dependent on it for its comforts, if not for its necessities.

No one, either in Europe or America, ever dreamed of its being wrong to bring over idle and useless African heathens, or to set them to work when brought here ; indeed, it was deemed especially Christian and pious to bring over these untutored Africans, and thought to be a very "labor of love" by the more earnest Christians of the time. There were then no "irrepressible conflicts" between Europe and America, for not only were there no Democratic institutions to conflict with European monarchy, but America then belonged to Europe, and the utmost harmony prevailed in these respects. But this harmony of the Old World and the New, and this total absence of "slavery questions" and "irrepressible conflicts" was destined, in the order of Providence, to suddenly change about one hundred years ago.

Two grand events occurred that placed Europe and America in utter and irreconcilable conflict—a conflict that openly or secretly has gone on ever since, and that in the nature of things must go on until their systems are harmonized, in the establishment of Democracy in Europe, or a return to monarchy in America.

The American colonists, especially Virginians, with negroes in their midst, necessarily became Democrats. The artificial and accidental habits of *class* they brought from the old world, soon gave way, when contrasted with the natural distinction of race. What were the human inventions of Kings, Lords, and Commons, when tested by the handiwork of the Almighty Creator? What were wealth, education, or even moral worth itself, or any possible or conceivable distinctions among their own race, compared with the distinctions of nature, fashioned by the hand of God? Thus it necessarily followed that the natural inequality of races gave origin to the Democratic idea of the natural equality of their own race, and those colonies that had the greatest number of negroes, per force became the staunchest supporters of Democracy. Indeed it is so now, and always must be so, that those who recognize and accept the distinction of race are necessarily Democrats, while those who do not, or are blind to this natural distinction, are monarchists of course, though they may not understand it. Or, in other words, every man in these States *now* who ac

cepts what by a stupid misnomer is called *slavery*, is a Democrat, and every man who strives to "abolish" it, is perforce and of necessity a monarchist. But this great, and indeed transcendent event, of the establishment of the Democratic system in the New World in 1776, was accompanied by another transcendent event, and that has enabled European monarchy to fight its battle against American Democracy so successfully. This was the conquest of India by Lord Clive, and the actual possession of such a vast tropical region, that England could afford to ruin her own West India Islands, in order to pen up Democracy in America. Had she not conquered India, and been forced to depend on America for her tropical products, though the grand revolutionary movement of 1776 placed the Old and the New World in deadly antagonism, it is most likely that the "slavery question" would never have been heard of. But with India at her control, with a hundred millions of Mongols to grow her cotton, sugar, coffee, &c, it actually became a commercial advantage to abandon her West India Islands to destruction, quite independent of the vastly more important consideration of breaking down the Democratic system of the New World. Her writers and statesmen, therefore, went to work to debauch the American mind, and rendering Democratic institutions impossible, to restore monarchy from Canada to Brazil. Suddenly discovering that negroes were *slaves* because they were in domestic subordination, the crusade against Democracy was masked under the pretence of freedom, and as the European masses were of course ignorant of negroes, the work was not only easy, but seemed meritorious. The result is that the distinction of race ignored and abolished, the great tropical centre of the continent with all its mighty natural products for the comfort and happiness of God's creatures, is blasted and blighted as if the angel of desolation had swept over it.

If the people, especially if the white people of that region had been instantly slaughtered, it would have been humane and desirable rather than be doomed to the fate that now hangs over them. The negroes, no longer guided and provided for by masters, of course do not labor, but the almost spontaneous earth enables them to subsist in some miserable way, and what little production there is, is obtained from miserable Mongals, stolen from China, &c.

The grand result is, that the whites still left are rotting out at the rate of five per cent., and the negroes from a half to one and a half per cent. There is no hope or possible chance for the negroes until the whites, who abdicate their manhood, and equalize with the negroes, rot out utterly, or, as the other day in Jamaica, the end is hastened by massacre, and then the negroes, relieved from this burden, as in Africa, will again fulfill the primal law and multiply their kind.

This, then, *as things now stand*, is the sole hope of the negro in the great tropical centre of the continent, to get relieved from the deadly burden of "impartial freedom," and again return to his African aptitudes of snake-worship, and mumbo-jumboism. If the European garrisons were withdrawn, he would rise up at once and relieve himself of the burden that now op

presses him, and sloughing off the rotten and decaying mass of mongrelism, again obey the natural law, and multiply. And it is only a question of years when the miserable and degraded white element which abdicates its manhood, and all the obligations which God and nature impose on it, *must* become utterly extinct. The time is not distant when a huge African heathenism must fill up the great centre of the continent, and that grand and beautiful region which one hundred years ago was the very garden of the earth, in another century must needs be as uninhabitable and impracticable to the white man as Central Africa is now.

What a destiny for the negro, to be carried from Africa and become a Christian and useful being, contributing, in his subordinate way, to the world's well-being, and the comfort and happiness of vast masses of God's creatures, then to be thrust from his normal condition into a hideous amalgamation with a superior race, destroying his vitality, but nature, finally relieving him of this deadly burden, again he recovers his *freedom*, and becomes, in America, just what the white man found him in Africa three centuries ago.

It is not intended, in this brief article, to take into consideration the condition or welfare of the master race, but it is rather a startling thing, certainly, to realize that the great heart of our continent, embracing some sixty degrees of latitude, and the centre of the great tropical production so essential to the welfare of mankind, is rapidly becoming a desert; and if the existing tendencies are permitted to work out their necessary results, this mighty region must soon become another Africa, and the negro inhabitants exactly what the Portuguese found them in their "Fatherland." But this mighty problem of the negro in the tropics is suddenly overshadowed by the problem of the negro in our midst.

Instead of being enlightened by the disease, death, and desolation that now broods over the centre of the continent, our people have deliberate y gone to work to destroy themselves by the same obscene and monstrous crime against God and His creatures, which has so blasted and desolated the fair and fertile regions south of us. But the very magnitude of the crime attempted will doubtless save the country from final ruin, and end in the restoration of the tropics, as well as peace and order among ourselves.

LINES FROM VIRGIL.

Trust not too much to that enchanting face,
Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass,
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.

THE SOUTHERNER'S DREAM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[BY FANNY FIELDING.]

"The machinery for dreaming planted in the human brain was not planted for nothing. That faculty, in allegiance with the mystery of darkness, is the one great tube through which man communicates with the shadowy. And the dreaming organ, in connection with the heart, the eye and the ear, compose the magnificent apparatus which forces the infinite into the chambers of a human brain, and throws dark reflections from eternities below all life upon the mirrors of the sleeping mind."

"DE QUINCY."

"Heigh! I wonder how our poor boys in grey are getting along to-night!" uttered Lewis Battle, in a luxurious half yawn, as he stirred the already hotly-blazing hickory logs, so that, with the Christmas candles and the Christmas fire, there was not a cranny of the comfortable parlor but was glowing and radiant with heat and light.

There was no answer from the meek-faced woman in mourning, occupying the corner at his right, but her placid gaze fell to the hearth, and her thoughts traveled far out in the cold snows, beneath which *one* "boy in grey," the widow's hope, lay sleeping.

"One glass more of your prime eggnog, sister, and I suppose we'd as well retire."

He was served from a silver bowl and ladle on the table beside her, the other occupant of the parlor handing his glass on a richly-chased waiter of silver.

"Dick, did your father go out the front door after Major Whitehead left?" asked the master of the house, his rubicund visage growing brighter and brighter, as he sipped the luscious drink in his own epicurean fashion.

"Yes, sah—done, double locked it."

"Very well. The Major had better stayed all night. I don't think the hospital would have suffered very much had he prolonged his absence a few hours. However, as he didn't think so, Dick, I must fill his glass for you.

"Yes, sah! Thankee, sah!"

"Positively no more for you to-night, sister?"

"No more, thank you, Lewis; a very little of such things affects my head." Ah!—evasion, which the Recording Angel will trace in letters of Heaven's own light on the books above! You do not say that in your pure system of ethics it seems sin to indulge in luxuries while Confederate soldiers almost lack life's necessities.

"Dick, is this the first eggnog you

have tasted this Christmas?" asks the 'squire.

"Te-hee!—No, sir!" is the jolly answer; "Miss Madone had de water-pail full for we all down in de kitchen," and he looked courteously and deferentially at Mrs. Barton.

"A good thought, sister," said the 'squire; "you are always thinking for everybody but yourself—but now, I must think for myself that, discretion being proverbially the better part of valor—well—my candle, Dick—sister, good night."

"Forty-nine years old this blessed Christmas eve!" said Battle, heaping fresh logs on the fire, and casting a satisfied glance around on the cosy appointment of that bachelor apartment.

"Whew!—ew!!—ew!!!"—whistled the norther around t e brick gables and angular eccentricities of the old house's outlines.

"Pipe away!—only don't come it too sharp on the boys—*our* boys, I mean," said Battle—"you can't get at me," and he sank into a deep-cushioned arm-chair, and kicked off his boots. They were not of the peculiarly neat-fitting kind; they were home-made, too—of dog skin.

What consummate satisfaction in all animate and inanimate creation—himself not excluded—sat throned upon his full lips, rotund cheeks and sparsely-covered brow!

"It's very nice sitting over one's own fire, in one's own room in such a night, and under such circumstances as the present," said the 'squire, "if one could keep one's thoughts at home; but"—and he *blessed* himself (in sailor wise, as Saxe hath it), if to-night he could turn before his own fire, courting an impartial distribution of its heat over his corporeal system, but Burnside seized possession of his brain; and then to recall the receding tableau of Dick making safe the family plate, as it presented itself in the hall but just now, while his own exit to his room was being effected—why, 'twas enough to make a man dream to the tune of Picayune Butler a week!

Shame on you, Butler! In your perfectly sane moments no man has a more orthodox contempt for the whole race of puns and punsters than yourself. And such as these! Something's wrong.

"That was quite a comfortable Christmas-box for camp," he furthermore reflected—"turkies, tongues, hams, sausages, pork, potatoes; but, confound it all, these draughts from the Pierian spring have a muddling effect upon a fellow's perspective, discriminative and distributive apparatus, any other than classical in its issues. Perhaps it's the wrong time of year, or—ignoring the caution to 'drink deep, or taste not.' Too late for either now, and I'll to bed." The resolution was promptly acted upon, the blessed renovator, the smoother out of wrinkles, the detruder of enmities soon asserted her supremacy within the limits of that little realm.

There was no telling how long the 'squire (to adhere to his neighborhood appellative) slept ere awakened (he said "awakened") by a queer consciousness of some remarkable presence in his vicinity—a consciousness, perhaps, akin to that magnetic influence (if it be magnetic) exercised by a human eye bent steadily upon a sleeper, and which is rarely without its effect,

more or less intense, independently of all other agents calculated to arouse the dormant senses. Battle thought, as he began to be satisfied regarding his own identity, that he heard the flapping of wings Well he might.

Giving his eyes the final rousing rub, he saw by the peculiar, supernatural light, a red, dusky glare filling the apartment, a hideous black figure crouched on the foot of his bed, whose vampire wings stretched from side to side across the apartment. A brimstone odor pervaded the room. ("The traditional devil," thought Battle.) And now, successively, forked tail and cloven feet developed themselves in confirmation of his surmise.

Battle wasn't a timid man, and he forthwith essayed a few ferocious kicks, which, "saving the presence," he would have been astonished to find so ineffective. "Get off, you scoundrel!" he finally blew for h, with a gasping, convulsive effort of the chest--"You Beelze!" "That's my name," leered the devil; "how did you know?" Using, I am sorry to say, for a second time to-night, an active verb, more expressive than ceremonious, coupling therewith the personal pronoun "*you*," Battle informed him that he knew his name and nature, too; his very presence wherever he found it---that the past three years' experience hadn't gone for nothing. "Go off, now!" Battle added, and he gave a glance at the crimson canopy overhanging his bed---at the sooty chimney back, if he might fully determine where the contradictory red, black glow came from.

"I've no more use for you," he continued, "than I've got for a live Yankee, white or black, for a white or a black face nigger, for a man with a 'sub,' or a girl without a sweetheart in the southern army."

"But I've got the freedom of the country," said the devil, "for the same clique which put old Abe Lincoln in nomination, and conducted him through to the Presidential office tendered me that, most respectfully, so you see I'm not to be so summarily dismissed, and that by an insignificant individual. I've had my emissaries at work for this advancement of myself and cause too many years not to live up to my privileges now."

"Whom do you call your emissaries?" asked Battle, now growing curious, and, his own mind made up on this score, anxious to test his sagacity by the admissions of his present companion.

"Too numerous to mention," he gets for reply; but, presently---"Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Thad. Stevens, William H. Seward, and their satellites---the whole Black Republican party. Indeed, I may truly honorably include the whole race of sensation and political preachers and 'strong-minded' women."

"You're 'a friend of the negro,' of course? to use to catchword," Battle asked.

"For a purpose, like the rest of 'em."

"Hey!---then you don't try to come in on the philanthropic?"

"Played out!--the joke's threadbare. Every fool knows, now, that philanthropy is set aside when this matter comes on the carpet. We have in view the double purpose of placing Cuffee out of competition with the white man in the matter of labor; in other words, Cuffee's extermination, in

the first place; and, secondly, and nearly as potent a consideration is the '*po' folks vs. great folks*' policy—we're going to take the aristocracy out of you southerners."

"O, yes; I understand," says the 'squire; "you are propagating agrarianism from its root—infidelism."

"Ha! ha! ha! So!" laughed the fiend.

"O, yes!—we all know it's so," said Battle. "Confound their impudence! This 'sin'—if it be a sin—a system which has done more to Christianize this race than every other system ever inaugurated (so it turns out), bequeathed to us by Old England—perpetuated with us, as far as her efforts could be made successful by New England, to be deprecated of those who had the least right to cast the first stone! Why, ever since it first transpired that negro slavery was profitable to us, and no longer profitable to them, haven't they been sending their puritanical poke-noses, in every conceivable form, to poison this element in our midst?—Yankee school marms, singing masters, John Browns & Co.—Hey?" asked Battle, now quite warm with his subject.

Satan broke forth into singing:

> "Say, was it not a sound to make
> Satan him elf seem merry;
> The fratricidal shout that shook
> The hills of Harper's Ferry?
> But thanks to one WISE counsellor," &c.

and he said: "The rest of this interesting legend will *not* be found in the New York *Ledger*, for it was part of a song written by a southern poetess a while after the John Brown raid. "'Twas a right funny coincidence," he continued, "that the same year should have brought both the Puritans and the niggers to this continent"

"Color to color," said Battle, "you seem to be up in your history regarding the black brethren; but what do you make of the coincidence?"

"Well, I guess," said Satan (that much through his nose), "'twas a sign that the 'forefather' element, acting with and upon the other immigrant race, were in this country to kick up the ——, myself," laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing with mock dignity.

"A pretty set of kidnappers and law-defiers were these same 'forefathers' and 'foremothers,'" said Battle, "if one of their historians spoke truly in affirming that 'no person was ever born into legal slavery in Massachusetts.'"

Satan grinned. "That was a nice little episode," he said, "suited me to a T—wherein, after Puritania—I mean Yankeedom at large—had made a great fuss, and decreed that all negroes born within its precincts after a certain prescribed period, should be free. They, with true Yankee thrift, packed off all the female slaves to the South for sale. A great interior slave trade was inaugurated, so overwhelmingly deleterious to public interest, that slaveholding Virginia passed stringent resolutions to prohibit this influx."

"Yes, *I* guess, too," said Battle, imitating the nasal twang, "it suits you very well to reflect upon the inconsiderable little circumstance, that, though they are piping through their noses this song of "nnclean! unclean!" Virginia passed her law abolishing the slave trade in 1778, just ten years

before humane Massachusetts. Take that sweet morsel of consistency, and roll it under your tongue, with the other."

"Right," said the familiar, for familiar he was determined to be, "and they can't in this 'nigger' cry hush the fact that in all their annals they have never set any negro free. All their enactments in regard to their liberation were prospective. All who were slaves remained slaves, and those upon whom the 'philanthropy' was, *in future*, to take effect, were *mercifully* removed beyond its sphere of action ere the prescribed period arrived. That was jolly!"

"You seem merry," said Battle.

"And the little affair about the Pequod Indians, if you call that a trade in flesh and blood," continued Satan, not heeding the interruption. "Merry!" he went on to say, "and why shouldn't I be? Who ever catered so industriously and successfully to my appetite before? Here are now, a good part of four million souls in the question. If a war of races should ensue upon present measures, and these Ethiops exterminate the whites —well, they relapse into their native barbarism; if returned to Africa the result is the same; and if they are turned adrift here, *extermination*, agreeably to all the teachings of history in regard to competition between a superior and inferior race."

"Why do you rejoice in effecting so much harm to a really inoffensive people?" asks Battle; "inoffensive, I affirm, as a consequence of the slavery discipline, though, as you know, fierce and savage enough in their normal state?"

"The more negro, the more Yankee I get, if there's anything in retributive justice," chuckled the fiend.

Now, you know most men are flattered in finding the wisdom of their own politics substantiated by the sentiments of those whom we may consider posted, and moreover, the socializing effect of Battle's Christmas Eve eggnog, was again aroused; and moreover, again, this seemed not altogether an ungenial imp, for he cut a few queer somersaults on the foot of the bed, and began to sing, in a high key:

"Social equality swings in the chair,
While Missis brushes the room,
But don't think 'Missis' aloud, if you please,
Or S. E. may take up the broom.

Social equality sleeps in the sun,
Or saunters around in the street,
Secesh is glad to get work enough
To buy him some bread to eat.

Social equality—save the mark!
It is patent far and wide,
Like the Irishman's *reciprocity*,
Is only upon one side!"

"That's the way it'll be," said Satan, and he cut another dido over and over, and came down in the same place.

"Beelze," said Battle, for, as I told you, he was in a social mood, "I want you distinctly to understand that I wouldn't condescend to parley with you an instant, did you come whining, hypocritically feigning to be other than you are. I tell you a burnt child dreads the fire, and if you had appeared before me in Pilgrim garb, I should have 'guessed' your wallet was filled with fragments of old Plymouth granite, and that you were watching your chance to *rock* to sleep the first luckless wight you caught napping. As it is, I want to ask you how you stand affected to the South in this contest?"

"Well, well," said Satan, evidently

flattered, "I'm very much pleased with some things I see South ; I'm pleased with you in many respects ; but, to return to the Confederacy, it pleases me most of all to think that the whole affair will go up presently."

"Thunderation !" said Battle, rather uncivilly we must admit, seeing the opinion drawn forth was of his own soliciting ; "if that turns out true, it's no credit to the Yankees. Don't you see we are fighting Yankee land, and every other man ? Every civilized nation on the globe is virtually trying to crush us, if not actually arrayed in arms ; don't you see ?' asked Battle.

"O, yes," answered the fiend, "I've a nice little account with the British lion, in the first place, and incidentally with France and Spain, regarding this aggressive 'neutrality.' Loud will be the roarings of that leonine quadruped one day."

Battle didn't care ; he had no more faith in *Old* England than he had in *New* England.

"Well, what about our legislative and executive body ?" he asked.

"Least said, soonest mended," remarked his sable highness ; "but your navy department has a funny genius in playthings—right expensive toys ; building great big Virginias at Norfolk, and great strong Albemarles on the Sound, and crack gunboats at New Orleans, and here and there elsewhere, to see a big fire, and hear a big fuss presently—when they blow up. But that C. S. Congress is a right joke—killing you at the first lick with that substitute bill ; setting the poor man to calling it a rich man's war."

"Stop," said Battle, "how could he ? Doesn't wealth always purchase immunities which the poor cannot command? In the natural, inevitable economy of things this cannot be otherwise—it's no argument against wealth that such is the case."

"I'm not arguing," said the dusky speaker ; "I only say, talk political economy all day long to the poor farmer in that way, and when you've done, he's no more convinced than he was before, that his life isn't as valuable to his wife and children as your rich neighbor's is to his. He'll accord to wealth its due respect, it's just weight in every other connection, too, only don't let its value compete with that of human blood."

"Sensible Satan," says Battle, "something in that."

"Talking about money," resumed the other speaker, "what a blunder in your government not to make the 'Confed' money a legal tender ! as well blue backs as greenbacks. All legislation on the currency has made it worse and worse. And talking about Congress, 'Secret Session,' which is a standing joke in Richmond, has become a chronic intermittent ; result, back rations and double pay to Congressmen, on each recurrence of the fit."

Battle laughed slightly, and asked what he had to say against President Davis.

"That pale, thin, care-worn, weary-souled man ! He's a Christian of the Robert Lee type. I've nothing to do with him, except, indeed, to tempt him through you, and through those opposed to you in sentiment. Paradoxical ? I'll explain. You complain of his self-will, obstinacy I think you have called it. Secret agents carp continually at his pliancy. His life is one struggle to abstract himself from either influences, to look upward, on-

ward, to adapt himself by supernatural, spiritual strength, to the great, the appalling responsibility with which he stands invested, and to commit results to—one I dare not name. O! how it angers me to recall the policy of Davis and Lee regarding the march into the enemy's country! Rapine, fire, pilfering broad-cast and singly; murder, general desolation, such as that to which the South had been, by raid and by wholesale marching of armies, unexceptionably subjected, must not be named as worthy the sons of southern cavaliers; *must not be named as Christian work!*" hissed the devil, between his teeth, and a hideous scowl came over his face. The 'squire felt less comfortable.

"Now," continued the other, "down through the histories of far-off ages, down the unborn centuries, shall come looming this record, speaking in trumpet tones to the great hereafter of earth of *a Christian President! a Christian General! a Christian soldiery!* This policy, in conjunction with the course of these prayerful, earnest, ever-working, never-wearying, devoted, self-sacrificing *women of the South*," continued the dark spirit, "have done more to militate against my kingdom than has been performed in ages."

The satanic equanimity was evidently much disturbed in contemplation of these topics, and after certain diabolisms of gesture and countenance, such as we might suppose only the arch-fiend could command, came a lurid glare of the fiery eye-balls, and a low, suppressed howl. Battle had no power to move himself; it was not fear which paralyzed him, but some supernatural, more than depressing influence.

Satan recovered himself, and pleasantly asked, "You are too old to go into the army; that is, to be conscripted?"

"Yes."

"And you are living all through these years of war, here in the interior of this fruitful State, unmolested by the encroachments of foreign armies or a home soldiery. You are living in luxury; are you doing all you can for those who have homes no longer, who have forsaken them to fight for your money at interest; your fine house and servants; your carriages and horses, and stock and grain—your liberty? Hey?" and he saucily nudged Battle's feet.

"I do a great deal," said Battle, sadly, for his spirits were failing, perceptibly to himself. "I subscribe to every movement inaugurated for donations to the soldiers, of whatever kind; all the hospital and relief associations, and but to-day a box reached the camp of —— Regt., Co. 'C.,' for my sister's two boys. I had it put up at my own expense."

"That's a small matter to rich Lewis Battle," said the fiend, continuing. "You're an employee in the tax-in-kind service—ain't you?"

"Yes."

"And you don't perform all the requirements and provisions of the law in that department 'on the square,' do you?" asked Battle's interlocutor.

Battle couldn't say that he did.

"How about that wheat you disposed of at starvation price, away beyond prescribed tariff rates?"

"I was in good company, Secretary Siddon and others."

"O, well!" interrupted Beelzebub, "so it suits you to be in *good company*,

which is, I must admit, a *desideratum* with a respectable man—good company, no matter where or how; perhaps I may some day tender you the felicities of a jolly crowd and a warm reception. Lewis Battle," said the fiend, impressively, "when I told you that *you* pleased me, I meant more than I have yet said. Have you sustained this southern cause according to your ability? No—and I like you for it! Have you given all you could to soldiers poorly-fed, barely clad? No—and I like you for it! Have you denied yourself any luxuries that the sums usually expended thereon might be given to these? No—and I like you for it! You know what your fighting men say, 'Keep those at home, our wives, our children, our aged parents, from want, and we will fight until the last drop of blood from the last southern soldier has drenched the soil he loves dearer than life.' Have you cared as you might for these? No—and I like you for it. That stone-mason's wife (her husband has been in the field since the first regiment left the State,) bought a little wool to spin, a little corn to grind. Whew! your *charges* are destructive of life as those at Malvern Hill, at Gettysburg! I think she might have had half a peck of Confederate money, but you got it all; need I say, I like you for it? You know of individual instances of cupidity; of the rampant spirit of speculation abroad in certain official quarters; you have in your mind's eye this moment certain quartermasters and commissaries, whose greed of gain is only effecting the trifling result of ruining your country. You do not remonstrate; you are a man of influence; you do not expose them; but I like you for it"

Poor Battle! what a change had come over his evening, if not hilarity, cheerfulness, and self-satisfaction. Now, self-condemned, the spirit of darkness seemed to have absorbed all his defensive and rallying powers.

Suddenly he appeared to breathe more freely. The strange stricture impeding all natural motion of the chest and lungs was in a manner removed; and simultaneously the chanting of celestial voices was heard, accompanied by sounds like the harmonious motion of angel wings upon the air. The theme, as snatches thereof reached his ear, Battle recognized that to which the choristers of heaven attune their loudest anthems, the eternal song of the Redemption, the birth of the blessed Christ-child. A form of light and beauty glided in, waving aloft a white banner gemmed with a starry cross. Satan vanished before the symbol.

"Nelly, sister—dead years and years ago, in your first youth and mine," said Battle, "you were always my favorite," and he reached out his arms to clasp the gently receding figure, her eyes looking worlds of wistful affection on him meanwhile, "Lewie," said the gentle Nelly, calling him by the old name she used to call him by when they were boy and girl together in that same house, "I came this blessed Christmas time, of all other times—this season sanctified by all that is comprehended in the Angels' song of 'Peace on earth, good will toward men,' came on your birthnight, to bring you good tidings; came to undo the teachings of despair, such as that dark

spirit which has just left you loves to instil; came to lead you from the wrong already done, to the good to be done. You had always a good heart, Lewie; don't let the worldliness creep in and corrode. Patriotism is no small part of piety; be faithful, as I know you will be, to this emblem," and she shook out the folds of the banner, and every star glistened like a diamond, "it is a part of your service to Him who first of all made the Cross a sacred emblem, who more than eighteen centuries ago lay under the starry night sky of Judea. Go about like Him, doing good. Distribute to the soldier. God loves the martyr for the right. Feed the helpless; give to the soldier's orphan and widow. Sustain old age bereft of its natural support, the sacrifice cheerfully laid on its country's altar; and let this symbol float or fall over the southerner's fatherland, the southerner's hope, it shall yet be glorified of all the nations of the earth."

"Christmas gift, Mas' Lewis! Lor' Mas' Lewis, ain't ye gwine to get up to-day? De sun here pretty near two hours high. Miss ma' done walk over to de soldier hospital, an' come back agin!"

But Dick's thunders were nothing to the combined vociferations of Aunt Dinah, cook, Aunt Betty, little Betty, the housemaid, and a whole posse of "the peculiar," as Mr. Swiveller would say, trooping in in noisy invocation. "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!"

"Come, get up," said Aunt Dinah, "de buck wheats'll all spile, an' de sausages dry up, an' de coffee won't be good; come, git up an' give me my Christmas gift!"

"You've got your Christmas gift," said Battle, rather in a subdued tone; he felt melancholy and feeble; "you've got your pig and your turkey."

"Don't care," says the inexorable old darkey, "wants my money jes de same I allers had; pig an' money, an' turkey too." So, after some fussing in the sable crowd, some thoughts in Battle's mind of the prospective "social equality" picture presented for his contemplation in the preceding nights' experience, he dismissed them, and made his preparations by a short cut for breakfast, mindful of Aunt Dinah's dire prognostications.

"Listen," said the 'squire, as Mrs. Barton was sending his cup of coffee around; "I know you'll be off on some good work after Church to-day; say to the ladies of your Hospital Association that I will give them the five hundred dollars they asked for the other day; and you might make up, during this week, a great many Christmas-boxes for camp, of our good things. I give you *carte blanche* all this week to subscribe to and perform as many charities as you please, and I will foot the bills."

This unbusiness-like way of doing things wasn't like Battle; but it continued to be his way all through the rest of that chapter of hero warfare, so that had the "Lost Cause" been triumphant it had left him comparatively a poor man, which he is now, in truth; but he looks back upon that day when he resolved to give all for his country as the proudest of his life, and now you never hear him whining about "a cause that we thought right," but he says, like a man and a Christian, that his sentiments are, to a letter,

identical with what they were when the first secession gun was fired ; that he refuses to brand the cause of conscience as wicked, because it was overruled by superior strength, and that he submits results to the Divine will ; so to him as to all who are true to their colors—Merry Christmas !

SPOILS, BY A RECEIVER.

"And whisper whence they stole those balmy spoils."—[*Milton.*

"Two things," says Kant, "fill my mind with ever newer and increasing wonder and reverence---the starry heavens over me, and the moral law within me :" '*Der bestirute Himmel riber mir, und das Moralische Gesetz in mir.*'

I never have felt the mystery of my being as I have when under the stars; my soul never has seemed so deep to me as when the stars have looked into it ; you know what an apparent depth waters have that mirror the starry heavens ; and, too, they deepen the trittest truth uttered under them. Perhaps it is because, in the glare of day, our attention is chiefly attracted to the things of our low earth, and great truths even seem trite when associated with lower things, and every-day life. But at night earth is a dusk, while the glories of heaven are opened to us---infinities of star-lit space, and measureless depths of starless gloom. The daylight seems to shut in our horizon, to make a dome of the sky ; so that every truth uttered has an earthly ring, seems to echo back from the welkin ; but at night it reaches away up into infinity. What yearnings after the infinite the starry heavens stir within us as we look up to them, or rather as they look down into us ; and how they call out the noble within us, making us long to be worthy of our own nobility. They so intensify one's soul, as though he were the only being under them.

The starry heavens above us ; yet, so pitiful, reproaching us not for being little, and mean, and sinful ; but so kindly, because above us ; so sad, too, as if reading in us all the grand possibilities of our nature. I never feel a self-contempt when under the stars ; I pity myself, but cannot scorn myself. They are sympathetic, yet never unrestful, whether gleaming on waters, darkened by the contrast with their own form, or mirrored in the lake that but rises and falls as the infant's bosom in the breathings of healthful sleep. Thus, too, they gleam on the human soul, swirling in madness, darker for the white foam of passion, or all calm to the glory of Heaven.

There is a secrecy about the stars ; they seem not even to whisper to one another what they see down here, so different from the "gaudy blabbing day ;" they tell not of the lover's kiss, or the murderer's dagger. They have

with their sweet eyes lighted to many a tryste, as "the dews of summer night did fall;" and they have looked on wild, wild work, but they never tell. Ah! there is about the stars a witchery that almost coaxes the soul out of one. No wonder the "Ancient Mariner," 'In his loneliness and fixedness, yearneth towards the journeying moon and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The starry heavens above me, poor, yearning, restless me—restless in my fixedness—drawing me to purity, to nobility, to rest; the rest, not of apathy, but of intense life, calm by its very intensity.

The moral law within me. It is the pleasant theory of many moralists, that man has within himself a complete code of morals, all the Ten Commandments, or all that are binding on us Gentiles, and a great many besides; the Bible in the main is a good sort of book, but, if any of its doctrines happen to conflict with their prejudices, they begin to talk about the "Higher Law." However any institution may be authorized by Scripture, it can have no right to existence if it do not dot their *plot*, measured off with a pair of compasses, its straight lines very good on paper, well enough as mathematical abstractions in the mind; not so well when they undertake to tunnel them through God Almighty's mountains. The nucleus of the first cable of the Niagara suspension-bridge was an almost gossamer thread, borne by a kite over the foaming river; but around an air-line can hardly be twisted a cable to bridge one of His chasms.

But about this beautiful moral law within us. This code is certainly not very long, not a decalogue; and I doubt as to its being very distinctly written, even if the original writing is distinct, with years it will become illegible; as the name clearly cut on the sapling, becomes on the tree, an unmeaning scar. The truth is, we are not only a fallen but by nature a falling race. We may speculate as we please on the origin of evil, may throw the blame from ourselves as we can; speculations and flinging the blame from ourselves do not alter the fact. Look around you, you see liars, thieves, cheats, murderers, adulterers, the profane and perjured; there is not one person in a thousand whom you would implicitly trust; think you that you belong to another race of beings? These are your brothers and sisters; though your surroundings may have hedged you in from the grosser vices, yet the same tainted blood flows in your veins that flows in their's, and I would not give much for the moral law within you. You and your set may be a little purer, a little kinder than they; you may be as the Gulf Stream flowing through the sea of humanity, yet yours is the same restless, bitter nature. "On the Red Sea there is no precipitation, it being in a rainless region, not a river or brook flows into it," so that its waters are somewhat different from those of the main; yet their components are the same. So though your polluted brothers and sisters may not have had the bitterness, the evil of their souls diluted by the

rain of the sweet heavens, or the freshening, purifying influence of pious counsel; yet their nature in its element is the same as yours. What guide is the moral law within them, within us? However distinct and pure it may be to-day, if we acknowledge no higher law, many a *thou shalt* and *thou shalt not* will be erased by the years. . . . I am glad that we are not left to the passion-modified, sin-bedimmed moral law within us, but that we have the law of God, of the immutability of which the tables of stone are symbolical.

NO. IX.

You have, of course, read Byron's description of a thunder storm on Lake Leman:

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud;
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

No great thought coming, we scarcely know whence, from one lone cloud, it may seem to us; yet certainly from heaven, for humanity can but echo; striking some towering mind, some mountain peak in the dim past, some Jura answering through her misty shroud; but is rolled from peak to peak, ever gathering volume as it echoes and re-echoes from the mountain minds of poet, philosopher, statesman, orator, that stand sentinels around an age. Sentinel mountains that tell when the storm is coming, and when the sunlight is coming, mountains that catch the last light of the dying day, and the almost dying echoes of a dead past, and send them reverberating through all time to be caught and flung by mountain after mountain, till all earthly echoes shall be drowned in their source. And it is not merely the thunder tones that are echoed,

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

The echo of a pistol, fired on one of the lakes in the Bavarian Highlands, is at first but a low mutter; then "it gathers along the cliffs, like a gradual roll of thunder, increasing in volume till it breaks over the head in a deafening crash, louder than the broadside of a ship of the line." Thus our little thought, or seemingly little thought---for no thought can be little; it only seems so, because we have but little force to lend it---may gather force till it startle a nation with its deafening crash; it may be the grand salute fired on the coming in of a glorious new day. And I hold that every one of us, instead of dreaming away our lives, can utter a thought whose echoes will "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever."

Not only the lazy, lounging loafer and novel-reading boarding school miss dream away their lives, but seated at the loom, standing at the anvil, writing for the press, or sitting with knit brow conning to himself to-morrow's oration, almost every man is a mere dreamer. He utters no thought, has none, for if he had he must utter it; each new thought to a man is like a wonderful discovery to him, and were there no one into whose ear he could breathe it, he must, like Mida's barber, breathe it into the ground; and you may be sure that it would be

heard, even though a miracle were to be worked like that worked in the fable; the reeds along the river's bank would become articulate with it, as the hitherto monotonous winds swept over them.

I doubt whether a thought expressed since the world began, expressed in words, on marble, or on canvas, has been lost The statue may be mutilated, the canvas rent, the manuscript burned, but the idea will, must live, it is, like the soul, undying; and, as Pythagoras thought of the soul, it transmigrates from one form into another. The same words are echoed in many tones from the cavern, the cliff, the owl-haunted, ruined castle.

I said that humanity could but echo. Humanity can demonstrate, can doubt, can draw inferences, but can evolve from itself no great idea. There is a great deal of philosophy in the homely saying, "The thought struck me;" every great idea comes from without. God expresses his thoughts in all nature, and sometimes, perhaps, directly to the soul; and those minds that are not too groveling, that stand high enough, echo them. The highest ideal of the sculptor is of something that is. Therefore poet, philanthropist, patriot, you who have a great thought to utter, fear not that your word will die in the air, accompanying naught; for it is God's word, and He has said: "My word shall not return unto me void."

You, too, who tower not into the clouds, who are not master minds, yet who grovel not on the earth, and shut not up the chambers of your heart, you too echo heaven's truth, that when you shall be forgotten, or before you shall be forgotten, may be reverberated from some Alpine mind. Some of the grandest ideas have been suggested by little people, and little things. One great charm of poetry is that it expresses our thought, illuminated, it may be, yet *our* thought. Is not this a proof that the thought was but an echo of the *one* thought uttered by the Infinite? We do not, if we are true men and women, merely echo an echo.

But I am too serious, must change my tone. Can any one, who walks around with a soul within him, help being serious? Even one who has no definite belief as to the future of that soul, who knows not that it may have a future, must be serious when he thinks that even the flinging of a chance stone may break the vial, and the rare perfume may be wasted in the air—the rich aroma—*a soul;* or be like wine poured on the ground, the senseless earth that receives it into her bosom but as water.

Were I not too serious to-day, I would dwell on the fact that echo, "the babbling gossip of the air," has always been represented as a woman, probably not merely because she is a *gossip*, but also because she always has the last word.

NOW—AND THEN.

[BY A LADY OF NORTH CAROLINA.]

"Look not mournfully into the past; it is gone. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth with a stout heart, and without fear, to meet the shadow future." These words rose to our mind as we stood a short time since on the piazza of the homestead of one of North Carolina's hospitable country gentlemen, and looked out on the well-cultivated fields which had descended from father to son since the day when the State was a colony. "Look not mournfully into the past; it is gone," we thought, as we recalled the days when these fields were cultivated by healthy, well cared-for slaves, who, like their owners, had lived for three generations on "our plantation, and 'tended our crop;" and contrasted the Then with the Now, when we heard that not a score out of hundreds remained on the old place, while, as well as could be gathered, at least one half of those who had left had died in less than eighteen months. "Wisely improve the present," we repeated, as we thought how bravely the southern gentlemen, as a class, have met the terrible shipwreck of their fortunes, and are rising up to repair their losses, while the negro is surely, and not slowly, sinking down, never again to attain to the comforts of "slavery." Nowhere was the agricultural laborer so well off as the "slaves" of the southern States; where, except in rare instances, does he ever, by the sweat of his brow alone, attain to more than a bare support for himself and family; and where is he better clothed, fed, and cared for, from infancy to old age, than our "slaves" were? Nowhere. But it takes no gift of prophecy to foresee that this can never be said of the freedman, unless some system is adopted to compel him to work, and make him self-supporting. The efforts of the Abolitionists to elevate him to the equality with the southern-born white man, by means of the Negro Bureau, and the "school-marm's," only make us smile. To render him the social equal of any white man, he must be transplanted to the northern States, and cherished like a hot-house plant; left to himself, he at once sinks back into his appointed place and becomes the servant and dependent of the white race. That he cannot take care of himself, southerners have long known; and it is becoming evident to all but the most determinedly obtuse, that the Yankee cannot, by means of a Negro Bureau, take care of him. That "slavery" was ordained by God for the good of the negro, we never doubted, and we as firmly believe that its abolition is permitted because he has, like the Indian, played his allotted part on this continent, and is doom-

ed to disappear from it. But his extinction, or we should rather say his displacement, will necessarily be gradual; it will take longer for the white man to push him out of the southern States than it did to eject him from the northern; but he can no more live in a state of "freedom," so-called, in the one than in the other. He may thrive in the West Indies, or any climate where the labor of one day in each week will suffice to support him for that week, but as he cannot so live in the southern States, he must either work for the food which he cannot rise up and gather without labo , be supported by the white man, or die out. Whether he will work enough to support the children and infirm of his family, as well as himself, without compulsion, is a problem that is to be solved, and can only be so by the extinction of the Negro Bureau; as long as there are government camps where rations are issued to those unable or unwilling to take care of themselves the negro cannot be said to be self-supporting. That any system which will make h m so, can be found better for him than "slavery," or rather than what "slavery" would have been but for the meddlesome interference of the Abolitionists, we do not believe. But those of our planters who are wisely improving the present, may go forth to meet the shadowy future with stout hearts, and without fear, confident that it has more ills in store for their former "slaves" than for them. Capital will always find labor; the most available labor for the South at present is the labor of the negro, and his rights must go down before the might of capital when they clash with it. Mr. Carlyle says truly that "slavery cannot be exterminated, the slavery of the weak to the strong exists all over the world," and is far worse now among the negro population of the South than ever before. A negro "driver," or overseer, was proverbially harsher and more exacting than a white one, and the weak among them, deprived of the protection of their masters, are fast becoming slaves, in the worst sense of the word, to the strong. We know of more than one negro who wields the most despotic authority over the younger and weaker members of his family, hiring them out as he chooses, totally regardless of their wishes, and appropriating their wages more entirely than ever their masters did, for these were always bound to clothe and feed them, which their black owners do not do.

The planter and his family formerly regarded their "slaves" as much in the light of dependents as property, and they were not fed, clothed and sheltered, as the Abolitionists assert, from interested motives only. Had this been the case, the children might indeed have been cared for, but the old and infirm would have been left, as the pæons of Mexico are, to shift for themselves. Lord Chesterfield said it took three generations to make a gentleman; it certainly does to make a real good servant of a negro. The English probably have the best servants in the world, because with them service is as much a business as any other occupation; they do not take it up for a time, as the white servants of the North do, but are regularly t ained to it from their youth, and look forward to giving it up only when they have saved enough to retire from business and live on their money, just as a tradesman or mechanic does. Next

to the English, the trained house servants of the southern gentleman were probably the best; they were servants "hired for life," and, putting aside certain faults and deficiencies inherent to them as negroes, were as good as the English, and far superior to the Irish domestics. When we ran counter to these faults and deficiencies, we would shrug our shoulders and say, "just like a negro;" and the momentary irritation would evaporate before the knowledge of the inevitable, or the recollection of years of servitude, and the mutual affection they had engendered. *Mais tout cela est change!* The southern mistress who carefully trained the children of her servants morally as physically so as to fit them to occupy the same positions in her children's families as their parents held in hers, not only has now no inducement to undertake this trouble, but, owing to the false ideas instilled by Yankee preachers and "school marms," cannot even exercise the same restraints, or inflict the same punishments she does on her own children, without being threatened with "The Bureau;" while the ease with which, as a general rule, they forget past kindness, and throw off old friends, is fast destroying the personal interest once felt in them by their late masters and mistresses. The great outcry of the Abolitionist was that we regarded our negroes not as human beings, but as chattels, and the title first adopted by Mrs. Stowe for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was, "How a man may become a Thing." She could with more propriety write a novel now, showing how, under the workings of the Negro Bureau, a man may become a brute. "Slavery" was the last remnant of the feudal system, and the only bulwark against mobocracy left in this country. The "slave" was bound to render his master obedience, and labor for his own support; the master was in turn bound to feed, clothe, and protect his negro, care for him in sickness, and bury him when dead; but he could not, like the northern capitalist with his white slave, bring him to the polls, and on pain of dismissal, force him to vote as he chose; hence it was also the bulwark of the political liberty of the poor white man. The capitalist could not in the South overpower the vote of the poor man by the weight of his capital, and there never was a greater mistake than that of calling the late war a war for the benefit of the rich alone. Northern radicals raised a great hue-and-cry against the "southern aristocracy," and they were right to do so, for it was their most successful opponent; the aristocracy of the South was an aristocracy of color, and not, as has been asserted, an aristocracy of wealth. Wealth will always have its weight; in some communities it is worth more than it is in others; but there are none in which it does not give some consideration; it probably gave as little in the South as in any portion of the world, from the fact that "slaveholding" was the rule, not the exception, and the poor white man, no matter how great his poverty might be, felt that there was a large class beneath him who could never, under any circumstances, rise up to his level.

"Slavery," as it was before the interference of the Abolitionists, induced a spirit of "noblesse oblige" among the educated men of the South, which rendered them more like the English squirearchy than any other class of

men in this country; the same distinctions existed, but in a more marked degree, between the "slave" and his master and the 'squire and his tenant. Up to the time of the Southampton insurrection, which was proved to have been instituted by northern men, by means of Abolition publications, negroes, when they showed an inclination and ability to learn, were taught to read, and more than one North Carolina gentleman learned the rudiments of the Latin grammar from old Mr. Charrs, the black Presbyterian minister, who used to sit in the pulpit beside Dr. McPheeters, of Raleigh, whenever he visited that place. But this was an exceptional case, and one by no means agreeable to the negroes, who liked preachers of their own color, but wanted them on a social level with themselves, and the black preacher who worked all the week in his cornfield was more popular with them than one "who set up with white folks."

Dr. McPheeters had an old negro man named Jimmy, well known to the citizens of Raleigh as a sort of Andrew Fairservice in pragmatical conceit, who used to grumble terribly at having to clean Mr. Charr's shoes, and once refused to accept a quarter of a dollar from him for grooming his horse, saying with dignified impertinence, "I thank you, sir, but my master gives me all the money I want, and you had better spend it in buying some corn for your horse; he looks like a little would do him good." The Abolitionists, by inciting the negro to cut the throats of his master and family, put an end to teaching "slaves" to read, and now the Negro Bureau is destroying every tie between the white and black race but that of interest. The planter knows that the negro, by his adaptability to the climate, is at present the most available field laborer to be procured for a cotton, tobacco, or rice plantation, and that it is to his own interest to treat him fairly and well; hence the cry of the abuse of the "freedman," except on plantations worked by the officers of the Bureau, is as groundless as that of the ill-treatment of the "slave." But the most casual observer can see that there is a marked difference between the "condition of the "slave" and of the "freedman," and can also see that the former was much the worse off.

Contrast the "now" of emancipation with the "then" of "slavery" on a single plantation, and the truth of this will be at once seen. When a "slave" reported himself sick, he was, after examination by the master or overseer, ordered, on those plantations where there was no hospital, "to go to his mammy, or his granny, and tell her to doctor him." If the case was beyond their skill, master either prescribed or sent for the doctor; food proper for the sick or convalescent patient was provided, as well as a nurse; and, if he "laid up" for six months, he and his family were as well taken care of as if he had worked every day. To pursue this course now would be utter ruin to the wealthiest, for the "slave" knew that, if he was "pl ying the old soldier," he would be eventually detected, and punished; but the "freedman" can sham sickness with impunity, so the only way to reach him is by stopping his pay, which, if he is really sick, tells on him and his family severely. The "slave" mother who worked in the field, deposited her children, who were too young to take care of

themselves, either at the plantation, nursery, or with some "old granny," whose days of out work were over, and who, secure of her daily bread, could find time to "tend the babes." The children, if intended for field hands, were not put to work until they were ten or twelve years old, and were regularly taught their business; if they were to be house servants, they were taken into the house, and gradually brought under training, as assistants to the elder servants, and personal attendants on their young masters and mistresses. Many persons supposed that a bad effect was produced on southern children by being thus easily accustomed to exercise authority, and asserted that it made them despotic and unfeeling; but the reverse was the case, and the little girl who played dolls with her black attendant, although she might order her "hither and yon," and make her perform many little personal services for her, had a kindlier feeling for her, and the servants with whom she had grown up, than it was possible for a northern mistress to have when placed at the head of a household, not one servant of which she had ever seen before. While Tom, Dick, or Jim was frequently through life excused for many a fault or short coming by his master, in recollection of the time when he played, hunted, or fished with him, to pick up his ball, set up his nine pins, dig his bait, or carry his game.

Among the educated the bad grammar and negro slang thus acquired fell gradually off, leaving only the kindly feeling towards the dependant, and a habit of authority over him, which was exercised quite as much for his own good as for his master's convenience. Well fed and cared for the negro is a valuable institution, but, without the providence and protection of a master, he cannot in this climate increase and multiply as in "slavery," and must eventually die out. And how great was that providence, none but those acquainted with the workings of a well-regulated plantation can ever know. The planter who used to lay in his yearly supplies of hats, shoes, blankets, sugar, coffee, molasses and medicine for his "slaves," has now only to see that he has meat and meal enough to issue their rations, all other things being purchased by the negro out of his wages. Most families still allow each family a piece of ground for cultivation, and employ the women and children, whenever their labor can be made available, but not by the year, and only issue rations to those whom they employ. If sick, they must buy their own medicine, and pay their doctor's bill; their children, instead of being regularly trained to some employment, or trade, are growing up in idleness, which must soon sink them back into barbarism. In the towns they may, while the novelty lasts, attend the schools; but, unless some system like that of the Prussian government is adopted, very few will ever even learn to read. The mistress who formerly had three or four children of different ages in training, now hires a grown servant to do the work of the whole, and does not trouble herself to plant where she does not hope to reap.

We confess ourselves to be among those who "look mournfully into the past," and regret the fall of the negro into "so-called" freedom, which is fast absorbing every good quality of the

race. We bear them no ill-will, and hope they may prosper, for they can only do so by pursuing such a course as will be to the interest of their late owners—a dependent and weaker race to be cared for and protected by the stronger The old negro woman was right, who, on being asked why she preferred entering a southern family at six dollars a month, to that of a Federal officer at ten, replied : "Them is used to own niggers aint going to 'spect them to be white folks ; I make more than four dollars a month out'n Miss Liza without its costing her a cent, for you see I's weakly, and she 'lows for that, and don't 'spect me to be a buying every grain and drop of physic I takes ; and then she's always a quarreling after me to take care of myself, and knows I can't cook, and keep the floor clean too." But when her present employer finds that she can hire a cook who does not need "quarreling after" to take care of her health, and can "cook and keep the floor clean too," will she be willing to put up with her short comings? We fear not ; consequently, Peggy, who might as a "slave" have lived to a good old age, will, before the white servant, who will soon be ready to take her place, go down into abject poverty and misery, from which death will be a happy and speedy release ; while her former mistress will save the four dollars a month that was "made out of her," although it did not "cost her a cent." In a pecuniary point of view, the next generation will probably be the better for emancipation, but we confess ourselves one of those who think there are things in this life that are better than money, and among these things we class the comfort of "servants hired for life"—now, alas! not to be had for money.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL ROOM.

[A BALLAD BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.]

Butterfly, blessed in a bright caprice,
The worm forget in the wing that bears,
'Tis well that thou seekest no golden fleece,
Since zephyr alone thy shallop steers ;
Well, if thus seeking the sweets of flowers,
Thy hunger of heart and soul be fed ;
Well, if the sun shall gild thy bowers
When some of the gold of thy wing is shed.

Carol and dance in thy wanton maze,
Conscious alone of thy painted wing ;
Of the kindred insects that bring thee praise,
Of the idle flock that around thee sing.
A darker day and a doom is ours,
In toils of soul, and in thought that glows,
Only in use of a thousand powers,
Decreed to the struggle 'gainst human woes.

THE LAW OF PARDON.

"A pardon is an act of grace, proceeding from the power entrusted with the execution of the laws, which exempts the individual on whom it is bestowed from the punishment the law inflicts for a crime he has committed."—[*Chief Justice Marshall, pro curia, in the case of The United States* v. *Wilson.* 7 *Peters*, 159.

It is proposed to consider the present theory and practice of the Federal Government in the matter of pardon. In order to do so, it will be necessary, first, to consider the law of pardon, and then the position of that government thereon. At the head of this article is given the legal definition of pardon, as laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States in the better days of the Republic. That definition—and it has never been set aside by any subsequent decision—declares, in effect, that pardon is the condonation of a crime committed, or, as it has sometimes been expressed, "is a remission of guilt." Now, from this, it is evident that where there is no guilt there can be no pardon. But every man is presumably innocent till, in due course of law, proven guilty of offence charged, and, in this way, by a sort of legal *sorites* that is absolutely unassailable, we reach the conclusion that guilt must be duly shown ere the idea of pardon can accrue. "Pardon," says Bouvier, "is always given to individuals, and after judgment." And "to avoid the judgment," says Blackstone, "and stay the execution consequent thereupon, the last and surest resort is the king's most gracious pardon." These are, it is true, but the elementary authorities, but further citation on these points were useless, since it is written on the soul of man that sin precedes salvation.

And yet the very reverse of this proposition is now the singular rule of the Federal Government. Prior to any conviction of guilt, pardon is proffered, and proffered with the declaration that if guilt be not, by the acceptance thereof, admitted, all the pains and penalties of guilt shall nevertheless be visited upon the recusant. There is not a line upon the statute book that deduces guilt from the allegation, or a principle in human nature that does not revolt at punishment before trial; but, trampling upon all law, and laughing in the face of humanity, it is claimed that the mere breath of a single man can, by the simple declaration that "many persons have committed, and are now guilty of treason," render sundry millions of people as fully amenable to punishment, and as imperatively in need of pardon, as though each and every one of those millions had been duly put upon trial, and, in proper form of law, found guilty. Aiding so monstrous a heresy is the opinion of Mr. Attorney-General Speed, whose flexible intellect has discovered that pardon is applicable where there is either "actual or imputed guilt." Great Heavens! and

has it come to this that imputation in America is to take the place of allegation, evidence, and verdict—of indictment, trial, and conviction! I know, said an English judge, no such crime in the law as rebellion. Prove me a traitor and I will hang him, but indict me a rebel and I will deem counsel to jest at the court; and yet so absurd is this government, that it frames an indictment for a whole people for a crime not known to the law, and insists, under grievous penalties, on application for pardon of the impossible offence. If this be thought to put the case too strongly, the contrary may at once be shown. There has never been yet a judicial decision as to the late action of the people of the southern American States, in the case, on criminal trial, of any one man whomsoever, and it is to this fact that the threatened proceedings against Mr. Davis owe a great part of their general interest. Those proceedings foreshadow the first trial under the law for an offence whereof, by this supple doctrine of imputation, many millions of people have, for over a year past, been held, and treated, as guilty. "Imputed guilt" sufficing to put them in need of pardon, why should not the same convenient process put him where, on withholding of that grace, he should hang as high as Haman? Mr. Davis, after trial, conviction, and adjudgment, will, it is evident, be only where a simple proclamation, fifteen months since, put seven millions of his countrymen—in fit case for pardon—and, whatever may be thought of its legality, the new theory of guilt has, in this view, at least the merit of dispatch. Wilhelm Kieftt, we learn, made cheap war by proclamation, and it is a fructifying thought to consider how that same agency may come to simplify Federal judicature. *Sic volo* is an easy law, and gains indirectness just as it waxes in power.

But, with this much as to its theory, let us consider the present practice of the Federal Government in this matter of pardon. Guilt being assumed, by this doctrine of imputation, to exist, it is next held that there are degrees of criminality, and accordingly in the amnesty proclamations there is made a division of sinners. Some, by a simple procedure, are declared entitled to pardon, while upon others are imposed more complex conditions as precedent to any bestowment of that sovereign grace. The former, as acquiring by compliance with certain prerequisites, a vested right to pardon, may be, not improperly, termed non-exceptees, while the latter, as absolutely dependent on mercy, are known as the excepted classes. Taking either in order, the case of the non-exceptees is first to be considered. Those coming under this designation are such persons in the southern American States as do not answer to any of the several fourteen descriptions of excepted classes, laid down in the Presidential proclamation of May 29, 1865. And this is the procedure in the case of any such non-exceptee. He is first to present an application to some duly qualified official for permission to take the oath set forth in the proclamation just above referred to; upon the taking whereof and thereto subscribing, it is promised he shall receive pardon. Permission granted, he then takes, and subscribes to, the oath, a certified copy whereof, with descriptive list appended, is then, duly stamped, handed him,

and the non-exceptee stands a confessed, but pardoned traitor. What may be the influences now exerted to procure application for, or acceptance of, such pardon are not now certainly known to the writer, but his recollections of past inducements are singularly clear. Then it was the case that in default of such application and acceptance, the non-acceptee was not permitted to send, or receive, a letter, a telegram, or an express package; was debarred from the exercise of any calling whereby to make his daily bread; was forbidden on the streets at night after a certain hour; was excluded from the courts in any capacity, or for any purpose; and, save that his life was moderately safe, was treated, in every regard, as a *caput lupinum*, outlawed of man, and accursed of God.

Helpless, hopeless, starving, many and many a *non-exceptee*, who felt in his innocence no need of pardon, was compelled to accept of compulsory mercy for attributed guilt. Duress of prison, and duress *per minas* have, ere this, been known, but never before has humanity groaned at a duress *per misericordiam quasi*. The obligation of promise extorted at the point of a pirate's sword is mooted by Cicero, and, when casuists tire of that moral problem, this age can present them with the equities of forswearing on promise of compounding a suppositious crime. But, turning to the second class of imputed culprits, it will be found to consist of such persons as answer to any of fourteen several descriptions which, as set forth in so accessible a document as the Presidential proclamation of 29th May, 1865, will not be here repeated, it sufficing to say that position and property seem peculiarly struck at. All holding high civil or military rank, or possessed of property to above the value of $20,000, are held to be so peculiarly guilty as to have no claim whatsoever to pardon. Still, as Mr. Attorney-General Speed very truthfully remarks, "the power of exercising and extending mercy resides in some department of every well-ordered government," and that of the United States to be so especially well-ordered as to be "the best the world ever saw," must, of course, possess a very singular measure of this amiable prerogative. Accordingly it is that, whereas other governments are content to extend clemency on conviction, authority in this country is good enough to bestow pardon on suspicion of guilt. Even the excepted classes may obtain mercy, always, of course, on confession of crime, and in each individual case, as a matter of the purest grace. The *non-exceptee*, as was stated, gains a vested right, on certain compliances, but the man of excepted description must plead absolutely guilty without the slightest assurance that condonation or mercy will follow the plea. Harsh as is the dilemma of the first, that dilemma deepens, in the case of the second, into absolute cruelty. By that portion of the law of treason, specially applicable to the case of excepted persons, (secs. 2 and 3, act approved 17th July, 1862, chap. cxcv.,) that if any person shall "incite, set on foot, assist, or engage in any rebellion or insurrection against the authority of the United States, or the laws thereof, or shall give aid and comfort to, any such existing rebellion or insurrection, and be convicted thereof such person shall be punished by im-

prisonment not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and by the liberation of all his slaves, if any he have; or by both of said punishments, at the discretion of the court."

And, furthermore, that every person so found guilty "shall be forever incapable and disqualified to hold any office under the United States."

From this it will be seen that, as the law now stands, the punishment assigned to "rebellion" is, to leave out of view the question of imprisonment, "fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars," and disqualification to hold Federal office. Prior to the imposition of these penalties it is required that the person on whom they are imposed be "convicted" of the offense above set forth. By its legal force this word "convicted" points to arraignment, trial, and judgment of guilty—the arraignment presupposing a confronting with witnesses, and the trial an opportunity for the usual defence. By the present practice, however, of the Federal Government, it will be seen that prior to any conviction much more grievous penalties, both in the way of fine and disqualification, are imposed on the man of excepted class. Thus, if any such man, say the possessor of a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars, or one holding the rank of a Brigadier-General in the late military service of the southern American States, do not apply for pardon, he is liable to lose, not ten thousand dollars of his property, but the whole twenty-five thousand, and is subject to a disqualification, not alone as to Federal office, but as to any civil or political office, State or municipal. Had Admiral Semmes been "convicted" of engaging in a "rebellion" against the United States, such conviction should only have carried with it a disqualification to hold any office under the United States, whereas now that he has never been convicted of any offence, he is not permitted to hold even the office of a county judge.

"Actual guilt," to revert to the very singular doctrine of Mr. Attorney-General Speed, as above set forth, mulcts the criminal in the sum of ten thousand dollars. "Attributed guilt" strips him of his uttermost farthing. One debars him from being a Federal marshal. The other will not suffer him to be elected to the high office of a village constable. Departing, as it does, from all wisdom and all mercy alike in theory and in practice, the Federal Government runs, in this matter of pardon, into absurdities that make the lawyer laugh, and oppressions that make the man weep. Reason and feeling, and justice, and law, are alike against it

A CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.

THE REGENT'S DISGUISE.

Nations are sometimes strangely governed. The Abbe Dubois was the boon companion of the regent of France, and their orgies on certain occasions baffle description. After a night of revelry, the abbe had got the prince in bed, with the assistance of the valet, at six in the morning, when one of the ministers requested an audience on business of state "Not before noon," cried the regent; "I have been at work all night, and I need rest. They do not allow me a moment to sleep. They think it is a light thing to govern a great kingdom like France!" This speech was too much for the gravity of the valet, who made his exit with Dubois by a private door, laughing together as the regent rolled over and began to snore. That night there was to be a masked ball. Late in the afternoon, the abbe found the regent puzzled to choose a disguise that should effectually conceal him. "Never mind now," said Dubois, "take a domino. I will be at the ball, and I promise to disguise you so that nobody shall know you." At the ball, the abbe came behind the prince, and gave him, from time to time, a kick. At length, heated with wine, he enjoyed the joke so much, that he reiterated the application with increasing frequency and force. The regent, not relishing the amusement in an equal degree, suddenly turned on him: "Hah, l'abbe, take care; you are disguising me too much." Such were the times, and such the manners.

THE POPE'S STURGEON.

By a decree, dated the 17th of May, 1809, Napoleon united the States of the Church to the French Empire, declared Rome an imperial free city, and was yet undetermined what he should do with the Pope. The aged Pius VII. had nothing left but the Qui inal, a few devoted officers, and his Swiss guard. A pretext was wanting to decide upon his destiny. Some fishermen of the Tiber had caught a sturgeon, and were desirous of presenting it to the Pope. The agents of the Emperor treated this as an emeute, and the remnants of the Papal authority were dispersed. The cannon of the castle of St. Angelo announced the close of the temporal sovereignty of the Pontiff, his standard was lowered, and replaced by the tricolor of France.

THE BELLES OF BATH.

In consequence of a wager made for the purpose of testing the average of politeness and urbanity in the mixed society that was accustomed to assemble at Bath in the last age, a general tea-drinking was given to the ladies by some young men of fortune. In order to give the affair the greater eclat, every table was furnished with

sweetmeats and nosegays, which, however, were not to be touched till notice was given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies might help themselves without restriction. This was deemed not an ill-devised experiment for trying the company's breeding. A few of those who were initiated into the secret took their place in the music gallery, where they lay *perdue* with two French horns. The tea-drinking passed as usual, and the company, having risen from the tables, were sauntering in groups, in expectation of the signal for attack. At last the bell began to ring. The scene that ensued is described by a contemporary, probably an eye-witness. All flew with eagerness to the desert, and the whole place was instantly in commotion. There was nothing but jostling, scrambling, pulling, snatching, struggling, scolding and screaming. The nosegays were torn from one another's hands and bosoms; the glasses and china went to wreck; the tables and floor were strewed with comfits. Some cried, some swore, and the tropes and figures of Billingsgate were used without reserve in all their native zest and flavor; nor were those flowers of rhetoric unattended with significant gesticulation. Some snapped their fingers, some forked them out, some clapped their hands; at length, they fairly proceeded to pulling caps, and everything seemed to presage a general battle, when the horns began to sound a charge, with a view to animate the combatants, and inflame the contest; but this maneuver produced an effect quite contrary to what was expected. It was a note of reproach that roused them to an immediate sense of their disgraceful situation. They were ashamed of their absurd deportment, and suddenly desisted. They gathered up their caps, ruffles and handkerchiefs, and a great part of them retired in silent mortification.

A DUEL OF RICHELIEU.

By his second marriage the Duc de Richelieu became connected with the imperial house of Austria, and a cousin of the Prince de Pont and Prince de Lixen. At the siege of Philipsburg, in 1738, one day, he had been on duty in the trench, and had, as usual, been little sparing of himself. Covered with sweat and mud, he was returning along the causeway to the camp. Now the Princes of Pont and Lixen were taking a promenade upon that same causeway. The duke, riding at full gallop, anxious to arrive with all speed at his quarters, that he might change his dress, bowed to them as he passed near them. "Oh! ho!" said the Prince de Lixen, "is that you, my cousin? you are very dirty; a little less, however, since your marriage with my cousin." Richelieu instantly checked his horse, and alighted, inviting the Marquis de la Pailleterie, who was his companion, to do the same, and advanced towards the Prince de Lixen. "Sir," said he, "you have done me the honor to address a few words to me." "Yes, Monsieur le Duc," replied the prince. "It is possible, and I even believe that I have misunderstood what you did me the honor to say to me. Would it please you to repeat the same words, without changing a syllable?" The Prince de Lixen bowed in token of acquiescence, and repeated *verbatim* the same phrase which he had already pronounced. It was so insolent that no room was left for

arranging the affair. Richelieu saluted the prince, and drew his sword. The prince made the same movement. The Prince de Pont and the Marquis became respectively, as a matter of course, the seconds of the Prince de Lixen and the Duc de Richelieu. At the end of a combat of a few minutes, Richelieu passed his sword through the body of the prince de Lixen, who fell dead into the arms of the Prince de Pont, and so the affair terminated.

DODDINGTON.

Lord Sunderland, a commissioner of the treasury, was a very dull man. One day as they left the board, Sunderland laughed heartily about something which Doddington had said, and when gone, Wurnington observed: "Doddington, you are very ungrateful. You call Sunderland stupid and slow, and yet you see how quickly he took what you said." "Oh, no," was the reply, "he was only now laughing at what I said last treasury day." Trenchard, a neighbor, telling him that though his finery was extensive, he contrived, by applying the fire and the tan to other purposes, to make it so advantageous, that he believed he got a shilling by every pine-apple he ate. "Sir," said Doddington, "I would eat them for half the money." Doddington had a habit of falling asleep after dinner. One day, dining with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, &c., he was reproached with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and, to prove his assertion, offered to repeat all that Cobham had been saying. He was challenged to do so. In reply, he repeated a story, and Cobham acknowledged that he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it. But I went to sleep, because I knew that, about this time of day, you would tell that story." One day, at Kensington, the prince had just borrowed £5,000 of Doddington, and, seeing him pass under his window, he said to Hedges, his secretary, "That man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England; yet, with all his parts, I have just tricked him out of £5,000."

SCOTT.

Moore relates that Scott had never seen Melrose by moonlight, notwithstanding his poetical injunction:

> If thou would'st view Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

He had seen other ruins by moonlight, and knew the picturesque effect, or he could very easily imagine it. Major Burns said that Scott admitted the same to him on the only occasion he had ever met the great minstrel; and Jonny Bower, the sexton, confirmed the statement, adding: "He never got the key from me at night, and if he had got in, he must have *speeled the wa's.*"

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EARLY.

Of all the Generals who made for themselves a reputation in the Army of Northern Virginia, there was no one of Gen. Lee's subordinates, after the death of Stonewall Jackson, who possessed the essential qualities of a military commander to a greater extent than that "bad old man," Jubal A. Early.

Gen. Early is a native of Virginia. Before the war, he lived in Franklin county, and was universally regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the State. We do not know when he was born, for, as he is an old bachelor, his age was never a matter of speculation or interest in society. He is, however, about fifty-three years of age, although his bald head, grey, shaggy beard, and bent frame, tortured and warped by wounds and rheumatism, would indicate that he is farther advanced into the winter of life. An old bachelor, he had during the war the reputation of being a woman-hater, and, perhaps, not undeservedly so. It is said that he never approved an application for furlough, when the applicant wished it for the purpose of getting married, and he often declared that every officer who was married either became utterly worthless, or straightway got himself killed. We are led to believe that, with Jubal Early, it was not always thus. Gifted by nature with a handsome figure, a pleasing wit, an intellectual brow, and as fine an eye as ever gave expression to a man's face, it is not probable that he had always held himself aloof from the society of ladies—association with whose effeminacy makes our manhood more manly. When we say that it is probaole his early life was influenced by an "affaira," we do not speak blindly; whatever cooled that affection, it seems to have been quieted forever. But it is an oft-told tale. The tender feeling with which he always alludes to the grave of his mother, and his noble, beautiful letter to the ladies of Winchester and the Valley of the Shenandoah, from his retreat on Canada, evince a manly love of good women, which neither age nor troubles nor exile have been able to destroy.

Gen. Early graduated at West Point in 1837. Of the same class and above him were Generals Bragg and Townsend; and below him in the same class were Generals D. H. Hill, Sedgwick, Pemberton, Hooker, and Walker (first Confederate Secretary of War). His class could have possessed few cadets of equal natural ability. But we suspect that young Jubal was both indolent and reckless.

Just before our national troubles culminated in war, Virginia called a State Convention of her ablest men. General Early was elected to it, and there he was recognized as one of the leading and most obstinate Union men, and, by his course, drew many

curses upon his head. He worked and spoke, and voted against the ordinance of secession, and to this day it has never received his sanction. But when the people of his State resolved to quit the Union, he knew it to be his duty to follow Virginia. In this he did not exhibit the slightest hesitation. On the first field of Manassas he appeared at the he d of a regiment. From that day until the surrender at Appomattox, he never looked back He devoted, exclusively, all his talents and energy to the success of the Confederate army, and rose gradually to the second rank in the Confederate service.

Gen. L e relied with unusual confidence upon the independent movements of Gen. Early, and listened to his advice and suggestion in council with respect and attention. As early as December, 18 2, Gen. Jackson, commanding a corps in the Army of Northern Virginia, recommended the sending of troops to the Valley, and the creation of a department there, with Gen. Early at its head. Early was then but a Brigad er, but Stonewall believed him to be the man for the place. This was not thought advisable at the time.

When Gen. Hunter, swelling with ambition to surpass Attila, the Hun, and to rival Beast Butler marched like a scourge through the Valley of the Shenandoah, and appeared before the town of Lynchburg, Gen. Lee detached a force from his army to drive back this invader. This small command was placed under Gen. Early, the appointed Lieutenant General. With it and the few troops that joined him, under Gen. Breckinridge, he repulsed Gen. Hunter without a battle, put him to a rapid and disastrous flight, and followed him to Salem, while Hunter went flying madly toward the Ohio, with no one in pursuit. Early turned the head of his column, and started rapidly for the Potomac, by way of Lexington and Winchester, crossed that boundary of the Confederacy, and, defeating Wallace at Monocacy, with Gordon's Division, he appeared the second day after in front of Washington with his wearied little army. On his first appearance before the Federal capital, the men of his command, up and in line, were scarcely over three thousand. Remaining there twenty four hours, and finding that Washing.on could not be taken then, he retired across the Potomac, with his captured stores by way of Leesburg, to the vicinity of Winchester. Here he established his encampment, and occupied his time and his troops in marching and countermarching, in making short raids into Maryland, in sending one avengeful one on horse to destroy Chambersburg, and in puzzling and trifling with his bewildered opponent, Gen. Sheridan.

In this campaign Gen. Early's army had marched six hundred miles in thirty days, resting three of them, fought two pitched battles, and that, too on half rations, and when it was broken down by the campaign of the Wilderness. At this time Gen. Early stood deservedly high in the country, and with the army. The people and press, always prone to excess, and the same who afterwards censured him so cruelly and unjustly, spoke proudly of "Old Jubal, upon whom the mantle of the Great Stonewall had not unworthily fallen."

The 19th of September was the first disastrous day. General Sheridan, all

ready, moves his well-equipped army of forty thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry—an army larger than Gen. Lee's—against Winchester. The first heavy gun was fired at the first dawn. From that moment until night did the little army of the Valley, eight thousand five hundred infantry, and three thousand cavalry, contend with and repulse the ever-renewed and onward-pressing Federal hosts. The Confederate heroism of that day was never surpassed. It was only when the immense column of cavalry came, like a torrent, upon the left flank, and swept it away, that the Confederate lines were broken. At night, General Early's army retreated through Winchester, having left many of its soldiers on the field, and nearly as many Federal dead and wounded as it had numbered altogether when the fight began. It was a dearly-bought victory for Sheridan, but for Early the disaster was never retrieved.

Fisher's Hill followed, three days after—a rout without a battle. A month after, on the 19th of October, unable to remain quiet on account of the failure of quartermaster and commissary stores, and impatient to wipe out the disgrace of the last defeats, General Early assumed the defensive from Fisher's Hill. By an attack at daylight, bold and brilliant in its conception and execution, he forced the passage of Cedar Creek at three points, pierced the camps of the enemy, surprised and routed two corps, capturing camps and camp equipage, many prisoners, and much artillery. But his little army was unequal to its successes. Reduced by battle and straggling to a mere skirmish line, Sheridan, with the fresh Sixth Corps, and what remained organized of the other two, came down in wrath upon this feeble band, and routed it disastrously. That fitful flash of the morning was the last Confederate victory in the Valley of Virginia—a region so glorious with Confederate triumphs, that it had been called by the Federals, the "Valley of Humiliation."

For these reverses, Old Jubal had to suffer. The press and people—always testing merit by success—now condemned him as unmercifully as before they had lauded him unreasonably. His errors were magnified and multiplied, and so urgent became the demand for his removal, that General Lee, although with unwavering confidence in his ability, felt compelled to relieve him from command. He was charged chiefly with drunkenness; and yet the writer of these lines, who was with him on the field in every battle of 1864, never once saw him under the influence of liquor. Some other charges were just as unfounded. Now that the war is over, and prejudice subsided, what a hearty welcome from exile would the people of Virginia extend to him!

At the time of the surrender, General Early was returning from Southwestern Virginia, carried in an ambulance, and suffering so greatly from rheumatism, that he was under the constant care of a surgeon. It is said that when he was first informed of the surrender of General Lee, he expressed his disbelief with a formidable oath; but, being assured of the fact, he turned over on his uneasy bed with a groan, and, with all the solemnity of

the venerable Zachariah, exclaimed: "Blow your horn, Gabriel!"

His plan of individual action was soon formed. He had always said that he never again would live under the rule of the Yankees. As soon as he was able to ride, the obstinate, bitter old rebel, who, since his wound at Williamsburg in 1862, had seldom mounted his horse without assistance, bade farewell to Virginia, and went to seek a home in foreign lands. With his pistols in his holsters, and with one or two companions, he journeyed on horseback from Virginia to Texas, running the gauntlet the whole way, but undisturbed, except at the crossing of the Mississippi. There he lost his riding horse, bridle and saddle. But those who captured them did not know whose they were, and the General had a lead horse with which he managed to continue his retreat. Arriving undiscovered in Texas, he remained there three months, and escaped thence by way of Galveston to the Bahama Banks, where he landed in a settlement composed chiefly of negroes, and was compelled to remain for nine days, "hobnobbing with gentlemen of African antecedents." He then managed to get to Nassau, from whence he went to Havana, and thence to Mexico. He remained at the Mexican capital three months, holding himself entirely aloof from the government of Maximilian, because he had no sympathy with it, and did not believe it had strength enough to sustain itself. He then returned to Havana, and went to Canada.

General Early has prepared a history of his last campaign, with great care and minuteness, and, when it is given to the public, it will unquestionably bear the marks of his great ability, and do much to dispel the clouds which now hang over his military reputation.

We can judge General Early as we knew him, and not by his fortunes or misfortunes. With a mind clear, direct and comprehensive, his opinion was entitled to that respect which it always received from the commanding General. Quick to decide, and almost inflexible in decision, with a boldness to attack that approached rashness, and a tenacity in resisting that resembled desperation, he was yet on the field of battle hardly equal to his own intellect and decision. He moved too slowly from point to point; and had he possessed the personal *vim* of Breckinridge, or the dash of Gordon, he would, in his misfortune, better have escaped such harsh censure Moreover, he received with impatience, and never acted upon advice, a suggestion from his subordinates. Arbitrary, cynical, with strong prejudices, and totally irreligious, he was personally disagreeable to the majority of men; he made no admirers or friends either by his manners or his habits, and those who defend him now do so, because they are convinced of his patriotism, of his earnestness, and of his great ability. He had tender feelings, but he endeavored to conceal them, and often acted as if he would be ashamed to be detected in doing a kindness; yet many will recall, with pleasure, little acts of Old Jubal, which proved that his heart was not unkind.

No officer of the Confederacy had such difficulties to contend with as confronted him in 1864, and it will be

unfortunate for the fame of General Sheridan when history will show that he ought to have accomplished more than he did with one-half the numbers, and that even then he would not have deserved more than a tithe of the reputation he has gained.

The war being over, and the cause of southern independence lost, Jubal A. Early, unrelenting and unsurrendered, wandered, sulkily and secretly, from that ancient commonwealth which he loved more than his life, and all the world beside, and will, in all probability, continue to wander, an exile in foreign lands, until the few days left him are entirely numbered.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN THE CAPITOL.

In debate in the House of Representatives, Mr Stevens said he rose for information. He hoped the Committee (on Public Buildings) would inform him what that monster was that had just been erected in the old hall (evidently referring to the plaster cast of the Statue of Freedom.)

What is it? Some say that it closely resembles
A goddess who died in the year sixty-five,
While others maintain it's an ape from the shambles,
That play'd many wonderful tricks when alive.

It cannot be Pschye, for *souls* are uncommon
When men are corrupt and Oppression's the rule;
It cannot be Justice, for she's a stern woman,
While this stern woman looks much like a fool.

What is it? The work of some modern Pygmallion?
If so, let it breathe, let it feel, let it speak;
Not stand there forlorn, with an army of shally on,
While Senators roar and small orators squeak.

The "monster" responds to the call of the bard,
"Lo! I am the semblance of one long departed;
I once was the pride of the lyre and the sword,
And thirteen bright stars from my coronet darted.

My standard I lifted—man rose in his might,
While kingcraft and tyranny quailed at my feet;
Whenever I spoke, 'twas a plea for the right,
Wherever I dwelt man's existence was sweet.

But, look at me now—a cold marble mass,
Sans feeling, sans soul, sans life's warming spark;
Stuck up to be bray'd at by each "radical" ass,
Who hates my complexion—because it's not *dark!*"

Baltimore, 1866.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—This number of THE OLD GUARD closes the fourth volume. We have battled through four years of the most fatal and astonishing delusion and fanaticism that ever afflicted a nation. Our consolation is the proud thought that we have never once lowered the standard of the grand American principle of liberty and self-government. We have fought the fight, and kept the faith of our revolutionary fathers. And now our object, in the future, will be to make a family magazine that shall be second to none in the world in point of interest and literary ability, and which shall be, at the same time, *politically right*. The *Nestor* of American literature, W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., will contribute a story entitled "Joscelyn, or a Tale of the Revolution," which will run through the greater portion of the year, and will revive the bright era of American romance formed by Cooper and Irving. John Esten Cooke, one of the most brilliant popular authors of the present day, will contribute a series of sketches entitled "The Battles of Virginia," which will rival in interest any thing that has yet appeared on that subject. A reference to the prospectus, on the cover of this number, will show that THE OLD GUARD is to be enlarged and otherwise greatly improved as a family and literary magazine. We mean to make it all that our patrons and friends can desire in such a work. May we bespeak the continued favors of those kind patrons who have stood by us in the struggle, to bring the work up to the perfection which is now claimed for it?

—The "torch and turpentine brigade," as Brownlow's and Jack Hamilton's band of roving ignoramuses are called, harp upon the "intelligence of the people." Surely they cannot mean the people who sat and listened to their nonsense and profanity. There are times when intelligence seems to fly the people, and they are given up to a mania of ignorance and violence. Then the people do not reason. Did the people of England reason in the time of the wars between the red and white roses? Did the people reason at the time of the *Armagnacs* and *Bourguignons*, or in those of the *League?* No. The people, made ignorant and ferocious by fanaticism, were spirited on by a few malignant scoundrels, who cried out to *kill all in the name of the Lord!* We have now just such another reign of ignorance and violence in our own days, and in our own country. This is the time of another war between the *black* and the *white* roses. This is the *Armagnacs* and *Bourguignons* revived. This is the day and the crime of the *League*, (God help us, the Loyal League!) revived! It is not the day of intelligence, but of ignorance. The politicians of this cause are simply cheats and liars. Its orators are babblers; its voters are dupes or hireling knaves. It is not a time either of intelligence or of public or private virtue. The most immoral war ever waged by a people professing to be civilized, has left that people demoralized to an extent that no people were ever before. It is an unpleasant thing to say so; but it would be still more unpleasant to flatter the superabundant villainy, and to lie!

—Mr. Charles Reade, a clever English author, has been trying to confer a little notoriety upon a quite unknown American editor, (let us not profane the word critic applying it to such a shallow pretender,) by a severe castigation in the public prints. We have never before known so much good ammunition thrown away on so valueless a mark. But the American editor is not so much to blame as Mr. Reade supposes. He no doubt heard some old maid of the masculine or fe-

menine gender say the very thing he offered as a criticism. Even Descartes thought himself superior to Aristotle when he repeated in French what that sage had said in Greek; and why should not an American editor fancy himself a man of remarkable originality when he repeats in his paper the nonsense which he hears in some mutual admiration society of some ignorant prudes and gossips?

—It appears that the negro teachers employed by the Bureau, after trying to instil into their minds hatred towards their former masters, employ their time chiefly in instructing the negroes about their *souls*. When the wisest of all philosophers, the ancient Greeks, pronounced the word *Psyche*, or *Nous*, they admitted their ignorance of the thing. But of course the whole matter is perfectly understood by the Yankee schoolmarms. And perhaps it is right in these Bureau people to try and save the poor darkies' *souls*, for they are sending their bodies to *hell* as fast as the wheels of time can roll them on.

—It is said that old Thad. Stevens is afraid he is going to die before long. We should think the devil is afraid he is too. If he makes such a nasty row in *Tartarus* as he does in this world, even the devil is to be pitied when Thad. shuffles off his mortal coil.

—Some English papers have been discussing the origin of the old saying, "*Like the devil looking over Lincoln.*" Perhaps it may be regarded as a prophecy of Satan's superintendence of the administration of old Abe Lincoln. This, we think, is quite as rational an explanation as some which the English editors have given. Or it may refer to the later and final condition of the old sinner.

—It is abundantly proved that the officers of the Negro Bureau are robbing both the white people of the South, and the negroes. If they keep on, hanging will do them no injustice. When the first Huguenot colony came to this continent, the Spaniards hung them all, with a large label under them, "*Hung, not as Frenchmen, but as heretics.*" So, if these Yankee thieves of the Negro Bureau get hung by the outraged southern people, a good label to be put under them might read thus, "*Hung, not as northern men, but as robbers and scoundrels.*"

—The editor of a "Scientific" journal tells us that "Newton discovered the *cause* of gravitation." This would certainly be news to Newton himself, if he were living. Newton discovered the *force* of gravitation; but the *cause* is still occult—as much so as before the *force* was discovered. So we are acquainted with the *laws* of motion, but we know nothing of the *cause* of motion. That knowledge would carry us into the very presence of the *First Principle*, which is beyond the reach of the finite mind.

—The following is Voltaire's description of the Puritans:—"These Puritans, who were a kind of Calvinist, about the year 1620, saught shelter in a part of America, which has since been called New England. If the Episcopals had persecuted them in their former native country, it was no more than tigers making war on bears. They carried into America their saturnine and turbulent disposition, and in every possible way molested the peaceable Pennsylvanians on the first appearance of their prosperity." So they did the Dutch settlement of New York; and they have continued, to this day, to be envyers of other people's prosperity, and disturbers of the public peace. The late terrible war is their work. The present anarchy and uncivilization is their work. The hate and violence that deprave public and private life is their work. Puritanism is the disease and anguish of our unhappy country. Puritanism in the pulpit, in the State-house, in the Court-house, and everywhere else. Puritanism, which hung witches, drowned the Baptists, burned the Quakers, and scourged humanity whenever and wherever it got the power! That is what ails us —Puritanism!

—An enthusiastic Radical editor calls the horrible vixen, Anna Dickinson, "a bucksome lass." In the popular sense of that word, it might as well be applied to a she hyena. But the old meaning of "buxom" was *yielding* or *consenting*. Thus Milton, in Paradise Lost," says:

> "And up and down unseen,
> Wing silently the buxom air embalmed
> With odors."

And again:

"With steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air."

Perhaps *buxom* is a corruption of *boughsome*, and means *yielding* or *consenting*. But even in this sense it is not applicable to Anna Dickinson, unless, perhaps, she is so to the negro whom she calls her "dear friend," Fred. Douglass.

—In a late speech Wendell Phillips calls *champagne* "a sickly beverage of modern invention." Not such a very modern invention either; for in Thomas Shadwell's comedy of *The Virtuoso*, published in 1676, we find this sentence:

"'Tis a wonder they do not come as the sparks do to a play-house, full of *champagne*, venting very much noise, and very little wit."

—The following ancient anti-Cromwellian verses, which were sung by all the friends of the murdered Charles, with a slight variation, will serve the friends of President Johnson, against the murderous "Radicals" who are threatening to hang him:

"We'll bore a hole in Cromwell's nose,
And put therein a string,
And drag him up and down the town,
For killing Charles, our king.

"And when we thrice have dragged him so,
And made his nose full sore,
We'll pull the same string out again,
And serve him so no more."

But we are afraid if the people once get a string in the nose of the Radical Congress, they will be less merciful than the old song proposed to be to Cromwell.

—The papers describe Parson Brownlow as having lost all his flesh, and presenting a most frightfully cadaverous appearance. There is an old verse which suits his case exactly:

"The sunken cheek and lantern jaw,
Betray the venomed, restless mind;
Whose only solace is to prey
Upon the sorrows of mankind."

—A shallow critic tells us that "it is not the custom of great and refined authors to find fault with their own times" More nonsense! The most refined of authors, Horace, must have thought the men of his time were great liars, for he says:

"Truth is now no more."

So Persius advises his readers to

"Reject the nauseous praises of the times."

Juvenal accuses his times of being very dishonest, for he says:

"Now all men act the player."

Jesus Christ calls the leading men of his time

"A generation of vipers."

The truth is, that only low and mean authors have generally flattered and spared the vices of their times.

—Shakspeare makes King Richard offer his kingdom for a horse. We are tempted to offer a republic for a man—for a genuine man; one such man might save us. We have millions of politicians and 'patriots,' but no *man*. The country, for the want of a man, is as badly off as the priestess of Pirapus, who, according to Petronius, declared, *Utique nostra regio tam possis deum quam hominem invenire*—that is, "certainly our part of the town abounds so with deities, that you may sooner find a god than a man." The case of our country is similar. We can sooner find a million of deified patriots than one genuine, earnest, honest man. It is manhood we want—pluck—courage. But it is not mere politics has eaten out the heart of manhood. We are a nation of politicians, and therefore a nation of knaves. What we need to be saved from is from politicians. Abolitionism, disunionism, and a hundred other devilisms, all come of politicians.

—We are aware that some of our friends thought us a little too severe upon Raymond and the Philadelphia Convention. But we think that results have a good deal more than justified all we said on that subject. The Philadelphia Convention, as we predicted it would, did harm to the President's own cause. It undoubtedly resulted in the election of a greater number of Radicals to Congress than would otherwise have been chosen. It simply introduced new elements of disgust and apathy into the Democratic party, without the addition of any strength. We do not believe that in a single State the full Democratic vote was out in the late elections. In New York and New Jersey we know it was not; and our advices from reliable judges in

other States lead us to the same conclusion in relation to them. In hunting after phantom "Conservative Republican" votes, we have failed to get out all the Democratic votes. In no State has the full Democratic vote been polled for the last five years; nor do we believe it will ever be polled again, until the party, in its platform and nominees, returns to time-honored and sacred principles. What is now called "*loyalty*" is the same traitor to our theory of government that it was in the Revolution. That is the judgment of by far the most virtuous and intelligent portion of the Democratic party. That judgment will only deepen and strengthen with time. If the late elections have not convinced the political policy dealers of that, they are beyond the reach of an intelligent judgment.

—The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, in a late very able speech, used the following language:

"I am a Democrat, and ever intend to be, a 'Democrat,' without prefix or affix. Yes; for one at least, I mean to be, by your consent, a member of a Convention—a National Convention—to nominate Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President in 1868, though that Convention should be no larger than a County Convention; and for one, I mean to cast my vote for those Democratic candidates, though they should receive no more votes than Jas. G. Birney in 1844."

It was precisely that kind of persistence and fidelity to a bad principle that finally enabled the traitorous Abolitionists to throw down the pillars of our government; and we have no way to rear them again but by a similar persistence and fidelity to fundamental principles on our part. This miserable spawn of a coward's or sluggard's mind, *policy*, is all the time educating the people in precisely the wrong direction. It is really playing into the hands of the enemy. We cordially second Mr. Vallandigham's determination as wise and patriotic. We believe that such is the fixed purpose of hundreds of thousands of sagacious men. In our opinion a greater curse cannot befall our country, or the common cause of liberty, than an attempt to reconstruct the temple of the Union upon what is now impudently and lyingly called a basis of *loyalty*. As the word is used by the Radical traitors, and their *becrimed* or besotted allies, we spit upon it, just as our patriotic forefathers did. We shall never knowingly vote for any man who wears this Radical traitor's designation of *loyalty*. If it does not mean an outright *traitor*, it means a *sneak*.

—We believe that President Johnson fancies that he possesses somewhat of the decision and pluck of President Jackson. But were Jackson living, and in his place, he would, we think, set this revolutionary rump of a Congress reeling into subsidence under the well-applied authority of the Constitution. If one portion of the States attempt to eject the other portion from representation, the ejected have a right to call upon the executive to enforce the constitutional rights of the injured party. The issue is already made by the Radicals, and if Jackson were in the Presidential chair, they would very quick find their quietus under the wholesome pressure of constitutional law. The mistake is in admitting this faction of revolutionists, this *fraction* of State representation to be *Congress*. As long as the President continues to act upon the basis of this mistake, we see little hope of his being able to preserve the Constitution of our country. If one half or two-thirds of the States may, after ejecting from their seats the other half or third, proceed to pass laws to govern the whole, then the Constitution is entirely overthrown, and the republic is ended. The whole of Lincoln's administration was a *dictatorship*, and not a *Presidency*. After his death Congress grasped at his bloody *ictatorial mantle*. And this is precisely its fight with Mr. Johnson; or perhaps we may say that Lincoln was the tool of *Congressional dictatorship*, and Mr. Johnson refusing to be such a tool, has become the great object of Congressional wrath. Mr. Johnson talks well, and acts well; but he leaves nearly all the power of official station in the hands of his enemies; so they are cutting his throat with his own patronage. Perhaps it is not an evidence of a want of pluck, but there is certainly something wanting in such a policy.

—The *Round Table* calls Lincoln "the sweet and noble Lincoln." Wouldn't a rose by some other name smell as sweet?

71.2009.084.08392